

horse or a hound could easily excel you. The old type of power was the physical. He was the Hercules, who could rend towering oaks and strangle venomous serpents. He was the Nimrod, who was fleet in the chase and mighty in conflict with wild beasts. At a later period, though more enlightened, they were the most renowned of the blood-stained peerage of human muscle, who could gracefully ride the swiftest steed, hurl the stoutest lance, whirl the heaviest mace, and strike the deepest dent. It was for men of the greatest muscular proportions and prowess that minstrels sung, that feasts smoked, that garlands were wreathed, and monuments raised. In some quarters it would seem from the demonstrations, the tumult of which fill the air, and the records of which crowd the columns of the daily press, as if men were trying to restore the barbaric age with its barbaric homage to merely physical energy and endurance.

But it is said, and none need deny it, that we, in our eager reaching after intellectual progress and pre-eminence, are in danger of under-estimating the work and worth of physical development. We yoke into our service the energies of nature instead of the muscles of man. Steam forces iron fingers to turn our cranks in huge factories, and to fight our battles with hostile winds and tides. The "labour-saving" machine strides into almost every sphere, where once the toil and tug of human thews and sinews did the work and drew the wages. It would seem as if the inventive genius of man were about to annul the de-