

beyond what it was in the thirteenth century. That old knowledge and old literature helped to sweeten life and to cheer and renew the minds of all those weary of the subtleties of the Schools and the dogma of the Middle Ages. Our outlook to-day has been enormously influenced by the great thinkers, poets and philosophers of antiquity, and we would be failing in our duty, were we not to acknowledge this debt.

The acknowledgment must not, however, be indiscriminating as our classical friends would seem to postulate. The ideals of the past are not wholly those of to-day. When Socrates was crusading for wisdom amongst his fellow Athenians thousands of slaves, chained in the underground mines of Laurium, not thirty miles from Athens, lived a wretched, degraded life from which death was the only release. One must also remember the slaughter of the prisoners at Aegospotami, the starvation of the captive Athenians in the marble quarry of Syracuse, the holocaust of non-combatants when a Roman army attacked a hostile town or tribe, the strangling of the prisoners after a Roman Triumph, the Gladiatorial Games, the atrocities of the Servile War, and other incidents and examples, countless in number, of old world inhumanity, to which some German writers have referred in justification of the cult of "frightfulness."

Man will not for ever go to the past for all the life which does not depend on bread alone. His course is still in the early dawn of civilization. If, then, progress means the realization more and more of the ideals of liberty, justice, kindliness of spirit and truth, which he to-day ardently cherishes, he must resolutely march towards the full morning light and not linger in the twilight, however beautiful a glow it may give to the world. The splendor of this dawn will, nevertheless, always be a memory of wonder even in the old age of the earth, it will always chasten pride and foster the belief that behind the mask of man's fateful and changing history there is an unchanging Chorus teaching him to be wise and to bow to Destiny.

The ancient learning, the old knowledge, will not be eclipsed. There will be always those, perhaps a very few, who will go back to it to look out on the world through the eyes of the great thinkers, poets and prophets of the past. The old tales, the old legends, therefore, will never be forgotten, the old setting of the hopes and fears of humanity will then be renewed for each generation, and life will thus be dowered with an interest that will transcend all merely temporary values.

It will, however, be only in sympathy and co-operation with the new knowledge which will be the ever-increasing endowment in the age now dawning. Indeed, whether the ultra-reactionaries on the one