

and battlements necessary for his former protection are gone. Down in yonder valley, they have been transformed into an arch, over which the thundering locomotive dashes at a furious rate. A modern dwelling, simple in its neatness, occupies the place of his frowning castle. He wanders on into the city modeled after the civilization of the present day. Dumb with amazement he watches the glowing industry of the age.

If the Roman and the Athenian were to awake from their long silence, and gaze upon the achievements of the present century, they would be compelled to join with the feudal knight in this one exclamation, "Here is your civilization, but where is ours? Can the nature of man so change?" The question is for us to answer.

If the nature of man is changeable, we will find this change to correspond with a similar change in his knowledge and industries.

Since a constant change has been the tendency of every age, variety has become the true picture of human nature. That there is a higher type of civilization beyond, man in every century has confidently believed. This belief has led him on, losing on the way some of the grandest of human industries; but at the same time acquiring others as full of utility, to fill their places.

The progress of civilization has not been continual. At one time it has been retarded; again it has burst forth with redoubled vigor. It has left its mark upon the history of every nation, here sparkling in its brilliancy, there smothering in its dimness. Nor has civilization followed the same course in every age. At one time we see that man compiles the massive pyramids of Egypt; at another he becomes the wandering Jew; again the valiant knight of the Crusades, and at last the peaceful citizen of the nineteenth century. Wonderful indeed has been the change. The mighty achievements of antiquity have glided away leav-

ing but little trace of their former existence. The Orthian strain no longer echoes from the Corinthian shore. The Cretan bow has long been unstrung, and its glittering arrow broken. But in their places a shout for victory sweeps through the winding valleys, and the roar of artillery reverberates from peak to peak.

The customs of to-day are not the customs of a departed people. In every generation they have undergone a constant change. The Spartan would not fight because Zeus was asleep, yet it was an honor to steal if he was not detected in the theft. Certain of victory the Greek rushed to the battle if it thundered on the right, but the Roman fled with the terrors of defeat. The Roman senate was noted for its dignity; but the court of Charlemagne for its fierce temper. The court of Louis VI, made law by the sword, the Parliament of William III, by reason and sound judgment. The Greek wept over his defeat; the Roman took deep vengeance; the Englishman rallies for another charge.

The Greek lady was timid, and seldom seen abroad; but transformed into a Joan of Arc wielded the fate of the French nation.

Thus one extreme follows another. Such are the mighty changes in the manners and customs of mankind. Nor has the change in his industries been less. The industries of the past have vanished, but the industries of to-day stand forth in all their splendor. On the one hand the decayed fruits of by-gone years are left to sweeten our humiliation, on the other the development of recent inventions fills our minds with awe and arouses an ambition for future research. Even the demand for the industries of to-day is not the demand of antiquity. The eloquence of the Agora has fled before the printing press. The Telegraph has taken the place of the mounted messenger. Diplomacy has become the peacemaker among nations. Arbitration scorns with contempt the ancient glories of war. On ev-