

Conservation and Technical Education

an intimate acquaintance with the old chap. And I do not know where he is now. But I do know where some of the fundamental emotions that throbbled through his body run now. He was a fellow you should think of as kindly as you can; you had ancestors not unlike him. They did not have much chance. Picture him in his old cave or hut. What sort of a fellow was he, anyway? How did he live? How did he save his family from extinction? Big claws, and great paws, and huge jaws; was that the fellow? It was a coarse kind of life, and he had to be a masterful animal, as well as the beginnings of a man, to keep the bear and the wolf out of his cave and protect his wife and the babies—or there would not have been any Scotchmen. He had fire and a big club, and gathered his living—a pretty crude sort of occupation. Did you ever see Lord Lister, who visited Canada and Ottawa some twelve years ago with the British Association for the advancement of Science? He was a physician; he is a physician still, though now old and retired. He is the modern Scotchman, a lineal descendant of that old hunter, with some twenty-five thousand years in the gap. There is a man for you, in appearance and power and service. See the contrast, the refinement in texture of brain, and expression of face, and quality of service rendered. Hundreds of thousands of mothers in childbed have been saved from suffering and death because Lord Lister has lived. We have the quality of life of Lord Lister. That is who we are in our heritage; in quality of brain and body, in outlook on life, how different from the man of claws and paws and jaws! It means a lot for our behaviour in Canada to recognize that we are not of the baser sort. We are