

single day in this age of electricity and steam than he did in twelve months sixty years ago. And yet there are those who cry out against modern inventions and modern civilization, and are constantly quoting the days of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers when "life was simple" and there was "time to rest." "Why are we tormented with this thought-stimulating age?" they say. "Why are our emotions called into action by modern music and modern art? Why are we called upon to help the downtrodden and oppressed, and to help to elevate mankind to a higher level? Why cannot we be left alone in peace and quiet, to live in the easiest way?"

If this be good philosophy, then the swine, if he were a reasoning being, ought to be ranked among the greatest of philosophers—when he seeks a wallow in the sunshine and sleeps away his useless existence. If he is useful it is because some other being of a higher order uses him to help along his own existence. The man in these days who does not "keep up with the procession" is soon trodden under foot and some other man uses him as a stepping-stone to elevate himself.

Yet this is a selfish motive, after all. The world is now rapidly advancing in light, in knowledge, in power to use the infinite gifts that the Creator has hidden in nature; but hidden only to stimulate and reward our seek-