There are those present before me who will doubtless see the first morning sun of the twentieth century. Some of the youngest of them may live to walk the distance of fifteen or twenty years into that second millennium—to walk with its rising generation—to talk with the prospective fathers of men and women who shall see the dawn of the 21st century. They will tell those children and heirs of that distant future of the hopes and aspirations of these closing decades. They will link to them the chain of living memories, reaching far back beyond this present into the early years of our own century. They will recount the history of its great struggles with the barbarous genius of an older antiquity, of its decisive battles and victories for freedom, civilization and Christianity. They will dwell with glad remembrance upon that morning glory of this our age—the development of Christian philanthropy into the mightiest force in human society. They will speak of its industrial organizations, of the beautiful machinery of its good will and good works to many of the minute and wonderful divisions of its labor of love, so that every form of army, suffering and sorrow, every type of ignorance and vice, every decade and region of moral darkness, had assigned to it, a busy helping praying association of men and women seeking for its amelioration and enlightenment.

The patrimony which this century will bequeath to the next will be practically more than we inherited from the thousand years preceding our own. What a world of wealth shall we hand over to that unmote posterity!