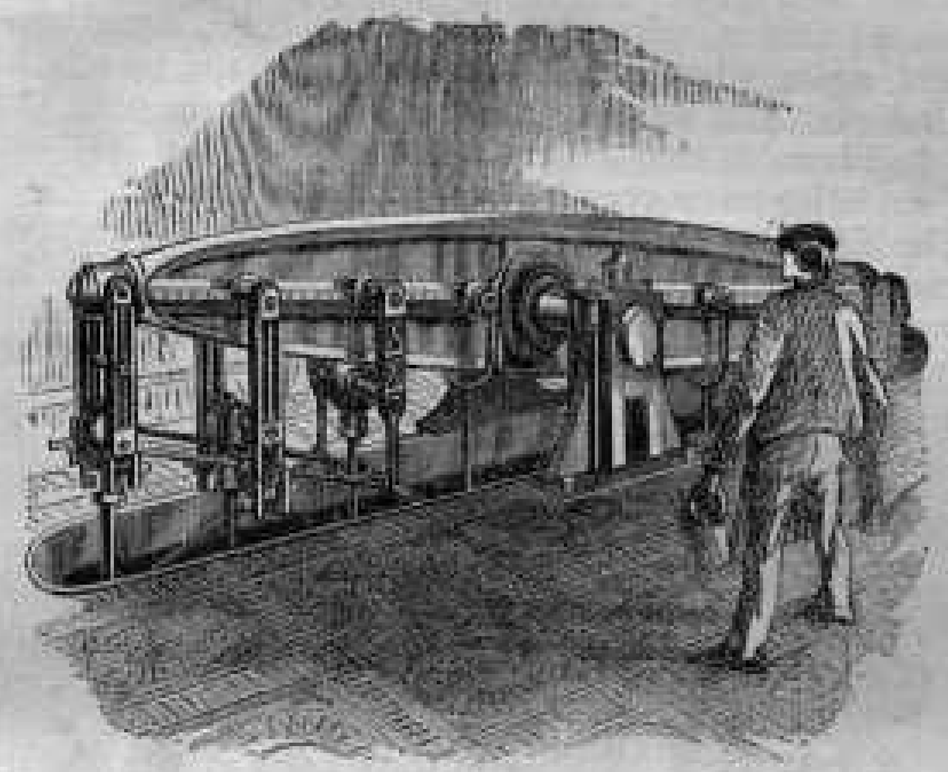
of former days, and in many instances may fairly challenge comparison with those of our own time. Wood cutting was, as we have seen, the form in which printing was first practised, but how widely different the rude cuts of Caxton Chess with those of the modern wood engraver.

And what shall be said of the result of Caxton's labours —the invention of Printing? What has printing done for the world—what has it not done? Printing sows the seeds of knowledge broadcast, and all mankind reap the harvest. Knowledge is no longer the vested privilege of the few, but the birthright of the many; by the printing press books are multiplied, and the true university is a collection of books. Why all men, says one, are benefited by the press, the babe just crawling from the cradle wants an A B C book, the maid at her distaff wants a ballad, the priest wants his Prayer-book, the young lover wants a romance of chivalry to read to his mistress, the lawyer wants his statutes, the scholar wants his Virgil and his Cicero—they all want more the more they are supplied. Readers do not make books, but books make readers!

Books! Of making many books there is no end, Solomon said before printing was invented by many a long century; what would he say now? Books, where are they—what have they done? Everything. What was it, one asks, built St. Paul's Cathedral? The Blessed Hebrew Book—a strange thing, but nothing is truer. What freed the American colonies?—the circulation of "Common Sense," indited by a rebellous staymaker. What was it brought about that war of the Titans, the French revolution? Folded and hawked newspapers did much, placard journals did the rest; placard journals legible to him that had no halfpenny, in bright prismatic colours, calling the eye from afar. In things social, things moral, things political, things religious, in all that concern earth, or belongs to heaven, how much do we owe to the press. "Truly we live in a fertile world, that so much good can be produced by oil, lamp-black, and wet rags: a strange theory, but nothing is truer!"



BEAM OF A STEAM ENGINE.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES WATT AND THE STEAM ENGINE.

On a January day, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, there was an addition made to the population of Greenock, at that time the port of Glasgow. It is not at all improbable that Greenock may have been blessed or the reverse with several new sons and daughters on that day, who had to play their life-business, long or short, and have retired long ago. *Exeunt omnes.* But the one to whom we specially allude, was not to be so readily forgotten. There are some men who never write their names on the world's page, never even leave their mark; others, who write it in invisible ink, suddenly revived by some accident years after their decease; others, who write it in

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