

visible circle of the unknown and undiscovered that lies outside of what we know becomes proportionably enlarged, "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

*Second*—This nineteenth century has been characterized by an intense devotion to the study of physical science, which has been crowned by results so brilliant that they stand out as waymarks in the history of human progress. This application to the study of the material world has been rewarded by many valuable discoveries that have lightened labour, and promoted the safety and happiness of life. Yet, it cannot be denied, that because many of the discoveries of physical science are capable of being applied to acquire wealth, and for other causes, in many instances the importance of this class of studies has been unduly magnified, and mental and moral science disparaged as misty speculations, from which no practical result can be expected. By many, the material is regarded as the real; the intellectual and spiritual as the unreal. Now, I would not in any degree depreciate the importance of the study of physical science. Every department of this vast universe of God is worthy of our profound and intelligent regard. In geology, we trace the records of past history, of vanished life. Chemistry takes us into the laboratory of the Creator, and reveals to us the workings of those mysterious forces that are the life of nature. Astronomy unveils the mystic influences that control the vast systems of worlds which people the immensity of space around us. They all enlist our profound interest, because they unveil the hidings of a power and wisdom before which the most imperial human intellect is baffled and amazed. I agree with Dickens, that the discoveries of science and the inventions of mechanical genius have no necessary tendency to make us less spiritual and devout. Because we are swept along so rapidly by the power of steam, or because we can flash our thoughts to our distant friends by the electric telegraph, we need not have the less sympathy for human suffering, or less faith in the things that are unseen and eternal. I have no sympathy with those who look with distrust upon the revelations of science. But, just as vessels at sea run up colours which they have no right to unfurl, there is a great deal that sails under the banners of science, which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. A brief allusion to some of these may not be useless. It is unwarrantable to adopt direct palpable utility as the standard by which to estimate the value of scientific enquiry. The adoption of such a standard degrades the grandest creations of poetry, and the rarest productions of art; and places Arkwright and Stephenson far above Bacon and Milton. There is a strong tendency in men who occupy all their time and thoughts with any one branch of knowledge, to become blind to the