We look for it in vain in the heroic ages of the ancient world. Alexander and Caesar filled the world with thronings of glory, but hardly imbued it with philanthropy. I hold it true that freedom of thought must precede freedom of action, as the fire must be born before the engine can give its ponderous strokes. Where then are we to look for this star that has risen in glory over our own globe? In the cells of Wittenberg, the cloistered monk Martin Luther, he the patient saint, who after years of almost cheerless toil and disappointment, at length emerged into a glorious light. He who nailed his theses to the door, and bore the Pope and his myrmidons down here was the beginning of the new era. Here was the dawn of the then glorious future we now enjoy. Then men began through astonishment at their own recklessness to ask why man should work for his brother. Europe was beginning to wake from her slumber, human rights began to be discerned. The people now began to feel their strength, once priests and prelates, now struck aunts with astonishment