

thing as absolute knowledge. Why does a man spend a life-time in study upon a single question? Because he cannot satisfy himself with uncertainties, and he knows that once reduced to absolute knowledge, it is fixed forever, stamped with his signature; and to enlighten the world and write his name high in the temple of fame alone satisfies his ambition. But a few years ago, man was thought to be the only creature in the universe capable of taking any part directly in the intellectual progress of the nation. Strange as it may seem, we are descendants of a nation who thought it a disgrace for woman to be educated. A pretty face and modest air among the aristocracy, and a competent, economical housekeeper among the laboring class, were the chief accomplishments of a lady, and the *only* object of her existence was marriage.

Modesty has never ceased to be a virtue, and beauty will never lose its charm, but civilized man has awakened to the knowledge that surface beauty fades. A good housewife is still deemed a treasure, but men are tired of marrying dumb waiters.

The reserve power of our nation which has lived back of a pretty face and willing hand for so many ages in a state of inactivity is now exerting an influence throughout the world. We need not look far into the future to see a nation ruled by men and women equal each to each. Even though her voice should never be heard in the Senate Chamber, or her name enrolled as a voter, her power indirectly will produce as great a result. Every position, with this one exception, is ready for her when she chooses to fill it. False modesty is gradually disappearing, and the clear rays of reason lead her from an aimless existence to noble womanhood.

With this doubting of our nation's power what general results we may hope for. It would seem that nothing is possible for the future to reveal. Yet there is a limit

to human knowledge. There are some things which cannot be reduced to science, and which we cannot be content to believe and hope for. Pollock thus vividly describes the flight of the mind after the hidden mysteries of eternity.

"Philosophy, to climb
With all her vigour toiled from age to age;
From age to age, Theology, with all
Her vigor toiled; and vagrant Fancy toiled.
Not weak and foolish only, but the wise.
Patient, courageous, stout, sound-headed man
Of proper discipline, of excellent mind,
And strong of intellectual limb, toiled hard;
And oft above the reach of common eye,
Ascended far and seemed well nigh the top;
Above them rose, till giddy grown and mad
With gazing at these dangerous heights of God,
They tumbled down, and in their raving said,
They o'er the summit saw: and some believed;
Believed a lie; for never man on earth
That mountain crossed, or saw its farther side."

And as in the past so in the future will attempts to fathom the unrevealed book of eternity prove a failure. For when time is all past, when clouds which now overshadow our pathway have been cleared away, and the nations of the earth have reached their utmost limit, there will still remain a field of mysteries o'er the gateway of which must be written—
Unknown. K. G. H.

SOCIAL CONFLICT.

Within this great cycle of human affairs, there are many stages, duplicated, and with conflicting conditions and principles; a practicable reconciliation of their claims is impossible, and yet all are essential to the consummation of that one great end—progress. Thus creating a wonderful complication of interests, desires and occupations; necessitating a dissimilitude of thought among men; hence, leading to the conception of justice; then to its administration; finally establishing and at last maintaining the vital condition of social existence. Inadvertently have these steps been made, as the claims to life and property, were rec-