

of the action of the total environment upon what was, once the same undistinguishable form. The element in our Moths which has its affinity with the European and Siberian fauna, must be traced back to the time when the species were throughout the same and inhabited a common territory.

Let us turn back to the other theory, that of a submerged Atlantic Continent. Whatever may be finally proven by geology as to the existence of such an Atlantic bridge, it is clear that the myth of the *Atlantis*, cited to support the theory, must be separated from such facts as being of recent and even historic origin. Primitive Man existed æons before the notions which were worked into the poetic and semi-historical myth of the Hesperides and Atlantes. The setting sun was followed by human eyes for untold ages, as it bathed itself in the golden flush of evening and sank behind the purple veil of clouds into an ocean whose waters were at first believed to surround the circular, flat earth. The sun was the golden apple of the garden of the Hesperides, the Golden Fleece after which Jason sailed. The poets transformed the primitive notions into charming myths, which probably had their origin in the observation of low-lying clouds, floating, like islands, in a sun-flushed western sky. In this region of conjecture and romance it is excusable to take to rhyme :

#### ATLANTIS.

The western sky is all ablaze,  
And, floating on that golden sea,  
The clouds, like islands in a maze,  
Blest dwelling-places seem to be.

When first this sight was viewed by man,  
He thought the earth was flat, not round ;  
That all about its rim there ran  
An ocean which the land did bound.

The poet in those early days  
Immortalized the sun-flushed seas ;  
He peopled those far slopes and bays,  
And called the isles Atlantes.

And so the legend grew until  
The clouds in evening's dreamy light,  
With which the poet showed his skill,  
Had vanished from the mental sight ;