

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

**Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea**

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER.

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VOL. XXXIII (No. 9)

SEPTEMBER, 1919

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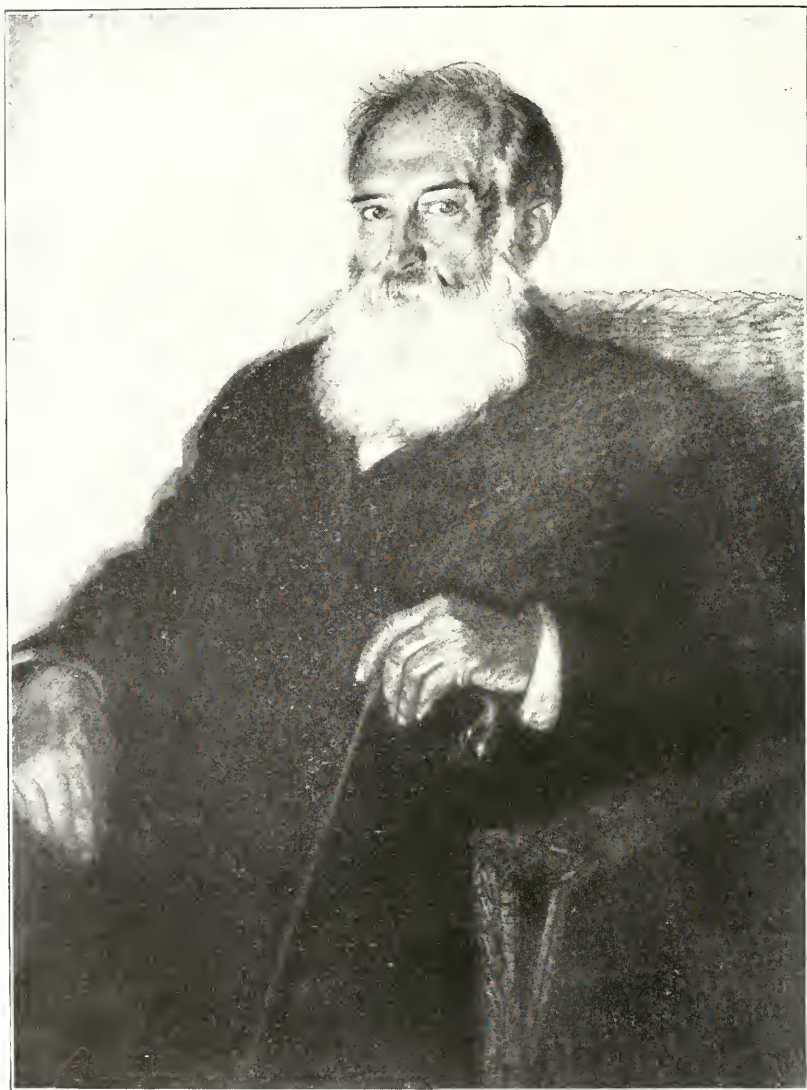
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PAUL CARUS

(From a portrait by E. Winold Reiss)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

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PAUL CARUS.

BY JULIUS GOEBEL.

THE death of Paul Carus, which was announced in the March number of *The Open Court*, has meant not only a sad bereavement to his family and his immediate friends, but also an irretrievable loss to all those who had felt the influence of his powerful mind, his upright character, and his lovable personality. Despite the lingering illness which slowly sapped his strength, but which he bore with patience and fortitude, he continued his indefatigable work in the interest of his fellow-men almost to the last, faithful to the ideals to which he had devoted his life.

Descending from a family of distinguished scholars, Dr. Carus was born in 1852 at Ilsenburg am Harz where his father, who later rose to the high ecclesiastical office of First Superintendent General of the Church of Eastern and Western Prussia, was then pastor. He received his early and thorough training in the classics and in mathematics at the Gymnasia of Posen and Stettin and afterward studied philosophy, classical philology, and the natural sciences at the universities of Greifswald, Strassburg, and Tübingen where in 1876 he received the degree of Ph. D. Having successfully passed the examination for state service, he was appointed teacher in the military academy of Dresden, but his liberal views soon brought him into conflict with the autocratic authorities. He tendered his resignation and turned to America where in the atmosphere of freedom he hoped to find the opportunity for the development and realization of the ideals which filled his mind and heart. His expectations were more than fulfilled when in 1887 he was called to the editorship of *The Open Court* and afterward to that of *The Monist*, the two periodicals which owe their existence to the pro-

found scientific and religious interests and to the generosity of Edward C. Hegeler. In this position and as author of numerous scientific and literary works he generously repaid the hospitality of the country that had received him as one of its future citizens.

In a remarkable address on "Some Practical Influences of German Thought Upon the United States," delivered before the German Society of New York on the occasion of its centennial thirty-five years ago, Andrew D. White made the statement that "every one who has given even superficial attention to the history of the United States must acknowledge that the Germans have taken the most honorable part in our national development so far." At present the unprejudiced student of history will admit that the influence of German thought emanating from the leaders of each successive generation of German newcomers constituted one of the important factors in the shaping of our intellectual, social, and political life. The rise of the transcendentalism in which the American mind found its first self-expression, is closely connected with Karl Follen, the first interpreter of Kant's philosophy in this country, the advocate of religious freedom, and the early champion of the anti-slavery cause. Again in the great struggle for freedom against slavery such men as Franz Lieber, Carl Schurz, Karl Heinzen, and numerous less distinguished leaders of political thought rendered invaluable service to the preservation of our national unity.

Among the scholars of German descent who during recent decades, the period of greatest intellectual growth and achievement in our history, contributed the best of their intellect, their character, and their training to the development of higher American civilization, Paul Carus takes one of the foremost places. That it was in the realm of philosophy, ethics, and religion where his exceptional talents were to leave their permanent mark seemed predetermined by his early development and preparation. Several collections of poems published before he came to this country show us the young truthseeker who had lost the faith of childhood days in the traditional dogmatism of the Church, in the violent struggles of religious doubts and anxiously looking for guidance to the light of reason. The philosophical treatises which he published at that time and which finally cost him his official position, give evidence not only of the profundity and penetration of his mind but also of the seriousness with which he strove toward the attainment of a philosophy which would be not a mere system or theory of knowledge but which would embrace ethics and religion as well.

The period in which Paul Carus received his university training marks the lowest ebb of philosophical thought and interest in Germany during the nineteenth century. It is the period of reaction against the idealistic systems of previous decades, the time of the early triumphs of the natural sciences which seemed to leave room only for the pessimistic or the materialistic view in matters philosophical. It is significant that Carus was not affected by either of these views but rather felt drawn to a movement which then began gradually to gain ground with the slogan "back to Kant." While this movement in its early stages resulted in the attitude of agnosticism or in hairsplitting disquisitions on the theory of cognition, Carus seems to have been one of the first to recognize that to go back to Kant meant to go beyond him. Not, of course, in the way of the new realists who, for obvious reasons, pursue the policy of the ostrich by dodging the inevitable critical problem, or according to the puerile method of those who think that the disparagement of Kant means his refutation.

At the time of Paul Carus's arrival in America the interest in philosophy as a domain independent of the guardianship of the Church was little developed in this country. The study of Kant, which had inaugurated the transcendental movement, had more or less ceased with the passing of this movement. Its place was taken by the Scotch realism of Reid and W. Hamilton which Witherspoon and McCosh, its chief interpreters, skilfully employed to fortify the doctrines of Presbyterian orthodoxy. There were in the seventies and early eighties a number of men who, while studying in Germany, had come in contact with the Kantian revival; but their influence, confined to isolated and small academic circles, was of little consequence. Few American universities had at that time philosophical departments worthy of the name.

It is without question due in a large measure to the enthusiasm and indefatigable zeal of Paul Carus that gradually, during the last twenty-five years, an understanding for the deeper questions of philosophy and religious thought has been awakened in wider circles of the nation. And it is both fascinating and instructive to follow the growth of the ideas which constitute the message of his educational mission.

The careful reader will discover even in Carus's first philosophical essays his earnest attempt to solve two of the most troublesome problems of modern thought: the dualism contained in Kant's philosophy, and the resulting conflict between knowledge and belief. It is, however, chiefly in two books written in the full vigor of his

early manhood that Carus boldly attacked these problems and laid the foundation of his philosophy which he subsequently expanded in numerous works. The titles of these books are: *Fundamental Problems, the Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge*, 1889; and *The Soul of Man, an Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology*, 1891.

Carus himself has repeatedly emphasized the fact that his conception of "form" constitutes the central idea of his philosophy. By a new and more precise formulation of this conception he hopes to approach Kant's unknowable "thing in itself," to bridge the chasm between object and subject, and to arrive at a monistic contemplation of the world which would exclude the traditional dualism of most philosophies and produce a union of philosophy and religion.

Carus takes his chief argument against the unknowability of the thing in itself from modern mathematics, especially from the theory of space as developed by H. Grassmann. According to this thinker the traditional axioms have no place in mathematics, instead of them the "theory of forms in general" should precede all special branches of mathematics. Accepting this "theory of forms in general" Carus says: "We can generalize the concept space and consider the line as a space of one dimension, the plane as a space of two dimensions, and actual space as a space of three dimensions. It is impossible to form any intuitive conception of a space of four and, still less, of more than four dimensions. Nevertheless we can abstract from dimensions altogether and conceive of such absolute space as 'Form, pure and simple.' In doing so, we can lay down the laws which are equally valid for all kinds of spaces, whether of three, or four, of  $n$  dimensions."

Grassmann's theory of "forms in general" throws a new light upon Kant's doctrine of the *a priori* in Carus's opinion, because "it exhibits a science of pure form in its most generalized abstractness. Thus the *a priori* has lost the last vestige of mystery, and we can easily understand how the cosmical order is due to the formal laws of nature. While Kant's reasoning has been correct in the main, it is apparent that real space is not quite so purely formal as he imagined. A system of form of the third degree (three dimensions) can be posited *a priori* by formal thought; but the fact that real space is such a system of the third degree can be ascertained by experience only."

The full significance of the new interpretation which Carus gives to "form" becomes apparent if we remember that in his opinion the formal laws of nature and the formal laws of thought are iden-



tical inasmuch as consistency, the primary attribute of form, applies to both. In fact, it may be said that it is form in which, according to Carus, the material and the spiritual meet and unite. One of the chief arguments for this assertion he finds in the nature of memory, which he defines as nothing more or less than the psychical aspect of the preservation of form in living substance. The impression which the sensations leave behind them could neither be preserved nor reproduced if the organs did not retain their form despite the continuous change which is going on in the nervous substance. Memory, which rests on organized substance, can therefore be described as a process going on in tridimensional space, of which form is a part and as such subject to decay in death. This decay of form, however, is of no consequence to the whole of humanity since the achievements of the memory of the individual will be utilized by those who survive, and the growth of human knowledge and of higher civilization is thus made possible.

The preservation of form as such, despite the decay of the individual form, seems to justify Carus in his assumption that form is the real essence of things and that the latter, therefore, are not mere phenomena, as in Kant's philosophy, but possess reality which we can know. Defining the soul as the *form of an organism* he holds that "the 'soul of a thing' is the formative principle which gave and still gives shape to it so as to make it the thing it is. The laws that rule the changes and formations of the world are not material things, yet they are realities nevertheless. When we call them realities we do not mean that they are entities which exist of themselves, nor are they mysterious powers outside of or behind things. They are *in* the things and are part of the things; and it is through the mental process of abstraction that we acquire an insight into them."

Having arrived at his monistic view of the soul as a knowable reality, Carus inquires into the ultimate source of the formative principle and finds it in God, "the highest reality in the world." "Taking this view," he says, "of the importance of form and using the word soul to signify the formative factors of the various forms and their relations that have been evolved and constantly are evolving; we are naturally led to the conception of a soul of the universe. The soul of the universe we call God."

To be sure his conception of God as the law that shaped and is still shaping the world, that is forming and ever re-forming, evolving and ever re-evolving the universe; as the light of mentality that flashes up in consciousness and finds its divinest expression

in the clear thought of articulate speech; as the moral law that binds human society and leads it to ever grander ideals, to always higher goals and aspirations; as the *sursum* that everywhere animates nature, the upward and forward tendency that manifests itself in the natural growth of things and in the progress of evolution—is not the God of religious dogmatists, nor of pantheists, nor of such scientists as know only “blind” Law and Force. Nevertheless, Carus feels himself entitled to speak of God in terms of traditional religious belief. In his book *God* he makes the eloquent plea that the purer conception of God which he claims to have attained “loses nothing of the definiteness and personality of the old God-conception. A surrender of the letter does not imply a surrender of the spirit that God is our Father, our Lord, our Judge, our Comforter, our Savior, the prototype of the incarnated Christ-ideal, the Way, the Truth, and the Light.”

Whether the conception of God as the “Allhood of existence,” “the superreal and superpersonal world-order and law,” a conception which is the result of abstract thought, will satisfy the innermost craving of the human heart is a question to which religious experience alone can give the final answer. That Carus himself embraced his scientific and philosophical idea of God with the mystic fervor of deep religious feeling there can be no question. Being essentially a religious nature, he had no interest, as he repeatedly said, in erecting the structure of a new philosophic system, but all his efforts were directed toward ethical and religious reform. A beautiful passage in his book *God* gives us a glimpse of his religious experiences and his attitude toward religious truth: “In his personal development the author of this book has successfully passed through all the stages of belief, and can therefore appreciate the arguments proffered from all sides. He knows from his own experience and still cherishes the sacred God-ward longings of a childlike mind, and at the same time he is conscious of the truth that lies in the negations of atheism. But having regained a positive attitude through formulating in affirmative terms the truth of the negations to which his conscientious doubts led him, he can now better understand the religious aspirations of his childhood and has ceased to look upon the imperfections of creeds as absolute errors.”

It is from the standpoint of the broad tolerance, the sympathetic humanity, and the profound religious spirit exhibited in these lines that we can best understand the many-sided activity of Paul Carus during the latter half of his life. The monistic view of the world to which he had attained through arduous study, incessant thinking, and

long inner struggles, had become to him a religious message which he was indefatigable in proclaiming to his fellow-men in numerous publications. His favorite idea of the interrelation of science and religion finds expression in the subtitle of this Journal: "A Magazine Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea."

His zealous attempt to mediate between knowledge and belief, science and religion, had its counterpart in his efforts to bring about an understanding between the enlightened representatives of the great religious world. As Leibniz had cherished the dream of uniting the various Christian denominations into one universal Church, so Carus entertained the hope of the ultimate triumph of one religion, the Religion of Truth. "Mankind," he says in the Preface to his book *Buddhism and Its Christian Critics*, "is destined to have one religion, as well as one moral ideal and one universal language, and the decision as to which religion will at last be universally accepted cannot come about by accident. Science will spread, may-be, slowly but unfailingly, and the universal acceptance of a scientific world conception bodes the dawn of the Religion of Truth." To hasten the coming of this day he translated and interpreted with incredible toil and industry the *Gospel of Buddha* and the *Tao Tch King* of Lao-tze, the Chinese philosopher, of which the former was again translated into many languages and is used at present in the Buddhist schools and temples of Japan and Ceylon. What attracted him in these religious documents above all seems to have been their rationalistic character so closely related to his own mental make-up.

To the end of his life Paul Carus remained faithful to his convictions of the objectivity and eternity of truth. Gratefully conscious of the debt which he owed to Kant, he valiantly defended the basic truths of Kant's philosophy,—of which, as we have seen, he was no blind follower,—against the sophistry of pragmatism as well as against the anti-moralism of Nietzsche and the sentimental intuitivism of Bergson. At the same time we may notice in his polemics, especially in his book on Nietzsche, a strain of deep despondency and disillusionment. Where he expected that with all the wonderful successes and triumphs of scientific invention this age of science would find its consummation in the adoption of a philosophy of science, he saw himself confronted at the close of his life with retrograde movements in philosophy, subjectivistic movements which questioned the very foundations of truth as he saw them.

Fortunately a kind fate spared him from witnessing the recent supreme vindication of the philosophy of the "relativity of truth" when solemn pledges were wantonly broken, the traditional conceptions of honor and conscience were thrown to the winds, and under the guise of expediency and utility, hypocrisy and deceit were sanctified, while the disillusionment following in the wake of this performance killed the last germs of idealistic hopes and aspirations in millions of young souls.

Nothing was more abhorrent to Paul Carus than the type of individual who hides his want of principle and lack of character behind professions of sublime idealism, or seeks to justify his crippled moral nature by convenient catchwords which the philosophies of subjectivism have always furnished in abundance. Paul Carus belonged to a generation which exemplified the power of German idealism to build strong and sterling characters and belied the foolish attempts of certain philosophasters to fasten the guilt of the recent world catastrophe upon the Kantian view of the world. A staunch believer in the inexorable demands of reason and of the moral law, he was far from being a moral rigorist, but a teacher of deepest insight into human nature, full of sympathy for its weaknesses and frailties. As a scholar of comprehensive knowledge in many fields he had little patience with the arrogance of academic "specialists" and their conception of science as a huge factory in which the single workman is permitted to produce but one piece of the machinery of knowledge. At the same time his humility of spirit, his kindness and helpfulness won him countless friends in many lands and in all walks of life.

Having been a victim of the autocracy of his native country, his liberty-loving soul embraced the hospitable land which had given him shelter and the opportunity to develop his talents with all the gratitude and patriotism of which it was capable, but he resented the inhuman demand to hate his kin, remembering the Biblical malediction: "And he that curseth his father or his mother, shall surely be put to death." His reverence for the founders of our Republic and its Constitution knew no bounds, hence he looked with grave patriotic misgivings upon the machinations of certain selfish politicians who were frivolously playing with the destiny of our nation as marked out by its founders.

The lifework of men like Paul Carus devoted to the service of mankind and its impérishable values will not end with the close of his career. The immortality in which he firmly believed will certainly be his. When America shall have recovered from the fanati-

cism of the war spirit and its debasing effects, when, in harmony and peaceful competition with the most advanced nations of the old world, we shall resume our work in the interest of the higher civilization of mankind, then Paul Carus will be remembered as one of our pathfinders. No more befitting expression of the ideal of life which he upheld and which will assure Paul Carus a lasting memory in the coming era of human progress can be found than in the closing words of his little book *Whence and Whither*, an admirable summary of his philosophy:

"Life is in itself a boon only as an opportunity to perform a task, to accomplish a certain work, to actualize an ideal. The aim of life is its significance, and it alone establishes its dignity. By having an aim that is rooted in eternity, we need not mind the transiency of life. We can impart to life a significance that is beyond the intrinsic meaning of the moment, and, being the revelation of imperishable ideals, possesses a worth everlasting. The recognition of the spiritual background which transfigures our bodily life implies a lesson which is the quintessence of all religion."

## THE IDEALS OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF PAUL CARUS.

(1852-1919.)

BY PHILIP E. B. JOURDAIN.

THE whole of the life-work of Paul Carus was a consistent and ceaseless following out of his ideals. It is quite easy to express in general terms what these ideals were: To accept nothing as true without a thorough critical examination, and to reject nothing as altogether false unless a sympathetic and careful search has failed to reveal a way that it might indicate to some truth or other. But such maxims, which would obviously be accepted at once by both thinking and unthinking people, have that character which makes them easy to profess and teach, but hard to follow. Indeed, it is in the actual application of these maxims to particular cases of what claims to be knowledge, that lies the true test of a philosopher. In our lives we meet a variety of propositions that may or

may not serve as bases for knowledge; we may believe or disbelieve that twice two are four, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, that Christ was of divine origin and worked miracles, that Brutus murdered Julius Cæsar, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, that a sea-serpent was once seen off Galveston, or that Theodore Roosevelt was twice president of the United States. If we take any one of these propositions and investigate its truth or falsehood as thoroughly as we can, it is quite possible that we run up against some cherished prejudice or other; and the prejudice may prevent us from grasping some truth which this proposition may indicate, either unambiguously or—if it is not strictly true—vaguely and, as it were, with a wavering finger. We know that it is extremely rare to find such ideals consistently worked out in every action of a man's life. Some men manage to divide their lives into public and private compartments, to profess belief or disbelief in certain things and not to show their beliefs in their lives. Such a man Paul Carus was not. Of him it may be said more truly than of most other philosophers and men of science that to live was both to express and to practise his ideals. Throughout a full and busy life he sought calmly and without rest the truth that might be expressed in any or all of the domains of thought and action, science and art.

Some of the incidents of his life illustrate that sturdy independence of thought that is so essential to the carrying out of these ideals. He was born at Ilsenburg in Germany on July 18, 1852. At the Gymnasium of Stettin he came under the influence of the great mathematician Hermann Grassmann, of whom he always spoke with affectionate respect. Later he studied at the universities of Strassburg and Tübingen. Owing to the need he felt so strongly for keeping his independence of thought, he resigned a teaching post in Germany and came first to England and then to America. Thus he was one of those seekers for intellectual freedom who traveled from East to West.

Fortunately he met in the United States a man strongly imbued with the noble ideals of encouraging independence of thought: for it was this that was necessary even approximately to realize the ideals of religion on a firm basis of science, a science of philosophy, and a philosophy of science. In 1887, Edward Carl Hegeler of La Salle, Illinois, founded a company to publish books and other literature with the object of establishing ethics and religion on a scientific basis. Since the end of 1887 up to the end of his life, Paul Carus was closely associated with the management and literary work of the Open Court Publishing Company. During that time

his ideals had free expression, and now they live though he is dead. Thus, there was a rapid growth in the number of his books, emphasizing, on the one hand, that what claimed to be sources of knowledge must be, as in mathematics or natural science, critically examined, and, on the other hand, his wide eagerness to discover fragments of the truth that may be glimpsed in poetry, art, or even in the myths and symbols of religions. It is instructive to compare Comte and Carus in one respect: Comte tried explicitly to found a religion on the basis of positive science alone; Carus saw clearly that no philosophy that hopes to be permanent can neglect history or put itself into uncritical opposition to the systems which have for centuries expressed some of the dearest and highest aspirations of mankind, and that it is not a merit to allow ignorance to blind the glimpses of truth that we sometimes get from prophets, poets, and priests of other religions and other philosophies.

In his refusal to admit uncriticized would-be "sources of knowledge" and in his wide interest in all branches of science, there was something in Carus that reminds one of Kant. Broadly speaking, Carus was a Kantian; but he was by no means an uncritical follower of Kant. He recognized quite clearly, for example, the intrusion of psychology into much of Kant's work on the theory of knowledge; he went far beyond Kant by emphasizing, perhaps before anybody else, that the essence of mathematics was, as he expressed it, that it deals with *anyness*, or, as the mathematicians express it, that it consists of implications between propositional *functions*. It seems to have been from Kant, and partly perhaps from Grassmann and certainly from his own psychological tendencies in the direction of visualizing numbers, that his beliefs grew that the science of space was fundamental in mathematics. Toward his own philosophical results Carus maintained a critical attitude; and one of the most frequent and characteristic utterances of his was that he had no wish to found a philosophy of his own, but only to contribute to the philosophy of science. He was not a maker of systems, as were Hegel and Spencer; he was a wide-minded and scientific thinker, as Hegel and Spencer were not.

It seems that, in those who really live in their works and ideals, it is impossible to separate the philosopher from the man. Everything human that struck one about Paul Carus,—his humorous and lovable personality, the affection with which he inspired us all—seemed to be knit up with the great ideals which he followed. These ideals indeed were his very life, and gave him much of his charm. A brave spirit and a true friend.

DE RERUM NATURA.<sup>1</sup>

VON PAUL CARUS.

## I. DAS PROBLEM.

**D**AS Weltenall versuch' ich zu erfassen,  
 Und heil'ger Schauer bebt durch mein Gemüth.  
 Mit Ehrfurcht nur darf ich die Blicke heben,  
 Wenn ich das Ganze alles Daseins denke,  
 Das grosse All der herrlichen Gestirne,  
 Mit allem Leben, das sich in ihm regt,  
 Wie es, seit ungemess'nen Ewigkeiten  
 Sich immer neu gestaltend, neue Welten  
 Aus den zertrümmerten erschafft. Mit Ehrfurcht  
 Betrachtet dich, du wunderbarer Kosmos,  
 Der Astronom, der deine Bahnen misst;  
 Und überwältigt steht der Philosoph,  
 Wenn er das Räthsel zu ergründen sucht,  
 Das in dir lebt. Du gleichst dem Ocean,  
 Aus dessen unbegriff'ner Tiefe Fluthen  
 Auf Fluthen majestätisch sich erheben,  
 Um wieder in das Meer zurückzusinken.

An deinem Ufer, Ocean der Welten,  
 Steht sinnend auch der Dichter; welches Sehnen  
 Durchbebt sein trümmrisches Herz! Harmonisch  
 Klingt andachtsvoll die Seele wie Gebet;  
 Doch durch die weihevollte Stimmung tönt,  
 Wie Dissonanz, des Zweifels bange Frage:  
 "Willst du es wagen, was unmöglich ist,  
 Das ew'ge All der Welten zu besingen?  
 Wie willst du denn das Universum preisen,  
 An dem Jahrtausende sich abgemüht,  
 Es zu erforschen? Sind die Wissenschaften  
 Nicht schon ein Hymnus, der zwar unvollkommen,  
 Doch immer reicher ist als dein Gedicht—  
 Ein grosser Hymnus, dessen Einzeltöne  
 Die edelsten und besten Geister sind,  
 Die unsre Menschheit je hervorgebracht?"

<sup>1</sup> [This poem, originally composed in 1884-5, is here reprinted, with variants from manuscript, from the Chicago edition of 1895.—Ed.]



DE RERUM NATURA.<sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL CARUS.

## I. THE PROBLEM.

WHEN thought, to comprehend the Universe,  
 Within me stirs, my soul is thrilled with awe.  
 With reverence only dare I lift mine eye  
 To front the gathered worlds of that All-One  
 Wherein the cosmic order rules supreme  
 Ensouling with its breath both sun and mote.  
 Since measureless eternities new worlds  
 Originate from wrecks of those destroyed—  
 A rhythmic palingenesis.

With awe  
 O Cosmos, contemplateth he thy ways,  
 Whose peering glass surveys the teeming heavens.  
 Before the mystery that in thee lives  
 Bewildered stands the gray philosopher.  
 For like the sea thou art, from whose abyss  
 Wave upon wave majestically swells  
 To sink again down into plumbless deeps.

Upon thy bank, Ocean of Worlds, behold  
 The poet musing stands! What longings stir  
 His dreamy heart! How, as in prayer, the soul  
 With full devotion glows exultantly!  
 Yet through his hallowed mood of worship jars  
 The discord of the doubter's questionings:  
 "And wilt thou venture the impossible,  
 "To celebrate in song the infinite?  
 "How darest thou to glorify the All  
 "On which for ages man's inquiring mind  
 "Has spent its efforts—many not in vain—  
 "With probings after truth? The Sciences  
 "Are anthems grand whose cadences unfold  
 "Far richer music than thy harp can yield.  
 "Their notes seraphic are the noble souls  
 "That soar on wings of thought to untold heights."

<sup>1</sup> [Reprinted from *Truth, and Other Poems*, Chicago, 1914.—Ed.]

Lasst mich nur sagen, was mein Herz empfindet,  
 Wenn ich die Ordnung schaue, welche herrscht,  
 Und die mit eiserner Nothwendigkeit  
 Nach mathematisch sicherem Gesetz  
 Die Liebe und den Hass der ungezählten  
 Atome regelt: jene Ordnung, welche  
 Das Einzelne dem Ganzen unterwirft,  
 So dass die Nebelmasse zum System  
 der rollenden Planeten sich entwickelt:  
 Dieselbe Ordnung, die dann auch der Zellen  
 Aufkeimendes Geschlecht zur Einheit führt,  
 Dass sie die Arbeit für das Ganze theilen,  
 Harmonisch sich zum Organismus bildend.

Doch höre ich des Missmuths bittren Vorwurf:  
 "Und rühmst du alles das, vergiss auch nicht,  
 Wie die Gerechtigkeit so grausam straft,  
 Wenn untauglich, der Ordnung sich zu fügen,  
 Ein Einzelnes dem Dienste sich entzieht,  
 Den es dem Ganzen schuldet. Unerbittlich  
 Lässt sie auch schuldlos den Gerechten leiden."

Das weiss ich wohl und habe selbst erfahren,  
 Wie viel das Leben Qual und Elend birgt,  
 Und wie ein jedes Streben sich verbindet  
 Mit Noth und Schmerzen. Ohne Kampf kein Sieg,  
 Und jeder Kampf bringt Wunden. Alles ringt  
 Nach einem Ziel, das in verschiedner Art  
 Verlockend uns belebt und vorwärts treibt  
 Um die geahnte—unbekannte Mitte.  
 Ich weiss es wohl; doch hab' ich auch erkannt,  
 Der Schmerz ist's grade, der das Leben adelt,  
 Und Mühsal giebt der Arbeit ihren Werth.  
 Das Leid gab die Natur in gleichem Masse,  
 Wie sie die Lust und Freude auch vertheilte,  
 Und nur wer lebt, der fällt dem Tod anheim.  
 Wenn aber sich der Mensch darob beklagt,  
 Gedenke er an die Gerechtigkeit:  
 Sein Nachtheil ist im Vorzug nur begründet.  
 Das Schicksal waltet mit derselben Strenge  
 Allüberall und mit derselben Güte:

Yea, but emotion yearns for utterance  
 When I behold the never failing order  
 That brooks no chaos, proves the universe  
 A glorious cosmos well ordained by law,  
 And finds its image in the human soul,  
 What wondrous constancy in nature's realm!  
 Its ordinance enthralleth every part  
 To service of a greater whole. It sways  
 The love and hate of atoms numberless;  
 By rule mechanical it buildeth worlds  
 And maketh loosely scattered star-dust change  
 To solar systems,—suns with wandering moons  
 The dispensation of this order leadeth  
 The budding race of cells to unity,  
 Allotting so the labor of the whole  
 That organisms deftly shape themselves.  
 What grandeur overwhelming, infinite!

"And this thou laudest?" rose the bitter voice  
 That fain would hush the poet's cosmic psalm.  
 "Forget not then how Justice smiteth him  
 "Who, finding not his duty to the whole,  
 "In restive selfhood shirks. Yea, verily  
 "The guiltless with the guilty feel the smart."

That know I well, for life hath shown to me  
 How much of misery the heart may hold.  
 Ay, every effort is with grief entwined  
 And anxious care. Without the battle's brunt  
 No victory; and conflict yields but wounds.  
 We all pursue elusive luring goals  
 Which woo the weariness of toiling feet.  
 Onward and on we rush without a halt  
 Around a center dreamed of but unseen.  
 I know it well, yet have I also found  
 That pain's tuition will ennoble life,  
 And our endeavor giveth toil its worth.  
 In equal measure Nature suffering doles  
 With pleasure's sweetening apportionment;  
 And only he who lives is doomed to die.  
 And this is justice, therefore murmur not.  
 All preference in life is duly balanced

Wie hoch der Werth, so schwer ist auch die Bürde.  
 Doch was du leidest in des Strebens Drang,  
 Das musst du für die Menschheit leiden, welche  
 In deinem Herzen lebt, die dich beseelt,  
 Die vorgesteckten Ziele zu erreichen  
 Und dieses Lebens Räthsel aufzulösen.  
 Bleibt aber unsre Arbeit eitel Stückwerk,  
 Und schau ich in das namenlose Elend,  
 Das in der Welt das Einzelne durchzittert,  
 So blick' ich aufwärts, um den Trost zu finden,  
 Wo ich die Einheit aller Dinge suche;  
 Denn eine Ahnung hier im Busen sagt,  
 Dass jeder Missklang sich verklären muss,  
 Wenn man die Harmonie des Ganzen hört.

Drum soll die Nichtigkeit des Einzeldaseins,  
 Die Kleinheit meiner selbst, mich nicht beirren.  
 Bin ich ein Theil, so diene ich dem Ganzen,  
 Und lasse mir des Strebens Thatendrang  
 Durch Mühe, Schmerz und Trübsal nicht vergällen.  
 Und muss das Herz im Todeskampfe brechen,  
 Neigt sich der Tag und des Bewusstseins Licht,  
 Verzweifle nicht; du bleibst im Schooss des Alls;  
 Ein jeder Tropfen deines Wesens bleibt,  
 Wie wenn der Strom im Oceane mündet.  
 Vergänglichkeit ist unsres Lebens Fluch;  
 Doch Schmerz und Sorge auch vermag uns nur  
 In unsern Erdentagen zu bedrängen;  
 Und wenn der letzte Athemzug gethan,  
 Fällt alles hin, was hier uns schrecken kann,  
 Und Ewigkeit wird einzig uns zu Theil  
 Nur in des Todes heiliger Vollendung.

## 2. DIE SEELE.

Hier bin ich, selbstbewusst und thatendurstig.  
 Es pulst ein warmes Leben durch die Adern,  
 Und rastlos sprühen der Gedanken Blitze.  
 Besinne dich, o Seele, auf dich selbst:  
 Was bist du, und wo kommst du her? Was ist  
 Das Ziel, das du verfolgst? und was der Zweck,  
 Der deinem Streben seine Weihe giebt?

By corresponding risks. Throughout we are  
 Embraced with equity's unbending sternness  
 And with the favors of impartial love.  
 The burden must be sore that winneth worth,  
 Yet what thou sufferest in the press of strife,  
 Must thou for that humanity endure  
 Which liveth in thy heart, inspiring thee  
 To win the goal that shimmers to thy dream,  
 And goading thee to solve life's mysteries.  
 When I the nameless misery behold  
 That trembles through the individual soul,  
 Whose puny work in idle piecemeal lies,  
 I will look up and seek life's consolation  
 In cosmic Unity's eternal bliss.  
 Then hope, a-yearn within my bosom, saith:  
 "Lo, every dissonance must be attuned  
 "If thou the pulsing harmony wouldst hear  
 "That swelleth from the chorded galaxies."

Let not self's insufficiency mislead:  
 Thou art a part, so gladly serve the whole.  
 Take courage lest thine aspirations flag,  
 By weariness and tribulation galled.  
 And death, life's holy consummation, brings  
 The benison of eternity.  
 When in death's agony thy heart must break,  
 When day declines, and light in consciousness  
 Becomes extinct, fading away in gloom,  
 Do not, O Soul, despair! thou livest yet  
 Within the bosom of the All. The stream  
 That finds the sea meets not extinction there.  
 The vampire years soon drain the pulse of life;  
 But transient, too, are all our cares and griefs.  
 When silence darkens round the failing breath  
 The evils vanish that disquiet us,  
 And death, life's holy consummation, brings  
 The benison of eternity.

## II. THE SOUL.

Here am I, imaged in the glass of thought,  
 And eager in desire to dare and do.

Erkläre dir dein eignes Wesen, Seele,  
Und gib Bescheid, wie du dir selbst erscheinst.

Im Auge wechselt eine Bilderpracht,  
Die farbenreich mir die Umgebung malt.  
Durch's Ohr dringt Nachricht in Gestalt von Tönen;  
Ein jeder Sinn schafft seine eigne Stimmung,  
Und jede Stimmung dauert im Gedächtniss,  
Das immer wieder anklingt, wenn erregt.  
Doch aus dem Wallen der Empfindungen,  
Die sich wie Ranken durch einander schlingen,  
Erwachsen feste Formen von Begriffen,  
Die vieles Gleiche an einander reihen.  
Und wie Idee sich mit Idee verbindet,  
Ideen zeugend, welche Klarheit breitet  
Sich wachsend über die Gedanken aus!  
Des Thatendranges ungezähmtes Sehnen  
Gewinnt nun Ziel und Zweck. Es regelt sich  
Der wilden Triebe wirrer Widerspruch  
In ruhevoller, fester Selbstbeherrschung.

O welche Mannigfaltigkeit! Und Alles  
Verwebt harmonisch sich zu einem Ganzen,  
Der Seele herrliches Gebilde schaffend;  
Das ist mein Selbst. Was ich berühre wandelt  
Sich zauberartig zu Gefühl. Es kündet  
Die Nahrung im Geschmack sich an. Welch Klingen  
Weht durch die Lüfte! Welche Farbenwärme  
Durchglüht mein Schauen in der Schönheit Form!  
Und alles, alles hat Bedeutung: alles  
Bezeichnet Dinge, Pflanzen, Ströme, Sterne,  
Bezeichnet Brüder, Schmerzen, Freud' und Liebe,  
Bezeichnet Feinde, Kampf und Zorn und Trotz.  
Die Bilder und Gedanken sind Symbole,  
Die mir das Jenseit meines Selbst erschliessen.

Es klingt in mir, doch höre ich's da draussen;  
Ich seh das Ding, doch liegt das Bild im Auge.  
Und so verketten tausend feine Fäden  
Mich mit der Welt, in der ich mich bewege.  
So wie ich sie betrachte, ist die Welt  
Ein Theil von mir; ich bin sie selbst. Dagegen,  
So wie ich bin, wie ich entstanden bin,

Life, warm and pulsing, tingles in my veins,  
 And restlessly thought's lightning flashes dart.  
 Pause thee, O Soul, and think upon thyself!  
 What art thou, then? Unveil thy mystery.  
 Whence comest thou? and what may be the purpose  
 That giveth to thy strivings consecration?  
 Declare thy nature to thyself, O Soul,  
 And read thy features in awareness traced.

Kaleidoscopic splendors haunt mine eye,  
 Picturing ambient Nature's shifting shapes,  
 And through mine ear pierce tonal messages,  
 Each sense its typical investment weaves,  
 Which, wrapt in memory's stability,  
 Shall rise anon out of the buried past.  
 From interfused sensations manifold,  
 The staple forms of concepts crystallize,  
 To union drawn by psychic kindredship.  
 As thought joins thought, new thoughts are bred, wherein  
 The mind in glorious luminescence moves.  
 The restlessness which here for action yearns,  
 Gains aim and purpose; and the vague commotions  
 Of instincts and of passions wild are stilled  
 In calm tranquillity of self-control.

What wildering manifoldness! yet how all  
 In multifarious unity entwined,  
 Creates the wondrous fabric of the soul!  
 And this I call my Self. What visions rare!  
 What cadencing of tones! what odor-sensing!  
 And all, yea all, hath meaning: what befalls  
 Denoteth streams and forests and the stars,  
 Our dearest hopes, love's lurement, and dread fears,  
 Denoteth joys and racking pains, denoteth  
 Wrath, struggle, brothers, enemies; and all  
 This pageantry of varied forms are symbols  
 Revealing to the Self its own Beyond.

Beyond, I hear the clangor of the world;  
 But only in myself the voices range.  
 Beyond, a glimmering panorama lures;  
 But in mine eye the compassed picture lies.

Bin ich ein Theil der Welt. Sie bleibt, ich schwinde;  
 Doch noch nach meinem Tode werde ich  
 In dem was jetzt als Nicht-ich mir erscheint,  
 In Ewigkeiten als ihr Theil beharren.

Ich bin geboren und erzogen. Aber  
 Sagt mir, wo war ich, ehe ich entstand?  
 Entstand ich aus dem Nichts, und soll ich wieder  
 Zerstreuen in das Nichts? Das kann nicht sein.  
 Ich bin geformt und kenne das Modell,  
 Das mir das Wesen meines Daseins gab.  
 Nicht aus dem Nichts taucht meine Seele auf;  
 Sie ist der Abdruck ihrer Vorgeschichte,  
 Bereichert durch die eigene Erfahrung.  
 Im Auge lebt das Sehnen meiner Ahnen,  
 Im Ohr ihr Hören, in der Hand ihr Thun.  
 Der Sprache Laut ist fertig mir gegeben  
 In hörbaren Gedanken; jedes Wort  
 Ist ein lebend'ger Theil von meinem Selbst,  
 Das so sich auferbaut aus vielen Seelen.

Ich nenn' mich "Ich", when ich die Seele meine;  
 Doch dieses "Ich", wo sollen wir es suchen?  
 Ist nicht die Seele grösser als das Ich?  
 "Ich sehe," sag' ich, doch das Auge sieht,  
 Und wenn das Auge sieht, erwachen mächtig  
 Die alten Bilder der Erinnerung.  
 "Ich höre," sag' ich, doch es hört das Ohr.  
 Wo das gehörte Wort anklingt, da tönen  
 Die Saiten der Empfindung; es erwacht  
 Der Widerhall von längst verschollnen Klängen.  
 Vollendet nur ist die Vergangenheit,  
 Nicht todt; denn immer wieder aus dem Grabe  
 Ersteht sie auf zu neu verjüngtem Leben.  
 Ein Name ist das Ich, der Alles meint,  
 Was sich in meinem Dasein hat vereinigt.  
 Nimm nicht den Namen für die Wirklichkeit  
 Und nicht Vergängliches für ewig. Mein Ich  
 Ist meiner Seele gegenwärt'ges Wirken,  
 Der flüchtige Moment von Ewigkeiten,  
 Die sich da kreuzen, wo mein Herzblut schlägt.  
 Das Ich entstand und wird vergehn; die Seele



Thus by a thousand subtle threads am I  
 Close intertwined with that surrounding world  
 Wherein I move. I contemplate the Vision:  
 Of me it is a part. I am the All;  
 Albeit that which into Self hath grown  
 Is of the world a part: This bides, I pass.  
 But lo! e'en then, in that which lies outside  
 Of mine own self, I evermore endure.

Ere yet I came to birth: the gathered lore  
 Of tome and sense and life's wide school I sought,  
 Ere ever life I knew, where was I then?  
 Am I from nothing come, to lapse again  
 Into nonentity? Nay, into form  
 Have I been fashioned, and the mould I know  
 Wherein the features of my Self were wrought.  
 Not from the blank Inane emerged the soul:  
 A sacred treasury it is of dreams  
 And deeds that built the present from the past,  
 Adding thereto its own experiences.  
 Ancestral lives are seeing in mine eyes,  
 Their hearing listeneth within mine ears,  
 And in my hand their strength is plied again.  
 Speech came, a rich consignment from the past,  
 Each word aglow with wondrous spirit life,  
 Thus building up my soul of myriad souls.

I call that something "I" which seems my soul;  
 Yet more the spirit is than ego holds.  
 For lo! this ego, where shall it be sought?  
 I'm wont to say "I see"; yet 'tis the eye  
 That sees, and seeing, kindleth in the thought  
 The beaming images of memory.  
 "I hear" we say: Hearing is of the ear;  
 And where the caught word stirs, there chords resound  
 Of slumbering sentiment; and echoes wake  
 Of tones that long ago to silence lapsed.  
 Not dead, perfected only, is the past;  
 And ever from the darkness of the grave  
 It rises to rejuvenated life.  
 The "I" is but a name to clothe withal  
 The clustered mass that now my being forms.  
 Take not the symbol for reality,

Jedoch beharrt und lebt im Strom der Zeiten.  
 Was ich ererbt und was ich neu erworben,  
 Das dauert fort. Die Seele ist unsterblich.  
 Selbst nach dem Tode wirkt sie weiter fort  
 Auf spätere Geschlechter, und ihr Einfluss  
 Wirkt mitbestimmend auf die Zukunft ein.

Such' ich des Seelenlebens Quell, wo anders  
 Kann ich ihn finden als in der Natur,  
 Dem grossen All, des winz'ger Theil ich bin?  
 Es prägt die heilige Natur in mir  
 Des Daseins mannigfache Formen ein  
 Und bildet mich nach ihrem Ebenbilde.

Es giebt ein Ew'ges in der Welt des Wechsels,  
 Ein Unbewegtes in der Zeiten Wandel.  
 Nenn es Gesetz, nenn's Gott, nenn es den Logos,  
 Der uranfänglich war, nenn's wie du willst:  
 Es bleibt sich selbst getreu im steten Fluss;  
 Es ist allüberall, das All bestimmend  
 In unabweislicher Nothwendigkeit.  
 Und wenn ich Ordnung bringe in das Chaos  
 Der unerschöpflichen Erfahrungen,  
 Die sich in meinen Sinnen spiegeln, suche  
 Ich dieses Unabänderliche auf,  
 Um mich zurechtzufinden in der Welt.  
 Sein Echo ist die Sprache der Vernunft,  
 Die uns als Compass dient auf unsrer Fahrt  
 Durch unbekannte Meere.

Grosses All,  
 Du allumfassende Unendlichkeit!  
 Du sprichst zu uns in unzweideut'ger Sprache  
 Und lässt uns lernen, wie wir handeln sollen.  
 Dein Walten lebt in jeglichem Atom  
 Und in der Sterne stolzen Sphärenbahnen.  
 Du Urquell alles Lebens, aller Ordnung,  
 Dir dankt sein Dasein auch ein jedes Wesen,  
 Das wunderbar Empfindung warm durchglüht.  
 Im Aufwärtsstreben aus dem blinden Drängen  
 Der unorganischen Natur. Da schaffst  
 Du dir ein neues Reich im Seelenleben,  
 In dem dein Walten abgebildet ist.

The transient for the Eterne. Mine ego, lo!  
 'Tis but my spirit's scintillating play,  
 This fluctuant moment of eternities  
 That now are crossing where my heart-blood beats.  
 I was not, am, and soon shall pass. But never  
 My soul can cease; the breeding ages aye  
 Shall know its life. All that the past bequeathed,  
 And all that life hath added unto me,  
 This shall endure in immortality.

And if the welling spring of spirit-life  
 I seek, where but in Nature is it found—  
 In that great All whose tiny part I am?  
 Yea, holy Nature stampeth into me  
 Its own, its wondrous varied forms;  
 Thus after its own likeness fashioning me.

Something there is eternal in the world  
 Of change, moveless in all the moving tides.  
 Wouldst call it God or Law? Wouldst call it Logos,  
 Which from beginning was? Name as thou wilt:  
 In ceaseless flux it evermore remains  
 True to itself in stern necessity.  
 When I reduce to order the entangled  
 Chaotic mass of my experiences  
 Reflected from the facets of the sense,  
 I seek what changes not, the calm Eterne,  
 And trace my bearings in the restless world.  
 The still small Voice in reason echoeth,  
 And like a compass in our voyagings  
 Directeth through the oceans unexplored.

O, thou all-comprehensive infinite!  
 Thou One and All! Thou norm of all that is!  
 In no ambiguous language speakest thou,  
 In no uncertain promptings teachest duty,  
 Thy governance doth in the atom live,  
 And in the circling courses of the stars.  
 Fountain of Order; fountain, too, of Life!  
 To thee all sentient things their being owe,  
 'Tis thy warm breath which quickeneth our pulse.  
 Here potent aspirations upward yearn,  
 As spurning nature's lowly elements.

Du giebst uns Licht, und deiner Weisung folgend  
 Erspähen wir den rechten Pfad. Du bist der Richter,  
 Du bist das Mass aller Gerechtigkeit.  
 In dir ist die Bewegung alles Werdens,  
 In dir ihr Grund, in dir ihr Ziel beschlossen.  
 Was aus dir stammt, ist dir nicht fremd und fern ;  
 Und auch des Menschen flücht'ges Erdenleben,  
 Es findet nur in dir den einz'gen Zweck.  
 Dein Odem ist es, der es warm durchzittert ;  
 Es ist dein Licht, das in der Menschenseele  
 Als Geistesfunke sprüht ; und in die Tiefen  
 Voll ungeahnter, ew'ger Schöpferkraft,  
 In deinen Schooss, kehrt auch der Mensch zurück.  
 Im Leben friedlos, findet er in dir  
 Die heilige, die ew'ge Ruhe wieder.

In dieser Ruhe, die uns vorbehalten  
 Als letztes Ziel und Zuflucht unsres Lebens,  
 In dieser Herrlichkeit des Selbstentwerdens  
 Und dieser Wonne seliger Vergottung,  
 In dem, das ungeworden unzerstörbar,  
 Das ewig ist im wechselhaften All,  
 Will ich den Frieden meiner Seele finden.  
 So wird mein Handeln, Leiden und Beginnen  
 Mit Zuversicht beschattet. Diese Ahnung  
 Der heil'gen Weihe, die die Welt durchklingt,  
 Soll Kraft mir geben, wenn ich kämpfen muss,  
 Soll mich zu hilfsbereiter Bruderliebe  
 Erwärmen, mich mit meinem Feind versöhnen,  
 Im Glücke mäss'gen, mich in Trübsal trösten ;  
 Sie soll den Schlüssel aller Räthsel bilden,  
 Die mich umringen, soll das Licht mir zeigen,  
 In dem des Lebens Tragik sich verklärt,  
 Soll das Verständniss mir des Seins erschliessen,  
 In welchem alle Klänge harmoniren,  
 Wo Hass in Liebe schwindet, wo Erfüllung  
 Des Strebens Schmerz in Seligkeit versöhnt.  
 Des Seelenlebens Born allein gewährt  
 Unsterblichkeit, wo sonst uns Tod bedroht.  
 In ihm nur findet schliesslich unsre Seele  
 Ihr ew'ges Heil und ihre letzte Zuflucht,  
 Ihre Erlösung und ihr Vaterheim.

Thou formest in the soul an empire new  
 Where thou thy dispensation dost portray.  
 Thou givest light, and following its gleam,  
 We grope for paths of truth. Thou art the judge,  
 Thou art the only standard of the right ;  
 From thee all motion of becoming starts ;  
 In thee its motive and its purpose lie.  
 What from thee springs not alien is to thee ;  
 And life in thee findeth its only aim.  
 Thy breath it is which warmly through us thrills ;  
 It is thy light that gloweth in the soul.  
 Into undreamed-of fathoms of thy depth,  
 O great Creator-power!—unto thy heart  
 Shall man return. Restless in life, in thee  
 He finds the holy, termless rest again.

Yea, in this rest which still remains to us  
 As life's last aim and refuge evermore—  
 In this great glory of release from self,  
 This blissful apotheosis of life ;  
 In this which never was not, and shall be  
 The ever present superreal of being,  
 The immutable amid the changeful All,—  
 In this my soul its bidding-place shall find.  
 Here all my deeds, my pains, my surging hopes  
 With confidence shall shaded be ; and here  
 The holy spell of an unfathomed peace  
 Which haunts presagefully the yearning world,  
 Shall strength amid my toilings bring to me ;  
 To charity shall rouse, and brother-love ;  
 Shall prompt to benedictions on my foes ;  
 In fortune it shall cheer, in sorrow soothe ;  
 Shall yield the key to all the many riddles  
 Which compass me about ; shall show the light  
 Wherein life's tragedies transfigured glow ;  
 Shall lend to thought such vast interpretations  
 That Nature's dissonances will accord ;  
 That love with hatred will be harmonized,  
 And rapturous fruition compensate  
 For all the pains our aspirations bring.  
 This source of spirit-life, in death's despite,  
 Holds heritage of immortality.

## 3. DAS ALL.

Es ist der Stoff nicht todt; er ist beseelt,  
 Und schon in seiner rohesten Gestalt  
 Birgt er als anorganisch träge Masse  
 Das Leben in sich, das ihm dermaleinst  
 Entspriessen soll. Des Geistes Feuerfunken  
 Sind nicht von aussen in den Stoff gekommen;  
 Sie sind darin geboren und gewachsen  
 Aus dumpfer Nacht zum klaren Tageslicht.  
 Die höchste Blüthe, die am Weltenbaume  
 Sich als Gedanke götterstolz entfaltet,  
 Liegt in dem Keim der Wurzel schon beschlossen.  
 Der gleiche Trieb durchdringt das ganze All,  
 Und nirgends ist ein Ding des Strebens baar.

Wer mag die Qual der Sehnsucht wohl ermessen,  
 Die alle Dinge zu einander treibt?  
 Wer kennt die Lust des Strebens, auch wo wir  
 Mit blödem Auge nur den todten Stoff  
 Sich dem Gesetz der Schwere fügen sehn?

So treiben langsam durch den weiten Raum  
 Die Trümmer alter Welten, starr und kalt,  
 Als wären sie dem Leben abgestorben.  
 In ihrer Nähe leuchtet unsre Sonne  
 Und lockt sie an sich; mehr und mehr erfasst  
 Ein banges Sehnen die Atome; schneller  
 Und immer schneller treibt es sie dahin,  
 Bis sie, in Gluth verwandelt, als Komet  
 Den Himmel unsrer Erde roth erleuchten.

Da zagt das abergläubische Geschlecht  
 Erschreckter Menschen; allerorts verkünden  
 Falsche Propheten Krieg und Pestilenz,  
 Verrath und Noth und Weltenuntergang.  
 Der Zecher nur im Stillen freut sich harmlos  
 Auf seinen heurigen Kometenwein.  
 Doch fern von dem Getriebe dieser Welt  
 Steht an dem Teleskop der Astronom.  
 Mit ruhig festem Blick betrachtet er  
 Den fremden Gast, der unsre Bahnen kreuzt.

## III. THE ALL.

Not dead is matter, though inert it seem.  
 A hidden life ensouls the eternal mass,  
 Which ever into quickened forms evolves.  
 Think not that spirit-germs have come to us  
 From alien realms of transcendental being:  
 In matter immanent, their nascent life,  
 From ancient darkness struggling, seeks the day.  
 Divinely noble thought, the crowning flower  
 That on the World-tree grows, concealed hath lain  
 Within the quickening virtues of its root.  
 An upward impulse animates the All,  
 And nothing is that aspiration lacks.

O, who can gauge the torture of the longing  
 That calleth ever out of gravity  
 For tactual companionship's caress?  
 Who knows how congregated atoms thrill  
 With love's delight, e'en where our feeble eye  
 But dust in stark inertness contemplates?

Thus slowly through the fathomless expanse  
 Drift ancient fragments of disrupted worlds:  
 When lo! from out the neighboring fields of space,  
 The silver wooings of our sun are flashed.  
 The errant masses wax in their desires;  
 And fleeter, ever fleeter, sunward speeding,  
 They kindle into mystic comet flames  
 Whose sheen our far-off firmament reflects.  
 Dismayed are all the superstitious tribe  
 Of frightened folk. Of war and pestilence  
 False prophets prate, of famine and distress,  
 And eke of fronting hour of final doom.  
 Only with gladness thrills the tipler's heart  
 In fancied foretaste of the comet's touch  
 Upon the favored season's vintage cast.  
 But from the world's commotion all aloof,  
 The astronomer, with raptured vision, stands  
 And marks the midnight's fiery wanderer.  
 The spectrum catches tokens from his light

Das farbenreiche Spectrum prüft den Stoff;  
 Er ist nicht anders als auf unsrer Erde,  
 Und wohl war jener Trümmerhauf' dereinst  
 Einmal bewohnt—ähnlich wie unsre Erde.

Des Forschers Auge prüft des Wandrers Lauf  
 Und misst nach mathematischem Gesetz  
 Den Weg, auf dem er um die Sonne eilt,  
 Der als Parabel wieder ihn zurück  
 Aus unserem System in's Weite führt,  
 Wo er, sich selber überlassen, langsam  
 Im dunklen Raume weiter treiben muss.  
 Er ist erkaltet, wie zuvor; doch schläft  
 In ihm die Ahnung eines neuen Lebens,  
 Das schaffensfroh er wieder kann gestalten.  
 Er fühlt die Lust dazu, doch fehlt die Kraft;  
 Er selbst aus sich allein vermag es nicht.  
 Doch bleibt er nicht vereinsamt: plötzlich treibt  
 Aus fernen Welten, wie von ungefähr,  
 Ihm ein Genoss entgegen. Sie verlassen  
 Jetzt beide ihre alte Bahn und stürzen  
 Mit ganzer Wucht sich donnernd auf einander.  
 Der Raum erzittert im Zusammenprall;  
 Und fest umschlungen von dem Bann der Schwere,  
 So rasen sie in schnellem Wirbel fort.  
 Als bald ruft das verdoppelte Gewicht  
 Noch mehr Kometen aus der Ferne her.  
 Von allen Seiten kommen sie zusammen  
 Und ballen sich in wilder Leidenschaft,  
 Bis sie zu Gluthen lohend sich entzündend  
 Und prächtig rings den Weltenraum erleuchten.

O heil'ges Licht, erzeugt in Götterschöne  
 Durch die Bewegung der Atome, welche  
 In ihrem Lauf sich gegenseitig hemmen:  
 Bist du das Wunderkind erfüllter Liebe?  
 Oder ist es der Kampf, der dich gebiert,  
 Bei dem, im Feurereifer wilden Streites,  
 Das Ganze sich zu einem Gluthenmeer,  
 Zu einem Wirbelsturm von Gasen löst?  
 Soll ich dich als der Arbeit Segen grüssen?  
 Nach langer Irrfahrt durch gemeinsam ernstes,



Of elemental kindredship with earth,  
 And fancy hints of ancient dwellers there.  
 With eager glass the astronomer attends  
 The traveller's sun-surrounding course, and maps  
 His outward path to distant voids again.  
 With flagging pace and breath that wanes of fire,  
 The lonely wanderer wends. But in his heart  
 A dream of resurrection sleeps. What time  
 He yearneth for a larger life, whereto  
 His single power cannot attain, behold  
 From distant scopes, where universes teem,  
 An errant comrade, as by chance appears.  
 By gravitation's mutual greetings lured,  
 Both quit their courses, and, with gathering speed,  
 Impetuous to collision rush.

#### Space quaketh

Where in their passionate embrace they meet  
 And night is raptured with a flaming blaze.  
 Their doubled mass, with wider ordinance,  
 More night-embosomed comets summons forth.  
 Responding spaces yield their homeless broods  
 Which come with eager haste from every side  
 To join in tasks of a communal work.  
 The sheen of the new nebula which spreads  
 Through cosmic space proclaims the fiery birth  
 Of a new world with potencies renewed.

O Light, in beauty's holy guise begot  
 Through atom-motions, kissing in their play!  
 Art thou requited love's consummate child?  
 Or art thou of the progeny of war  
 Whose frantic passion, wrought to furious wrath,  
 Dissolveth all to fiery turbulence  
 Of gaseous hurricanes a-whirl? Perhaps  
 As toil-engendered boon we greet thee best;  
 For, after wanderings orderless and dark,  
 A common will inspires the meeting atoms;  
 Their immemorial desires at length  
 Create rich stores of power and life and light,  
 Burning the night from space.

Vereintes Streben wird die Dunkelheit  
Des Raums erhellt!

                                    Noch herrscht ein wildes Chaos  
Von widerstreitenden Bewegungen.  
In wirrer Lust bacchant'schen Taumels wogen  
Die Feuermassen durch einander. Weiter  
Und immer weiter dehnen sich die Strudel,  
Bis schliesslich alle Ströme sich vereinen  
Zu Einer grossen Rotation. Es ordnet  
Der Stoff sich nach dem Masse der Bewegung,  
Und ungeheure Tropfen ballen sich  
In kreisend raschem Laufe fest zusammen.  
Sie rollen als Planeten um die Sonne  
Und fügen sich der stolzen Königin,  
Der sie sich als Vasallen unterwerfen.  
Doch wo die Oberfläche abgekühlt,  
Da schlagen sich die feuchten Dünste nieder;  
Es wogen Oeane um die Felsen,  
Und über beiden schwebt die Atmosphäre.

Obgleich sich so die Elemente scheiden,  
Sie einen sich auf's Neue. Wo im Kreislauf  
Des Lebens sie zu Wechselwirkung sich  
In treuer Gattenliebe eng durchdringen,  
Erspriessen Zellen auf dem rauen Boden.  
Die zarten Keime wachsen und erzeugen  
Ein tausendfältiges Geschlecht, indem  
Sie ihresgleichen aus sich selbst gebären.  
Die Arbeit theilt sich, aber alle Glieder  
Und alle die verschiedenen Organe,  
Sie schliessen sich zusammen, eng verbündet,  
Einander Hülfe leistend nach Bedürfniss.  
Ein neues Ganzes bildet sich, in welchem  
Das Leben besser, stärker, kühner strebt  
In wirksamer Ergänzung der Funktionen.  
So wachsen Organismen aus den Zellen;  
Es sprosst an allen Orten Leben auf.  
Und aus der Nacht empfindungsloser Starrheit  
Ringt sich das dämmernde Bewusstsein los  
Als Morgenröthe eines geist'gen Tags.

There still prevails

A chaos wild of contravening storms:  
 The seething masses interpenetrant  
 Disport themselves in Bacchic revelry.  
 Wider and wider in their mazy gyres  
 The glowing circles spin, until at last  
 Their currents fuse in one vast vortex-whirl  
 To mould anon a pageantry of worlds.  
 Amid the chaos infant Order breathes.  
 In their swift circles see the planets sweep  
 As shapely spheres about the central sun,  
 Whose sovereignty as vassals they obey.  
 But where the cooling surface darkens round,  
 Impending vapors loose their liquid stores;  
 Seas urge with thunderous tides against the rocks  
 And over all an airy heaven hangs.

Although the atoms are complete, remaining  
 The same in their immutability,  
 They yet for closer union ever strive.  
 They build up higher complexes, but when  
 The active oxygen with burning greed  
 Seizes upon the grosser elements  
 Feeding the flame of life in constant rounds  
 Of nourishment and waste, then in this change,  
 The structure stays while matter passes on,  
 And preservation of the living form  
 Means memory, the builder of the soul.  
 Life-plasm builds up cells varied in kind.  
 The tender germs unfold their gathering life  
 And teem in myriad hordes after their kind.  
 The promptings of life's many needs create  
 Various responses with divided labor.  
 'Tis by cooperative work alone  
 That functions slowly into organs grow,  
 Developing the life of organisms  
 With nobler rule upon a higher plane.  
 The hyperphysical is bursting forth  
 From night's sensationless rigidity,  
 Precursor of a spiritual day

Gethier und Pflanzen kämpfen um ihr Dasein ;  
 Es scheint die Welt ein weites Schlachtgefild,  
 Auf dem ein Wesen mit dem andern steht,  
 Bald eng verbündet, bald in bitterer Fehde.  
 Doch in dem Kampf erstarken auch die Kräfte,  
 Und was die Väter ringend sich erworben,  
 Das erbt auf Kinder und auf Enkel fort.  
 Sind auch die Ahnen selber längst entschwunden,  
 Sind sie ermattet längst zurückgesunken  
 In's dunkle Reich des räthselhaften Todes,  
 So lebt ihr Wirken dennoch und ihr Streben,  
 Es lebt die ganze Seele ihres Wesens  
 In allen folgenden Geschlechtern fort.

Der Tag bricht an : im Selbstbewusstsein leuchtet  
 Erkenntniss immer heller auf ; und endlich  
 Weiss die Vernunft sich selber zu erfassen.  
 Organisch schön gegliedert klingt die Sprache  
 Wie Götterlaut dem eingeweihten Ohr.  
 Das ist der Born, aus dem die Dichter schöpfen,  
 Das ist der Quell, aus dem die Wissbegier  
 In nimmersatten Zügen ihren Durst  
 Zu löschen strebt. Daraus entströmt das Licht,  
 Mit dem der Geist in alle Tiefen dringt,  
 Mit dem er die Geheimnisse beleuchtet,  
 Die dort in räthselhaftem Dunkel schlummern.  
 Die Sonnenstrahlen der Erkenntniss breiten  
 Verklärend über diese Welt sich aus.  
 Sie bringen in den Kampf des Unverstandes  
 Lindernd Versöhnung. In des Irrthums Nacht,  
 Die noch den Strebenden gefangen hält,  
 Verheissen sie Erlösung von dem Wahn.

O heil'ge Sonne, die du in der Mitte  
 Der dunkeln und erstarrten Himmelskörper  
 Licht, Wärme, Leben rings umher erweckst,  
 Für And're opferst du dich willig auf,  
 Verschwenderisch ergiesst du deine Gaben  
 In's weite Weltenall, ganz unbekümmert,  
 Ob man's dir dankt, ob dich der Thor verschmäht,  
 Und ob der Böse Missbrauch mit dir treibt.  
 Für Andre lebst du, und du stirbst für Andre.

Of consciousness and purpose-guided will.  
 The multiplying tribes of living forms  
 In struggle for existence ever toil,  
 Till all the world a plain of battle grows,  
 Creature to creature dealing doom of death,  
 For hunger's or for passion's goading sake.  
 But keener waxes and of larger use  
 The sway of whetted powers that ply the strife ;  
 And ever the appropriated gain,  
 In stern heredity's bequeathment held,  
 From generation unto generation,  
 Following fast, is yielded to the years ;  
 And though for rest a-yearn, the failing lives  
 Of ancient ages lapsed in death's dark realm,  
 Their aspirations and their toils endure :  
 The soul of all their work lives yet, their lives  
 Into our own projected hitherward.

The soul's day breaketh. Consciousness appears  
 With clearing light, and Reason learns at last  
 Her powers to marshal and her realms to rule.  
 In pleasing modulations language rings,  
 Like speech of gods, to ears initiate.  
 Here poets find their rhythmic ravishment :  
 Here, too, desire for knowledge all athirst  
 In never-sating draughts her fever feeds ;  
 And, borrowing illumination here,  
 The spirit fathometh abysmal depths,  
 Where, wrapt in mystic silences and glooms,  
 The slumbering secrets of creation lie.  
 Cognition's searching sunbeams spread and glow,  
 Transfiguring the unfolding universe.  
 They bring to ignorance, whose feeble eyes  
 By superstition's louring clouds are dimmed,  
 A lore assuasive of celestial truth ;  
 And unto error's night, that like a prison  
 Encompasseth the aspiring soul of man,  
 They bear the promise of deliverance  
 From false illusion's lures and mockeries.

O holy sun, in all the circling host  
 Of bleak and darkened worlds, with touch benign

Wer diese Welt erleuchtet, giebt sich selbst,  
 Sein eigen Herzblut giebt er willig hin.  
 Er muss gar oft die Dornenkrone tragen,  
 Als Märtyrer die Geisselhiebe dulden,  
 Um schmäählich dann am Kreuze zu verbluten.  
 Drum sehnt das stolze Licht sich gern zurück  
 In jene Nacht, aus der es einst entsprossen.  
 Für alle Welt hat es sich hingegeben,  
 Und muss erlöschen. Alles Leben stockt  
 Je mehr die Sonne im Erkalten ist.  
 Es ist bald Alles ringsumher erstarrt,  
 Der Frost zersprengt die wohlgefugten Globen  
 Und schlägt den ganzen Bau in todte Trümmer,  
 Die mehr und mehr sich von einander trennen.  
 Und als Kometen durch den Weltraum irren.

Doch wie der Mensch am Morgen neu erwacht,  
 Um Abends wiederum in Schlaf zu sinken;  
 Und wie der Einzelne dem Tod verfällt,  
 Indess die Menschheit immer neu entsteht  
 Und durch Geburten wieder sich verjüngt;  
 Wie Tag und Nacht am Himmelsbogen wechseln:  
 So athmet auch die Welt bald aus, bald ein.  
 Des Lebens Welle wogt mit Macht empor;  
 Sie sinkt zurück zur unermess'nen Tiefe  
 Und ringt sich aus dem Schooss des Oceanes  
 Zu neuem Dasein prächtiger empor.  
 So hebt sich aus den Gräbern neues Leben,  
 Und aus den Trümmern wachsen neue Welten,  
 Den ewig wunderbaren Kreis vollendend.

Light, warmth, and thrilling life awakening,  
 Thyself thou givest willingly for others  
 In sacrifice, and pourest forth thy gifts  
 Unstintedly to all the needful worlds :  
 Nor reckest thou if thanks thy largess greet,  
 If ingrate fools reject thine offering,  
 Or evil-doers warp its sacred use.  
 For others dost thou live, for others die.  
 So he that would the world illumine giveth  
 Himself, his heartblood freely yielding up.  
 The thorny crown resignedly he wears,  
 The martyr's scourging suffers and the taunts,  
 And on the cross finds ignominious death.  
 For this the glorious radiance of the sun  
 Longeth again to find the ancient night,  
 For all the world he offered up himself  
 And in surcease of labor findeth peace.  
 As wintry years around the cooling sun  
 Fold darkening, life faileth on the planets.  
 An arctic desolation everywhere  
 To heedless heavens appeals despairingly.  
 The wedging frosts dispart the shapely spheres,  
 And drifting fragments mark the erstwhile worlds.  
 With widening distances space presses in  
 The sundered masses to estrange, until  
 Again they range the voids as comet-forms.

But as the morning ever wakes the eyes  
 Whose weariness the evening sealed with sleep :  
 As new-born spring the doom of winter thwarts,  
 And genial resurgence foils the tomb  
 With life rejuvenized in serial birth :  
 As night and day, in alternating layers,  
 From time unfold: so too the world respire.  
 The cosmic tides in rhythmic surges rise,  
 Ever to ebb in restless billows back  
 Where call the soundless Deeps; then upward heave  
 With gathered stress of nobler aspiration.  
 Thus ever from the grave is life redeemed,  
 And ruins wake to spheres regenerate,  
 Gemming the circle of eternity  
 With threaded universes evermore.

## THEORETISCHE PHILOSOPHIE UND PRAK- TISCHES LEBEN.<sup>1</sup>

VON PAUL CARUS.

**D**AS Schmerzenskind meiner Studien, Philosophie, welches mir mein Amt gekostet hatte, behandelte ich inzwischen durchaus nicht stiefmütterlich. Im Gegentheil! Alles, was ich that, was ich kennen lernte, was ich studirte, kurzum alle meine Erfahrungen, versuchte ich für die Wissenschaft der Wissenschaften verwerthbar zu machen. Philosophie wird nicht nur aus Büchern gelernt, sondern auch aus dem praktischen Leben. Viele Philosophen gewöhnten sich an die abstrakte Luft ihres Studierzimmers so, dass sie dieselbe für die allgemeine Atmosphäre der Welt hielten. Vielleicht, dachte ich, ist es für mich und meine Entwicklung gerade gut, dass mich das Schicksal so in der Welt herumwirft.<sup>2</sup> Wie Theorie und Praxis stets Hand in Hand gehen sollen, so muss der richtige Idealismus eines Philosophen oder Dichters sich auch in der Realität des Lebens bestätigen; und umgekehrt wird der Realismus der Wirklichkeit durch die Idealität des Forschers und des Artisten in Wissenschaft und Kunst sich zur Wahrheit verklären. Idealität und Realität sind Gegensätze, keine Widersprüche.

So weit unsere Zeit in mancher Beziehung fortgeschritten ist, steht doch Philosophie noch lange nicht auf dem Platze, den dieselbe einnehmen sollte. Die allgemeinen Grundwahrheiten, insofern sie von objectiver Bedeutung und nothwendige Vorbedingungen zur allgemeinen Bildung sind, sollten in den obersten Klassen höherer Schulen (in der Prima eines Gymnasiums) neben der Logik Gegenstand des Unterrichtes sein. Alle Fragen, die ich in meiner Schrift *Ursache, Grund und Zweck*<sup>3</sup> behandelt habe, sind von der Art und bilden einen wichtigen, wo nicht den wichtigsten Theil derjenigen Kenntnisse, welche man bei jedem gebildeten Menschen voraus-

<sup>1</sup> [Reprinted from *Aus dem Exil*, Dresden, 1885, as a specimen of Dr. Carus's early philosophical writings.—Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Hume, *Eng. Hum. Underst.*: "It seems that nature has pointed out a mixed kind of life as most suitable to the human race and secretly admonished them to allow none of these biases to draw too much, so as to incapacitate them for other occupations and entertainments. Indulge your passion for science, says she, but let your science be human and such as may have direct reference to action and society. Abstruse thought and profound researches I prohibit and will severely punish by the pensive melancholy which they introduce, by the endless uncertainty in which they involve you, and by the cold reception which your pretended discoveries shall meet with when communicated. Be a philosopher, but amidst all your philosophy be still a man."



setzen sollte. Die Zeit wird kommen, in der man das einsieht; doch sind *die* Länder noch sehr weit davon entfernt, in denen man unter Religionsunterricht das Eindrillen des Luther'schen Katechismus versteht, einer an sich zwar genialen Schöpfung des grossen Reformators, aber ganz ungeeignet dazu auswendig gelernt zu werden. Einerseits sind die Hauptstücke viel zu schwer, insbesondere für so jugendliche Gemüther, in die sie hineingetrommelt werden; andererseits bilden sie doch nur einen Ballast, der, abgesehen von den zehn Geboten, weder für Moral noch für Religion einen Anhalt im praktischen Leben gewährt.

Die Art, wie man Philosophie behandelt hat, diene aber nur dazu, vor ihr zurückzuschrecken; und so kommt es, dass sich jetzt Viele davor bekreuzigen und segnen, wenn sie nur den Namen derselben erwähnt hören—Viele, die doch im Grunde genommen das Bedürfniss haben, klare Anschauungen zu gewinnen über die Grundlage, auf der letzthin unser Erkennen und Wissen beruht, die einen Ueberblick haben wollen über die Welt in ihrer Ganzheit, um sich so, gewissermassen aus der Vogelperspektive, über ihr Leben zu orientiren und über den Lebensweg, den sie einzuschlagen wünschen;—ein Bedürfniss, das von Natur in jedem Menschen liegt, von jedem Nachdenkenden empfunden wird, und das eben Philosophen befriedigen soll.

Alle Schwierigkeiten dieser Wissenschaft hängen schliesslich mit dem Kausalitätsgesetz zusammen. Welterschöpfung, Weltentwicklung, die Idee des Schöpfers, eines Gottes, der Begriff des Wunders, die Grundlage der Erkenntnistheorie, die Thatsache der Willensfreiheit—alle Schwierigkeiten dieser Gegenstände beruhen auf einer scheinbaren oder wirklichen Kollision mit dem eisernen Gesetz der Kausalität. Darum, meine ich, muss man hier den Hebel ansetzen, wenn man die wuchtigen Lasten regieren und zwingen will. Hier ist der wunde Punkt, in welchen die Sonde eingeführt werden muss. Wenn wir über das Wesen der Kausalität Klarheit gewonnen haben, werden sich manche Räthsel von selber lösen.

David Hume war der erste, welcher die Bedeutung dieser Thatsache begriff, und die Kausalität zum Gegenstand seiner Untersuchungen machte. Er verzweifelte aber an der Lösung und überliess das Werk dem gewaltigen Königsberger Denker. Kant hat die von Hume gestellte Frage dadurch gefördert, dass er sie verallgemeinerte. Er fand die Aehnlichkeit, welche mathematische Axiome mit dem Gesetz von Ursache und Wirkung haben. Beide intuitiv begreifbar, sind ein und desselben Ursprunges. Er erklärt

sie für subjektiv und glaubt die Schwierigkeit dadurch gehoben, dass er mit ihnen die ganze Welt für phänomenal—für blosse Vorstellung unseres Geistes erklärt. Schopenhauer steht in dieser Beziehung ganz auf Kant's Standpunkt. Seitdem haben sich in den drei Kulturländern Europas drei Schulen gebildet, die bei manchen Verschiedenheiten gewisse Grundzüge gemein haben.

In Deutschland liess man nach Kant die Kardinalfrage der Philosophie in Ruhe und erfreute sich der Systemmacherei. Als unser Publikum derselben müde war, verlangte man fast allgemein ein Zurückgehen auf Kant, nicht so sehr seiner Resultate wegen, als in Anerkennung seiner Methode. Kantische Kritik wollte man mit den Ergebnissen der Naturwissenschaft vereinigen. Ein hervorragender Vertreter dieser Richtung war der geniale Verfasser der *Geschichte des Materialismus*, Albert Lange. Nach seiner Ansicht ist der Materialismus zwar durch Kant's Kritik theoretisch unmöglich geworden, bleibt aber praktisch die beste Grundlage, auf der die Naturwissenschaften weiter arbeiten können und müssen. Die meisten Neukantianer, welche dem Grundsätze dieses Neokriticismus folgen, einen Einklang zwischen Philosophie und Naturwissenschaft herzustellen, gestehen bei Erwägung der Schwierigkeiten ihre Unfähigkeit ein und bekennen offen, dass die Lösung noch nicht gefunden ist.

Weniger gründlich und fast nur den praktischen Zweck in's Auge fassend, entwickelte sich die Philosophie in Frankreich und England. Der Positivismus Comte's und der von diesem stark beeinflusste Empirismus John Stuart Mill's verzichteten eigentlich auf die Lösung der Schwierigkeiten gänzlich. Die positive Thatsache der Empirie soll danach das einzig Gegebene sein, worauf sich alles Wissen gründet; und die Kausalität ist ein empirisches Gesetz, das uns nur seiner Alltäglichkeit wegen apodiktisch und nothwendig erscheint. Thatsachen sind Trumpf; aber eine Norm, was als Thatsache zu betrachten ist, existirt weder nach Comte noch nach Mill. Richtig betrachtet, sind sie Skeptiker und haben dem Wundergläubigen nichts zu erwidern, wenn sich selbiger darauf beruft, dass sein Glaube auf Thatsachen begründet ist. Superstition, Irrthum und Täuschung beruhen immer auf scheinbaren, oft sogar auf wirklichen Thatsachen, die nur missverstanden sind. Thatsache und Thatsächlichkeit sind gerade das, über dessen Wesen wir Auskunft haben wollen. Was ist real und wirklich? Was ist Schein und Trug? Nur am Leitfaden der Kausalität vermögen wir Wahn von Wahrheit zu unterscheiden; und wehe unserer Erkenntniss, wenn das Gesetz von Ursache und Wirkung nichts anderes ist, als

eine empirische Regel, die wir aus vielen Fällen abstrahirt haben, die aber umgestossen werden kann (und wahrlich! umgestossen würde!) durch eine einzige Ausnahme! Was wäre die Nothwendigkeit der Kausalität, wenn Mohammed's Wunder über allen Zweifel erhaben sind, und wenn man die Geisterklopferei als übernatürliche Thatsache hinnehmen müsste?

Wenn ich aber auch der "positiven Philosophie" nicht hulldige, verdanke ich derselben doch heilsame Anregung. Ihre Kritik des Metaphysicismus und Apriorismus diene mir dazu, die Schwächen in Kant's Transcendentalphilosophie zu zeigen. Gewisse Irrthümer, die in der That alles verdrehen und die Welt auf den Kopf stellen, hatten sich eingeschlichen und verdienten ausgemerzt zu werden. Nur meine ich, dass Comte und Mill das Kind mit dem Bade ausgeschüttet haben. Ein solcher Narr war der alte Kant denn doch nicht, dass er sich sein Lebenlang mit unfruchtbaren und verschrobenen Begriffen abgeplagt hätte. So falsch *die* Apriorität ist, wie sie Comte sich vorstellt, so enthält doch die Apriorität, von der Kant spricht, wenn sie auch hier und da von Unklarheiten oder Irrthümern verdunkelt ist, einen hinreichenden Gehalt von Wahrheit, dass sie nicht mir nichts dir nichts über Bord zu werfen ist. Um die irrthümlichen Vorstellungen zu vermeiden, denen nicht nur Comte und Mill, sondern auch Kant und seine Anhänger anheimgefallen sind, habe ich zur Bezeichnung des Gegensatzes von apriorischer und aposteriorischer (oder empirischer) Erkenntniss lieber die Ausdrücke "innerlich" und "äusserlich" gewählt, um den falschen Beigeschmack des "vorherigen" los zu werden, der dem Worte *apriori* anhaftet. Nur durch diese Unterscheidung von innerer und von äusserer Erkenntniss vermögen wir uns Klarheit zu verschaffen über die Natur nothwendiger Wahrheiten, zu denen in erster Linie auch die Kausalität gehört.

Doch halt! Ich fange an zu dociren; und das will ich hier nicht, zumal ich mich selber abschreiben müsste, wenn ich in diesem Thema fortfahren wollte. Ich habe mich an die Aufgabe gewagt, die mit dem Begriffe der Kausalität verbundenen Schwierigkeiten zu lösen; und hoffe, dass es mir gelungen ist. Ich hege die Zuversicht, dass ein Jeder, der nicht durch vorgefasste Meinung beeinflusst oder für irgend ein System, bewusst oder unbewusst, im voraus eingenommen ist, *dieses* Werk, nachdem er es gelesen, mit der Ueberzeugung aus der Hand legen wird, dass damit die Hume'sche Frage gelöst ist.

Hiermit kehre ich zu dem Anfange dieses Kapitels zurück. Als Hume die Untersuchung der Kausalität begann, hatte es den

Anschein, als wäre alle Sicherheit und Objektivität wissenschaftlicher Forschung zerstört; bei wiederholter und genauer Prüfung löste sich aber die schreiende Dissonanz auf. So scheint jede Kritik fast immer Das, was wir für wahr und richtig gehalten haben, im Herzblatt zu vergiften und zu zerstören. Wenn wir aber *sine ira ac studio* mit Ruhe und Unparteilichkeit die Sache näher untersuchen, so zeigt sich, dass es nur die Form war, die zerbrochen ist; aus der zerstörten Hülle entfaltet sich dann die reife Frucht. Das wirklich *Gute* und das echte *Schöne* kann allemal die scharfe Kritik der *Wahrheit* vertragen. Wenn die Harmonie dieses Dreiklanges noch so oft zerstört scheint, wird sie sich doch immer wieder zu reineren und volleren Accorden vereinigen. Ebensovienig kann aber auch die Wirklichkeit des Lebens von den Idealen unserer Bestrebungen getrennt werden. Mögen dieselben in noch so grellem Kontraste erscheinen, immer wieder werden die Gegensätze sich suchen und beeinflussen. Darum soll der Philosoph in der theoretischen Abstraction seiner Gedanken die Realität dieser Welt weder verachten noch ihre Macht und Feindseligkeit überschätzen und darüber an der Lebensfähigkeit idealer Bestrebungen verzweifeln. Ideal und Wirklichkeit gehen oft sehr weit auseinander, aber nur um sich desto sehnlischer zu suchen; den sie bedürfen einander und sind gegenseitig auf sich angewiesen.

## ON PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY PAUL CARUS.

SO much is persistence the law of this world of action and reaction, regulated throughout with mechanical precision by the law of causation, that no event can take place without leaving forever its imprint upon the entire universe. The result of a commotion of any kind may be ever so infinitesimal and practically nil, yet it exists; or rather, it persists and will form forever and aye an indelible part of the cosmic constitution.

In this world of persistence where the sum total of matter and energy always remains the same, we ought to expect also a persistence of that wonderful element which is called mind, or spirit, or soul. In truth there is, among the large masses of mankind, no doubt about the fact itself. And indeed, if we regard the whole of life, we must grant that soul, mind, spirit, whatever you may call that feature of man which constitutes his superiority over the

rest of creation, is not only being preserved but conditions the very progress that is being made in life's evolution. The problem of immortality is not so much a question of fact as a question of how the preservation of soul is possible, and how it is accomplished. But in order to be successful in the solution of this problem, we must first and above all understand what we mean by soul, and how it rises into existence. Not until then shall we be able to understand, not only the nature of the soul, but also the laws of its preservation.

We have devoted a special book to the subject<sup>1</sup> and do not intend to enter here into the problem itself again, but will limit our discussion to a critical investigation of the most significant conclusions reached by the Society for Psychical Research, condensed and summarized in the stupendous work of the late and much lamented Frederick W. H. Myers, entitled *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, posthumously published in two stately volumes.

If in this labor of critique the results of the writer of this article will be negative, it seems desirable to state at once that he is not an agnostic, nor a negationist. On the contrary, he believes in affirmations and takes an affirmative position on this same ground. He trusts that in this world of facts, of positive occurrences, negations have only a transient significance. Even errors are actualities, and to know that a thing is not so is only the first station on the road to truth, which must finally give up the secret in positive terms.

In order to be fair, however, and to live up to the maxim *audiatur et altera pars*, we have deemed it best to incorporate in this very number a sympathetic review of Myers's work which contains the quintessence of psychical research.<sup>2</sup>

Psychical research, it is here contended, in spite of its painstaking investigations and voluminous publications, has so far published nothing that might be considered a success in proving the survival of human personality after death in the sense set forth by the leaders of the movement; but whatever we may think of the shortcomings of those that devote themselves to this special branch of inquiry, we must recognize the paramount importance of their unique undertaking. Even if their labors prove futile their work deserves the credit of a trial which ought to have been made, were

<sup>1</sup> *Hence and Whither*, 2d ed., 1903.

<sup>2</sup>[For lack of space, this review, by Mr. Albert J. Edmunds, will appear in a later issue of *The Open Court*.—ED.]

it merely for the sake of proving that the supposition on which their procedure is based must be regarded as an error.

The publications of the society and also the ponderous book of Myers have not as yet produced the effect upon the present generation, especially on the representatives of science, which the adherents of psychical research expect, and we, who have followed with keen interest their experiments and experiences, can very well understand both the high-strung expectancy of the leaders and their subsequent disappointment when they failed to excite that general interest among scientists and thinkers they had so ardently hoped for. The main reason must be sought in the fact that the evidence so confidently brought forth for a survival of human personality after death, is very unsatisfactory to critical minds.

The Society for Psychical Research, having started with bright hopes, left the expectant world disappointed; but their mistakes were so natural, their errors, based upon a conception of the soul that has come down to us from primitive ages, are so ingrained in our common notions that we should be grateful to them for having made a systematic, painstaking attempt to verify the conclusions that would follow from the traditional conception of the soul.

Mr. Myers, one of the main promoters of the society, came to the conclusion that orthodox science was too materialistic, and orthodox religion was too narrow. Both, he claimed, were wrong in their contentions: the former denied the reality of the spiritual world, while the latter, though postulating it, limited the proofs of its existence to ancient traditions. Thus, he and his friends, Edmund Gurney, William Stainton Moses, and others decided to search for the existence of spiritual manifestations in the living present, convinced that if the spiritual world is real, its revelations cannot have been limited to the past: it ought to manifest itself constantly, and we ought to find evidences of it in our own experience.

The conclusion is logical. If the premises are correct, the proposition must be sound. If there is a spiritual world it must manifest itself. But *are* the premises correct?

We have to criticize Myers at the very start when he regards science as materialistic. But our criticism will not affect his real position, for it is purely verbal and we make it merely for the ulterior end of preparing our readers for an explanation of our own views. We insist (and Myers would perhaps not have de-

murred) that genuine science is not materialistic. It may be true that there are many scientists who see nothing but materialism in their several specialties, but for that reason we can and should not brand science itself as materialistic. If there is anything that recognizes spirit and the significance of spirit, it is science, for science is the highest efflorescence of spirit, and there is nothing so spiritual as science. Its very existence disproves the contention of materialism. We freely admit that science does not encourage belief in the objective reality of "spirits" in the sense of ghosts, but every one will grant that a repudiation of the belief in spirits is not yet a denial of the existence of spirit.

Spiritualists, however, do love to characterize the realistic spirit of science as materialism, and if their conception of materialism must be accepted, Mr. Myers may be right after all when he speaks of science as materialistic.

What is materialism?

Materialism is that view which denies the existence of spirit or soul or mind except as a production of matter, it regards matter as the only reality, and consequently looks upon this same matter as the ultimate principle of explaining the universe.

Materialism is an old theory, but it was first worked out in its boldest form by two French authors, La Mettrie and Baron d'Holbach. Both insist that matter alone is real and that the soul is merely a function of matter. Holbach is especially vigorous in combating the idea of God in every possible shape and regards religion as a morbid tendency of mankind and the chief source of all human corruption.

The apostles of materialism in Germany were Moleschott, Carl Vogt, and Ludwig Büchner. Though the latter has in later years modified his position, all of them contend that matter is the only reality and mean to explain from it alone the existence of consciousness and spirit. Moleschott uttered the famous aphorism, "No thought without phosphorus," and Vogt explained his theory most drastically by saying, "Thought is a secretion of the brain. Thought stands in the same relation to the brain as gall to the liver and urine to the kidneys."

In spite of the obvious crudities of materialism, science has proceeded successfully along materialistic lines and many great discoveries have been made by avowed materialists. For this reason, Prof. F. A. Lange, a thoughtful searcher for truth and a great scholar especially in the domain of the history of philosophy, came to the conclusion that materialism, though in itself untenable, may

be employed by the scientist as a good working hypothesis. Thus, while rejecting materialism in theory, he admits its claim on practical grounds and in this spirit has written his great and meritorious work on *The History of Materialism*.

As Professor Lange states, materialism is as old as philosophy itself but not older. With the attempt of giving a materialistic explanation of the universe, the day of science first begins to dawn, and science continues to flourish so long as it follows the materialistic principle. This is true exactly as Lange meant it. A great part of scientific work consists in measuring and weighing and may be carried out without any reference to the mental aspect thereby presupposed. In a word, we can ignore the epistemological problem without invalidating the results of the special science under consideration. But it is unsatisfactory to leave a fundamental problem unsolved. The very existence of consciousness proves that matter is not the sole reality, and no amount of dialectical argument will ever accomplish the task of explaining how consciousness can be derived from either matter or energy. The physicist operates with two fundamental concepts, viz., mass and motion, when contemplating changes of positions, and he calculates both the velocity of moving masses and their acceleration. But from none of these ideas, neither from mass nor from motion, nor from velocity or acceleration can he derive or explain, or elucidate the nature of consciousness.

The fact of consciousness alone is sufficient to upset the fundamental claims of materialism. Materialism will hold good in the narrow domain of specialties dealing with conditions of matter, but cannot be regarded as a solution of the riddle of the world.

By spiritism we understand a belief in spirits; by spiritualism, the theory that the world is spiritual. Spiritualism is a philosophy that, according to definitions, may be tenable, but spiritism, the belief in spirits, has never as yet made good its claim. Spirits may appear and may haunt the imagination of people who are either excited by special circumstances or are predisposed for spirits by an abnormal nervous constitution, but, as we shall try to prove, the objective reality of spirits rests on no solid foundation, and we do not believe we make too strong a statement if we say that so far there has never been forthcoming any evidence that may be regarded as universally convincing.

The claim of spiritism has been investigated again and again, and always with the same unvarying result: *non liquet*. Indeed, one



of the soundest and most philosophical minds that ever lived on earth inquired into the problem and dismissed it with a shrug.

Kant, as we know from a letter to Charlotte von Knobloch, had his attention called to Swedenborg, and he expressed his anxiety to see and question this remarkable man himself. He spent some money to get Swedenborg's books, but the result of his investigations was greatly disappointing. His book on the subject, *The Dreams of a Visionary Explained by Dreams of Metaphysics*, is in many respects unsatisfactory, for he seems to deem it beneath his dignity to investigate any one of the stories which had aroused his curiosity. Says he (Frank Sewall's translation): "The realm of shadows is the paradise of visionaries. Here they find an unbounded territory where they can settle at pleasure. The hypochondriac's vapors, the fairy-tales of the nursery, the miracles of the cloister will furnish sufficient building material."

And the question is settled indeed. Kant adds:

"Holy Rome holds there profitable provinces. The two crowns of the invisible kingdom support the third which is the fragile diadem of the sovereignty on earth, and the keys which fit the two gates of the other world, open at the same time, sympathetically, the money-chests of this present existence, and the prerogatives of the spirit world, whenever policy demands their justification, rise above all impotent objections of the sages, and their use or abuse has become too venerable to feel the need of being submitted to their despicable investigations. But the common tales which favor easy credence and are only partially disputed, why do they spread unutilized or unchallenged, and creep even into the systems of philosophy although they have not the argument of utility in their favor (*argumentum ab utili*) which is the most convincing of all proofs?"

Kant proposes the question: "Shall we wholly deny the truth of all such apparitions, and what reasons can we quote to disprove them?" If we admit only one of these stories, how important such an avowal would be. If, therefore, we want to demolish any or all of them, we shall have to point out the fundamental fallacy from which the most inexplicable ones would seem to flow.

The miracle of life is consciousness, and consciousness, as we have seen, is a factor that cannot be subsumed under the caption of physical phenomena. Consciousness is a function, but it is not a motion, still less a product consisting of matter. Thus it is neither a substance nor a fact of dynamics, but a state of its own.

This one basic fact disposes with one fell blow of materialism. The truth of materialism is that all objective bodies can be reduced to volume and mass: they consist of a definite amount of something that can be weighed and measured. We have only to add from the philosophical standpoint that objectivity and concrete materiality are identical terms. Anything objectified appears to us as body, as matter and motion, and its constitution as well as movements can be weighed, measured, and described with the usual methods that characterize the natural sciences. By common every-day experience we have become so well acquainted with matter that we seem to know all about it. Our own body consists of matter, thus it is perfectly legitimate, albeit one-sided, to say that we consist of matter.

Yet we must not forget that we know matter only as if it were something outside; we never penetrate into its inside. We know matter as it affects our senses, and the terms "matter" and "sense-perceived" are identical. *Visa versa*, nothing can be represented in our senses except in the shape of material bodies. If I think of Plato I may in my mind form an abstract idea of his philosophy; in that case I think of Plato's philosophy in intangible, abstract thoughts which appear as a string of words. These abstract thoughts, however, are absolutely empty unless they reveal concrete realities, which means sense-woven images. As soon as I become conscious of the meaning of abstract thoughts, images rise in my mind which are pictures of concrete things. Thus, Plato appears before me as a dream-image of a real man. The picture may be vague but it is always sense-woven and appears in the senses as the picture of a material body. In other words, we are absolutely powerless to represent anything except in terms of matter. Our abstract thoughts have no significance unless they are applicable to concrete material instances. Thus it appears that materiality is indispensable for any actual objectified existence, which means for any entity which is not a mere subjective fiction but forms a part of the objective outside world, interconnected with it through the law of cause and effect. A part that can be acted upon can react upon its surroundings.

Materiality is not the whole of existence but for objective reality it is indispensable. Other features of existence may be and, indeed, are more important from a human standpoint, but materiality is, as it were, that which makes them actual, and although not dignified by those superior qualities which constitute the worth of higher and nobler forms of existence, it is the material feature in everything existent, bad and good, noble and vulgar, high and

low, which is common to all and without which they would be non-existent or mere dreams.

If believers in ghosts think of spirits they cannot help thinking of them in the shape of some concrete bodily appearance. The substance of ghosts may consist of a material that lacks qualities which we expect in concrete things, but it is after all conceived as a substance of some kind. It may be, like vapor, visible to the eye, but is impalpable, not tangible to the hands. It may be assumed to be endowed with force like electric currents, the material substratum of which is as elusive as the ether, the presence of which is imperceptible to any one of our senses. Still we cannot think of an objective thing without attributing to it a substance of some kind, a bodily shape consisting of volume and mass.

One fact, we said, which cannot be deduced from matter is consciousness. But what is consciousness? If we take the existence of matter and the material universe for granted, and if we start in philosophizing from our notion of matter as that which resists our touch, that which can be weighed and measured, we are astonished to see how a material body such as ours can be endowed with that wonderful quality of picturing the world in sensation. Physical science informs us of ether-waves that with incredible rapidity are transmitted through space. It computes the different lengths of its waves which originate by refraction from different bodies. Everything is ether in motion, yet the sensation which corresponds to it is the warm glow of a world of color, a panorama of moving pictures full of life and beauty. The objectivity of a tumult in the ocean of ether that surrounds our eye is transformed into the subjective mirage of a beautiful picture which forms in our material constitution the world as we see it.

The same is true of all other senses. Inert, clumsy bodies resist our touch, and we feel them as hard or soft, as flexible, warm, or cold, or whatever it may be, and contact with objective things is transformed into the subjective sensation of touch.

The air around us is in constant commotion, and if we neglect here the currents produced by the wind and consider only the waves which sometimes stir the physical constitution of this gaseous mixture, now condensing, now expanding its molecules, we can depict it as a system of globular waves that are being propagated from a multitude of places where simultaneous commotions call them into being. Suppose we listen to a symphony played by an orchestra; every touch of a string, every blow of a horn compresses one portion of the air in such a way as to produce a commotion that is propa-

gated in all directions, and the airy spheres which thus fill the air pass through each other without disturbing each other. Our ear is the recipient of all of them simultaneously if they reach the drum of the ear at the same time, successively if they touch it one after the other,—yet how different is the subjective sensation from the objective fact! Every commotion is felt as a definite tone of a definite pitch with definite undertones which produce what in acoustics is called “timbre.” What a life is here, non-material, reproducing a world of commotions in analogous terms of sensation, and although all of these tones intermingle in one concussion of the drum, the delicacy of the ear is such as to analyze all the tones into their elements and perceive every one of them in its own peculiarity.

The senses of smell and taste are a little different in their constitution. Here some external bodies actually enter into our bodily constitution and combine into chemical compounds which produce the sensations of taste and smell. Thus in these lower senses, parts of matter actually enter and are amalgamated with the constituents of our own bodily system. It is a partial assimilation of solid, or liquid, or gaseous bodies that touch our tongue or the mucous membrane of our nose.

This difference between the objective and the subjective is characteristic of all of our life whenever we are confronted with objective facts that are translated into subjective sensations. *Vice versa*, whenever a subjective conception is represented as actual we have no other means but to represent it as an objective, concrete sense-perception, that is to say, in objective and bodily form. This digression is perhaps redundant to our readers since the facts ought to be presupposed, but it is necessary because we must bear it in mind when we come to consider the reality of so-called spiritual phenomena. This world of ours consists in and through the contrast of bodily existence and sensation. The two are one and inseparable. We can rightly repeat, though perhaps in a little modified sense, Schopenhauer’s maxim: “There is no subject without object, no object without subject.” When the materialist claims that the world should be explained from matter alone he is philosophically crude, and when the spiritualist thinks that spirits can exist without matter he is strangely mistaken. The truth is that there are neither pure materialists nor pure spiritualists. Materialists, so called, only deny that spirits can exist without matter, and in this statement—theoretically at least—spiritualists will not oppose them; *vice versa*, spiritualists claim that spirits can exist in a material form different from the material constitution of the bodies which (dualistically

speaking) we at present inhabit. The truth is that all materialists implicitly must spiritualize matter while spiritualists materialize spirit. Believers in spiritistic phenomena accordingly speak of "materializations" and the criticism is quite justified that spiritualists are truly more materialistic than are materialists.

But let us consider the nature of our mental life more closely. We can understand why natural laws, according to the law of form, constitute one great cosmic order. We can understand how in organized life, a definite progress is possible, building up from primitive beginnings the wonderful structure of the human brain which reflects the surrounding world so accurately as to allow man to adapt himself to conditions, to foredetermine future events, to prevent coming dangers, and to regulate the course of events according to his needs. This quality of foresight and adaptability, the formation of design, the realization of purpose, is the characteristic feature of mental life. We can on the basis of natural law and of the cosmic order understand its origin, but the ultimate facts of concrete existence will forever remain the wonder of the inquiring philosopher. We can trace the "Why?", we can explain that all facts must be such as they are, but that they are at all remains and will forever remain a truth which cannot be deduced by any logical argumentation but must remain a mere matter of fact. An objective world mirrored in subjective consciousness exists as a relation, subject-object relation, in which the two are so intimately interwoven that the thinking subject feels itself to be moving about in its own objective surrounding. *Vice versa*, we endow all the objects with which we are confronted with the same subjectivity that possesses us. But there is a difference here. The savage may think that every moving body is alive, is animated with a soul like ours, but when science advances we come to the conclusion that objective bodies are similar to us only in proportion to the similarity of their bodily constitution. We assume that beings of the same human constitution are possessed of the same human feelings, the same aspirations, etc., of our soul. Mammals of a lower kind, which we know to be deprived of the higher faculties of abstract thought, are yet similar to us in so far as they are possessed of sentiments and are subject to pain in the same way as are our bodies. The whole scale of life is conceived to be analogous to our own constitution and we see the dimmest shadow of a feeling originate in the most primitive structures of living animal substances. Such is the structure of the universe as to the relation between soul and body, spirit and matter, subject and object; and what a grand result is the mind of

man which is at present the highest result of the cosmic life on earth as we know it.

The delicacy of the interrelation between subject and object is such that materialism, barring its philosophical one-sidedness, is perfectly justified if its claims be limited to the fact that nothing is real except it be material and that all concrete events are mechanical motions mechanically determinable, mechanically caused, and of a definite mechanical effect; yet all subjective phenomena are spiritual and the most delicate features of this grand universe of ours are representable in ideas which in their physical aspect are commotions in the brain.

The wonder of life is our normal soul-life as we know it in our daily consciousness but also as it appears in dream and subconscious states.

So long as the soul was regarded as an abrupt unity the facts of double personality had to be regarded as a strange mystery, but since evolution has thrown a light upon the development of this soul we know that it is not a unity but a unification. The soul is not the ego possessed of thoughts but a rich commonwealth of memories, of emotions, and of impulses, organized not unlike a great nation under a central government. Consciousness is only one small portion of the whole being, that portion of psychical activities which comes to the notion of the central government. The innumerable subconscious centers of soul-life also affect consciousness, but they never rise into a clear comprehension unless forced to the front by some abnormal complication and even then they remain dim and vague and mostly also inexplicable unless their condition can be formulated in words.

The higher life of man, his spirituality, consists of that portion which finds expression in language. Man is the speaking animal, and any animal that would develop speech would become human, would develop reason, would be capable of abstract thought, would be capable of generalizing concepts, would be capable of thinking in abstract terms.

Just as the rise of the nation is the basis of the powers and the operations and the opportunities of the government, so that part of our soul which rises into consciousness and which is crystallized around the ego-idea, is dependent upon the resources of the first psychical domain which remains unconscious almost throughout our entire lifetime, and yet the latter is the basis of the former and there is a constant interchange between the two domains.

The ego-idea seems to be the center of all, but it is in itself an empty thought without any reality. When we say: "I do this." "I have done this." "I propose to do that." "I have an idea," "This is my hand and this the rest of my body," the ego-idea is only the thought "I" which by its constant repetition and innumerable relations is swelled up out of all proportion into undue significance. The little word "I" stands for the whole personality, just as a king may represent his whole nation; but *vice versa*, just as the king is, after all, only one man in a nation, so the word "I" is only one word—important though it may be through its relations to other words among the entire host of a man's vocabulary. The word "I" is a representative word. It means the entirety of the organism, and this representativeness constitutes its importance. Aside from this, it is a pronoun which has no more import than the words "thou," or "you," or "that."

But let us now consider the significance of the subconscious domain. Consciousness is not the primordial beginning of the individual development but its final result. Sentient beings begin with many disconnected feelings which are gradually developed into a psychological organism of great complexity and well-functioning inter-connection of higher and lower, coordinated, superordinated, and subordinated stations, changing a rich multiplicity of feelings and thoughts into an orderly commonwealth.

If our entire soul were to acquire consciousness, the central government of our soul, the ego, would not be fit for any ordinate business. It would be as if the President of the United States would have to be in formal connection with every one of the ninety millions or more of the inhabitants of this country. He would find it impossible to attend to the affairs of the State. Thus, nature has limited the range of consciousness and allows only such events to rise into its limited sphere as demand a special settlement by conscious deliberation. A great number of subordinated local centers are not at all connected with consciousness. The heart moves without receiving special orders from the ego and so the stomach attends to the work of digestion. All the neural ganglions of the sympathetic plexus which constitute an important part of the nervous system of man are absolutely independent of the cerebrum and have no direct connection with consciousness. Nevertheless, as the condition of the farmers of a country is of great importance to the central government and may render it at critical moments either powerful or weak, so the subconscious centers of man's nervous constitution have an unfailing influence upon his mental

disposition and make him, even without his perceiving it, pessimistic or optimistic, buoyant and jubilant or depressed and sad.

There is no need here of entering into the evolution of man's soul, how it has been built up from small beginnings, and how the different centers were established in the course of the natural evolution of the human organism. Suffice it to say that unwittingly now and then, the lower centers modify the rise of the central government, and their influence appears to be mysterious and sometimes inexplicable.

If we limit our field of investigation merely to the ideas which have once been conscious we are confronted with many strange events which suggest to the unsophisticated the idea that some supernatural agency manifests itself in our life. Many prophetic dreams and strange coincidences find through a consideration of these facts their natural explanation. We are told that the Chicago fire had been foreseen in dreams and that other great events cast their shadows before them in sensitive minds, and this is not at all impossible. In fact, any one who had his eyes open would have thought of the danger whenever he considered the many wooden structures of the original city of Chicago. We might say it is more astonishing that people did not foresee the danger to take measures against it in due time.

When I once landed at the Hoboken pier at the North German Lloyd wharf, I remember the remarks made by some one who in his business had acquired an eye for the danger of fire, that if by some accident a fire were started on this pier the flames would rapidly spread over the whole wharf. If this comment had been made by a mystic it would have been considered as a remarkable prophecy of the fire that actually took place and caused the terrible loss of so many lives. The conditions of the danger were present for a great number of years but the people who worked on the spot were so accustomed to it that they were unmindful of it and were thus taken by surprise when the accident happened.

Now, it frequently comes to pass that the central government of our soul is so engrossed with the humdrum of the occurrences of daily life that it has no time or leisure or restfulness to listen to the warning voice of our subconscious impulses. Suppose that the actually prevailing conditions of a constant danger impress themselves on our subconscious observation, they remain unnoticed because our conscious self is preoccupied in other quarters. Yet the impulse has been made in the shape of an undefined feeling of uncomfortable apprehension which is as little heeded as was the



voice of the seer who warned Cæsar of the Ides of March. Sometimes, however, this dim foreboding of a coming danger gains strength during sleep and then takes the shape of warning dreams. These dreams may either be a direct warning or assume the shape of apparitions which originate in our subconscious imagination under the general influence of this special uncomfortable apprehension.

We are told by psychologists that frequently solutions of problems are discovered in dreams, that poets who during the busy day do not find the necessary leisure to compose a poem with which their mind is pregnant, will suddenly find the correct expression in their dream and find themselves fully disposed to write their thoughts down when they wake from a refreshing slumber. The effects which our subconscious life thus unexpectedly produces in our conscious life are sometimes so marvelous that they seem to justify the ancient belief of an intercourse of divine beings with mortal man, and yet these phases in the life of man find their natural explanation if we only consider the dependence of the conscious central life of the soul on its subconscious resources.

Mr. Andrew Lang recounts an interesting instance of it in the dream of Professor Hilprecht which I am glad to say is as far superior to many other psychical experiences enumerated in the reports of the Society for Psychical Research as a scholar of vast learning and great ingenuity is superior to the average believer in spiritual phenomena. We quote from Mr. Lang's well-known book on *Dreams and Ghosts*:

*The Assyrian Priest.*

Herr H. V. Hilprecht is Professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania. That university had despatched an expedition to explore the ruins of Babylon, and sketches of the objects discovered had been sent home. Among these were drawings of two small fragments of agate, inscribed with characters. One Saturday night in March, 1893, Professor Hilprecht had wearied himself with puzzling over these two fragments, which were supposed to be broken pieces of finger-rings. He was inclined, from the nature of the characters, to date them about 1700-1140 B. C.; and as the first character of the third line of the first fragment seemed to read KU, he guessed that it might stand for Kurigalzu, a king of that name.

About midnight the professor went, weary and perplexed, to bed.

"Then I dreamed the following remarkable dream. A tall, thin priest of the old pre-Christian Nippur, about forty years of age, and clad in a simple *abba*, led me to the treasure-chamber of the temple, on its south-east side. He went with me into a small low-ceiled room without windows, in which there was a large wooden chest, while scraps of agate and lapis lazuli lay scattered on the floor. Here he addressed me as follows:

"The two fragments, which you have published separately upon pages 22 and 26, belong together [this amazing Assyrian priest spoke American!]. They are not finger-rings, and their history is as follows:

"King Kurigalzu (about 1300 B. C.) once sent to the temple of Bel, among other articles of agate and lapis lazuli, an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then the priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Nibib a pair of ear-rings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command, there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder in three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as ear-rings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are parts of them. If you will put the two together, you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not found yet, and you never will find it."

The professor awoke, bounded out of bed, as Mrs. Hilprecht testifies, and was heard crying from his study, "It is so, it is so!" Mrs. Hilprecht followed her lord, "and satisfied herself in the midnight hour as to the outcome of his most interesting dream."

The inscription ran thus, the missing fragment being restored "by analogy from many similar inscriptions":

"To the god Nibib, child  
Of the god Bel,  
His Lord  
Kurigalzu,  
Pontifex of the god Bel,  
Has presented it."

But in the drawings the fragments were of different colors, so that a student working on the drawings would not guess them to be parts of one cylinder. Professor Hilprecht, however, examined the two actual fragments in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. They lay in two distinct cases, but, when put together, fitted. When cut

asunder of old, in Babylon, the white vein of the stone showed on one fragment, the gray surface on the other.

Professor Romane Newbold, who publishes this dream, explains that the professor had unconsciously reasoned out his facts, the difference of color in the two pieces of agate disappearing in the dream. The professor had heard from Dr. Peters of the expedition, that a room had been discovered with fragments of a wooden box and chips of agate and lapis lazuli. The sleeping mind "combined its information," reasoned rightly from it, and threw its own conclusions into a dramatic form, receiving the information from the lips of a priest of Nippur.

Probably we do a good deal of reasoning in sleep. Professor Hilprecht, in 1882-1883, was working at a translation of an inscription wherein came *Nabû-Kudûrru-usur*, rendered by Professor Dilitzsch "Nebo protect my mortarboard." Professor Hilprecht accepted this, but woke one morning with his mind full of the thought that the words should be rendered "Nebo protect my boundary," which "sounds a deal likelier," and is now accepted.

What better illustration of our point of view could be found! Dreams are most wonderful phenomena, and it would be worth while for any one who wants to understand the nature of psychical life to pay special attention to their nature. When the central station of our soul, the headquarters of consciousness, takes a rest, when sleep sets in, other departments of our mental life still continue to function and the shapes they produce are naturally and necessarily of the same nature as our waking experiences. They are their revival, hence the similarity which, for all practical purposes, is a sameness in kind, exhibiting a difference only in clearness and strength. Dreams as a rule are weaker than sense-impressions during the waking state, but their objective interpretation is exactly the same. This may seem mysterious, but it is a matter of course, for wherever they appear to be original they are in fact merely combinations of elements which have first been furnished by sensations. Thus, things which we find in dreams are like the things which we find in reality. Bodies which we touch in dreams present the same sensation of resistance as bodies which we touch in the waking state. Even tastes, odors, and voices perceived in dreams are as actual as those perceived in the normal waking state. We must bear this in mind in order to know that the usual spiritualistic phenomena are not at all miraculous or even strange. Anything that is represented in our mind as actual assumes the shape of bodily concrete-

ness, and our dreams are simply a revival of old memories. Whatever new there may be in dreams, whatever greater beauty or originality dreams and visions may present, their elementary materials are always furnished from the storehouse of memory.

We are so accustomed to these features of our normal life that they do not appear to us as wonderful; but when we are confronted with abnormal experiences we are set to thinking, and we become better aware than otherwise of the spirituality of our existence. Some examples will explain.

I have among my friends many believers in spiritual phenomena, but I have never quarreled with any one of them, for I am too deeply convinced of the importance and the seriousness of the question to try to settle it that way. Moreover, I learn through their information and I positively know that they have not the slightest doubt as to the reliability of their own experiences. One old friend of mine, a lady highly advanced in years, who is the last survivor of a family well known all over the English-speaking world, derives much comfort from the development of her spiritual powers, and whatever may be the facts, it seems to me that this comfort alone is a justification of my proceeding, at any rate in her own case. For reasons which I need not specify I shall limit myself to quoting from a letter of hers which she wrote to me a short time ago, and which in part reads as follows:

“My own psychic powers are now so developed that I have been able to form what we call a ‘study class,’ consisting of myself and Mrs. F., a cousin about forty years of age, on this side, and Sir Benjamin R., M. D., chairman on the other side; and every morning after my cup of coffee and a roll in bed my hand writes questions and answers—the one as easily as the other. By this means. . . my husband who died nearly three years ago, and my father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters (ten of these—and I am the last on earth) are able. . . to give me their experiences in spirit life. I have become so familiar with that life that like Paul I have sometimes to say whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell.

“Again we have a private medium who for many years has given us, in complete trance condition, communications from souls on the other side that are of themselves proofs of identity—as for instance nearly all the judges of \* \* \* with whom my husband was in intimate relations for thirty years—referring to legal questions, etc., and I have taken notes of these—word for word—so

that if I could just publish these notes the whole question would be settled of the possibility of communications of a reliable character. But this can never be, because of the privacy—so I live almost alone in the midst of revelations that are so enchanting I can only wonder why they are not a part of the ordinary human experience. I could read to you pages on pages that would sink deep into your heart, but probably shall never have the opportunity."

The truth of these spirit experiences is that the personalities with whom we have been in actual intercourse and who have impressed us with their personality, are and remain actual presences with our spiritual life so long as we are capable of reviving their memories. The memory of a dead mother often is and always can become a factor for good in the life of her son which in moments of temptation may guide him in the right path. Thus, it would be wrong to say that the dead are absolutely dead as if they had never been. They continue to influence the course of affairs on earth, and it frequently happens that the dead man killed, perhaps slain by his enemies a martyr of his cause, will be a greater power than he ever was in his life. It is true enough that those friends of ours who have quitted this life continue to be spiritually with us. They still play an active part in our lives, and the advice which we may derive directly from them through our memories may be as typical as if they came from their own mouths while they were still in the flesh.

Some time ago I met at a banquet of the Chicago Press Club a venerable judge of good social standing with an excellent record of his judicial career, who was drawn into a conversation concerning spirits. It was Judge B. Being asked by his neighbor whether he believed in spirits he answered, "I do not merely believe in them, I know that they exist, for I have seen them and spoken with them, and I know that they exist as well as I exist myself, or you, or any other person whom I have met." The lady was quite startled and knew not at first whether to take him seriously or what to make of him—so rare is it (in this so-called materialistic age) that a man of scholarly education has visions acoustic as well as ocular. Judge B. was serious in his explanation, and among his friends he is well known for this particular feature of his bodily and mental constitution.

Judge B. believes in the objective reality of his visions, and I will not quarrel with him on the subject. To him certainly they are as real as the normal sight of actual things that are reflected in his eye. Details are indifferent, for visions are not exactly alike

in different persons. Judge B. informs me that the spirits he sees are impressive personages, a little taller than ordinary mortals and surrounded with a light which may be called a halo. They do not walk but hover in the air and glide along noiselessly. They speak like ordinary mortals, only their voice is more musical, but the sound is as plain and natural as the voices of his friends who are still in the flesh.

I mention this case because it is the best instance known to me of the faculty of vision taking place in the waking state. We may assume that in primitive society, among Indians or among people not touched by the pale cast of thought, by scientific considerations and the self-criticism which forms part of our educational system, instances of the same kind are much more frequent. Not only do they develop more frequently, but wherever they develop they are more conspicuous because they are regarded with awe and reverence. Communications received through visions are supposed to be of a reliable character and often are accredited with superior wisdom and a more complete knowledge than is commonly allowed to mortals in the flesh. Visions play an important part in primitive society and almost every Indian tribe, be it ever so small, can boast of one or several men or women who are visited by ghosts and gods and other spiritual personages. People who have never investigated spiritual phenomena are apt to be bewildered by facts of this kind whenever they are suddenly confronted with them, but a physiologist or psychologist of wide experience is not. They know that visions are phenomena which are neither more nor less remarkable than waking dreams. There are persons who are subject to waking dreams which are frequently, but not always, of an oppressive nature so as to be premonitions of nervous attacks, but sometimes they are of a less dismal character and reflect either indifferent or even beneficial, or simply irritated states of mind. Pleasant visions as also pleasant dreams are frequently indications of a recuperation of health after a severe illness. In a man like Judge B. they are parts of his normal mental constitution, and if he sees visions they are not oppressive to him and not indicative of any hysterical condition.

The instances which he has to relate I need not all repeat, but for completeness' sake I will mention some additional facts. Thus, he fancied he saw an archangel when, after a severe illness, he had "died," or let us say, after he had been under the impression that he had already passed through the transition from the mortal to the immortal state. He saw the archangel before him and heard

him ask the question whether he was a singer and could join the heavenly choir. When Judge B. answered in the negative, the angel replied that at present he could not be fitly employed in heaven and so should go back to earth, whereupon he recovered the consciousness of his body. The crisis of his disease had set in and his life was saved. Judge B. made these statements when some one asked him if he was musical, and he answered: "If I were I would not be here. Because I was not musical I was sent back to the world when I had died."

Experiences of this kind are certainly remarkable, and many a reader will say, just as I did, Is it possible that a man who is a judge of good standing, to whose judgment frequently decisions of great importance are submitted, is so abnormally constituted that he sees spirits as plainly as people with whom he is surrounded? So when I met the judge again I asked him whether he had the confidence that communications which spirits made to him are reliable. He answered, "Indeed they are," but suggested that discrimination should be used, for even spirits are not always trustworthy, and in the spirit world there are also liars and humorists, and they are not less than we subject to error. I further inquired of the judge whether, say for instance in criminal cases, he would be influenced by spirit communications, and he admitted that he would be apt to be thus influenced, but that he would try not to be and that he would exclude evidence derived from that source. When I demanded his reason he said, "There is no other reason except that their use is not sanctioned in our legal proceedings," but he did not hesitate to say that if it were he would deem it right in a judge to make use of spirit communications.

Here the practical sense of the judge kept him from going astray, for consider that, if spirit communications were admissible evidence in court, all doors would be open to prejudice and to proceedings upon visionary grounds which could easily endanger not only property but even life. There is scarcely a murder committed without some medium or prophet informing the police that he is in possession of the secret, and if such testimony were admitted as evidence we might have a renewal of the methods of legal procedure during the time of witchcraft and witch-persecution. Accordingly there can be no question about this matter in the opinion of any justice-loving person, and even if spirit communications could be proved to be reliable they should not be admitted as evidence in court.

This, of course, does not exclude the possibility that a judge

or a juror serving in a criminal case may be deeply impressed with significant interrelations of facts, neglected by attorneys, which during the trial assume the form of extraordinary dreams or other mental phenomena, and that such visions more or less accurately express the real character of the situation. Charles Dickens has described a case of this kind in his two ghost-stories in the volume entitled *Christmas Stories*, to which we refer the reader.

The truth is, which can be denied only by those who have no insight into psychical phenomena, that there are persons who actually see ghosts, not only in states of hysterical excitement, but sometimes also when they are in a calm state of contemplative restfulness. If we call such conditions abnormal we must also confess that they vary merely a little and in insignificant details from the normal conditions of every healthy man whose psychical life consists in seeing things as, we may say, nature intended him to see them,—remaining unmindful of the many after-images and waking dream states which he might have if he were to develop that faculty of his soul which is slumbering in almost every one of us; for those people who have no waking dreams have dreams while they slumber, and if we only consider that our dreams might rise before us in broad daylight we will easily understand a whole class of spirit phenomena.

Our memory-images are faint reproductions of the sense-impressions which they represent, and the fixedness of a rising memory-image depends very much, not only upon the constitution of different individuals but also upon time and occasion. In some individuals it is sometimes as realistic as the original sense-impression and thus can actually become an illusion. People of a vivid imagination, artists, poets, or other persons of a high-strung nervous system are apt to see their own artistic creations bodily before their eyes, and this quality frequently enables them to describe purely imaginary scenes as vividly as if they related self-experienced events. Among famous people I will here mention only the inventor Nicola Tesla who says that when he was a child he used to see the things of which he spoke. If for instance his nurse spoke of a cat he saw a cat before him, and it was an actual torture to him to get rid of these pictures which he knew to be illusions. When he grew older and stronger his nervous constitution became sufficiently settled so that he acquired a mastership over the powers of his imagination, and he could now call them and discharge them at will. Even now he is not in need of making draughts of machinery when working on an invention, but he can so realistically picture



things to himself that he can actually measure machines he sees in his imagination bodily before him.

The fact that our mental images are or at least may become so very realistic seems strange, and yet it is only what we ought to expect considering both the origin of our memories and the nature of our mental constitution.

The sense of a hallucination is in itself real enough. The unreality of the hallucination consists in the error of its interpretation. Suppose for instance we gaze intently upon a red spot. The rods and cones of our retina are thereby subjected to a chemical disintegration which is subjectively felt as a red sensation. This sensation in form corresponds to the spot in a similar way as the picture in a mirror is similar in form to the outside object. When we cease gazing at the red spot a green after-image appears in our field of vision whithersoever we may turn our eyes. This after-image is due to the conditions of the retina after being exposed for a certain time in one and the same spot to red color-waves. The sensation is no longer red but appears in the color complementary to red and the commonly accepted interpretation is that the one part of the chemicals which produces the red sensation has been consumed, thus leaving those which will produce its complementary color. It is merely an affectation in our organ of sight which corresponds to one that produces the green color effect. The illusion does not consist in the sensation being untrue, but in the wrong interpretation which we are apt to impute to it. While the red spot is caused by an objective event, viz., the red color-waves proceeding from the red spot, the green after-image is due to an internal disturbance, though according to the established habits of our organs of sight it appears to exist in the outside world in the same way as the red spot. When we try to grasp it or touch it, it eludes our hand and does not justify the anticipations which we generally have concerning those objects of our experience which we call real; hence we call it unreal or an illusion.

Dreams are illusions. They are, like the after-images, internal disturbances of our mind having their physiological seat in the brain where every vision, every dream, voice, every hallucination of taste and odor or other sensations has its physical seat. Dreams considered in themselves are as real as are sensations. Dreams are unreal only in so far as they would not be verified by our senses in a waking state, nor are they real to the experiences of others. While Macbeth in the excitement of his evil conscience sees the ghost of Banquo, his guests declare that he stares into the empty

air; they see nothing. The event is surely subjective. It is real enough to Macbeth but it is an illusion so far as the object outside of Macbeth's mind is concerned.

The brain is a very delicate organism and it responds more readily to external impressions than the daintiest mechanism of artificial manufacture. As the colian harp resounds when the wind passes through it, so the human soul vibrates in sympathetic response under the innumerable impressions that touch it. The suffering of one of our own fellow-beings calls forth in our own heart a similar disposition, the "fellow-pain" called *Mitleid* or co-suffering in German, *συμπάθεια* in Greek. Thus ideas, pains, sensations, illusions can easily become sympathetic. Some hysteric person may have a vision and impress others that are somehow predisposed for similar illusions so vividly with the picture oppressing him that they too see it; for instance, when the sentinels in the castle of Elsinore have an apparition which they consider to be Hamlet's father's ghost, they will easily find among those who are of a similar mental constitution, some who, when conducted to the haunted spot, will also swear they see the ghost of the late king who died in some mysterious way. Shakespeare's representation of the ghost-scene is characteristic enough for a description of a genuine vision, Horatio and the young prince are specially prepared for the occasion by having their imaginations stirred through the accounts of the sentinels. Thus we see that even two or several minds may have an illusion which to all outer appearances is the same—and yet there is no reason to assume that there is any ghost outside of these several visions.

## SCIENCE, THEOLOGY, AND THE CHURCH.

BY PAUL CARUS.

NOT very long ago in all Christian churches the Bible was believed to be the word of God in the literal sense of the term, but it is now treated by all Christian theologians, viz., by all those Bible scholars who lay claim to being scientific investigators, as a collection of books of Hebrew literature which is to be studied by the same methods and according to the same rules as any other literary products of ancient or modern times.

It goes without saying that the Bible has not lost its venerableness, its sanctity, its significance, either in the churches or in secular

history, for its several books are important milestones on the road of religious progress. They are documents containing evidence of how the human mind has been groping after the truth, and we learn from them how man rose higher and higher, from rung to rung, on the ascending scale of evolution.

All the civilized nations on earth possess religious books, and some of these books possess both philosophical depth and genuine piety. But the Bible contains the books of a peculiarly religious people which for centuries has identified its religion with its nationality and, whatever else we may say, has become by dint of historic facts one main strand of the intellectual ancestry of European civilization. What the Greeks are to us in art and science, the Jews have become to mankind in religion—our leaders, our spiritual ancestors. The documents of their religious endeavor in bygone ages have come down to us, as a most precious inheritance, as a holy writ, to be revered with awe and respect. Indeed, the Bible has become more truly sacred to us than it ever was. For now we understand the nature of its sanctity, while formerly our reverence was based upon a crude, indeed a pagan, conception of revelation. We have not lost the Bible. We understand it better. But we must not be blind to the change that has come upon our interpretation of its character.

This change has been fully accomplished in theological circles, but its effects have not yet reached the pews, in fact it is just now only beginning to take hold of the clergymen who stand as yet outside the pale of science, and they are the majority in the field of pastoral work. A goodly number of clergymen ignore the new conception and treat higher criticism as the product of infidelity. Some believe that there is much truth in the new theology, but they are reluctant to acknowledge the fact. Others are "on the fence" and know not how to face the problem. They are puzzled; they have heard of the change, they know that many of the traditional views have become untenable, but they do not know what to do about it. They have the best intention to adapt themselves to new conditions but feel uncertain as to what attitude to take and how far they should go in making concessions to science.

When I venture to make a few comments on this subject I have in mind mainly that class of clergymen who, just being affected by the change and feeling it as an important crisis in the development of the churches, are now confronted by the question, "What shall we use in our pastoral work of the methods and results of a scientific theology?"

The old method of dealing with such questions was to ignore the very existence of the problem, to deny the facts of the case pointblank, to denounce the scholar who discussed the difficulties as an infidel or a child of Satan. A favorite and convenient way out of the dilemma was to take refuge in agnosticism by saying that science is too human and fallible—truth itself can never be obtained, so let us stay on the safe side and believe.

The old method of suppression of the problem has been successfully applied in the Roman Church to modernism, the result being that the leaven which might have leavened the whole lump has been carefully removed and the old stagnation has been preserved; but I learn from Roman Catholics of Europe, that the end is not yet. The flames of enthusiasm in modernist circles have been quenched but the fire is still smoldering under the ashes, and what will become of it depends on many factors, the life of the present Pope<sup>1</sup> as well as the personality of his successor and also on other affairs in the social and political development of the Roman Catholic nations.

Protestant theologians, and even those clergymen who by disposition and preference are not scholars but preachers, confining themselves to the practical work of their pastoral duties, are pretty well agreed that *the problem is not to be avoided but must be faced, and that the truth should prevail.*

We know that in the end the truth *will* prevail, but we may either promote the truth or retard it; and the latter need not be the attitude of a hypocrite, at least not in the present case, because the unscientific clergyman is still in doubt whether or not he can trust the "higher critics" and how far he can accept their results when he finds that there is something in their labors where their contentions cannot be denied.

My answer to the question here raised is not intended to be of a specifically new nature, nor will I indulge in generalities, for I believe that every clergyman must for himself find the mode of adapting his pastoral work to the changes which make themselves felt through the influences of science and of higher criticism upon his way of using the Bible. His relation to his congregation is of an individual character, and the needs of the several congregations are very different. Only this is to be borne in mind, that in giving unto science what belongs to science we give to God what belongs to God. In so far as science is genuine it is divine, and the assured

<sup>1</sup> [This article was written during the pontificate of Pius X.—Ed.]

results of science are truth, which means they are a revelation of God.

The religious spirit consists in the sentiment of devotion, and our devotion may remain the same even if our dogmas and theological interpretations change under the influence of a deeper and more scientific insight. And the fostering of intellectual growth is a duty of every man.

Therefore, first of all, I would expect of every clergyman that he should endeavor to keep abreast with the progress of his profession. Every professional man, be he a physician, or an engineer, or what not, must keep posted on the new inventions in his specialty; why should the theologian deem himself exempt from a duty which is really a matter of course?

A preacher must know what the great lights of Biblical research have discovered; he ought to know what comparative religion has to say about non-Christian religions and what parallels exist between the sacred writings of other faiths and the Bible, and also how these parallels have to be explained, whether by a historic connection or on the assumption of a borrowing on either side, or whether they are due to the universal laws which determine the religious development of mankind in Asia as well as in Europe. The primitive human soul is the same, and social as well as other conditions are to a great extent also the same throughout the world. It would therefore not be astonishing to find that the decimal system of numbers has been invented independently in several parts of the globe. Why should not the Golden Rule have been proclaimed independently by prophets of different nations, in China by Confucius, in Palestine by Jesus?

There are the strangest coincidences in religious legends and doctrines where there is no possibility of a historical connection, and where the theory of borrowing is absolutely excluded. I will quote only one striking example. The Buddhist saint Shinran Shonin, the founder of the True Sect of the Pure Land who lived more than seven centuries ago (1173-1262) in Japan, insisted most vigorously on the doctrine that man can not save himself, that he must rely on another and a higher power, on Buddha, and that salvation is accomplished "by faith alone." This very formula "by faith alone" is literally the same as Luther's *sola fide*.

The influence of science upon religion appears at first sight to be negative and the first duty of a pastor is to be constructive. He has to edify—to build up—the souls of his flock; he must strengthen them in temptation, comfort them in the grief of be-

reavements, and establish them in the faith that righteousness is the only principle that can be adopted as the supreme rule of life. This is positive work, and *I see no use in preaching any negativism or dragging the controversies of scientific speculation into the pulpit*

Here the first duty is one of restraint, perhaps even of omission. A clergyman who has grown liberal and has given up many beliefs of the old tradition, should *not* say that he no longer holds this or that view, but his proclamations should be positive. He should state what he believes and on what grounds he bases his convictions. If for some special reason he feels for honesty's sake compelled to let a negative statement slip in, he should never disparage the old view which he countenances no longer, but should speak of it with the respect which is due to his father and grandfather who held these views.

In other words, it is not necessary to parade the new and more scientific theology with a demonstrative ostentation which will give offense to the old-fashioned believer. The fifth commandment does not say "Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth even if it gives offense"; the commandment is negative, it says "Thou shalt not lie." It would be wrong for a clergyman to make statements which he no longer believes; but neither is he expected to vent the negative results of higher criticism in the pulpit. A discussion of them may be, and indeed is, in place in the advanced classes of Sunday-schools, but they are out of place in sermons. I see no harm in speaking even in the pulpit of "holy legends" when referring to Biblical stories which have since proved to be unhistorical, but that ought to be done incidentally and without emphasis, more as a matter of course, not as something novel, or heretical, and without a coquetry as evincing originality or holding advanced views.

We can summarize all these demands by the one word "tact." A clergyman ought to use tact when he speaks to the congregation about higher criticism or any other innovation of modern times. But the warning not to proclaim negative results does not mean that the positive truths of science should be concealed. On the contrary, they ought to be discussed and the congregation should become acquainted with them through their own spiritual leader. If science and dogma collide, then an explanation would be in order to show that, though the letter of the dogma be untenable, the spirit of it may be or actually is true.

The advisability of this policy of not concealing the results of comparative religion and higher criticism, was impressed upon me

twice when I had been asked to address a congregation, once on the former, the other time on the latter topic. After the lecture I met on each occasion members of the congregation who expressed their satisfaction by saying, "I heard this and that before, but I had the impression that these things militated against Christianity; now I understand them and I am satisfied that they are all right. I am no more disturbed about them."

The reason for this attitude of some people seems to be that outsiders, i. e., non-Christians or even infidels, would speak about the noble ethics of Buddhism or other topics with the outspoken intent to discredit Christianity; but if a Christian moral maxim is also held by Buddhists why should a Christian feel scandalized? An ideal does not lose its worth and dignity if it is pronounced by two prophets of different faiths in different countries at different times. On the contrary, we gain through such coincidences the assurance that these ideals are founded on the nature of cosmic conditions and that there is a probability that on other planets the religious development of rational beings would be very similar to ours. Wherever rational beings develop on other planets, their reason, their logic, their mathematics, their arithmetic, and their algebra will essentially be the same as our own, and so their moral ideals and their religious notions, yea their very Bibles, their Holy Writ will show many similarities and exhibit some close parallels in moral maxims and the expression of devotional sentiment. Details may differ but the essentials will be identical; for instance, in their arithmetic they may adopt an octonal or a duodecimal system, in case they happen to have either four or six fingers, or perhaps three, on each hand.

While theological scholars are remarkably fearless, the attitude of the clergy to-day is on the whole still dominated by an over-conservatism which fights shy of innovations, partly because they are not sufficiently acquainted with modern theology and partly because clergymen are afraid of the new light and the changes it may bring about. But there is no reason to shrink from the truth. The changes which truth brings will in the long run always be wholesome, but truth must be stated with truthfulness, which means that no sinister motives should prompt the statement, no vanity or ill will.

Truthfulness means the *subjective* state of mind of serving the cause of the truth that is *objective*. It is love of truth, and truth should be preached in the true way. There is no excuse for an untruth, still less for a lie, and a lie under all conditions will prove dangerous. Schiller and Goethe in their *Xenions* have devoted

much thought to these problems of pragmatism, and we quote here one or two of them.<sup>2</sup>

Schiller says:

“Truth that will injure  
Is dearer to me than available error,  
Truth hath a balm for the wounds  
Which she so wisely inflicts.”

Another distich reads thus:

“Whether an error will harm us?  
Not always! But certainly erring  
Always will harm us. How much,  
Friends, you will see in the end.”

Hypocrisy should not be tolerated, but for that reason truth should not be outspoken or presented with rudeness. The Germans have a saying which makes the phrase “to tell the truth” identical with giving offense and being rude, and we must bear in mind the commandment “Thou shalt not lie” does not mean to speak the truth in this sense. There is the one condition that the truth must be sought with sincerity and must then be made our own; it must prove itself to be truth by agreeing with our highest moral ideals, and when found, it must be preached with tact.

The best way to teach or preach new truths is by suggestions, and wherever there is a difference of opinion we must practise charity. Those who cling to tradition need not see in the recent changes of our belief a decay of truth. Do not class yourself in the same category with the pious Cotton Mather who was grieved at the cessation of witchburning as indicating the disappearance of the glory of God. On the other hand, those who belong to the new school of theology should be liberal and broad enough to feel in sympathy with the narrowest and most old-fashioned brother.

The religious needs of mankind remain the same, but our comprehension grows. Thus the religion of the future will in all essentials remain the same so far as the needs of our heart are concerned but it must adapt itself in externalities to the intellectual demands of the times, otherwise our religion will become inefficient. Above all we need the light of truth, of genuine scientific truth, for science or, more definitely, the well-assured results of scientific research, is “the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

<sup>2</sup> *Goethe and Schiller's Xenions, Selected and Translated.* Open Court Publishing Co., pp. 144-147.



At present we pass through a period of a slow reformation. This slow reformation of to-day is of an intellectual nature. Its aim is not the abolition of abuses as was the case in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, but it endeavors to raise the level of our religious consciousness above the medievalism of our traditional beliefs.

We must consider that from the standpoint of the most radical science, religious notions as well as scientific conceptions follow in their growth a definite law of approximating the truth by first formulating it in myths, in parables, and in symbols before we can see the truth face to face. A fairy-tale may never have happened, it may even be impossible in itself, and yet it may be true; so a symbol, or a dogma (and all our dogmas are symbols) may be irrational in the letter and yet the meaning, the spirit of the dogma may contain the most significant truth.

Therefore I say, ye who are liberal have not yet attained the truth so long as your truth is merely negative, and so long as it does not embrace the truth of the past. As soon as you attain the positive aspect of your new truth you will find that the old view is only a prior stage of your own, of your new truth. It was merely the last station on the road to reach your present position.

Above all, we, conservatives as well as liberals, must be guided by an unshaken confidence in truth. If our God is not the God of truth, He is an illusion; let the illusion go. But if our God is the God of truth, let us not shrink from seeing even our conception of God change and grow and broaden. In a scientific age and in the minds of scientific men the conception of God will necessarily be more scientific and more philosophical. In the long run the truth will prevail. I quote from the Book of Esdras, and I am only sorry that this passage does not appear in a canonical text:

"As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore.

"With her there is no acceptance of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; and all men do well like of her works.

"Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty, of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth."

In conclusion I may be pardoned for adding a few personal comments based upon my own experience. In my childhood I was a devout Christian, and all my highest, my noblest and dearest aspirations were based upon my faith,—everything centered there. I had

no alternative—either I accepted this Christian God-conception, this view of the soul, this belief in immortality, or nothing but a bare, empty, dreary nihilism was left to me. Such was the prevalent view of religious truth. But the crisis came and I found the old traditional beliefs untenable. I held out as long as there was any possibility or hope to doubt the arguments. Finally the faith of my childhood broke down and I have never recovered it. I became an unbeliever and for a time I was, or rather considered myself to be, an infidel and a despiser of religion. But in my attempts to overcome the negativism of my position, I constructed upon the facts of experience a positive world-conception with positive ideals and moral principles, and lo! I found again the devotional sentiment and the religious attitude of my childhood. The dogmas, however, and the literalism of the old view now no longer appeared to me quite redundant or objectionable, or even offensive. They had served a good purpose in their day and appeared now as prophecies of a truer and higher religion; they were not true in themselves but they were symbols of the truth. The religious devotion of my former days was not untrue, not erroneous, for its kernel was a seed full of life; but the husks might go so long as the grain remained.

Here are some lessons which I have learned.

1. I have learned to be charitable with views differing from my own. I have made it a rule not to condemn interpretations of creed or scripture simply because I don't agree with them, and to be patient even with zealots, be they infidels or bigoted believers.

2. I have learned not to fear the truth, for the truth will always be right and is the only possible basis of morality. I feel confident that every negative truth has a positive aspect, though it may sometimes be difficult to find it, or to appreciate it.

3. I deem it wise not to rush progress but to be patient.

The dogmatic stage of religion is, probably, an indispensable step in the development of religion. It seems that mankind *must* pass through this phase. In observing the religious sentiments of myself and of others, I have gradually come to the conclusion that every one has the religion he needs. For instance, a literal belief in hellfire, with plenty of brimstone and a suffocating smell of sulphur is good for many vulgar minds who do not know that the degradation of being vicious is worse than the worst conception of Sheol can be, worse than a Breughel would paint it. Nature does not create a man ready made. Man must pass through a regular development, from a mere cell through all forms and conditions, of a babe, a child, a youth; when going to school, he must rise

through the classes from degree to degree—he must not skip any of the successive degrees.

Nor must we teach the child what the child's ears are not yet fit to understand. There are different lessons to be taught to the girl of twelve and to the wife and to the matron. This consideration leads me to think that it might be wrong to remove the dogmatic phase of religion from the life of those who have not yet reached the higher and broader interpretation of panpathy, the All-feeling of the soul, which attunes our sentiments to the All-life of the universe.

Our soul must sound the right note, it must produce a melody which brings forth the noblest and best part of our inmost self, and though every soul should have a character of its own, it should be in harmony with the sound that comes from the lives of our fellow beings, and all must unite in a hymn of glorification of the whole in accordance with the eternal norm of life, with God, with that law which is the standard of truth in science, of goodness in morality, of beauty in art.

## PAUL CARUS: THE PHILOSOPHER, THE EDITOR, THE MAN.

BY LYDIA G. ROBINSON.<sup>1</sup>

DR. Paul Carus may be regarded as a philosopher in the real sense of the term in a period when there were few others in the field. Professors of philosophy there have been and are in increasing numbers, but they are professors first, well versed in the philosophies of the ages and of the age, but thinkers only secondarily, if at all. Many of these have made valuable original contributions to the specific and allied sciences of ontology, psychology, sociology, and the rest, but Dr. Carus dealt with the fundamentals of all sciences, the philosophy of science, the science of philosophy. His hypothesis of monism, his unitary world-conception, provided the simplest basis from which to solve the age-old problems of time and space, of God and the soul, without falling into the fallacies and crudities which some others who have followed the standard of monism have deduced from similar premises.

Because one central kernel in Buddhism, in the pure form ascribed to its founder, seemed to Dr. Carus to contain a truth over-

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looked by all other historical religious systems, he familiarized himself with its sacred books to such an extent that with his well-trained Western mind and sympathetic comprehension he was able to gather out from all the mass of voluble Oriental wordiness, and to set forth in classical simplicity, the traditions and tenets of this great faith as they had never been presented before. His *Gospel of Buddha*, translated into all vernaculars of Buddhist Asia, as well as the literary tongues of Europe, serves as the accepted text-book of the Buddha's life, death, and teachings in Buddhist missions and seminaries, and his *Dharma* contains the formulated dogmas of its creed. The little story *Karma*, though a pure invention derived from the inspiration which characterizes any work of art, is a moral tale of such power that Tolstoy, when charged with its authorship, regretted that he could not claim it as his own. Because of his sympathetic grasp of the fundamentals of their faith, Buddhist leaders in all parts of the world have looked upon Dr. Carus as one of their own brotherhood. They honored him with many complimentary tokens of their esteem and never ceased to urge him to visit their home lands. If he could have made the trip around the world that he contemplated before his health began to fail and communications were more or less restricted by the war, there is no man of our Western nations who would have been more cordially welcomed from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, from the Atlantic coast of England where he had been a frequent visitor, through all of familiar Europe, to the islands of Japan.

Dr. Carus's contribution to philosophy has been presented for the most part through the medium of *The Monist*, which has occupied a unique position in contemporary thought. With due regard to the unquestioned significance of this phase of his work, it is quite possible that his most lasting impress on the world will be through the influence of his fearless treatment of religious problems during the transitional quarter of a century in which most of his writing was done. He was a pioneer radical, though he lived to see the thoughtful part of the world beginning to overtake him to an encouraging extent. He always believed in and urged liberalizing the church organizations from within through education, rather than assuming a position of aloofness, and felt more real sympathy with the devoutly orthodox than with the scoffing attitude of many professed freethinkers.

Everything that was human had its special interest for Dr. Carus. *Humani nihil a se alienum putabat*. The secret of his success as an editor, by which he won so many staunch and appre-

ciative friends, was largely due to the wide scope of his own personal interest in life in all its phases. If he read of some discovery that was interesting to him he knew it would be welcome to his readers: pictures in contemporary literature or in rare and inaccessible places, or statues in the galleries of Europe, that appealed to him from some association of ideas, he knew would be of interest to other people, and they always gained in value from being presented from his own angle of vision.

The personal equation was to him a very vital factor. If a submitted manuscript had any merit in itself, or though poor was on a deserving or unusual theme, or if it had neither of these things to recommend it and yet was accompanied by a letter which bespoke a new and vivid personality behind it,—while deferring judgment, or perhaps even when rejecting the manuscript, Dr. Carus would write and ask for personal details about the author because of his own very sincere interest. He was literally acquainted personally with all his contributors, and the fact that his own business letters disclosed so much of his personality is one reason for the affectionate regard in which he was held by a large number of people who never even saw him.

In the personal contact of daily editorial routine no one ever revealed a kindlier spirit or more infinite patience, and though this may have been in part the evidence of a philosophical calm that could not be disturbed by trifles, it was above all the "fruit of the spirit," the apostolic "longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," against which there is no law.

## DR. PAUL CARUS

VIR EGREGIUS ET VITA ET SCIENTIA, NOMEN SUUM VIRTUTIBUS COMMENDAVIT POSTERITATI; NUNQUAM ULLA DE EO OBMUTESCET VETUSTAS.

BY PAUL BRAUNS SR.

Finis bonorum est adeptum esse omnia  
e natura et animo et corpore et vita.

EVERY life that has been lived aright approaches its end in glory and splendor, leaving a radiant afterglow of kind words and deeds. The good we do is not to be measured by the length of our days, but by our stamp of character, the sincerity of our purposes, and the grandeur of our aspirations and conceptions.

Death is a great revealer, and, in turning out some lights turns on others; it extinguishes the light of intelligence that shone from the eyes, the light of cheer that fell from the face into the lives of others, but it turns on the light of publicity and concentrates the attention of men upon the character and record of him who has gone. We are often surprised to find the man poor whom we supposed to have been rich; the man whom we thought honest, to be short in his accounts. In those lives where noise has passed for power with those who had no opportunity to weigh the facts, we are surprised, when we come to review their record, that so little of solidity is discoverable. When the record of some men is tested in the fierce furnace of post-mortem criticism, we are amazed at the small residuum, and that it is nothing but ashes.

But there are men who are not so when they die. There are some who are found entire in their characters and record when they are submitted to the flame of judgment; so indestructible that we cannot reduce or diminish them by any examination. The wonder grows on those who only had a distant knowledge that a man so solid was here, and they had not weighed him to know how heavy he was. Such a man was Dr. Paul Carus. Commemorating his life I have the impression that he seems to have grown since he is dead. And I think, there are reasons for this. One was the exceeding quietness of the man, he sounded no trumpets, made no noise, called no attention to his doings. He was a quiet man in all his activity. Not very often did I see a man doing his work with less bustle and noise. He was a quiet man in his natural shrinking from publicity or any kind of self-advertising.

Dr. Carus started in life with many advantages, among which I place a vigorous body, physical courage, a mind well balanced, enough of family history to beget healthy self-respect, a boyhood and youth not enervated by easy circumstances, but trained to labor and to wrestle with difficult affairs, and so gaining strength and the safe consciousness of its possession.

When one sees a friend whom he has known for many years depart from this life, there comes a sudden and almost peremptory vision of the long course of acquaintance and of frequent mutual converse, which has preceded. It is as if on a long journey one rises to the summit of a crest, from which he looks back with a glance over the miles traversed and notes again the chief objects of interest which have attracted attention on the way.

There are some lives which disappoint us, some impressions of character which we have to revise in later years, possibly even to

reverse. The impressions which I formed of Dr. Carus at the first have continued unchanged to the very end of his life; and in these later years my acquaintance with him has been even more close, personal, and familiar than it was in the earlier time.—I have known him in periods of tranquillity, of undisturbed progress in the work with which he was so intimately connected, and I have known him in times of strenuous and vehement controversy; and always he has been the same.

His high elevation, his pure joy, was *in home*. It was there that the soundness of his judgment, the wisdom of his counsel, the mildness of his temper, the firmness of his purpose, the affectionate tone of his manners, the unequalled tenderness of his heart, the dignity and elevation of his virtues, appeared in all their amiability and all their strength. And they only can truly estimate his worth, who saw and knew him there. There—in that birthplace of every pure affection; that soil in which the best and noblest virtues spring, and grow, and blossom, and bear the richest fruits—there he was eminently great, and good, and kind, and wise.—There, too, “he loved to love”; and the only pang he ever caused was when he ceased to love.

The life and character of Dr. Carus were such as the heart delights to contemplate. They form a consistent whole, with no irregularity of proportion. They do not exhibit the overwhelming splendor which bewilders the unsettled vision, but the harmony which attracts and fixes the constant gaze. The powers of mind which guided and formed them were strong, steady, calm, and persevering; constantly producing the warmth which comforts, and the streams which nourish. He was a man of remarkably candid and clear intelligence. He was never hurried in his mental progress toward conclusions, but was always sufficiently rapid in it; and when his conclusions had been reached they were decided, dispassionate, final. After he had fairly and largely considered a subject I never knew him to depart from the ground to which he had decisively come. Indeed, I should as soon have thought of seeing an oak-tree uproot itself from the soil in which it has been planted, and transport itself to some other locality, as to see Dr. Carus depart from a conclusion which he had carefully, deliberately reached. No urgency of external pressure could change his judgment; and unless his judgment and convictions were changed, there was nothing that could disturb the equipoise of his mind.

It is good to have known such men. It is good to have known them, when impressions upon us were immediate and most vivid

It is good to have known them at a time and in circumstances when our knowledge of them could be more intimate than perhaps it could be amid the present conditions of life, in these days when the hurry of affairs crowds us into comparative isolation from each other and leaves scant time for converse and for friendship. It is good to have known them, to feel their influence upon us still.

The unselfishness, the generosity, the quiet, unconscious power, the purity of thought and speech and life of Dr. Carus attracted me to him and won for him, without design or effort on his part, a high place in my affections. There the best memorials are stored, and the noblest monument to any man is that which is built up day by day, patiently, in the after-life of those who loved him, and who try to reproduce in themselves what they loved in him. I suppose the artist often carries in his mind memories of beauty or of grandeur, which he has not yet the opportunity to fix on the canvas in form and color; which, perhaps, he but imperfectly fixes after all; yet still striving to realize his ideal, and be bettered by the effort. So should it be with us when we lose those whom we love. Trying to carry within us the tranquil recollections of what they were and to perpetuate in ourselves what made them worthy of love, esteem, and confidence, we will best commemorate the good spirit, the elevated tone, and the manly, brotherly kindness of him whose earthly career has closed.

He did not live in vain. His name and actions will continue to be held in remembrance. His memory will be cherished by all his friends, with enduring affection; by his personal associates with emotions strong as a brother's love, and in the domestic circle it can be forgotten only when memory itself shall perish.





