

of the kind happen. The great globe has seemed before our eyes to contract into smaller dimensions, and all the cities on its surface to come closer together, and almost to look in at each other's windows. When such things have occurred as the simultaneous announcement to every capital of Europe that Czar Nicholas was dead, who has not felt as if the cities of the globe were visibly separated by no other barrier than the almost imperceptible wire-fence of the electric telegraph?

The feeling of increased neighbourhood with the whole earth, which has thus been startlingly brought before us, grows familiar and even pleasant with every excursion we make. What a strange difference has come over the meaning of the words, "a day's journey," as signifying so much space traversed! Think of the difference between even the shortest "Sabbath day's journey," as measured across the Egyptian desert from the back of a camel, and the platform of a locomotive engine; or across the Atlantic from the deck of a packet, and the paddle-box of an ocean steamer. We scarcely seem seated in our express trains, for what by miles is a long journey, when we are called on to surrender our tickets; and before we have time to forget the song to which the sailors hove the anchor on one side of the world, the outlook gazing on the other is heard shouting, "Land in sight."

Our children may tire of swift progression, and cut the telegraph wires and cables, that they may meditate in peace, and undisturbed by news, realise the poet's "lodge in some vast wilderness." But for us in our present eager mood, express trains are but lagging steeds, and the failure of the Atlantic cable a bitter calamity. The seven league boots, the shoes of swiftness, and Fortunatus' wishing cap, which, under the names of steam-engine and telegraph, modern science has bestowed upon practical art, must, although they had been but solitary gifts, have altered all our commercial relations. The entire globe is now an open market-place and bazaar for every nation, and trading must proceed in a very different fashion from before. The great races of men will, doubtless, continue to work at different rates and in different ways, and we shall always probably be able to say of them, what Shakspeare's Rosalind says of individuals, "I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal." But steam-engines and telegraphs are plainly persuading the whole world to keep in all senses the same time o'day, though what that time shall be is still uncertain. I may be allowed, in passing, to indulge the hope that our people will be content to go at the approved national pace of the trot. We have not as yet learned to amble gracefully, and we cannot often afford to indulge, as we have recently been doing, in the expensive luxury of a headlong gallop. But this by the way. What I am earnest to urge as foremost in importance is, that the world opened up so widely to us, and our long separated brethren brought before us, face to face, could not but affect us strangely, although all that world were an African desert, and all its inhabitants wild men practising rude aboriginal arts. But that world contains many a people, as wise at least as ourselves, and their industry, as well as ours, has been quickened by discoveries and inventions not less marvellous

than those which are embodied in the steam-engine and electric telegraph. Within the period which divides us from Waterloo, including, however, as organically connected with it, all the years of this century, each of the older sciences has known a new birth, and on every side infant sciences of giant blood have grown before our eyes into a stately adolescence, which, but that we anticipate for them a protracted old age, we should style a grave maturity. Since 1800, great chemists have arisen in France, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, England, America, who have shown us, to the wondrous extent He has permitted them to show, how God has weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; and how we, as His children, reading His laws impressed upon every thing He has made, may transmute air, earth, and sea, into all that the body needs, or the senses, the intellect, and the fancy require. Within the century great mechanicians have wrought with a faith in God's laws which has enabled them to remove mountains, to make hills valleys, and crooked places straight; and though they themselves perhaps did not always care for that, many have in consequence run to and fro, and knowledge has increased. Within the century, great geologists have opened up for us, and deciphered the pages of that most ancient of books, in which in primæval lithography is written, ages before Job announced it—"Surely there is a vein for silver, and a place for gold where they fine it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone." Within the century, great naturalists, patiently gazing with the eyes of genius when there was light sufficient for illumination; and, when all was dark, feeling about with sensitive fingers, have caught the clues which lead into some of the innermost recesses of living nature, and have brought us through what seemed hopeless labyrinths, face to face with the mysteries of organic life, and shown us how to make practical application of the open secret.

I name no other class of philosophers. Those named may stand for all. Throughout this century each of the physical sciences, moving exultingly forward, has acted on all the other sciences, and been re-acted on by them; and together they have conspired to give industrialists of every class a command over material nature, such as the most sanguine of our forefathers did not hope to see attained, even after the lapse of centuries.

Side by side with all this, the moral earnestness of the community has increasingly deepened. The slave has been set free. The liberties of the people have been enlarged. The rights of conscience have been day by day more respected. Feelings of mutual respect and sympathy have been fostered among the different ranks of the nation, and among the different nations of the world; and the breasts of all thoughtful men have brimmed with gratefulness to God that he has so long heard and answered their prayer—"Give peace in our time, O Lord!"

The culmination of the star of peace, under which this progress was made, marked the close of the half-century. In 1851 the monarch of Modern Babylon wrote as did Nebuchadnezzar of old from his great city beside the Euphrates:—"Victoria, the Queen, unto all people, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth, peace be multiplied unto you." And, at her august bidding, the