

a coal of inspiration off God's altar—a man a little lower than the angels, and as we hear him raise his voice in humble prayer to his Heavenly Father, we ask where, oh, where is that God of justice and mercy whom he so earnestly beseeches? And we exclaim this world is indeed a world of chance—a vast lottery from which men blindly draw blanks and prizes. But as we turn sorrowfully away another scene arrests our attention.—Yonder is a populous city. It is at the same time a thing of beauty, power and grandeur, as with its charming parks and palaces, its vast warehouses and manufactories, and its towering domes, it sits majestic on its throne by the sea—the great emporium of the West, and as we see the vast number of railroads, centering here like so many great arteries along which flow the life-giving power of the nation, we exclaim, "Here, indeed, is the great heart of the valley of the Mississippi, the pride of the west and the admiration of the world." But while we stand entranced by this scene of beauty and power, lo! the fire-fiend has burst his shackles. On, on, from roof to roof, he rushes with fearful rapidity, hissing scorn and defiance at man's futile efforts to check his onward course; and in a few short hours the work of destruction is done the fair scene is swept from our view, and nought remains but a shapely pile of ruins to mark the pathway of the mighty conqueror. We see men gathering in sad groups around the gloomy monuments of their departed wealth, and most wondrous scene! we behold the former millionaire and the hod-carrier shaking hands; men who never before had spoken together, for the towering commercial palace of the one had shut out the humble cot of the other; but now the partition wall is broken down, and they discover they are being bound together by ties of common sorrows, interests and hopes, and as we hear their words of sympathy and manly resolve, and see the true nobility of soul—that which fire cannot destroy, rising in grandeur from the ruins of the fallen city, the mystery is solved; we are enabled to pierce, through poverty's mask, and see written upon her forehead in unmistakable characters, "My mission is to develope true manhood." Could we enter some vast structure in which is gathered all the great products of man's intellect, we would find the great majority labeled with the names of those who have trodden poverty's secluded paths, for she has been the companion of our greatest thinkers as they wended their way through the mighty, labyrinths of thought; and who, as he glances o'er history's pages cannot see her as a mighty power forcing men out into the fields of speculation? When will the names of Stephenson and Watt, be forgotten? Their praise is sounded forth by every steam whistle; is borne to old ocean's remotest isle by every steam ship, as they are recognized as being among earth's greatest benefactors, in making the steam engine the permanent realization of the Genii of eastern fables. The genius of Antonia Canova breathed upon the rugged marble and it became a thing of life; and as we gaze on his master pieces, how closely he seems linked in power to that omnipotent One who took the image of clay in his arms and breathed into it the breath of life; yet poverty first guided his chisel. A Sir William Jones could converse in all the languages of the Orient; yet he first learned the language of poverty. The finest strains of poetry have issued from souls swept by her fingers; for as long as man's æsthetic shall hold its sway, so long will the names of Robert Burns, Scotland's bard, and William Falconer, the poet of the sea, be cherished. Yes, as we gaze o'er earth's mental battle-fields we see that out from the ranks of poverty have come forth men, to contend manfully against ignorance in every department of human thought. In her valley genius has plumed herself for loftiest soarings, and everywhere is it writt'n that poverty develops man mentally. But its grandest design is seen in his development morally. Virtue's champions and followers in all ages have been gathered largely from here lonely dale. Looking back into the shadowy past we behold a Socrates with poverty's insignia unmistakably written upon him, walking about among men uttering the most sublime moral truths; and in the light of the Christian civilization of to-day his foot-steps though made by swollen, naked feet are the grandest along the pathway of heathen history. Behold an Amos Lawrence, from whose lips dropped pearls of purity, and whose generous hand was ever open to bless mankind; yet poverty acknowledged him as her own and early sent him out to battle with the world. See also, the great emancipator, our own

beloved Lincoln, coming out from beneath her shadows to redress the wrongs of mankind; to assert the God-given rights of humanity. But glorious truth, the ultimatum of all illustrations, is the fact that the King of kings, the Prince of philanthropists chose poverty for his companion.—With the scepter of universal dominion in his hand he chose a humble place among men as the most fitting to develope God-like virtues; and so they who have followed in His foot-steps have been earth's greatest benefactors. As poverty deals with individuals so she deals with nations. Behold her as with majestic tread, she comes down through the ages. For two centuries did she tarry at Persia's magnificent court, seeking recognition, until spurned and insulted she sealed the proud empire's fate and the victorious host of the great Macedonia swept over the fertile plains. Passing into Greece long did she tarry, hoping that in that land of patriots, philosophers and poets her mission would not be disregarded. But the Grecian philosophers, while they could evolve the most ingenious systems of philosophy, could never understand her sublime character; and at last, disappointed and reluctantly, she sealed the doom of that fair republic, and the victorious eagles of the Romans soared above the ruins of her departed glory. Passing into Rome, long did she linger, hoping this would prove an end to her wanderings. But the proud Roman bowing at luxury's golden altar ranked her as a plebeian, and ignored her queenly claims. Indignant, she called upon the barbarous tribes of the north and east to redress her wrongs, and imperial Rome was no more. Passing down through the dark ages, we behold her at last on Briton's isle. Here, though treated with respect, still unsatisfied, she desired a land across the sea where no tyrant had dared to erect his throne. Her eye sparkling with hope, she gathered a true and fearless band. With them she braved the ocean's power, stood on Plymouth's rock and braved the dangers of the new world. Here she tarried, her mind balancing between hope and despair until at last there was born unto her a daughter whose empire is destined to embrace the whole world, and she called her Liberty. She presided when freemen, asserting the dignity of their manhood, laid the foundation of Liberty's glorious temple, and saw in those words, "all men are born free and equal," the realization of her fondest hopes, the recognition of her sublime mission. Under her benign auspices America has indeed become powerful, with the folds of her flag tossed grandly by the stern winds of the north, and kissed gently by the zephyrs of the south. Glorious indeed is the mission of poverty as she comes to arouse man's noblest energies. Energy, that word in which is embraced all man's great achievements in the past, and with which, as a battle cry, he will go forward from victory to victory, until all nature is his dominion. Man elevated on the pedestal of his power, feels himself a god. She comes and lays her hand upon the tower of his strength and it crumbles to the dust, and thus brought down before his fellow-men, he feels that magnetic influence that binds us together in one common brotherhood, and with his sympathies awakened, and with his soul enlarged, he becomes a philanthropist, a reformer, a true man. Coming unto him as he sits amid the ruins of broken hopes and cherished plans she whispers in his ear words of hope and bids him go forth to noble warfare and glorious victory. Let others weave garlands of praise for wealth's imperial boon, and bring their costliest offering to her golden altar, but as for me let it be my highest honor to bring my humble offering and lay it at thy feet. What though thy sombre garments are damp with the dew of the night. With heaven's signet upon thy brow, it is uncircled with a radiant glory akin to that which hovered around Calvary's rugged summit, love is written upon every lineament of thy blessed countenance, while from thy lips drop the oracles of wisdom. Humanity's best friend, because in my falling tears thou dost bid me see the beauteous bow of promise and dost lead me forth on the field of conflict, where honors may be won as enduring as the stars set in the eternal coronet of the skies, therefore will I honor thee.

—The French Academy has refused to enroll the name of Darwin among its members, assigning as a reason that "he has too far sacrificed science to renown and reason to imagination. to deserve a place in the first rank of scientists."