

everlasting flight. It pictures life in every age of the world's history. But I doubt whether there was ever a period when it was so strikingly applicable to man's career upon earth as at the present. The age we live in is a peculiar one, and one chief feature of its peculiarity is its *rapidity*. Everything appears to be in rapid movement. We learn faster, work faster, trade faster, travel faster, and live faster; we see more, know more, do more in the course of our lifetime, than any of those who have trod the earth before us. The average period of our temporal existence is not increased; but there are more events—more changes—more knowledge—more of every thing which constitutes life, crowded into that period now, than at any previous age in the history of our race. Our ancestors before the flood, who counted their years by hundreds, knew far less of life than our modern sage of three score years and ten. The stripling of to-day has lived longer than his great grandfather who died half a century ago at the good old age of eighty.

In days gone by, men travelled all their life-time in the same old lumbering coaches, beheld in youth and gray hairs the same old stunted ships—lived and died in the same old antiquated houses. But now the man that has not measured more than half life's allotted span, has seen change rapidly succeeding change, improvement following improvement, invention giving place to invention, till at length he finds that the old coach, whose rattling wheels and reeking team he and his father before him had admired with all the admiration of a ride-loving boy, has vanished before the untiring strides of the horse of iron, and his gliding, noiseless train; the ancient ships whose heavy prows and clumsy rig he was early taught to consider the wondrous perfection of naval art, now taking the form of the graceful and rapid steamer; and the time-honored family cottage which had sheltered his birth, no longer as it stood, and still stands in his fond memory of early