

ourselves out from the wholesome rays of the sun, because falling on us with too much intensity, they may produce paralysis; or discard all culture because too close application to study has been known to produce insanity: as to abjure all liberty because carried beyond proper bounds it may result in licentiousness.

But freedom is never lawlessness, nor can lawlessness in any proper sense ever constitute true liberty; but to be free indeed is to thoroughly understand and conscientiously practice those multitudinous laws which control the occult springs of action in the physical and moral worlds. "Obedience," says Luthardt, "is the road to liberty, and self-control is education for independence."

While we wonder at all things around us, yet the greatest wonderland is within ourselves. Our whole life seems a mingling of paradoxes, or as one has said, "man is a heap of contradictions." The most inexorable limit to our freedom is necessity, and yet were it not for the interference of necessity there would be no such thing as human freedom. This is evident in connection with the struggle for existence—for this is where necessity acts with the most irresistible force. In those countries where physical and mental effort are called forth to the greatest degree, in order to secure a livelihood, are found the greatest amount of freedom and intelligence; while in those where nature provides all the necessities of life with a more liberal hand, indolence and crime—the worst of slavery prevail. Between these two extremes, however, there is ample room for all the possible exertion of the most speculative mind.

Sociology is surely as interesting a study as ever it was. The thoughts, experiences, emotions of mankind, in joy, in sorrow, in quietude and in trouble, in freedom and in slavery, and in all the varying circumstances of life, together with all its relations of time and eternity are not all these yet pregnant with power and replete with timely lessons and admonitions? These are the grand topics to be developed by the literary force of the present time or of any other, and to this undertaking there seems to be a waking up at the present time.

Thought and literature freed from the confinement of narrow cloisters and caves of the earth—its refuge in a less congenial age, seek a new and broader development, and reach out toward new attainments as yet

undreamed of. What the age most needs and most imperatively demands, is salvation from cant and hypocrisy, and the display of a more ardent enthusiasm in the search after truth for its own sake. This we shall welcome as the herald of a millenium of true culture, sound learning, and honesty unfeigned.

On the whole we consider the outlook a rather hopeful one at present. The room for greater intellectual development we think none will doubt, while the fact that the best parts of our earth yet lie uninhabited, except by the beasts of the forest, and gigantic needs of the plain, leaves ample space for material advancement. The tendencies of the time seem to be in the direction of material and moral growth. The agencies employed to this end we for bear to enumerate—their name is legion. The one agency of steam employed in railroads and steamships is one of the most potent civilizers at the present time, and we think probably during the present generation this power will be the chief means of opening up more than our "dark continent."

The broad fertile valleys of the Nile and Amazon will not always be the haunts of wild beasts, or little superior specimens of humanity. But in the intellectual world we anticipate far greater advances. The unfolding of general truth consequent upon the united efforts of many ardent laborers, in the different departments of research, the overcoming of bigotry and prejudice—whether national political or religious; and the near approach and final consummation of that time when universal peace and prosperity shall hold dominant sway, and nations and individuals shall "neither hunt nor destroy" each other henceforth; all these are things devoutly to be wished for.

Then the whole fabric of human society, complete in every part, and attuned to the most perfect harmony, when touched from its lowest diapason to its highest note, will give forth sweet concordant strains, an accompaniment to the onward march of the age.

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ERRATUM.—In our last issue which gives the list of Officers of the ATHENÆUM Society for the quarter just ended, for "*A. J. Eaton, Pres.*," read *A. J. Denton*.