And one invention—one discovery—leads on to another. A great invention seldom appears before the world complete. It does not, like the fabled Minerva, leap fully armed from the forehead of Jove. It has to be improved, reconstructed, readjusted over and over again. Perfectibility is only to be attained by patient labour. And it usually happens that it is never the fortune of one man—or never his privilege—to begin, carry on, and achieve, a complete success with any one invention. He does what is in him towards success, and he leaves it for others to carry it on. Compare Guttenburg's process of printing with the machinery daily employed at the *Times* office; compare Symington's steam-vessel with the "Great Eastern;" and you see at once how many and how wonderful are the improvements that have been introduced.

But though it be true that the inventor never completes his invention; that the discoverer never thoroughly achieves his discovery, but dying leaves his labour "half undone," the praise is no less due to him—he has fairly won whatever wreath the world may have to give him. He has lain the foundation on

which others may build. He has planted the tree which others may tend, and to whom it shall yield its best fruit. Blind, deaf, dumb, are the bulk of mankind to the wonderful things which surround them. But one man in a million, with eyes that see and ears that hear, finds out some strange and wondrous thing—old as eternity but new to time. So great in olden days was the honour put on such—the gifted ones—that the inventor was regarded as a god—to him divine honours were rendered—for he had found out the science of numbers—the concord of sweet sounds—the movements of the stars—he had deciphered the mysteries in the great chamber of imagery, and men less gifted worshipped him.

In this respect we strongly differ from the ancients. Most modern inventors have been hailed with derision—chilled by contempt, insulted, buffetted, scorned, driven into exile—trampled under foot—crowned, if crowned at all, with thorns. But we have benefitted by their labour, and have erected statues to their memory, and done posthumous honours to those who often lacked bread. "It is a sad thing but nothing is truer."

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