

eye back over the time which has elapsed since the age of Bacon, and you cannot fail to see that vast strides have been made, rich harvest fields of discovery reaped, marvellous progress made, signal mental and moral victories achieved. Before that time, all seems stationary; since, all seems progressive; before, men were speculative, given to theorizing; since, they are active, observant and practical; before, the desolation and barrenness of winter brooded over the world; since, spring-time has prevailed, a fresh life has been inspired, a spirit of activity and progress pervades the age, streams of knowledge have been set flowing, and fields of discovery are being crowned with verdure and fruitage. Nature's laws are being ascertained, her arcana unfolded, and her treasures unlocked. Knowledge has increased, science has made rapid strides, the wild forces of nature have been tamed and made to accomplish feats of which our ancestors never dreamed, and which, had they been foretold, they would have laughed at as the ravings of a madman. What marvels have been wrought by means of steam and electricity! Ships, laden with the products of distant climes, are wafted to our shores, defiant of wind and wave and tide; deep oceans have been bridged, and vast continents, between which deep oceans rolled brought within whispering distance of each other; our earth has been girdled with wires, along which with the speed of lightning, winged words run, and men are engaged in audible converse with each other, although separated by scores of miles. Railroads, like a large network, intersect the land, along which swift-flying trains glide, transporting their living freight from one part of the country to the other. The lightning flash has been robbed of its power to harm, and the wild storm of its desolating fury. By the numerous time and labour-saving machines of

the farm and manufactory, our harvests are mown down and garnered in as if by magic, and the products of the manufacturer largely increased in quantity and quality. And judging from the fruits which the past has yielded, may we not augur a bright future to come? Who can declare what rich discoveries are yet to be made, what harvests of knowledge are to be reaped, or what glorious intellectual and moral triumphs are yet to be won? As with prophetic eye, I peer into the future, a bright vision of glory seems to rise before me. I see Science go forth into the field of nature and unlocking richer treasures than those of the past, exploring untrodden paths and cultivating untilled fields. I see her riding forth to win more glorious victories than those already won, and returning laden with richer spoils. I see knowledge running to and fro on the earth, and discoveries more wonderful than those already made dawning upon the world. I see Nature and Revelation yielding up their most costly treasures to the earnest persevering toiler, Science laying her richest offerings upon the altar of Religion, and Religion consecrating and hallowing the offerer. I see Truth coming forth from her long struggle, crowned with victory and moving on in her majestic course, conquering and to conquer, until all discords are hushed in the universal harmony, until peace, heaven-born peace, throws her mantle over the earth, until before the sunlight of Eternal Truth, the mists of sin and sorrow flee away and the whole earth is radiant with her glory and the most glowing prediction of the fondest dream of the poet is realized:

“Far I dipt into the future, far as human
eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;