

the psycho-physicist or been reduced to a mere semblance, to a discontinuous epi-phenomenon, asserted itself in full force when philosophers looked around at the great structures of human history and civilisation, at the fabric of language, the institutions of society, the monuments of literature, art, and industry. Compared with the amount of external matter and energy which Nature even only on this small globe of ours works with, the actual material and energy, the substances employed, in all the literatures, the monuments of art, the compositions of music, or even the products of industry, are infinitesimal, a vanishing quantity; yet they are the greatest reality that surrounds us, being of more importance to us than all the rest of the world put together. How has this small assemblage of matter and energy, which is the bearer and preserver, the repository of all mental life and interest, acquired that additional reality? This is the philosophical question which a study of history forces upon us.

“Oh, the little more, and how much it is,
And the little less, and what worlds away!”

It is this little more or less that makes all the difference. It gives to the small piece of canvas the increasing value which all the bales of canvas in the world do not equal; it gives to the small block of marble, hewn out of the quarries of Pentelicon or Carrara, an importance as a unique object of art; it gives to the slab of stone, or the sheet of paper, valueless in themselves, the position of priceless monuments, to the score of music a meaning which could not otherwise be expressed; it dis-