

of those great names in art which have been well said to be the admiration and despair of all modern successors. And so it is still; for the truth is, that from genius embodying itself in literature there emanates an all-hallowing influence extending even to the inanimate of nature. Whatever it touches it consecrates; whatever it breathes upon it rescues from oblivion. The hamlet, which but for this would never have looked out from its depth in the greenwood, has risen into the world's regard and becomes the Mecca and Medina of many a willing pilgrim."—*Old Book*.

A PICTURE OF THE NEXT CENTURY.—"If nature, with her interminable fecundity, pours forth millions of human beings for whom there is no place on earth and no means of subsistence, what affair is that of ours, my brethren? We did not make them; we did not ask nature to make them, and it is nature's business to feed them, not yours or mine. Are we better than nature? Are we wiser? Shall we rebuke the great mother by caring for those she has abandoned? If she intended that all men should be happy, why did she not make them so? She is omnipotent. She permits evil to exist, when with a breath of her mouth she could sweep it away forever. But it is part of her scheme of life. She is indifferent to the cries of distress which rise up to her in one undying wail from the face of the universe. With stony eyes the thousand-handed goddess sits, serene and merciless, in the midst of her worshippers, like a Hindoo idol. Her skirts are wet with blood; her creation is based on destruction; her lives live only by murder. The cruel images of the pagan are truer delineations of nature than the figures which typify the impotent charity of Christendom—an exotic in the midst of an alien world."—*Cæsar's Column*.

A PICTURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—"My friends, if you would see men again the beasts of prey they seemed in the nineteenth century, all you have to do is to restore the old social industrial system, which taught them to view their natural prey in their fellow-men, and find their gain in the loss of others.

No doubt it seems to you that no necessity, however dire, would have tempted you to subsist on what superior skill or strength enabled you to wrest from others equally needy. But suppose it were not merely your own life that you were responsible for. I know well that there must have been many a man among our ancestors who, if it had been merely a question of his own life, would sooner have given it up than nourished it by bread snatched from others. But this he was not permitted to do.

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