

of mind, is yet all material. Looking into the vistas of the past we find man a child in science, but in poetry, art and philosophy, Homer, Amergin, Aristotle, Plato, Phidias gaze down on us moderns, and we look small. Whence came the power of those ancients? Knowledge is power is the watchword of progress, but ignorance was power with them. Ignorance of many things that science tells.

The thunder rolled along the sky. To them it was the voice of a God sublime in its threatenings. To us, science makes it commonplace. The great trees under which they dwelt struggled with the tempest, To them it was a battle between the spirits of earth and air, to which man was a shuddering spectator. To us just a storm, heralded by the storm signal. Primeval man lived in a world in which all was sublimity and beauty; he was surrounded by deities that lived in the floods, the clouds, and the waterfalls. Despite his ignorance of the Cause of causes, he was a more devout worshipper than his modern descendant. When he learned to commit his thoughts to writing, or even to speak them to his fellows in language worthy the subjects, we find not the flat common-place of the modern, replete with information concerning all Nature figured down to its mathematical values, but pictures of Nature in all her unconquered grandeur. The rugged mountain, piercing the clouds, tenanted by gods, and not figured down to so many feet above sea level. The thundering cataract, tumbling the giants of the forests like bubbles over its crest, and not estimated in the number of volts it might supply to New York or Chicago.

It would not be wise to suggest a return to primeval conditions, but a little thought will convince us that primeval man does not need (he is just a little past needing) a great deal of sympathy for his ignorance of a great many things we know.

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