

they all seemed to be woven like patterns into a sense that the world was out for a holiday, and that life had lost its burden. The strange men and women that we had passed in the street—more or less consciously I said to myself of each of them that the words *democracy* and *progress*, if uttered to them, would seem as meaningless as they are in reality. And yet, on the thought of these, other thoughts obtruded themselves, which, as we sat down to luncheon, suggested to me this question: Of the two kinds of vision which does the most for man—to see things, or to see through them?

