

some years afterwards was this tremendous motive power used for land transport.

The commencement of the century saw us well off for canals and roads; for, some fifty years before, a wild speculative craze had seized men to form these—similar to the railway mania that ruined such large numbers a century later. Still this craze gave us excellent water and land road-ways, in tremendous contrast to the wretched facilities for travelling that were available when the eighteenth century dawned.

At the beginning of the present century, no appreciable improvement had taken place in agriculture. Artificial chemical manures were not, for chemistry had only dawned. The single furrow plough tilled the soil, the primitive sickle reaped the harvest, the flail threshed out the grain; to produce food, toil was necessarily man's birthright. Now, as the century closes, one man can produce food for a hundred.

Twenty-five centuries ago Thales rubbed a piece of amber—electrified it, we should say<sup>6</sup>—and thought it possessed a soul, for he found that it attracted distant particles of matter. What a wonderful soul it really possessed, did not for ages dawn upon the human mind, nor had it dawned when the present century began. The magical power of the amber-force was then unknown. Forty years later, it was flashing signals along the line of Stevenson's baby railway. Then, by combining these signals, words and sentences were transmitted. Time, as far as the transmission of intelligence was concerned, had been annihilated, and the nervous system of the world evolved. Fifty years later, this power had been taught to speak and to transmit pictures; and now amongst its many other marvels, it promises to supercede every other mode of carrying power in quantity. Electricity will take the energy of an almost inaccessible mountain torrent, and will render the streets brilliant with its exquisite power of illumination; it will make the bricks; saw the timber; warm and light the house; cook the food, and, should the weary mother wish it, rock the cradle. And this force of electricity with its protean

powers, is one of the agents that, with steam and steel, must profoundly modify life in the coming century, and render the dire wage slavery of the present a thing of the past. The conscience of man is in revolt against this now remediable evil, for men are growing to see that the slavery of hunger is as real as that of the lash.

Never in the history of mankind, has there been such a bound forward as is represented by the contrast of the outlook of the present century with that of the coming one. The activity of the thousand years of the Bronze Age pales by comparison. And not in one direction only, but on almost every side—in scientific knowledge, in literature and in art; in our productiveness, in our power of transport, and in our methods of communication—on every hand, the same progress is apparent, if we except Religion, Ethics and Government. But at last even these seem to be on the stir, their dry bones revived by the marvellous surrounding life. There are signs in all directions that the Synoptic Christ's marvellous Gospel of Brotherhood is replacing the ecclesiastical dogmas of the churches, and many of the churches are welcoming the change.

But this awakening of the conscience has scarcely yet affected business, although everywhere there is a "divine discontent" that others should be suffering. As statistics of the alarming death-rate of an overcrowded tenement become common knowledge, it is seen that the expenditure of a hundred pounds would so lessen the overcrowding as to prevent a death; and it has become intensely realised that the result of indulging in selfish expenditure to that extent (beyond the possibilities of average comfort) is murder. How many murders does the making of a millionaire represent, or the performance of a magnificent marriage ceremony or any other splendid private function? Yet we dare not blame the revellers. They are all entangled in an "Enchanted Thicket." Each human being must march with his regiment. It is not the millionaire who is the murderer, any more than is the general of an army: he is but the instrument of