

of reformers here is "Whatever is, is wrong;" and change is the god before whom they fall down and worship. The history, the memories, the sentiment which should cling like ivy to the long-tried institutions of a country, are as nothing in the eyes of men to whom pre-eminence of wealth or talent is distasteful, and who pine for an equality which should drag every man down, nor raise a single creature higher.

And it is when studying such pictures as this that the most sanguine among us gets despondent. One begins to long for the life in a young community which is too strong and too pure to admit of the blotches which stain the skin of an old, a luxurious, and a pauper-swarming country. Or one begins to think wearily—have you not all often done so? "Is history bound to repeat itself? Can no advance in knowledge, in science, in religion, save an old and wealthy kingdom from the destructive elements contained in its own bosom? Can no constitution be devised so elastic as to contain elements of incessant progress without those of inevitable dissolution?"

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers!"

And yet if it lingers in reaching our statesmen's ears, it is crying aloud in our streets. And the remedy for all our social evils and nearly all our political, is as simple as true