

claim the place; corruption holds back the Roman; partial growth and incompleteness the Elizabethan; the present atmosphere remains impure. What, then, holds the future? Are we drifting? No, for the progress is too systematic and methodical for that. Evolution? No doubt. By latent power or under a guiding hand, which? We hardly care to trust ourselves to latent power, for, among the many elements, one may predominate and thus our unity be broken. Far more pleasing, yea, far better to have a guiding cause. We seek a definite event. Where then to find the cause? Dreams have their place. Utopia might lead but dreams are abnormal and untrue. Bellamy and his peers suggest, but these savor much of the machine; harmony there is, but simplicity is wanting. Anarchism boasts, but seems devoid of harmony. Socialism in its many theories falls short; it touches mass and not the man. The ages of Greece and Rome were accompaniments of condition; England's was result; the present combines the two. We look for an efficient cause to mould the future, and we find that cause is Christ. In our conception of His kingdom our ideal is enthroned. "The type of character set up in the Gospels as the Christian type stands out in unapproached purity as well as unapproached perfection of moral excellence." "In a moral point of view the world may abandon Christianity, but it can never advance beyond it." Science owes its progress, if not its very existence to Christianity; the greatest maritime discoveries have been made under the banner of the cross; commerce in its most energetic, prosperous and noblest forms is found in those states most purely Christian; Christianity is the parent of just and enduring liberty. Poetry finds here its very soul, all literature its life. Here simplicity is incarnated; mildness finds its root; harmony its elements; purity its fountain head; equality its balance; here justice has its seat and wisdom its council chambers.

Hark! we hear echoing down through the ages a cry from human hearts for purity, equality, justice, harmony. Amid the storms and gloom one tone in all remains the same, one note finds echo in our souls. We read in all the chaotic discord a cry for the ideal society, the reaching out for a Saturnian, satisfactory not only to the human heart in its present environment but one that has place for all its teachings and ambitions. Whither shall we go for this? Mythology gave to us a model. History endeavored to attain it but failed. The present, gathering to itself all the past, is yet far distant from the goal. Where then? We have within our reach in Christ the guiding cause of that age which equals, yet transcends our own ideal. It satisfies in every detail our present noblest, purest aspirations, and enfolds within its bosom everything remote ambition calls for.

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