

Gulf of Mexico. Continental glaciers will again have brooded over the land. The prairie blossom will have perished beneath a mantle of snow as limitless as now the prairie expanse. The fluent rivers will have been chained to their rocky banks. The ruins of great cities will be be-moaned by wintry winds howling past in rage at the presence of unending frost. If yet a narrow belt remains where sickly verdure maintains the desperate conflict with the powers of cold, it is a dwarfed and arctic vegetation. The magnolia has given place to the birch. The cypress has been supplanted by the lichen-covered fir. The emerald has departed from the shivering leaf, and even the hardy violet is pale unto death. All things have assumed a faded and leaden hue. The Mongolian is not known from the Caucasian. Even, the sooty negro, if he be not extinct, blanched from the want of light and heat, can only be recognized by his features. Pale, thin, and feeble, the shivering remnant of humanity have gathered themselves together into compact communities for economy of vital warmth. Forests are consumed to thaw the soil. Temples, costly structures—the patient rearing of the golden ages of the race—are pulled down to eke out the scanty supply of fuel. Men return to caves, whence they came in the beginning. Nature has become their enemy. Science and art are forgotten. The page which narrates the glory of the nineteenth century is like the narrative which tells us of the labors of the men upon the plains of Shinar. Year by year the populations become less—year by year the dread empire of frost is extended. Forests have been consumed; cities have been burned; navies have rotted in the deserted, ice-locked harbors; men have immured themselves in gloomy caverns till they have almost lost the forms of humanity.

The end arrives. Unless some sudden catastrophe shall