

ship of a congenial mind no hindrance to its enjoyment. When we stand beneath the white-skinned birches of Victoria Park, of the darker beeches of that pleasure ground, the spirits of long-buried ancestors hover around us. The deep wood was their home, and it is the true nature within us, freed for a time from the artificial, that wakes responsive to its solitude.

But are these emotions, bequeathed by vanished ancestral races not degrading to the mind of man in his enlightened state? To ascribe the nobler emotions of the intellect to the scant-clad wanderer of pre-historic days would be to incur ridicule. Primeval man we regard as a being incapable of transcending the narrow limitations of savage life. Every generation, profiting by the failures as well as by the successes of ancestors is advancing by bounds in material comforts. By the comforts which surrounds us we gauge our superiority to the races that have vanished, and the modern porkpacker in his palatial mansion, estimates himself as greater than Diogenes in the ratio that his palace is superior to the cask of the philosopher.

Man has progressed wonderfully in science since first we knew him, but is advancement in that field the result of the action of the highest and noblest faculties of the mind? No one but the utilitarian will claim that the subjection of the physical forces of the universe is a higher conquest in the empire of the mind than the creation of an epic, a statue or a painting.

Poetry and art result from the grand, the sublime and the beautiful acting on the imagination. Images of the noblest essences in nature are formed in the brain. The intellect operates upon them, and the result produced is a work of poetry or art in which the very creating mind lives to future generations.

Science is the mind acting on matter—arranging and applying it and the result, though a testimony to the power