

our lives in a town; and we fancy we know it, and its history, and the inhabitants, and all about it. A stranger comes and asks us a simple and easy question; and we are unable to answer it. So, many people who have spent all their lives in London imagine they 'know' London.—A village stands at the foot of a range of mountains, and many generations have been born into the valley and have died out of it; but no man, woman, or child ever suspected what lay in the strata of the mountains they had been looking upon all their lives. At length comes some stranger who has studied geology and mineralogy, and he applies his knowledge to these old, old phenomena, and from the character of the rocks and the dip of the strata, he tells the people there is copper there, and where it will most probably be found. 'Copper!' says the oldest inhabitant. 'I have lived here man and boy for the last eighty years; and my father and his father before me; and I never saw or heard of such a thing. It is against all experience.' It is against *his* experience; but then his mind was only the mind of his own eyes—the mind of eyes with no thought or questioning power at the back of them; and he was so familiar with everything that he could imagine nothing new in the old set of sights that had met his eyes for so many years. Thus it is plain that it is not ignorance—but familiarity—that is the enemy of knowledge. Ignorance is a clean sheet of white paper, on which we can write anything; but familiarity is a palimpsest, on which many

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