

earth is broken; the world is at the threshold of an age of freedom, and human nature demands its rights. America's brilliant example has given a fresh impulse to the call for popular government; countless millions are gazing in eager astonishment at her marvelous deeds, should she continue unwavering in her onward course, she will stand ere long leader of one great army of republics, at the head of a new civilization. But to insure perfect tranquility, nations must reverence a higher authority than their own. There must be a central government to which all others shall be subordinate, and that should have power, in times of political convulsion, to stretch forth the strong arm of justice over the fields of sanguinary conflict and stop the work of destruction. Then will civil strife and contention be silenced throughout the world by adjusting all international difficulties in one grand tribunal.

B. H. CULVER.

TO-DAY.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

Great indeed is our privilege to be allowed to live in an age so stirring and eventful as the present. It is the product of all former ages, and excels them in well directed efforts, heroic achievements and grand results. Work is being done, the result of which astonishes even the workers themselves. Impossibilities are daily changed to probabilities, probabilities are moulded into actual and glorious certainties. "Distance lends enchantment." The arts, literature, and inventions of to-day, seen through the dim distances, are thought to compare unfavorably with like productions of the past. But once let the thirteenth century sit in judgment, and how different is the verdict. Since Greece and Rome have furnished the themes for almost every commencement oration, let us for once em-

ulate England, Russia, Germany, or America, if you please. Who shall say that the present century is not more glorious in light and liberty, than any preceding? Iron sinews bind in closer brotherhood and union, our North and our South, our West and our East. The clattering car of commerce is but the exchange of friendly greetings. The telegraph flashes thoughts from shore to shore and dives beneath the waves and upon the trackless ocean bed, carrying our messages to continents beyond. Next comes the telephone, and not only the thoughts, but the very tones of our voices are transmitted to distant cities. Last, but not least, the phonograph steps in and proposes to send in packages the melodies of the voice, not only from city to city, but to seal them up and hand them down to after generations. What a glorious future as well as present is before us.

In literature, the achievements are equally as great. Hardly has a work of real merit left the hands of the publishers, before it has been translated into a half dozen foreign languages; and while we are reading the thoughts that live and words that burn, thousands in all parts of the world are enjoying the same privilege. Our poets have been the most humorous and the most pathetic, exciting the world alike to laughter and to tears.

But the great result of this age is seen only by close inspection; not by examining the most prominent men whose brilliant thoughts have dazzled the literary, artistic, and scientific circles, but by noticing the result attained by the masses. Where books, pictures and other works of art once adorned the houses of the favored few, we now find them in the houses of the many.

A classical education is no longer unattainable for the majority, and every one that thirsteth may freely quaff from the fountain of learning. It is also a day of civil and religious freedom. Not only in our own America but in other lands the