

short a span, and which now bid fair to run on in a geometrical progression. Secrets have been wrested from nature and results achieved which would have been deemed too improbable to be woven into a fairy-tale of the past, or to figure among the wonders evoked by Aladdin and his lamp. Had a hundredth part of what we now look upon every day, without betraying any wonderment, been the outcome of the midnight vigils of a by-gone-day astrologer, what could have saved him from being adjudged a dabbler in the occult, or what could have quenched the avenging fagot? Really, we might be led to believe that those days predicted by Our Lord were upon us "of great signs and wonders, insomuch as to deceive (if possible) even the elect" (Matth. xxiv, 24).

All this mental straining after the unknown, and this eagerness to come to a more perfect knowledge of the wondrous works of God, would be praiseworthy in the extreme, were they prompted by the desire to secure the real happiness of mankind, and if all ended in referring to the One to whom it rightfully belongs the glory of the "magnalia Dei." When our conceited generation shall have been brought to hail each new discovery in the spirit of the Royal Prophet, things will be as they should be: "O Lord, for Thy servant's sake, according to Thy own Heart, Thou hast shewn all this magnificence, and wouldst have all the great things to be known. O Lord, there is none like to Thee; and there is no other God beside Thee . . . ." (I. Par. xvii, 19, 20). But this is not the spirit of the general run of our scientists and inventors. The feverish ardour, impatient of delay, with which they strive, heedless of God's assistance and of His blessing, to lay bare by one bold stroke, all the hidden, inexhaustible wealth and recondite forces of the universe, of which God the Creator reserves to Himself the key or secret combination, serves but to disclose the motive of their endeavours, which is the pride of intellect.