

is won. The ingenuity displayed in rifled cannon, mitrailleuses, needle-guns and all the dreadful enginery of war, makes it very evident that the day is yet far distant when the sword will become the plough-share. The most bloody and destructive war in the annals of history is that which has just closed, leaving half of Paris a mass of ruins and the soil of France red with the blood of her children.

In the face of these drawbacks on our modern civilization, we may well hesitate to answer the question, is human progress a reality? If our great and beloved England is to be taken as a type of progress, we see clearly enough that though she has done much in the centuries that are gone, she has still a gigantic task before her,—one that will tax all her patient energies and strain her very heart-strings. How is she to organize into working regiments, and train under “captains of industry,” her idle millions, now supported by legal charity? How save the toiling masses and keep them from sinking into the slough of pauperism? How educate and elevate her urban and rural labourers and lift them out of the poisonous conditions in which vast masses are weltering—living in darkness and dust, and “dying like slaves in the night?” How save the myriads of fallen womanhood, whose cry goes up to heaven in a prolonged and horrible shriek? No mild philanthropy, no charitable doles, no amount of tract distribution, no sprinkling of rose water will heal these terrible social evils. All the solid worth, all the virtue and intelligence of the nation will be required to grapple with them. Distractions enough are around our England. Her labour question is pressing for solution, the relation between employer and employed being yet in the cash-payment stage, and developing into blind, hostile, selfish combinations of men and masters against each other. Her land question is in a still more confused condition, the rights of property conflicting sorely with the rights of man. Of course it is easy to say, “leave these matters alone, they will right themselves in due time.” They will do nothing of the kind, unless the wise and good put their shoulder to the wheel. God has not sent us into a world full of sin and misery to be mere Lotos Eaters, to shrug our shoulders and acquiesce in things as they are. Where evil is active, good must be more strenuously active, or the fair fabric of society will go to ruin; while we, self-satisfied, are piously chaunting our hymns. It is a law of God that the wise and strong should think for, guide, help, rule and elevate the weak and the foolish. To sit calmly in Sadducean enjoyment, and let the world go groaning on, may be very agreeable to our selfishness, but is sternly condemned by that religion which says “thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” This wondrous world is not a mere weaving-factory, or cook-shop where we are to scramble for victuals, nor yet a great counting-house where piles of wealth are to be accumulated, but a God-created world, where we are to be all true workers, and, under penalties, labour to make truth and justice triumphant. If amid all the glitter of our civilization, multitudes are found cowering into awful dens of vice and want and shame, and rotting down to forgotten graves, vainly seeking help from man and hope in God, there must be foul