

 房龙经典·英文原版

VAN LOON'S
GEOGRAPHY
THE STORY OF
THE PACIFIC

房龙地理·太平洋的故事

❀ 英文原版 ❀

[美] 房 龙 ⊙ 著

 中国城市出版社
CHINA CITY PRESS

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

房龙地理·太平洋的故事: 英文/ (美) 房龙著. —北京: 中国城市出版社, 2009. 1

ISBN 978 - 7 - 5074 - 2064 - 7

I. 房… II. 房… III. ①英语—语言读物②社会地理学—世界—通俗读物③太平洋—普及读物 IV. H319.4; C H319.4; P

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2008) 第 174197 号

选题策划 徐昌强 (greatbook@sina.com 13661335586)
责任编辑 华 风
装帧设计 美信书籍设计工作室
责任技术编辑 张建军
出版发行 中国城市出版社
地 址 北京市海淀区太平路甲 40 号 (邮编 100039)
网 址 www.citypress.cn
发行部电话 (010) 63454857 63289949
发行部传真 (010) 63421417 63400635
发行部信箱 zgcsfx@sina.com
编辑部电话 (010) 52732085 52732055 63421488 (Fax)
投稿邮箱 city_editor@sina.com
总编室电话 (010) 52732057
总编室信箱 citypress@sina.com
经 销 新华书店
印 刷 北京集惠印刷有限责任公司
字 数 890 千字 印张 27.5
开 本 787 × 1092 (毫米) 1/16
版 次 2009 年 1 月第 1 版
印 次 2009 年 1 月第 1 次印刷
定 价 38.00 元

版权所有, 盗印必究。举报电话: (010) 52732057

出版前言

亨

德里克·威廉·房龙（Hendrik Willem van Loon, 1882 - 1944），著名荷兰裔美国作家、历史学家、科普作家和文学家。

房龙于 1882 年 1 月出生于荷兰鹿特丹。幼年时期的房龙由于家庭内部暴力而感受不到温暖，8 岁就进入寄宿学校，10 岁起沉溺于史学。20 岁以后，房龙到美国康奈尔大学、德国慕尼黑大学求学，获得博士学位，但他并没有成为书斋里的学究。他当过编辑、记者和老师，屡经漂泊，同时苦练写作。房龙还是个多才多艺的人，从小就对历史、地理、船舶、绘画和音乐感兴趣，而且终生未曾放弃。他能用 10 种文字写作并与人交流，还拉得一手小提琴，善绘画，他著作中几乎所有的插图都是自己绘制。

1921 年，房龙出版《人类的故事》，使他一举成名，从此迎来了创作的丰收期。之后，《发明的故事》、《圣经的故事》、《美国的故事》、《房龙地理》（又名《人类的家园》）、《人类的艺术》、《宽容》（又名《人类的解放》）、《与世界伟人谈心》、《伦勃朗传》、《荷兰共和国兴衰史》、《太平洋的故事》等几十部著作陆续出版，几乎本本畅销，饮誉世界，许多国家都翻译出版了他的作品。可以说，房龙一生出版的 30 余种著作，将人类各方面的历史几乎全都复述了一遍。

房龙在学问和文学上坚持文人主义的立场，并逐渐形成了一套自己的理解和表达方式。他认为：“凡学问一到穿上专家的拖鞋，躲进了它的‘精舍’，而把它鞋子上的泥土作肥料去的时候，它就宣布自己预备死了。与人隔绝的知识生活是引到毁灭去的。”因此，深入浅出地将艰深枯燥的学问化作轻松风趣的精神食粮，成了房龙作品的显著特征。

房龙的作品基本围绕人类生存与发展的最本质问题，贯穿其中的精神是

科学、宽容和进步，其目标是向人类的无知与偏见挑战，从而将知识和真理普及为人所共知的常识。

当然，由于房龙坚持人文主义立场，在有些问题上不免有失偏颇甚至谬误；同时，由于他的生活时代所限，使他在有些问题上的见解不可避免地受到局限，如他在《房龙地理》中错误地将西藏放到“中亚高地”，而不是放到“中国”这一章来讲述；又比如，他以地理环境决定论来解释日本近代的侵略行为。所有这些，读者在阅读时当然能够甄别。

房龙的主要作品在 20 世纪 20 年代就开始被介绍给我国读者。历史学家和著名报人曹聚仁回忆说，他早年曾在一次候车时偶然买到《人类的故事》中译本，“那天下午，我发痴似的，车来了，在车上读，到了家中，把晚饭吞下去，就靠在床上读，一直读到天明，走马观花地总算看完了。这 50 年中，我总是看了又看，除了《儒林外史》、《红楼梦》，没有其他的书这么吸引我了”。我国著名文学家郁达夫也曾评价房龙的作品说：“房龙的笔，有一种魔力……是将文学家的手法，拿来用以讲述科学……无论大人小孩，读他书的人都觉得娓娓忘倦了。”

房龙作品在我国至今仍然畅销不衰。显然，对于我国学习英语的广大读者来说，亲切而不失幽默，同时又饱含人文气息的房龙作品原著是难得的阅读文本。因此，我们推出了房龙作品的英文原著，希望对读者有所裨益。

目
CONTENTS
录

VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY

FOREWORD	6
JUST A MOMENT BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER WHILE I TELL YOU HOW TO USE THIS BOOK	7
1 AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE WORLD WE LIVE IN	9
2 A DEFINITION OF THE WORD GEOGRAPHY AND HOW I SHALL APPLY IT IN THE PRESENT VOLUME	13
3 OUR PLANET; ITS HABITS, CUSTOMS AND MANNERS	15
4 MAPS. A VERY BRIEF CHAPTER UPON A VERY BIG AND FASCINATING SUBJECT. TOGETHER WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAY PEOPLE SLOWLY LEARNED HOW TO FIND THEIR WAY ON THIS PLANET OF OURS	31
5 THE SEASONS AND HOW THEY HAPPEN	42
6 CONCERNING THE LITTLE SPOTS OF DRY LAND ON THIS PLANET AND WHY SOME OF THEM ARE CALLED CONTINENTS WHILE OTHERS ARE NOT	44
7 OF THE DISCOVERY OF EUROPE AND THE SORT OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THAT PART OF THE WORLD	49
8 GREECE, THE ROCKY PROMONTORY OF THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN WHICH ACTED AS THE CONNECTING	

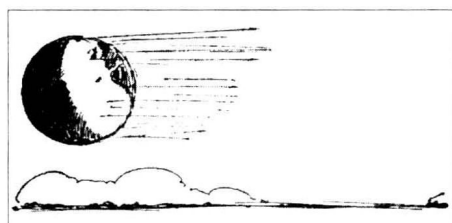
	LINK BETWEEN THE OLD ASIA AND THE NEW EUROPE	51
9	ITALY, THE COUNTRY WHICH DUE TO ITS GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION COULD PLAY THE ROLE OF A SEA-POWER OR A LAND-POWER, AS THE OCCASION DEMANDED	58
10	SPAIN, WHERE AFRICA AND EUROPE CLASHED	70
11	FRANCE, THE COUNTRY THAT HAS EVERYTHING IT WANTS	78
12	BELGIUM, A COUNTRY CREATED BY SCRAPS OF PAPER AND RICH IN EVERYTHING EXCEPT INTERNAL HARMONY	88
13	LUXEMBURG, THE HISTORICAL CURIOSITY	91
14	SWITZERLAND, THE COUNTRY OF HIGH MOUNTAINS, EXCELLENT SCHOOLS AND A UNIFIED PEOPLE WHO SPEAK FOUR DIFFERENT LANGUAGES	92
15	GERMANY, THE NATION THAT WAS FOUNDED TOO LATE	97
16	AUSTRIA, THE COUNTRY THAT NOBODY APPRECIATED UNTIL IT NO LONGER EXISTED	103
17	DENMARK, AN OBJECT LESSON IN CERTAIN ADVANTAGES OF SMALL COUNTRIES OVER LARGE ONES	106
18	ICELAND, AN INTERESTING POLITICAL LABORATORY IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN	109
19	THE SCANDINAVIAN PENINSULA, THE TERRITORY OCCUPIED BY THE KINGDOMS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY	111
20	THE NETHERLANDS, THE SWAMP ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTH SEA THAT BECAME AN EMPIRE	118
21	GREAT BRITAIN, AN ISLAND OFF THE DUTCH COAST WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HAPPINESS OF FULLY ONE-QUARTER OF THE HUMAN RACE	122
22	RUSSIA, THE COUNTRY WHICH WAS PREVENTED BY ITS GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION FROM EVER FINDING OUT WHETHER IT WAS PART OF EUROPE OR OF ASIA	135
23	POLAND, THE COUNTRY THAT HAD ALWAYS SUFFERED	

	FROM BEING A CORRIDOR AND THEREFORE NOW HAS A CORRIDOR OF ITS OWN	147
24	CZECHOSLOVAKIA, A PRODUCT OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES	149
25	YUGOSLAVIA, ANOTHER PRODUCT OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES	151
26	BULGARIA, THE SOUNDEST OF ALL BALKAN COUNTRIES, WHOSE BUTTERFLY-COLLECTING KING BET ON THE WRONG HORSE DURING THE GREAT WAR AND SUFFERED THE CONSEQUENCES	153
27	ROMANIA, A COUNTRY WHICH HAS OIL AND A ROYAL FAMILY	156
28	HUNGARY, OR WHAT REMAINS OF IT	158
29	FINLAND, ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF WHAT HARD WORK AND INTELLIGENCE CAN ACHIEVE AMID HOSTILE NATURAL SURROUNDINGS	160
30	THE DISCOVERY OF ASIA	162
31	WHAT ASIA HAS MEANT TO THE REST OF THE WORLD	165
32	THE CENTRAL ASIATIC HIGHLANDS	167
33	THE GREAT WESTERN PLATEAU OF ASIA	172
34	ARABIA – OR WHEN IS A PART OF ASIA NOT A PART OF ASIA	181
35	INDIA, WHERE NATURE AND MAN ARE ENGAGED IN MASS-PRODUCTION	184
36	BURMA, SIAM, ANAM AND MALACCA, WHICH OCCUPY THE OTHER GREAT SOUTHERN PENINSULA OF ASIA	191
37	THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA, THE GREAT PENINSULA OF EASTERN ASIA	195
38	KOREA, MONGOLIA	205
39	THE JAPANESE EMPIRE	208
40	THE PHILIPPINES, AN OLD ADMINISTRATIVE PART OF MEXICO	216

41	THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, THE TAIL THAT WAGS THE DOG	219
42	AUSTRALIA, THE STEP-CHILD OF NATURE	223
43	NEW ZEALAND	229
44	THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC WHERE PEOPLE NEITHER TOILED NOR SPUN BUT LIVED JUST THE SAME	232
45	AFRICA, THE CONTINENT OF CONTRADICTIONS AND CONTRASTS	234
46	AMERICA, THE MOST FORTUNATE OF ALL	259
47	A NEW WORLD	279

THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC

1	THE PANAMA CANAL	287
2	SILENT ON A BENCH IN DARIEN	297
3	THE PREHISTORIC PACIFIC	307
4	MORE GUESSWORK	313
5	THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF POLYNESIA	324
6	THE SECOND DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC	342
7	THE QUEST OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN CONTINENT OF THE SOUTH	358
8	ABEL TASMAN PUTS NEW HOLLAND ON THE MAP	369
9	JACOB ROGGEVEEN	396
10	CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R. N.	404



VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY

房龙地理

FOREWORD

Ten years ago you sent me a letter and today you get your answer. What you wrote (I am quoting from the original) was this:

“... Yes, but how about geography? No, I don't merely want a new geography. I want a geography of my own, a geography that shall tell me what I want to know and omit everything else and I want you to write it for me. I went to a school where they took the subject very seriously. I learned all about the different countries and how they were bounded and about the cities and how many inhabitants they had and I learned the names of all the mountains and how high they were and how much coal was exported every year, and I forgot all these things just as fast as I had learned them. They failed to connect. They resolved themselves into a jumble of badly digested recollections, like a museum too full of pictures or a concert that has lasted too long. And they were of no earthly value to me, for every time I needed some concrete fact, I had to look it up on maps and in atlases and encyclopedias and blue books. I suppose that many others have suffered in the same way. On behalf of all these poor victims, will you please give us a new geography that will be of some use? Put all the mountains and the cities and the oceans on your maps and then tell us only about the people who live in those places and why they are there and where they came from and what they are doing—a sort of human interest story applied to geography. And please stress the countries that are really interesting and don't pay quite so much attention to the others that are merely names, for then we will be able to remember all about them, but otherwise...”

And I, eager as always to oblige when I receive a command from your hands, turn around and say, “My dear, here it is!”

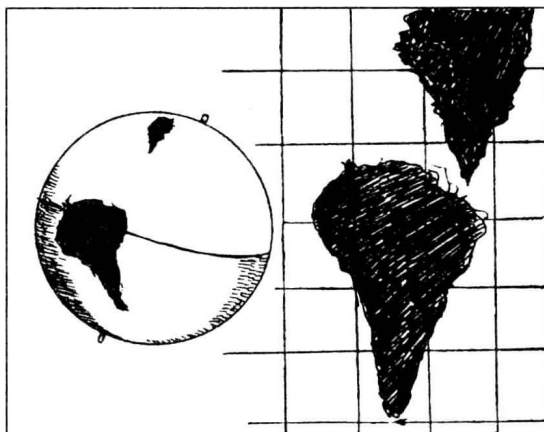


HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

JUST A MOMENT BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER WHILE I TELL YOU HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book should be read with an atlas. There are a large number of excellent atlases and almost any one will do. For atlases are like dictionaries. Even a bad one is better than none at all.

As you will soon discover, there are quite a number of maps in this volume but these are not meant as a substitute for a regular atlas. I drew them merely to show you the many ways of approach to the subject under discussion and (if I must tell the truth) to get you personally interested in drawing maps according to your own notion of the geographical right and wrong. You see, flat maps, however ingeniously conceived, must be somewhat out of gear. The only



approximately correct maps are those pasted on globes but even our globes are not entirely above suspicion for they should really be spheroids. We make them spheres merely for the sake of convenience. The earth, of course, is slightly flattened near the poles but it would take a gigantic globe to show the difference, and so we need not worry about that minor irregularity. Get yourself a globe (I wrote this book with the help of a ten-cent-store globe which was really a pencil-sharpener) and use it to your heart's content, but remember that it is an "approximation" and not an "established fact". The "established facts" will only enter into your life if you should try to qualify for a master mariner's certificate. But in that case, you would have to spend many years mastering an exceedingly difficult branch of science; and this book was not written for specialists but for the average reader who wants to get some general ideas about the planet upon which he happens to live.

Now let me tell you one thing. The best and most convenient way to learn geography is to reevaluate everything into pictures.

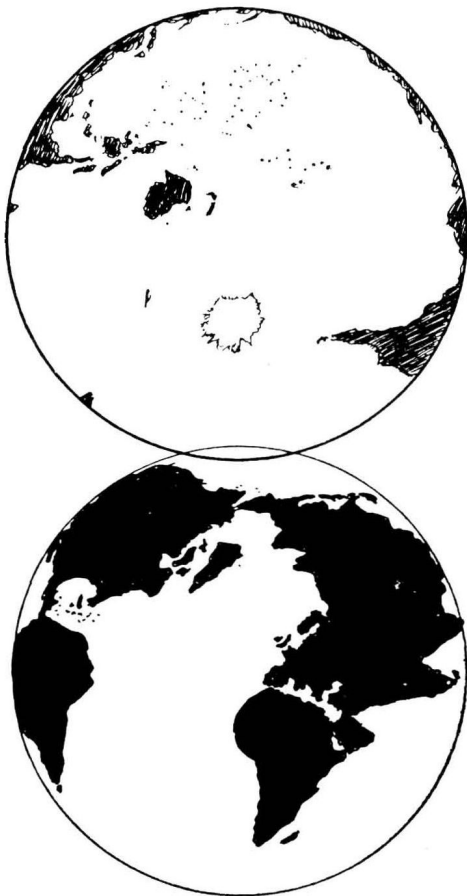
Don't copy me or anybody else. Look at my pictures if you care to do so, but regard them merely as a sort of geographical appetizer, as polite suggestions for the meal you intend to prepare yourself by and by.

I have tried to give you quite a number of samples according to the geographical notions of the author himself. I have drawn you two-dimensional maps and three-dimensional maps. It will take you some time to get accustomed to these three-dimensional contraptions but, once you see them, you will no longer

like the two-dimensional variety. I have given you maps as seen from mountain tops and according to the different angles from which you are able to contemplate a landscape. And I have given you maps as seen from aeroplanes and Zeppelins and the sort of maps we might expect to see if the oceans should run dry. I have given you a few maps which are merely pretty and ornamental and others which resemble geometrical patterns. Take your choice and then draw your own maps according to your own notions of how the thing should be done.

Draw maps. . . Get yourself a small globe or a large globe and an atlas. Buy yourself a pencil and a pad of paper and then draw your own pictures.

For there is only one way in which you can learn geography so that you will never forget it—draw pictures.



历史是地理的第四维，它将时间和意义赋予地理

1 AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

IT sounds incredible, but nevertheless it is true. If everybody in this world of ours were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick (and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are), then the whole of the human race (and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2, 000, 000, 000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife) could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. That, as I just said, sounds incredible, but if you don't believe me, figure it out for yourself and you will find it to be correct.

If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to give the unwieldy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a moment of crunching and ripping as the wooden planks loosened stones and shrubs and trees on their downward path, and then a low and even softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash when the outer edges struck the banks of the Colorado River.

Then silence and oblivion!

The astronomers on distant and nearby planets would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary.

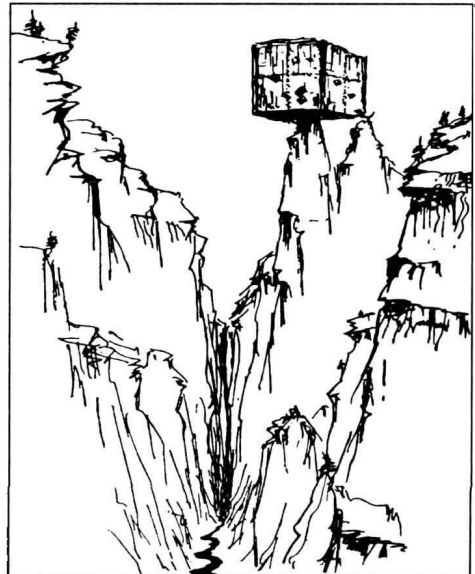
A century from now, a little mound, densely covered with vegetable matter, would perhaps indicate where humanity lay buried.

And that would be all.

I can well imagine that some of my readers will not quite like this story and will feel rather uncomfortable when they see their own proud race reduced to such proportions of sublime insignificance.

There is however a different angle to the problem—an angle which makes the very smallness of our numbers and the helplessness of our puny little bodies a matter of profound and sincere pride.

Here we are, a mere handful of weak and defenceless mammals. Ever since the dawn of the first day we have been surrounded on all sides by hordes and swarms of creatures infinitely better prepared for the struggle of existence



than we are ourselves. Some of them were a hundred feet long and weighed as much as a small locomotive while others had teeth as sharp as the blade of a circular saw. Many varieties went about their daily affairs clad in the armor of a medieval knight. Others were invisible to the human eye but they multiplied at such a terrific rate that they would have owned the entire earth in less than a year's time if it had not been for certain enemies who were able to destroy them almost as fast as they were born. Whereas man could only exist under the most favorable circumstances and was forced to look for a habitat among the few small pieces of dry land situated between the high mountains and the deep sea, these fellow-passengers of ours considered no summit too high and found no sea too deep for their ambitions. They were apparently made of the stuff that could survive regardless of its natural surroundings.

When we learn on eminent authority that certain varieties of insects are able to disport themselves merrily in petroleum (a substance we would hardly fancy as the main part of our daily diet) and that others manage to live through such changes in temperature as would kill all of us within a very few minutes; when we discover to our gruesome dismay that those little brown beetles, who seem so fond of literature that they are forever racing around in our bookcases, continue the even tenor of their restless days minus two or three or four legs, while we ourselves are disabled by a mere pin-prick on one of our toes, then we sometimes begin to realize against what sort of competitors we have been forced to hold our own, ever since we made our first appearance upon this whirling bit of rock, lost somewhere in the darkest outskirts of an indifferent universe.

What a side splitting joke we must have been to our pachydermous contemporaries who stood by and watched this pinkish sport of nature indulge in its first clumsy efforts to walk on its hind legs without the help of a convenient tree-trunk or cane!

But what has become of those proud and exclusive owners of almost 200,000,000 square miles of land and water (not to mention the unfathomable oceans of air) who ruled so sublime by that right of eminent domain which was based upon brute force and sly cunning?

The greater part of them has disappeared from view except where as "Exhibit A" or "B" we have kindly given them a little parking space in one of our museums devoted to natural history. Others, in order to remain among those present, were forced to go into domestic service and today in exchange for a mere livelihood they favor us with their hides and their eggs and their milk and the beef that grows upon their flanks, or drag such loads as we consider a little too heavy for our own lazy efforts. Many more have betaken themselves to out-of-the-way places where we permit them to browse and graze and perpetuate their species because, thus far, we have not thought it worth our while to remove them from the scene and claim their territory for ourselves.

In short, during only a couple of thousands of centuries (a mere second from the point of view of eternity), the human race has made itself the undisputed ruler of every bit of land and at present it bids fair to add both air and sea as part of its domains. And all that, if you please, has been accomplished by a few hundred million creatures who enjoyed not one single advantage over their enemies except

the divine gift of Reason.

Even there I am exaggerating. The gift of Reason in its more sublime form and the ability to think for one's self is restricted to a mere handful of men and women. They therefore become the masters who lead. The others, no matter how much they may resent the fact, can only follow. The result is a strange and halting procession, for no matter how hard people may try, there are ten thousand stragglers for every true pioneer.

Whither the route of march will eventually lead us, that we do not know. But in the light of what has been achieved during the last four thousand years, there is no limit to the total sum of our potential achievements—unless we are tempted away from the path of normal development by our strange inherent cruelty which makes us treat other members of our own species as we would never have dared to treat a cow or a dog or even a tree.

The earth and the fullness thereof has been placed at the disposal of Man. Where it has not been placed at his disposal, he has taken possession by right of his superior brain and by the strength of his foresight and his shot-guns.

This home of ours is a good home. It grows food enough for all of us. It has abundant quarries and clay beds and forests from which all of us can be provided with more than ample shelter. The patient sheep of our pastures and the waving flax fields with their myriads of blue flowers, not to forget the industrious little silk-worm of China's mulberry trees—they all contribute to shelter our bodies against the cold of winter and protect them against the scorching heat of summer. This home of ours is a good home. It produces all these benefits in so abundant measure that every man, woman and child could have his or her share with a little extra supply thrown in for the inevitable days of rest.

But Nature has her own code of laws. They are just, these laws, but they are inexorable and there is no court of appeal.

Nature will give unto us and she will give without stint, but in return she demands that we study her precepts and abide by her dictates.

A hundred cows in a meadow meant for only fifty spells disaster—a bit of wisdom with which every farmer is thoroughly familiar. A million people gathered in one spot where there should be only a hundred thousand causes congestion, poverty and unnecessary suffering, a fact which apparently has been overlooked by those who are supposed to guide our destinies.

That, however, is not the most serious of our manifold errors. There is another way in which we offend our generous foster-mother. Man in the only living organism that is hostile to its own kind. Dog does not eat dog—tiger does not eat tiger—yea, even the loathsome hyena lives at peace with the members of his own species. But Man hates Man, Man kills Man, and in the world of today the prime concern of every nation is to prepare itself for the coming slaughter of some more of its neighbors.

This open violation of Article I of the great Code of Creation which insists upon peace and good will among the members of the same species has carried us to a point where soon the human race may be faced with the possibility of complete annihilation. For our enemies are ever on the alert. If Homo Sapiens (the all-too-flattering name given to our race by a cynical scientist, to denote our intellectual

superiority over the rest of the animal world) —if Homo Sapiens is unable or unwilling to assert himself as the master of all he surveys, there are thousands of other candidates for the job and it often seems as if a world dominated by cats or dogs or elephants or some of the more highly organized insects (and how they watch their opportunity!) might offer very decided advantages over a planet top-heavy with battle-ships and siege-guns.

What is the answer and what is the way out of this hideous and shameful state of affairs?

In a humble way this little book hopes to point to the one and only way out of that lugubrious and disastrous blind-alley into which we have strayed through the clumsy ignorance of our ancestors.

It will take time, it will take hundreds of years of slow and painful education to make us find the true road of salvation. But that road leads towards the consciousness that we are all of us fellow-passengers on one and the same planet. Once we have got hold of this absolute verity—once we have realized and grasped the fact that for better or for worse this is our common home—that we have never known another place of abode—that we shall never be able to move from the spot in space upon which we happened to be born—that it therefore behooves us to behave as we would if we found ourselves on board a train or a steamer bound for an unknown destination—we shall have taken the first but most important step towards the solution of that terrible problem which is at the root of all our difficulties.

We are all of us fellow-passengers on the same planet and the weal and woe of everybody else means the weal and woe of ourselves!

Call me a dreamer and call me a fool—call me a visionary or call for the police or the ambulance to remove me to a spot where I can no longer proclaim such unwelcome heresies. But mark my words and remember them on that fatal day when the human race shall be requested to pack up its little toys and surrender the keys of happiness to a more worthy successor.

The only hope for survival lies in that one sentence;

We are all of us fellow-passengers on the same planet and we are all of us equally responsible for the happiness and well being of the world in which we happen to live.

2 A DEFINITION OF THE WORD GEOGRAPHY AND HOW I SHALL APPLY IT IN THE PRESENT VOLUME

BEFORE we start out upon a voyage, we usually try to find out more or less definitely whither we are bound and how we are supposed to get there. The reader who opens a book is entitled to a little information of the same sort and a short definition of the word "Geography" will therefore not be out of order.

I happen to have the "Concise Oxford Dictionary" on my desk and that will do as well as any other. The word I am looking for appears at the bottom of page 344, edition of 1912.

"Geography; the science of the earth's surface, form, physical features, natural and political divisions, climate, productions and population."

I could not possibly hope to do better, but I shall stress some of the aspects of the case at the expense of others, because I intend to place man in the center of the stage. This book of mine will not merely discuss the surface of the earth and its physical features, together with its political and natural boundaries. I would rather call it a study of man in search of food and shelter and leisure for himself and for his family and an attempt to find out the way in which man has either adapted himself to his background or has reshaped his physical surroundings in order to be as comfortable and well nourished and happy as seemed compatible with his own limited strength.

It has been truly said that the Lord has some very strange customers among those who love Him, and indeed we shall find our planet inhabited by a weird and extraordinary variety of fellow-boarders. Many of them, upon first acquaintance, will appear to be possessed of very objectionable personal habits and of general characteristics which we would rather not encounter in our own children. But two billion human beings, even if they do not cut much of a figure when packed in a small wooden box, are still a very respectable number of people and among so many there is of course the widest possible scope for all sorts of experiments of an economic and social and cultural nature. It seems to me that those experiments deserve our attention before anything else. For a mountain is after all merely a mountain until it has been seen by human eyes and has been trod by human feet and until its slopes and valleys have been occupied and fought over and cultivated by a dozen generations of hungry settlers.

The Atlantic Ocean was just as wide and deep and as wet and salty before the beginning of the thirteenth century as after, but it took the human touch to make it what it is today—a bridge between the New World and the Old, the highway for the commerce between East and West.

For thousands of years the endless Russian plains lay ready to offer their abundant harvests to whomsoever should take the trouble to sow the first grain. But the aspect of that country today would be a very different one if the hand of a German or a Frank, rather than that of a Slav, had guided the iron-pointed stick that plowed the first furrows.