

By reason of this union, we who bear the burden of life to-day, feel a living interest in him who tasted its joys and sorrows when this old world was young, and who, three thousand years ago, left his embalmed clay on the Nile's sombre banks, at Saccara or Luxor. As we sweep the far horizon of past and future from this pivotal point the present, we feel that the broad inheritance is all our own. Are not these our fellows, earth nourished mortals such as we, whose shadowy forms we dimly discern limned in "Time's remotest blue." When on the other hand, we throw our thoughts forward towards the hoped for progress of a terrestrial future, or even the vague glories of the hereafter, are we not conscious that the elements of a selfsame nature present in those future actors, are essential to our awakened interest. Our individual consciousness reaches out with a broad appropriative grasp over the entire universe of man, and will be satisfied with nothing less.

The accidents of civilization and power, of retrogression and barbarism, belong to time and change. They do not enter as permanent elements into the history of man, but are to be considered merely as the unessential developments induced by the conjunction of circumstances favorable or adverse. The tide of man's inner, higher life, rolls on within its ancient channels still. The older landmarks are unchanged. All that belongs distinctively to man, as man, remains the same throughout, broadened, intensified and refined in golden eras, or distorted and stunted, perhaps abnormally developed in times of misrule and gloom, but never obliterated. In the most degraded specimens of the race, despite the vague hints concerning animalized Hottentots and Onidya, we firmly believe may be traced the germ and potency of that better development which man has proved himself capable of attaining, because it belongs to his essential being. The defective theologies and philosophies of the past often raised impassible barriers between race and race, yet the grand utterances that have come to us from Pagan times, show that the great truths still dimly burned, and in some hearts brightly, beneath the wide and despotic claims of culture and nationality. Christianity swept away these

restrictive influences, and by giving due prominence to this noble principle, has made men confess its eternal freshness. We are learning to feel more and more clearly,

"That mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong,
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sounded fibres feels the gust of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim."

The rightful apprehension of this great truth leading to noble effort and heroic self-sacrifice, is a crowning glory of the age.

Another source of fruitful and familiar illustration of our theme, is found in those great truths which appeal to the æsthetic and imaginative in our natures. Far in the distant youth of the race, when refined training was as yet unknown, the manifold wonders and beauties of the outer world already flooded the soul, even then evoking those simple yet sublime strains, that shall go on sounding their artless yet sweetest melodies in men's hearts to the end of time. To-day they are as fresh and new, as when first they waked the harp of gifted Jew or Greek. They are but the incarnation in human speech of those great principles of beauty and harmony that God has written on all his works, and which can never appeal in vain to the keen and lively sensibilities of our nature. The productions of the great masters in imitative art, whose pencil or chisel has reached through the eye, the mind and heart of man, owe their immortality to this same eternal susceptibility of human taste.

Not less firmly implanted in our nature, despite all moral corruption, is the great truth of man's dignity and worth. From this source have been developed the lofty ideas of individual independence, national freedom, and intellectual and religious liberty. Eliminate from the past all the glory that it has gathered from this source, and how sorry and insipid a record should we have. On the one hand, naught but the spectacle of unmitigated tyranny; on the other, that alone of abject serfdom. But despite the mass of wrong, we still find man possessed of a keen sense of his inherent elevation. Aim at his