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THE THEBAN LEGION.

BY PROF. W. M. BLACKBURN.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

“WHO will now trudge on foot behind the emperor’s chariot?” was the thought of Galerius, on his next return from the Persian war. He had been victorious. His insolence was now almost unbounded. There was a terror of him in the palace. A letter comes addressed to him as “Cæsar.” He exclaims, “Must I still be merely Cæsar?”

The letter however is from Maximian, who writes in this strain: “Since peace is generally restored, let us give the Christian soldiers plenty to do. I have found some slavish work for them and shall devise more. They willingly perform any drudgery, if they may only sing and pray over it! You ought to see them carrying mortar to make the baths of Diocletian at Rome and Milan. Those shall be splendid baths, meant to last for centuries. When will you be again at Sirmium? Have you not some marshes to drain in that region? Or will you send me some of these Christians to defend Eastern Gaul?” He wanted to have more soldiers at command.

With oily tongue and wily art, Galerius talked to his father-in-law about “those baths at Rome—those grand structures rearing as monuments to his enterprise.” Diocletian was flattered. Maurice was ordered to Rome with his Theban Legion. Far down in the sand-pits, beneath the Apian Way, and just out of Rome, a band of soldiers shoveled the tufa into baskets and sent it up to their comrades to be used in cementing the huge walls of the imperial baths. Those walls have stood to this day, and travelers look on them with wonder. But the groans which they cost long ago ceased, and the pride which reared them met its doom. “Is there no end to these quarries?” asked a soldier, straightening himself up and taking breath. “They run on into long galleries. I followed one a half a mile or more this morning.”

“And I saw a very strange thing, just at the end of that fine aisle,” said another. “It was this inscription on a tomb, ‘I, Procope, lift my hands against God, who snatched away me, innocent. Aged twenty years. Proclus set up this.’ This must be a pagan cemetery. I shudder to think of it.” Such inscriptions prove that the

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with a pretended message from the goddess herself, warning her to depart. To all her incantations and threatenings she responded in words from the Holy Scriptures.

Confiding in the protection of her Lord, with about eighty of her people, she descended to the floor of the crater. There she deliberately violated the ancient traditions by eating the sacred *ahola* berries, which were forbidden to those who had not first made an offering to Pele, and, proceeding to the edge of the lake of fire, she threw

stones into the awful pit, as the signal of utter defiance, in the face of the false divinity. To those who warned her of danger she said: "Jehovah alone hath kindled these fires. I fear no evil the false goddess can achieve by her anger; she is powerless to destroy if Jehovah save."

Then they sang a hymn and bowed the knees in prayer to Jehovah, the Lord of heaven and of earth, and came forth, like the three children from the midst of the fiery furnace, unharmed.

THE WORLD'S FUTURE.

BY REV. E. H. GILLETT, D. D.

NO man lives for himself alone. While he is shaping his own destiny, he is projecting his influence into the future. He is laying foundations upon which others shall build. What the past has done for us we are doing for the future. We are sowing the harvests which it is to reap.

Motives beside those of mere curiosity impel us to ask what those harvests are to be. If the prospect before us were simply gloomy, with no ray of reasonable hope to light it up, we might shut our eyes upon it, and reject the aid of human sagacity to unloose the seals of the prophetic record. But the golden age of modern, unlike that of ancient times, lies in the future. The closing visions of revelation have taught us to anticipate that brighter day, when the New Jerusalem shall come down out of heaven to earth, and the tabernacle of God shall be with men.

It is in the confident hope which these visions have inspired, that good men through past ages have studied together the record of prophecy, and the signs of the times. It is little known with what eager and absorbing interest many of the greatest and best of American divines of the last century—puzzling over the problem of the

origin of evil—found relief in the anticipations of the approaching dawn of the millennial day. Increase Mather and Hopkins wrote elaborately upon it. It occupied the thoughts and pens of men like Edwards, and Bellamy, and Bud. It was the theme of many a discourse and many an unpublished treatise. Winthrop, of Harvard, and President Stiles, of New Haven, speculated with remarkable foresight and accuracy on the future of our country, and if the prospect before them a century ago was inspiring and exciting, much more is that which invites our study and attention to-day calculated to enlarge our intellectual horizon, and expand and animate our hopes.

The history of the world, studied in the light, and with the assumption of an overruling Providence, is eminently dramatic. As actor after actor appears on the stage, and one scene follows another, we feel that there is an order of development and progress in which each advance challenges a deeper and more absorbing interest. Each time the curtain falls, each time some marked revolution or important crisis comes, we wait with deep and almost breathless anxiety to know what new phase of events is to succeed, and by what methods the great scheme of hu-

man things shall be brought near to its consummation. To read the book of Providence; to see how, in spite of all the downward gravitations of human passions, and the seeming retrogressions of civilization, the current of human progress has still been onward; to discern the changes and movements which indicate the overruling purpose of One who is ever from evil still educating good—is to learn the lessons of faith, faith in God, and faith in that future which is being shaped by forces subordinate to his all-embracing design. Milton struck the keynote of the world's jubilant anticipations, when he closed the long title of one of his early pamphlets with the expression of the hope that it might contribute to "the bringing in of the golden age."

For it is not only the earnest disciple of Christ, intent on hastening on the coming of that kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," who is disposed to read carefully the signs of the times, and curious to know the mystery of coming years and centuries. Benjamin Franklin, speculating upon the possibility that animal life might be preserved, as in the case of an insect, interminably, by being immersed in spirits, was attracted at once to the possible gratification that would be afforded, if in this respect man might be invested with the insect's privilege. He might, with an inexpressible satisfaction, be permitted to look upon scenes that would be to him like a new or another world, and in which the strongest curiosity would be gratified. Even a mere literary man, like the late Henry Crabbe Robinson, could not suppress a record like this, "I can no help wishing that I had been born a little later in the world's everlasting progress."

Studying the phases and currents of the world's progress generically, we may arrive at conclusions far more reliable than such as might be deduced from isolated facts or local causes. The fate of a single rain-drop, falling somewhere in the broad Mississippi Valley, would of necessity be very uncertain,

and yet we might be sure when extending our observation to millions that one common tendency and drift would be brought to bear upon them all. Thus might we forecast the destiny of millions, when the destiny of an individual would be an insoluble mystery. No man's life or prosperity is sure for to-morrow, but we do not therefore hesitate or waver in the belief that the nation will continue to live on, or that new states will continue to be carved from our broad territories, and blend their strength with that of the great American republic. We can not say what fate may overtake a single neighborhood, or city, or state, and yet we may often feel a reasonable confidence in even human vaticinations based upon a broader survey of the operative forces that are shaping the destiny of nations and of the world.

There is, however negligently observed or imperfectly apprehended, a course, an order, in nature and social life, upon which to a certain extent, and under certain limitations, we may safely calculate. Human life may be like a vapor. It may appear for a moment and be seen no more. But the spring will come again, and the trees will bud and blossom. The strongest frames may sink under the strokes of disease, or the weight of years, but institutions may live when the hands that fashioned or founded them have crumbled to dust. Cicero boldly asserts that there is no such thing as a natural death for a republic.* There is, in the nature of things, if rightly constituted, nothing to prevent its being eternal. Much more may we say this of a kingdom, that "cometh not with observation," instinctive with moral and spiritual forces that defy all material assault, to which weapons of steel are innoxious, and yet which, necessarily aggressive, are bringing all other forces into subordination to themselves.

**Debet enim constituta sic esse civitas, ut æterna sit. Itaque nullus intentus est republicæ naturalis, ut hominis; in quo mors non modo necessaria est, verum etiam optanda persæpe.*—Quoted by Augustin De. Civ. Dei. xii. 6.

We may read the prophecy of the oak—certain conditions being presupposed—in the acorn. We may forecast the harvest of national development from the seed that was sown. Mexico was not planted by Leyden exiles. Spanish cavaliers did not blend their name or fame with Plymouth Rock. For more than eighteen hundred years men have not gathered grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. The fact is that the present is intimately connected and associated with the past. It is its outgrowth. It is rooted in it. And the relation of the future to the present is analogous. The full leaf or flower of to-morrow is the bud or blossom of to-day. We tread unwittingly in our daily paths on germs from which Baal's groves or the trees of the Lord's garden shall yet spring. The harvests of another century may be studied in the seed that is flung from careless fingers or faithful hands to-day.

The world's history is by no means a series of fragments. It is a chain of connected links, every link, too, a living one. The stones that come together to make up the aggregate of that heap of incident and event which many take as the necessary chaos of the world's progress are not mere rubbish. They are living stones, and they are growing into an holy temple to the Lord. The past, the present, and the future are one continuous piece woven in the loom of Providence. There is not an absolutely isolated thread. About our daily paths, and in the very commonplace of life, there are scenes and objects of the moral and spiritual connections and relations of which we are too often oblivious. The common utensils of our homes, the familiar forms of our civilization, are really the result of ages of invention and experiment. To trace their origin we must thread our way back through untold centuries. The fountain heads of the stream of our modern life, and social culture, and civil privilege, often lie hid in the wilderness of the unhistoric ages. No single generation makes, or could make itself what it is. With the accumulations of the past, as its capital already furnished, it starts upon its

career. All honor to our revolutionary patriots, yet the material of the structure they built were gathered by earlier hands, and the plan by which they wrought was borrowed largely from older architects. They bore at the time the reproach of being "John Locke's disciples;" but John Locke, and Sidney, and Montesque—the political authorities of the age—were themselves disciples of older masters. We read, attached to the Declaration of Independence the names of the signers, but other names are really there, written like the lines of the old palimpsests, invisible till brought out by the arts of philosophical history. The founders of the republic and its institutions were themselves institutions, compact with the learning, wisdom, and experience of the past. The world's greatest thinkers had thought for them, as they have for us. For them countless experiments in political science had been made; countless schemes of government had been devised; countless hardships endured. For them the Swiss had compacted their federal league. For them Holland had built up out of the mud and waves the bulwark of her brave little republic against the might of Spain. For them the English barons had extorted Magna Charta from an unwilling monarch, and statesmen like Eliot, and Pym, and Hampden, and Vane had eloquently spoken or nobly fallen.

We may thus see how the present is ever busy providing and storing up materials for the future. They are destined to be used. They can not but be used. Each generation—far from choosing absolutely its own work, has its predestined work thrown upon it. A Providence above us, and comprehending our narrow, finite and often blindly formed, in its own grander and infinite designs, is directing the progress, and developing the results of its own plan.

In some of the old cities of Europe there are cathedrals that were centuries in building. The plan of the architect was carried out by the labors of successive generations. Sometimes, for an

age perhaps, the work was suspended, and ruined scaffoldings, piles of fragments and scattered materials were all that could be seen. The enterprise seemed to be abandoned, but the foundations and design were still there, and the practiced eye might discern, notwithstanding all the rubbish, the grand idea that centuries later was to be carved out, and embodied, and, humanly speaking, immortalized in stone. Very much like one of these old, unfinished cathedrals is our world to-day. We can discern foundations and plan, although history seems at first view to present us only with the picture of ruined scaffoldings, wasted material and shapeless rubbish. We look over the centuries, and the eye is met by the tumult of revolution, the chaos of anarchy, the devastations of war, and the fragments of crumbling empire. But we can still see that there has been progress of a certain kind, that there is still progress, that the original design has not been abandoned. Even under our very eyes the great Architect is bending to his will unconscious instruments, making the wrath of man to praise him, and from each varied sphere, from the palace of the king to the cabin of the slave, calling forth the agents and means that may be necessary or fit for the completion of his purpose.

It may, indeed, be said that sometimes the shadow seems to move backward on the dial of the world's progress. Man fails to keep permanently what he had gained before. Eloquent lips have told the story of the "lost arts." But grant that arts have been lost, were they arts that the world could not spare, arts that could not be regained, arts that could not be surpassed by new arts? Where is there any reasonable ground to fear that the world will suffer again from such loss, or that the imaginary picture drawn by Macaulay, of the New Zealander, from a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, will become a historic reality?

We can not believe that there will be any more lost arts. The time was, when a single people, an isolated city,

a distinct guild, or perhaps a solitary individual, held the exclusive possession of some invention or process of art. But this is the case no longer. What was once grasped by a single hand is now grasped by thousands. It is no longer an individual possession, or a local benefit. No Gutenberg monopolizes the printing press. No Fulton can appropriate, to the exclusion of others, the power of steam. An art that changes the face of society belongs to the world. It travels with the railroad train, with the swift ships of commerce, with the sunlight, in the march of enterprise, around the world. It visits all that are worthy of it, and lingers with them.

Nor is this all; every new art, every new invention, is built into the world's industrial system. It becomes a part of it. It gives assurance that what it rests upon shall abide, while it becomes the basis for new layers of art. Franklin's lightning rod prepared the way for Morse's telegraph, but the telegraph, while it foreshadows new scientific progress is itself a pledge that Franklin's discovery shall not be lost again. Thus the course of civilization in this domain of art is necessarily ever onward. There are no pillars along its route inscribed, *ne plus ultra*. Invention is linked to invention. One draws on another after it. Now, as never before to such an extent, every new advance is a clear gain. Another layer is added to the massive walls of industrial art. Another step is added to the staircase by which the world mounts to a higher elevation.

With the record of successive inventions of the last few centuries before us, we can mark the steady advance that has been made in subduing the powers of nature to the service of man. The mariner's compass, the printing press, the steam engine, the telegraph, what crises in history, little noted at the time perhaps, are marked by them! And the progress which they indicate, like milestones marking the pathway of invention, is still going forward, and going forward with ever accelerated speed.

Who, in view both of the past and

present, imagines that we have reached—that we are even approaching the end? Who can believe that there is any definable limit beyond which we may not go? We have already passed many a point which preceding generations would have pronounced the *ultima thule* of progress. But there are new and larger views of the destiny of the race ever opening before us. There are ever more and more powerful influences pressing human capability to its highest endeavor. Population, following the guidance of fixed laws, must go on steadily increasing till it covers the globe. It will fill up the waste places. It will reclaim deserts. It will climb the mountain-sides and terrace them to their tops with culture. Commerce will multiply her resources, and blend distant nations in new fellowships. No people will remain isolated. No port of the sea will be inhospitable. Chinas and Japans will be obsolete. A necessity, that is inevitable as it is irresistible, is already forcing forward these results. The pressure will be felt throughout the entire sphere of human industry. Every cultivated acre will be made more productive. Every force already possessed will be better economized. Out of crude matter, or as yet little known elements, new forces will be evoked. England's coal mines may fail her, but her forges will not give out. The ocean, if need be, shall furnish fuel. Crude matter shall be molded to forms more elegant than the marble. Inventions, of which as yet men have not dreamed, shall surprise future generations. Knowledge will accumulate. The heavens shall continue, as they are doing even now, to yield up their mysteries to man's prying and inquisitive search. There will be a thousand Galileos and a thousand Newtons, where there was but here and there one, centuries ago.

It is almost bewildering to place ourselves on the mount of vision and contemplate in the light of the past the possibilities of the future. Grant only this—and how can we refuse it—that what is once gained shall no more be lost, and with the constant forces of

spreading population, and increased intelligence and increasing need, ever assuming an aggressive attitude, and who dares to bound the conquests over nature that are yet possible to man? The horizon is ever extending. The globe is transformed into a basis for the mechanisms of human thought. With telegraphic wires quivering from continent to continent and from the poles to the tropics, and making all men neighbors, how the stagnant elements of humanity will be roused, and the world be all alive with sympathies as broad as the race!

But the progress of the world is not merely in an intellectual or industrial direction. Political science is everywhere advancing. False maxims of commerce have paralyzed the enterprise of kingdoms. Spain tried to hoard her wealth within her own borders, and her policy proved to be national suicide. The commercial restrictions of England centuries ago were dictated by ignorance conjoined with a blind jealousy. They would scarcely be accepted to-day even in China. Two centuries and a half ago Sir Thomas Mun, a London merchant, had to vindicate himself from the imputation of speaking paradoxes, when he urged that England might have treasure by foreign trade, even when she allowed her gold and silver freely to be exported. Broader views than even he ever dreamed of are current to-day, and in the science of political economy there will be no retrograde movement. Freedom of commerce, where necessity does not preclude it, will become as axiomatic as freedom of the press or freedom of conscience. It is impossible to define the limits of the influence of that idea, when all the nations of the globe, impelled by self-interest, attempt to make it practical.

In such a case wars must forever come to an end. Each one that impedes will threaten the peace of the world, and the nation that begins it will be accounted an offender against the common welfare and interests of all. Father Hyacinthe lately thrilled a French audience by proclaiming his

hope, if not confident anticipation, that the time will come when "the United States of Europe" would have a familiar sound. It would imply the dissolution of these icebergs of antiquated barbarism, standing armies. It would imply an acknowledged responsibility to the tribunal of a law of nations, based on the law of nature and harmonizing with the principles of the great law of love. But with the forces that are now at work, winning evermore new victories, Europe is too narrow a sphere for the field of their triumph. All continents and all nations must join the brotherhood. Each must be the other's guardian. International law must cease to tolerate fleets and armies for offensive operations.

To promote this result other influences will be ready to contribute. The science of government, the rights of the governed, the absurdity of all exclusive claims which trample down one to exalt another, are inviting a larger measure of attention than ever before. For the last half century nearly every throne in Europe has seemed to rest upon a volcano. Crowns and scepters are becoming antiquated playthings. The time can not be far distant when hereditary sovereignty will not be worth the parchment on which it has recorded its claims. Old tyrannic forms of authority must go down. Legitimacy, in the ancient sense of the word, must become obsolete. It will be seen that nations are royal property only as law prevails in more than regal majesty, and God is King. The passions and selfish interests of monarchs will no more precipitate nations into bloody wars. They will find out the meaning of Kossuth's expressive declaration, that in this age even "bayonets think." Nor, with the progress of invention, are the desolating wars of the past possible again. A little more than two hundred years ago the Peace of Westphalia gave Germany and Europe rest from the thirty years' war. Within the past decade the needle gun settled momentous questions, and sent back to camp or home hundreds of thousands of men

with less than a seven weeks' campaign. Monitors and Dunderbergs are built in the interests of peace. Every new invention that makes war more terrible, and its strokes more quick, sharp and decisive, reduces the probability that it will be entered upon.

It is thus that science and art and commerce, each in its broad sphere, are co-operating to bury the dead past, and call up into activity the better forces of the future. But there are some grave and modifying facts which tend to abate our sanguine anticipations. No nation, by the force of art or genius alone, ever mounted up to the status of a permanent civilization. Rhetorical enthusiasm has declaimed in rounded periods of the glories of Greece and Rome, but oftentimes in utter oblivion of the fact that their glory was mostly external, and that their patrician pride despised, as unworthy of regard, the humanity of the Helots and plebeians and slaves by which it was surrounded. Justice in the capital of Attica, or the city of Romulus, was for the most part little better than a name. Cicero, with his keener sense of right and his penetrating scrutiny of government and its principles, makes concessions and confessions which might well befit a people that held within its borders those classic Sodoms, Herculaneum and Pompeii. His own fate scarcely adds a darker shade to the terrible background of a truthful picture of Roman life and the insecurities of personal property and right. Early valor, in the history of Rome, was the blazing rocket; but before the great Roman orator laid down his pen or closed his lips a charred stick was all that was left behind. The glory had departed.

The more sagacious statesmen—not without good reason—have conceded and noted not only the fact but the tendency of national degeneracy. Madison declared that in the structure of government ambition must be balanced and checked by ambition. Selfishness, in other words, must be held in restraint by counteracting selfishness. One of the most able of living English states-

men—by no means of evangelical sympathies—has admitted that in all human governments there is ever a steady gravitation toward evil, which must be met and counteracted by the efforts of all good men.

Here is the great danger. It confronts us everywhere. Call things by plain names, and this will be recognized as the innate depravity of fallen human nature. It is not subdued or transformed as yet. It is counterworking the good we would achieve everywhere. We recognize the terrible Proteus under a thousand forms. It is setting before us a social problem in our great cities, such as no fabled Sphinx ever yet proposed—one which challenges the combined wisdom of the best men to solve it. It is making us ashamed of the men we elevate to office, and repels us from too attentive a survey of what is transacted at our state and national capitals by men whose character and authority we would be glad to honor. It is poisoning the fountains of intellectual and social life, wielding the press, marshaling the forces of fashion and the bribes of lust, and gilding deadly sin with fatal allurements. The resources of evil are immense. The lower strata of society are compact with them, and oftentimes they are explosive as a powder magazine. Some of our great cities, like the capital of France, sleep over them. Eighty years ago Gouverneur Morris said of Parisian society, that a republic could not be constructed out of it. It had no moral cement to hold it together. Parisian society has spread rapidly for the last two generations. It has largely leavened our American life. And here is the evil, called by manifold names, which threatens to make artistic and scientific progress only a splendid entablature to the sepulcher of human hope.

But is there nothing to counteract all this? If there were nothing beyond what man has devised we should despair. But there is a reservoir of moral and spiritual force in the gospel of Christ which eighteen centuries have not exhausted, and which is available for us to-day. The triumphs of this

gospel are the bright spots on the desert wastes of history. To speak of what it has achieved, even in the most prosaic forms of language, would seem like romance. It is not too much to say that it has transformed the character of nations, and produced an individual heroism and moral worth unparalleled elsewhere in all past ages. What arts and arms could not achieve, it has effected. While unobtrusive, noiseless, as becomes a kingdom that cometh not with observation, it has supplied a more than Archimedean standing point and lever to move the world.

With its power unexhausted, with its instrumentalities acquiring ever increased efficiency, with its claims met and recognized, we venture to regard the future with hope. Terrible and appalling as the marshaled forces of evil may be, subtle and insidious as they may be in their operations, they shall be finally repressed and subdued. We have no faith in "manifest destiny," as that phrase is used. We can discern in human nature, or human society, left to themselves, no necessary law of moral progress. But he that reads the past aright, that discerns here and there along the dusty pathway of time the half-buried links of the chain of a divine providence, reaching from a forfeited Eden to a recovered Paradise, and who studies well the steadily evolving issues of the great drama of time, will be ready to say with the historian Bancroft, and perhaps with more than his emphasis, that at the foot of every page of history it may be written **GOD REIGNS**. The great Architect, with whom a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day, will not abandon his work. He will conduct it onward to its completion till the cap-stone is laid with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it." Even when he has seemed to withdraw himself, and when Patriarchal and Mosaic scaffoldings have been left to crumble away, new materials, even in the chaos of crumbling empires, have been accumulated for the prosecution of the great design.

But it is when we turn to the page

of revelation that our doubts are dispersed and our hopes confirmed. There are chapters of prophecy that bear us upward as on eagles' wings. We rise above the mists and fogs of earth, above the mountain-tops, on which human sagacity plants itself to take observations, and catch cheering glimpses of the breaking day. How grandly does Isaiah, after spreading before us the graveyard of empires, and reading us their epitaphs, depict in the background the coming splendors of that kingdom which can never pass away! The sublimest strains that ever fell from uninspired lips are tame and commonplace to that magnificent anthem of his closing chapters, in which the evangelical prophet seems to greet the advancing chariot of that King of kings for whom the kings of the earth may count it an honor to be permitted to cast up the highway. And when the prisoner of Patmos concludes that series of visions in which we see the revolutions and persecutions of ages portrayed, how transcendently glorious and animating is that triumphant sequel

of the "New Jerusalem" coming down out of heaven to change earth to a paradise!

There is to be a golden—a more than golden—age. Burdened souls have longed for it, and devout souls have prayed for it, and the souls of martyrs beneath the altar are the pledge of it. We find it promised, we discern it approaching. There has seed been sown, precious seed that must spring up to its harvest. There have been foundations laid and designs initiated which must be interpreted as the device of weakness or caprice, unless there shall rise upon them such a structure of regenerated humanity as shall answer to all the hopes inspired by prophetic strains. The twilight of the dawning day has been long and deep, but already the clouds begin to disperse and the darkness to melt away.

"Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a guilty world, and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is only as the tossings of the sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest."

THE NEWSPAPER WRITER—HIS RISE, STYLE, AND POWER.

BY E. D. MANSFIELD, LL. D.

IF there be anything in this age which is peculiar—which is the offspring of modern civilization, and the type and element of modern literature—it is *the newspaper*. Of writing, there was something in the time of Job, and of books more than enough in the time of Solomon. Of scholars, there were plenty in Egypt and Greece; of philosophers, abundance from China to Rome; of lawyers, from Gamaliel to Bacon; of poets, the world was full; and of historians, a multitude since the subjects of history began. But where was the newspaper man till these modern ages? And when before did a power arise on

earth so great as his? It is easy to tell of the mighty power of steam; of the earth girdled with railroads; of the swift tidings of the telegraph, and of all things ubiquitous. But these are all ministers to the newspaper man. They are elements to bring the world of mind within his grasp; they are lenses to concentrate the intelligence of the earth upon his paper; they are the messengers to carry his opinion, with that intelligence, to the ends of the earth. Nothing can exaggerate the extent and importance of such an element of power. Just so far as mind is superior to matter, just so far does the newspaper exceed in