

the press. What can be its power? When we saw activity pervading every workshop and wealth gleamed from every hamlet, we also saw this mighty industry thrown to the winds and a million men enraged by the harangues of the press, step forth to nobly decide the fate of slavery. So thoroughly had the freeman of the North been instilled with hatred for the horrors of slavery, that it required only the electric spark to explode the mine of civil war. With that struggle we realized the power of the press.

Then when we see such a colossal power augmented by its influence and intrinsic value, vested in the press, how great must be its trust, how grave its responsibility! Man can as easily fathom that responsibility as estimate its power.

If conflicts have occurred before, they will occur again. If society has been once revolutionized, it will be again. Upon all these changes, these trials the press now sits as judge and jury.

Society is ever active, either progressive or digressive. Every day presents a new development in the mysteries of the universe. The responsibility of the press is then continual. If justice is demanded, the press suggests. Without its support the judge delays his decision. The mechanic watches it for inventions; The scientist for new theories. Then when we see the fate of society bound up in so mighty an invention, we can but wonder at its complicated machinery yet quail before its colossal power.

What we want, then, what the times imperatively demand, is an impartial control of the press, not monopolized by partisans but controlled by men who have brains enough to look at both sides of the same question. Without this partial reform in the press the friends of liberty may well mistrust the motives of its actions. For though it has brought freedom in its early youth, yet in its gigantic growth it must not snatch that liberty from our grasp.

To protect this liberty and to insure the purity of the press, this has become the duty of the citizen. But to guide the social and political interests of forty millions of people, this has become the duty, this the responsibility of the American press.

TOXOPHILUS.

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#### THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

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From the time of creation till now, change has been the one important word stamped upon the pages of history.

Parts of the earth once graced by nature's fairest ornaments now form the beds of oceans. Cities, the birth-place of thought and intelligence, lie buried in the dust. Nations have risen, passed away, and are forgotten. Theories, governments, and customs have had their day and been replaced by others. Languages, by which mind communicated with mind, are now unspoken. Countless ages have marked these changes, but the end is not yet. The crown of perfection, which the nations of the earth have been slowly nearing, is still immeasurably distant. The past is unchangable; the present and future are moulded by our lives. What shall the future be? I doubt not that sometime in the life of every individual, this question has presented itself, but to very many it remains unsolved. They pass it by, and live—they know not why. Some, however, realize the responsibility of their existence, and live for the ennobling of humanity and the enlightenment of the world. No age is without its few great men. In reviewing the past, we find a Cæsar, the greatest ruler the world has ever known, to whom the common people bowed in reverence, and had no will but Cæsar's; a Shakespeare, whose dramas to-day move an audience to tears or laughter, so real are his pictures; a Michael Angelo, whose paintings hold the eyes of the world in wonder and admiration; a Watt, who saw in invisible