

own æsthetic nature could not heap frankincense and myrrh on the altars of men and bend his knee in the ecstasy of adoration to the transcendent glory of the coming Morning with the prayer of the Faithful on his lips "Allah, Allah, for thee?" None of us could do otherwise. None of them did otherwise for their belief was eternal.

It is all different now. In the cruel light of modern investigation, the Sun, the great Helios is nothing but a mass of the same matter that the child of the Nineteenth Century can mould and fashion at his will. The coursers, the golden chariot where are they? Gone, a myth, a vast illusion, a superstition of a credulous populace. The very *gamin* in the street laughs at the credulity of the old believers. Surely they were a little better than the beasts of the fields if out of the abundance of their inheritance they could not distinguish fiction from facts. Ah! my little friend, can you distinguish fiction from facts? If you could the creator of Youth would not become the cynic of Age.

O ye most misanthropic of cynics, were you not once as trustful as a child? The flower, apart from its native loveliness, acquired in the Dream-thorp of infancy a sanctity that only the perception of sublimity could nourish. Each petal was a source of separate enjoyment: the Fairies drank dew in its honied hollow: the breath of Summer was its sustenance. The little eye that beheld it saw not the intricate formation, its scientific solution, but the one unchangeable principle of simplicity, Truth. Not the Truth that boasts of Reason, but Truth out of Beauty.

Alas! the phantasies of childhood are flown. A flower falls to the wayside. You pick it up because it is a flower, a creation, a composition of something as mortal as yourself. Hard, cynical pity you bestow upon it.—Where are the colours that once played in its petals? Where are the myriad hosts of creatures that once peopled its shade? Gone, gone, what you hold in your hand is not a flower according to your infant definition. It is nothing but a mockery, a fallacy of the bitterness of death. In disgust you cast it away. After all, in spite of the Poet's assurance, Man's life is an empty dream and his living a shadow.

You see, my little *gamin*, you can not distinguish fiction from facts. If you could, why do you clothe your blossom in Youth with the attributes of Fancy and in your Age disrobe it of its beauty? Circumstances make the Man, not Man the circumstances. Humanity, another Ixion, is broken on the wheel of knowledge. The World made your infancy a