THE DISCIPLES AT SA
AND OTHER FRAGMENTS
BY NOVALIS



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THE DISCIPLES AT SAÏS AND OTHER FRAGMENTS

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BY

NOVALIS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
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PREFACE

IN the last years of the eighteenth century between two and three thousand students worked and fought and made love at Jena, as the manner of students is. As an apple encloses a core, so did this large academic circle enclose an inner ring of men who had taken it upon themselves to reform thought and taste in Germany, and these men possessed by the idea of Unity, whose passion, whose dream, and whose ideal was the realisation of the Unity of the Universe, were called by the world Romantics. They lived among the students and yet were not of them, existing in a fairy world of their own apart from life's ugly realities, lotus eaters feeding on flowers of poetry, art, music and philosophy, and distributing to the outside world, as a result of their eclectic culture, a new criticism, a new æsthetic and a new philosophy of life. The very air in the streets of Jena was charged by them with an idealistic intellectualism, and the town seems to have become for a few

years a Parnassus of Romance, and the meeting-ground for all spirits touched by the mystic yearning. The more important of the would-be reformers were Novalis, Schelling, Schleiermacher, the two Schlegels, Tieck and Wackenroder; with these were associated Caroline, the wife of A. W. Schlegel, and Dorothea Veit, a Jewess. Fichte, who had no great sympathy with Romanticism, even during the time he lived at Jena, greatly influenced its apostles, and determined most of their thought. Schiller, through his affection for Novalis, came into contact with the movement, but he, like Goethe, disapproved of its tendency towards obscurantism. His friend Novalis would seem to have been the typical Romanticist, possessing as he did a genius for unification, a passion for religion, a highly poetic imagination and energy without will. Typical, too, in so far that his mature life began and ended with the movement, typical in that his outer life did not correspond with his thought, and typical because his writings embodied the highest aspiration of the movement.

He and his Romantic friends wrote and read and translated and talked and did everything but act; they were still vague as to their ultimate goal. "Christianity is the order of the day—the men are rather mad. . . . I

wager they do not understand themselves or each other," wrote Dorothea Veit, commenting on the prevailing uncertainty. Catholicism, antique symbolic art, mediæval romance, strange legends and Indian Sagas—everything that seemed to offer by its mystery an outlet for the soul attracted them. A desire for freedom in love, freedom from social restrictions, annihilation of limitations, all parts of the desire for unity, led them, uncorrected by action, to a species of mystic voluptuousness which proved the destruction of their circle.

The town of Jena is not many miles from Weimar, and at this time Goethe and Schiller were fast friends, and their opinion of the Romantics is to be seen in the letters they exchanged. Goethe laughs at them half-scornfully and straightforward Schiller is vexed at their posturing. The former was so greatly admired by the inner ring that the latter was in danger of being undervalued.

Goethe occasionally came to Jena to visit Schiller, but generally when the Romantics wished to see the object of their devotion they pilgrimaged along the avenue of plum trees that led to Weimar and there offered him the incense of their adulation. "Frederick the divine," writes Dorothea Veit of F. Schlegel one day, "went this morning to

see Father Goethe or God the Father at Weimar!"

Goethe was not long destined to be the Romantics' god; as they became ever more Catholic in tendency their attitude towards the great Pagan gradually changed. Not that they doubted his art, but they were religionists and he was not. Their apprehension of the world differed from his, and moreover they said that they did not desire to see poetry subordinated to economy. Novalis probably voiced the Romantic's opinion when he said, "Goethe is altogether a practical poet, he is in his work what the English are in their wares: highly simple, neat, convenient and durable, he has done for German Literature what Wedgewood did for English manufacture." Their adoration turned to an opposition which was confirmed when Goethe published a statement of his disapproval of the Romantic School.

All the Romantics philosophised about life, and yet Philosophy seemed to be the one thing these new philosophers needed, for their genius was rather to feel than to think, to perceive by intuition rather than by reason. Fichte, however, supplied them with a philosophic system, which they adopted, though it is open to question whether they ever apprehended it according to the intention of the Master.

In 1794 Fichte had published his "Doctrine of Knowledge"; at first he laid claim to no originality, but only sought to explain Kant, and infuse into his philosophy a little emotional warmth that should make him more acceptable to the general public. The austere young professor seems to have been misunderstood all his life, and it is doubtful whether anyone of his own time grasped the central point of his doctrine; the catch-word, "the Ego makes the world," seems to have been the only aspect that was seized on and bandied about. The Romantics in their worship of the imagination took the thought of a world-creating ego as the foundation of their philosophy, for was not the idea, as they apprehended it, an enthronement of the creative imagination?

Fichte posited that the Ego limited by the non-Ego, and the non-Ego limited by the Ego, were reconciled as Holy Will, and explains the world as the act of the free yet at the same time limited Ego or Holy Will—as the Inconceivable assuming consciousness or the condition of Existence. The very condition of Existence is separation from God—God throwing off the world of consciousness that it may yield itself to Him. This supposes two spheres—Being and Existence, or Reality and Appearance, beyond which the mind of man cannot pass, but these

two spheres united form the Absolute Ego, "a God of whose nature the ultimate fact is Love."

The Romantics seized on the phrase, "the Ego makes the world," taking it not as the Absolute Ego, the Divine, but as a thinking human being, thus making the philosophy of Fichte into a method for establishing the autocracy of the imagination. Novalis went so far as to suggest that the world was but a precipitation of human nature, and the gods but a sublimation of the same.

In 1796 Fichtism was supposed to be progressive Kantism, but in Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and all the philosophers touched by the Romantic Movement, there was a certain emotional strain of the sort so much distrusted by the unemotional Kant, and it was not unnatural that after a little while the Kantians and the self-styled progressive Kantians should split into rival camps. The disciples of Kant became discontented with the results of Fichte's work as developing Kantism towards a completeness foreign to Kant's original notion.

Gradually the two masters disagreed, and in 1799 Kant published a formal disclaimer denying any connection between his system and that of Fichte, and resenting the description of his critical work as "mere propædeutic to a system

of reasoned philosophy." Kant's disclaimer did not weaken the allegiance of the Romantics, and Fichte carried with him Reinhold, Schelling, Jacobi, F. Schlegel, Tieck and Novalis.

Fichte was the strong man of the Romantic circle. Exhaling independence, strength and purity, he was the one thinker in a world of "feelers," and to some extent he kept the circle together, and soon after he disappeared from Jena the Romantics dispersed. The ring of friendship was broken, and Steffens, who earlier had said of Romanticism, "What is it but a yearning after the Eternal that irresistibly drives us forward and breaks down every self-erected limitation?" is able but a short time after to write as follows to Tieck: "Certain as it is that the time in which Goethe, Fichte, Schelling, the Schlegels, thou, Novalis Richter, and I dreamt in unison was rich in *seeds* of all kinds, yet there was something pointless about it all. A spiritual tower of Babel was to be erected to which all spirits should come from afar. But the confusion of speech buried this ambitious work in its own débris. 'Are you he with whom I thought myself one?' each asked of the other. 'I no longer know the fashion of your face, your words are incomprehensible to me,' and each separated to the opposite parts of the Earth,

most of them to erect, out of madness, a tower of Babel of their own!"

Thus the friends separated. F. Schlegel went to Vienna with Dorothea Veit whom he had married, where "he attended Mass daily, and eat boiled fowl!"[1] His brother "withdrew into the Pagoda of Brahma,"[1] and became the companion of Mme. de Stael. Heine met him years afterwards in Paris, a pathetic, shrunken little figure dressed in the fashion of the year in which his illustrious patroness died. Schelling, Caroline Schlegel and Schleiermacher and Fichte worked out their destinies in Berlin, and Novalis died. The movement practically ended with the century, the throbbing desire for Unity, which had pulsed in the veins of each Romantic became quiet, and except in the writings of Novalis, their chief yearning and their most important dream remained unrealised. As a movement it is more interesting historically than intellectually, for it was the inevitable revolt of the imagination that had been so long confined in the prison-house of Voltairean thought; it was Psyche emerging from the grave to which Reason had consigned her. As a movement it accomplished little; its ideals were too vague, and the struggle to restore the old balance between Reason and Imagination seems more

[1] "Die Romantische Schule" (Heine).

like the instinctive working of some blind force than the conscious and purposeful strivings of individual intellects.

Speaking broadly, Romanticism was the Revolt of the Imagination, but it was also, in its return to Gothic standards of taste, the reaction from the pseudo-classicism that had so long prevailed, and however unsuccessful its gospel may appear, however inappreciable the personal influence of each Romantic, yet the garland of Jena friendships was destined through its literature to influence not only the German sentiment of that day, but the sentiment of future generations.

FRIEDERICH VON HARDENBERG

THE MAN

IN a letter to Kreisammtmann Just, Friederich von Hardenberg wrote, "authorship is a secondary thing, you can judge me more equitably by the chief thing — practical life." These words, instead of being penned in all seriousness by a maladive youth of twenty-five, might have been written by some illustrious general who, in the interval of conquering continents, had thrown off a book of verses or a novel. Friederich von Hardenberg was a frail figure dragging about a great soul, and the practical life of which he makes mention was emphatically the least essential part of him. Its sphere of action was a province of Germany, its events were short journeyings to and fro on matters of education or business; its culmination a small Government appointment. Judged as a man, he was as unimportant as Werther or Obermann, and except in the Mutual Admiration Society of the Romantics, he was during his

life-time unknown. He won a measure of fame after death not because of his practical life which resembled that of a thousand other men, but because of his soul life which is both arresting and unique. Friederich von Hardenberg, for whom the Assessorship of the Weissenfels Salt Mines was outlet enough, is indeed another individual to Novalis, the spiritual king, for whom the world was too cabined a province. Therefore it is only possible to get an idea of the man as he existed by looking at him from both the outer and inner points of view.

Friederich von Hardenberg was born in 1772 at an old convent at Wiederstedt that had been acquired by the von Hardenbergs during the Thirty Years' War. The atmosphere of his home was unusually sombre, and from the first he was subjected, not only through his parents but through his surroundings, to religious and supernatural influences. The place was said to be haunted, for the bride of some ancestor had been killed by lightning as she was about to enter the house, and strange sounds were sometimes heard. Intercourse with the outer world was shut out, and rarely did any stranger arrive by the avenue of ancient trees that led to the von Hardenbergs' home, or any new-comer's voice break in on the con-

ventual monotony of their life. Down the echoing passages and wide stairs of the long building Friederich and the other children quietly played, for neither noise nor amusement were approved by their father. Freiherr von Hardenberg kept stern rule in his own house; he had led a wild life as a soldier and man of affairs, and had come to pause on the death of his first wife. Shocked at the state of his soul, he turned very earnestly to religion, studied Doddridge, and made a written covenant with God every time he went to the Lord's Supper. He conquered himself, became a severe, self-contained man and found peace in the Moravian fold. During an epidemic of the falling-sickness, of which illness his wife had died, when everyone else held aloof, he went fearlessly into the houses of the stricken to help and to console. At thirty-two he married an orphan who had found shelter with his mother. She worshipped him, served him devotedly, and bore him eleven children. His children stood in awe of him, and there was little or no sympathy in after years between the stern Puritan father and his emotional poetic son Friederich. It would have been unnatural indeed if the hardy old soldier, with his strict moral code, should have understood either the consumptive and undisciplined genius or the

romantic morality of the youth. A story that is told of him is hardly surprising; some while after Friederich's death he went to a Moravian chapel, and being much moved by some unknown hymns of singular beauty, he asked by whom they were and the answer was "by your own son."

Friederich was the second of the eleven children and up to the age of ten was stupider than the others, but an illness suddenly brought his faculties into play, thenceforward he developed rapidly and found food to satisfy his new and startling appetite for knowledge in the library of his uncle in Brunswick with whom he spent a good part of his boyhood. At sixteen he went to the Gymnasium at Eisleben, where he took a first class and in 1791 he went to Jena to study Law.

At Jena he came in contact with the first strong influence of his life, Schiller, who was at that time a professor at the University. Young Hardenberg wrote home enchanted at meeting the embodiment of his youthful ideals: "I know him, he is my friend, his look cast me to the dust and raised me up again." In his hero worship he forgot Jurisprudence and following the great "Inspirer of Youth" diligently pursued the poet life. He broke out of the Moravian fold in which his childish years had been spent

and took up moral idealism, for philosophy was in the air and was not Schiller himself overcome by the influence of Kantian thought? Hardenberg raved about the ethical ideal and moralised in his letters to his mother, "Patience must be the lot of each educator of youth, of each mother, for without it what would become of us whom the slightest puff of wind shatters and sways to our foundations?" He finishes with a quotation to the effect that all great men have to thank their mothers. His new-found freedom and emancipation from moral restraint led him to entangle himself in gallant adventures, intrigues and duels, which doings highly displeased his father, who straightway desired to remove him from such evil company. Schiller in his affection for the boy offered to conduct him back into the paths of law from which he had himself lured him, but in spite of the poet's offer Friederich and his brother Erasmus were hurried off to Leipzig and there he began a friendship with F. Schlegel.

Friederich Schlegel's letters of this date give an interesting picture of young Hardenberg as he came into his life "talking three times more and three times faster than others," declaring in fiery speech that there was no evil in the world and that all things were once again approaching the golden age. "Such hilarious

youth," writes Schlegel, "I never saw; he does not go for the true but for the beautiful . . . his favourite books are Plato and Hemsterhuys . . . he may become everything . . . but again he may become nothing." Hardenberg excited both the affection and the admiration of Schlegel, but the friendship that had begun so brightly was for a while dimmed as the younger man became conceited and required flattery, and in a petulant mood Schlegel writes, "I saw plainly that he was not capable of friendship and that there was naught in his soul but self-interest and phantasy . . . in vain I hoped to illuminate the weakness of his heart—it will ever be thus, he will always play with beautiful talents as a child with cards. I said to him at last you see the world double, on the one hand like a good little man of fifteen and on the other like a ne'er do weel of thirty!" Schlegel's simile was wonderfully felicitous for Hardenberg played with his beautiful talents all his life and like a wayward child with cards he scarcely finished any game that he began.

F. Schlegel was at this time going through the disquieting process of trying to find himself. Hardenberg did not in the least share his sentiment of world-weariness, hence the temporary want of sympathy between them. Schlegel was

emptying the treasures of his mind before Hardenberg, and Hardenberg was lazy and indifferent; moreover he was seeing life, and some dire folly he must have tumbled into, for Schlegel says in a letter, "I am dreadfully sorry about poor Hardenberg, he has a stain on his honour and . . . he has behaved childishly about it." Hardenberg about this time wrote to his father pleading to be allowed to become a soldier, "as he needs discipline" and the unromantic duties of everyday life to consolidate his unstable nature; he continues, "I have an indifference to life which will seem paradoxical. I am convinced that many other losses are far more grievous. Life is not a goal, only a means—and when one passes from this planet one leaves little behind that one can regret." His military ambitions faded away after his father's consent had been secured, and just then Erasmus became ill. Friederich, who till then had experienced no intimate griefs, writes him a note of cold comfort: "Dear Brother, when one begins to long for illness and death, and is not even frightened of Madness — then — it becomes serious." Such words could not have been of much avail to Erasmus in his struggle against the disease which so soon cut short his life, though Friederich himself always seemed to find consolation in vapoury philosophising, and

to be able to endure so long as he could theorise.

He went in 1793 to Wittenberg, a drowsy university town, no longer thrilling with life or original thought—another place, indeed, from that in which Melancthon had once been Greek professor and had discussed with Luther plans of Reformation. The town was so quiet and free from distraction that Hardenberg was able to work and pass his examination in Jurisprudence a year later, but it was only from a sense of duty that he did so, for the Law did not attract him, the mutiny of youth was bubbling in his veins, a great yearning for real life possessed him, and he returned to his home at Weissenfels, where together with his brothers he gave himself up to pleasure, and involved himself in many escapades. He was sent after a while by his father to work with Kreisammtmann Just at Tennstadt. Just wrote a slight account of his intercourse with the youth, evidently dazzled by his facile brilliancy. He says: "I was chosen to be his teacher, but in reality he was my teacher . . . he never rested satisfied with any half-knowledge . . . was never superficial but completely thorough in his work. . . . He would read a book in quarter of the time required by others, and would be able to discuss its points months afterwards."

On the 17th of November 1794, Hardenberg rode out on business to Grüningen, a few miles from Tennstadt, and on that day began the romance of his life—a love story which has been compared to that of Dante and Beatrice. One quarter of an hour inside the old castle of the von Kühns decided his fate; he had met Sophie, a fair child with black eyes, of barely thirteen years, and he rode away from the golden castle a victim of passionless love. The story is mediæval in its simplicity and directness; he and his brothers go again and again to Grüningen; it is a Paradise on earth. Erasmus goes so far as to say that from brothers they may become brothers-in-law, for there is also Caroline, her sister. Just, whose discrimination may be doubted, says that Sophie possessed "the judgment of a grown-up person, joined to the attraction of youth, beauty, wit and excellence."

Friederich describes the girl in his note-book as follows:—

KLARISSE

(*Sketch of Sophie von Kühn, ætat.* 13)

Her early maturity. She wishes to please everyone. Her obedience to, and fear of, her father. Her modesty and her blameless fidelity. Her stiffness and her flattery of people whom

she appreciates or whom she fears. Her behaviour in illness. Her whims. What does she care to talk about? Kindness towards strangers. Benevolence. Her clinging to childish games. Dependence on women. Her judgments — disposition. Dress. Dancing. Business in the house. Love for her sisters. Musical ear. Her favourites. Taste. Piety. Enjoyment of life. Is she fond of reading? Fondness for women's work. *She does not desire to be anything*—she is something. Her face, her figure, her life, her health. Her movements, her speech, her hand. She does not care for poetry. Her behaviour to others — to me. Frankness. She does not seem to have arrived yet at independent reflection. I also arrived at that point at a particular period. With whom has she conversed all her life? Where has she been? What does she like to eat? Her behaviour to me. Her awe of marriage. I must question her about her peculiarities—also her brother. Her manner of enjoying herself—of being grieved. What pleases her most in the way of men and things? Is her temperament aroused? . . . Her tobacco-smoking. Her dependence on her mother as a child. Her audacity to her father. Her confirmation. . . . Her terror of ghosts. Her hospitality. . . . Her talent for imitation. Her benevolence.

Opinions concerning her. She is moderate. Kind. She is irritable. Sensible. Her impulse toward culture. Her horror of vexation and chatter. Her attention to strange opinions. Her power of observation. Child-love. Spirit of order. Wish for mastery. Her care and craving for what is fitting. She wants me to please—everywhere. She took it badly that I asked her parents for her so soon, and she let me see it quickly. She likes listening to stories. She does not allow herself to be bored by my love. My love often oppresses her. She is cold generally. Wonderful power of make-believe: power of concealment. Great power of women to conceal. Her keen observation. Her real tact. All women have what Schlegel blames in the beautiful soul. They are more perfect than we. Freer than we. Generally we are better. They recognise better than we. Their nature seems to be our art—our nature their art. They are born actresses. They individualise—we universalise. She believes in no future life, but in the wandering of the soul. Schlegel interests her. She cannot stand too much attention, but yet she resents neglect. She is afraid of spiders and mice. She wants me to be always pleased. She does not let herself be gloomy.

Favourite food.—Cabbage soup. Beef and

beans. Oil. Does not care for wine. Likes seeing things—loves comedy. She reflects more over others than over herself.

Sophie wrote Hardenberg's name ten times on one page of her diary, and in January 1795 we find the following entries :—

"*Jan. 3rd.* This morning I wrote to my aunts. There was no school.

"*Jan. 4th.* We were alone. In the afternoon we went to Fahnwerg. In the evening we wanted to go to Magister, but nothing came of it.

"*Jan. 5th.* Early to-day father and George went to Segafstadt. The day was spoiled for me by George leaving.

"*Jan. 6th.* This morning Hardenberg rode away again. Nothing else happened.

"*Jan. 8th.* To-day we were alone. Nothing happened.

"*Jan. 9th.* To-day we were again alone, and nothing happened."

One day she writes to him, having lost the curl he gave : "Figure to yourself that when you gave me the hair I wrapped it cleanly in a twist of paper and laid it on Hanssen's table. The other day I wanted to take it away, and there was neither hair nor bit of paper. Now I beg you again to have your hair cut." And another day she says : "I have a cough and

cold in the head, . . . and yet I think when it occurs to me of you."

In March 1795 they became secretly engaged. Erasmus, when his brother wrote to inform him of his intentions, warned him to be careful, as he had so often fallen in love before. "Fritz the Flatterer" had paid court to many and many a maiden and it seems that even during the engagement Sophie was not all to him, for he could not help making love to every girl he met. Some of the gossip came to the ears of Fraulein von Kühn, and one day she warned him to be "careful in the society of Jette and behave more sensibly." Hardenberg told "the thirteen year old thing" to hold her tongue. With regard to his fiancée he apparently had no illusions; for, writing after a stay at Grüningen, he says: "In as long a stay as I made there the dirtier (schmutzigere) reverse could certainly not escape me. . . . I was not surprised, and my feelings were not demented. I shall always love Grüningen, even if I do not attain my present hope."

It was her illness in the autumn of 1795 that devoted him to her, and then it was that he, like so many a poet before him, began to pour the oil of sentiment on his faint flame of love. Sophie von Kühn became seriously ill, and, after suffering for some while, was

taken to Jena for an operation; and though Hardenberg was by way of being busy at the Salt Works, he managed to get over to Jena frequently and spend his time between the sick child and the members of the Romantic-circle which had its headquarters there. The great Goethe had an affection for the child, and came to see her as she lay sick unto death, it was feared, as the Jena surgeons could do nothing to save her. She was taken back to Grüningen, Erasmus accompanying her, and once she wrote to her lover from the "golden castle," "Hardly, dear Hardenberg, am I able to write you a line, but only do me a pleasure and do not be anxious, this is begged by your affectionate Sophie."

Hardenberg for some reason was unable to be much with Sophie in the two months before her death; but he saw her for the last time a short while before the end.

The little girl suffered much pain with wonderful fortitude; what she really felt for Hardenberg we do not know, but there seems to have been a tenderer and more human sympathy existing between Sophie and Erasmus than between Sophie and her accredited lover; it is Erasmus who accompanies her on her last journey from Jena to Grüningen; it is Erasmus who stays by her till the end; and it is Erasmus

who barely a month after follows her into the Unseen.

Friederich wrote a few days after Erasmus had died to his brother Karl in that wonderful certitude of immortality which never deserted him: "Be comforted, Erasmus has overcome. The blossoms of the dearly loved garland are being separated here to bloom together in Eternity."

And later there is an entry in his diary for April 14th, Erasmus' birthday.

Erasmus' Birthday.

"Three-and-twenty years ago, oh, blessèd Erasmus, didst thou first begin to tread the rough path that hitherto has been thy lot. To-day, for the first time during those years, this date goes by without rejoicing, and instead of the congratulations of former days a drear sigh escapes me. Thou art parted from us, and we have nothing left of thee but the memory of thy sufferings.

"One would surely choose plants from a step-motherly soil for transplanting into a better land.

"Bitter did thy pilgrimage become. Difficult were the last steps. Now it is over. Thou

flowerest under a more kindly Heaven, and we still run and yearn after the old comradeship and oppressively chafe at the lead on our feet."

Hardenberg kept an account of the emotions which the death of Sophie had roused in him :—

32*nd day after*.—" I showed Sophiechen's picture to Kriesammtmännin Just ; we spoke much of her ; on the whole a serene, glad day.

33*rd day after*.—" Thought much of Sophie to-day.

34*th day after*.—" Thought often of Sophie, but not intently ; coldly about Erasmus. To-day I have eaten too much.

39*th day after*.—" On the whole I may be content, though, indeed, I have not thought of her with emotion ; I was almost uneasy, but certainly not in a manner unworthy of her. I thought of her at times in a manly way. . . . This morning I had that fatal, oppressive, fearsome feeling of an approaching cold in my head.

47*th day after*.—" I slept badly . . . it rained steadily. I cried a good deal early, also after dinner. The whole day I was consecrated to contemplation of Her. . . . I seem to be too much in harmony with everyday life . . . how short a time I am able to remain in the heights.

53*rd day after*.—"I went for a walk and picked flowers and threw them on her grave. I was happy, but I was cold (in emotion), and yet I cried—a beautiful evening. I sat awhile on her grave.

56*th day after*.—"In the evening I went to Sophie; there I was unutterably joyful—kindling moment of enthusiasm—I blew the grave as it had been dust before me. Centuries were as moments—I could feel her near.

61*st day after*.—"I was not moved at her graveside. . . . I must live ever more and more for her sake. . . . I am for her and for no others. . . . She is the Highest—the only One. . . . If I could only be worthy of her in every moment. My principal exercise should be to bring everything in relation to the idea of her.

65*th day after*.—"The world becomes ever more alien—the things around me more indifferent—but it becomes brighter round me and in me.

80*th day after*.—"He from whom pain flies will not love more. The lover must ever feel the gap—must ever hold apart the wounds. May God keep me ever in this indescribably sweet pain. Without my Sophie I am nothing; with her everything.

83*rd day after*.—"The only good thing I found

to-day is the idea of unutterable isolation which surrounds me since Sophie's death—with her the whole world died for me.

85*th day after*.—"Joyfully as a young poet will I die. . . .

87*th day after*.—"She is dead, so I will die—the world is desert. . . . In deep joyous Peace I will await the moment that calls me. . . .

88*th day after*.—"The engagement was not for this world."

There are many griefs and emotions too sacred to be uttered, and this catalogued experience strikes chill into the heart as bald self-revelation alone can do. Beyond praying God that this indescribably dear pain may not pass away, that the wound may never heal, he thinks, like every tortured lover, of his time of suicide; he dallies with the thought, talks it over with friends, wonders whether vegetable poisons kill, and finally he experiences once more the desire to live. Consumption had been doing its work; after getting a hold on his system quietly, it appeared and filled him with eagerness for work and life. Yet not altogether for earthly life, but for death and life in perfect sympathy.

It has been thought that the struggle to feel, the Ringen um den Schmerz, was a characteristic of the eighteenth century, and E. Heilborn says

of Hardenberg that he sought pain, and "it withdrew itself; he wished to throw himself, another Tantalus, into the river of pain, and it dried up under him." Intensity of feeling was to Hardenberg and all the Romantics the goal of material existence, and they delivered themselves up when it was possible to the most turbulent and conflicting emotions, destroying, in their very anxiety for sensation, their ability to distinguish between true and false emotion.

One thing at least is sure, that Hardenberg's love for Sophie, and his grief over her death, served to awake the poet in him, and that his affections were not for purely human use; they became the key to higher secrets—"my love has become a flame that consumes the things of earth."

In 1798 Hardenberg left Tennstadt and went to Leipzig where he studied mineralogy under Werner. While there he lodged in the house of the von Charpentiers and thus became intimate with Julie, daughter of his host. A year and a half after Sophie's death he became once more secretly engaged, and is able to write enthusiastically of his new love.

Hardenberg's family did not welcome the girl with much pleasure, and it seems that Julie could not have cared much for her lover, for she began an endeavour to marry Karl his

brother during Friederich's last illness, and in a letter written by Freiherr von Hardenberg after Friederich's death, we read "the delight of being rid of Julchen makes it bearable. . . . I wish her a prince if it can make her happy."

Schleiermacher comments on Hardenberg's two fiancées, "Sophie had little wit or culture, Julie no heart. I do not think he chose his loves rightly, or rather that he ever had a real beloved. I am convinced that either of these would have been but little to him had they remained with him."

Hardenberg spent the last summer of his life at Dresden, where the latter phases of phthisis manifested themselves, "a shadow of himself . . . unable to take part in conversation, and often falling asleep in company, where he lay as if dead among the living." Before the end he went home to Weissenfels and when death came to him he was cheerful, even gay, as we see from one or two of F. Schlegel's letters written in March 1801: "Yesterday I returned from Weissenfels, where at mid-day the day before I saw Hardenberg die. . . . One could hardly think it possible to die so gently, so beautifully, for the time I was with him he was unutterably serene. . . . It is beyond all things precious to me to have seen him once more."

The twenty-nine years of Hardenberg's practical life ended on Lady Day 1801, a life unchequered by great adventures, uncrowned by accomplishment, dragging out its little length in study, dreams and sickness, uncherished by its owner, unvalued by the world.

We must draw aside the curtain of practical life in order to see that Novalis whose capacity for feeling was such that he would fain draw the "universe into his own consciousness."

NOVALIS

THE AUTHOR

THE pseudonym Novalis was chosen by Friederich v. Hardenberg when he began to publish his work, as having been the name of a branch of his family known in the sixteenth century as de Novali. His assumption of a nom de plume seems natural enough, a mere indication of the gap that existed between the practical life of Friederich v. Hardenberg and the soul-life of Novalis, and moreover the arrangement makes it possible to talk of that soul-life as the supreme element of the duality.

Novalis was neither philosopher nor thinker in the exact sense of either word, but he was both religionist and poet. He was the true weaver of thoughts, who saw unity in the most divergent speculation, who detected analogies in contraries, who heard harmony in apparent dissonance, whose life seems to have been not so much an origination of thought as an attempt at the reconciliation of results, the resolution of antinomies, arrived at by a divine penetration. If one could use the word

"Feeler" or "Intuitionist" it would serve to indicate his mode of apprehending the underlying unities. Both Schiller and the Schlegels influenced Novalis in youth, but it was Fichte "the Great Ego," who was the determinator of his thought, and he remained inside the Fichtean philosophy all his life though at times he thought himself outside it. The influence of Hemsterhuys may be traced in his writings in various phrases such as these: "the soul has endless organs of which so far we have only discovered the senses," "if the other organs could be brought into play how open Nature would be," "men ought to have the power of mingling with Divinity," "Death accelerates our way to perfection," and in other instances as well. He seems to have helped Novalis to get away from the despotism of fact, away into the rarer transcendental ether, where the idealistic spirit roams untrammelled by convention or exact science. The works of Jacob Böhme were read with enthusiasm by Novalis, and they entranced him, as they did most of the Romantics. Heine says the name of Jacob Böhme was the Shibboleth of their school and laughs at their lunacy, though at the same time confessing that he has never read a line. Novalis once wrote to Tieck of Böhme, "one sees above all in him

the Power of Spring with its bursting, compelling, mingling forces that clothe the world from within." The Power of Spring did not awake in Novalis' own mind till the pathetic death of Sophie had taken place, but then all the poetry that had been maturing in the subconsciousness of youthful years sprang forth into being. The Hymn to Night appeared, a tribute to the Death that had enveloped his well-beloved. "Sacred Night with its untold mysteries allures me; the world is far, far away buried in a deep and lonely grave. . . . Light has its own fixed limits, but Night has a boundless unfathomable Dominion—the Reign of Sleep has no End." Besides this pæan of Death he wrote other hymns of a rare abandonment of faith and of some beauty. For him Marien-liebe and Jesu-liebe were two sides of the same affection, he thought of God as Priest, Wife, Friend, he apprehended Christ as the Lover of His Soul, whose light made earth heaven, and who had rolled away the grave stone from his own deeper inner Life. He had a stalwart love and trust in the truth that made him free, he had liberated himself from sectarianism, and finally was able to be in a sect and not of it. The early religious influence of his life was Moravian, and he was given to reading the works of Count Zinzendorf who, some sixty

years earlier, had been John Wesley's friend. Somewhat of Novalis' clearness of vision in spiritual things must be attributed to the sect in which he was brought up. He had learnt among the graves of the Moravian cemetery that Death was no grim Fate from which to flee; he had read the inscription on each of the equal tombstones—"he was born on such a day, and on such other day he returned home." He had heard the Resurrection proclaimed amidst the tombs on Easter Morn. Death was to him but the Gate of Life. An essential spirituality pervaded his being, which freed him from the limitations of dogma and doctrine, and which enabled him to sympathise with and appreciate Catholicism as well as Dissent from Catholicism. Heine says that he became a Catholic, but he did not; and it is enough to know that he possessed the key of all religions, that which is common to all, trust in God and in a future Life. No hymns can excel in piety those which he wrote, full of a tender deep realisation of the place of the Mystic Christ, of the Ideal of Manhood in his own deepest life, who both made him man and illuminated Destiny. In Christ he feels that Death and Life are made one, that the everlasting enmity between the Ending and the Unending is neutralised, he finds love, peace, joy, and the

sun that will make him fruitful to all perfection. Christ was to Novalis what the Holy Will was to Fichte, and both learnt in their own way the meaning of the Love that moves the sun and all the stars.

It has been said that the true test of a hymn is that it would make a love poem, and the test of a real love poem is that it would make a hymn. Whether this was the standard aimed at by Novalis or no he often clothes his spirituality in materialistic phraseology as in his vision of the true and universal Agape. "Few know the secret of Love, feel for ever unsatisfied, for ever athirst. The divine significance of the Supper is a riddle to earthly sense. But he who once has drunk in the breath of Life from warm beloved lips, whose heart has melted in the quivering waves of holy fire, whose eyes have been opened to measure the unfathomable depths of heaven—he will eat of His Body and drink of His Blood for ever more. Who has yet guessed the transcendent meaning of this earthly Life? Who can say that he understands the Blood? One day all bodies shall be one Body, then the holy pair will float in heavenly blood. Oh! that the ocean were already reddening; that the rocks were softening into fragrant flesh! The sweet repast never ends; love is never satisfied. Never

can it have the beloved near enough, close enough to its inmost self. By ever tenderer lips the heavenly food is ever more eagerly enjoyed. More fiercely burns the passion of the soul; thirstier, ever thirstier grows the heart, and so the feast of Love endures from everlasting to everlasting. Had those who abstain but once tasted of it, they would forsake everything and seat themselves beside us at the table of longing, which is ever furnished with guests. They would comprehend the infinite feelings of Love, and extol our Feast of the Body and the Blood."

In this mystic rhapsody we see the manner in which the Christian Mysteries were treated by the Romantics, that in their more rapturous moments Christianity became for them not only the Gospel of the Spirit, but also the inner Gospel of the Flesh.

For Novalis, as for Böhme, the road led ever inwards. He sought the true religious life, the life of the ages; he saw the shortness of the earthly tenure and the greatness of the soul. Religion is "sense and taste for the Unending," and Novalis in his tireless search seemed most truly to be the incarnation of an eternal soul. "Religion arises when a holy soul is thrilled by the Universum"—it is in Each to find All, in the Ending to find the Unending. Formulæ

are unimportant; each man contains his own salvation. "It is not thou who believest in a sacred book that hast religion, but the man who needs none—who could ever make one himself," and hence everything human is holy, for everything is divine. Death, too, is but an incident to both these mystics. There is no death, "Who knows whither we shoot forth when we disappear from hence? Perhaps over there there may be a death, the result of which is earthly life."

An essay, "Christianity or Europe," was written by Novalis about 1796. He looked in vain for the sweet, soul-uniting belief in the government of God on earth, for that divine confidence between man and man, for that sweet devotion at the outpouring of the God-inspired spirit, that all-embracing Love. For reasons best known to themselves, Goethe and Dorothea Veit kept this essay out of the Athenæum. "Flower Pollen" was published in 1797, the year of Sophie's death. "It is a duty to think of the dead; it is the only way to remain in fellowship with them." It consists of ejaculated thought, and contains no consecutive theme.

"Heinrich von Osterdingen," his latest work, and his most sustained effort, a singularly beautiful romance, remains unfinished. The "Disciples at Sais" is unfinished, the "Encyclopædia" and "Thought Exercises" are fragments; but

it must be always kept in mind that Novalis did not write primarily for publication, and that may account for the hoard of unfinished dramas, translations and varied endeavour that he left behind. He had such a sense of the Eternal that the Finite seemed to him but of little account, and the mere finishing and perfecting of a production was a matter of sincere indifference to him in his earnest curiosity for new knowledge. The literature of his time, with the exception of "Wilhelm Meister," influenced him peculiarly little. Of course, like Napoleon, he wept over the sorrows of Werther, of course he read Ossian, who had just then become the ideal poet of Romance, and he was to a great extent tinged by the curious and widespread sentimentality of his time. His style, such as it was, was his own, and is characterised by the strangest inequality, ranging from inspired poetry to commonplace expression. He reached the highest in "Sais," and its few pages contain the sum of his Thought and reveal that new, inner, half-guessed understanding of Nature of which Novalis alone amongst his contemporaries deeply realised the meaning.

Truly Novalis had come into the world at a critical moment. The years between 1772 and 1801, the term of his natural life, were some of the most vital in European history, for

they witnessed the culmination of that great struggle of the Rights of the Individual, that mighty egoistic wave that enveloped Europe and even America in its advance towards Social Reconstruction. Surveying the world, we see England losing America, France emergent from the Feudal system, and men everywhere systematising all things. In spite of social anarchy there was a deep, strong undercurrent of Order, a genius for investigation was abroad, all branches of knowledge were being classified and systematised into sciences. In the realm of Natural Philosophy there were many eager searchers, and it is not surprising that Novalis, with his fervid imagination, was captivated by their quest. Joseph Priestly was discovering that air parts with its oxygen to the blood as it passes through the lungs; Aloysius Galvani, who gave his name to the Force which he discovered, was working along the same lines as Ritter and Volta. Novalis was absorbed by the new galvanic theories, and said that "Thought must be galvanisation," while Schelling waxed enthusiastic about oxygen, and thought it the Philosopher's Stone. It was necessary for Novalis to know something of Mineralogy in his profession, and so he went to learn of Werner, the professor at Freyberg. Werner was a man of note who had first applied the

term "Formations" to the groups of strata which are usually found associated, and the term "Transition" to the rocks lying between those called primitive and secondary, and he it was who led Novalis into the secrets of Nature and who greatly inspired him. "The Disciples at Saïs" was the natural outcome of the tumultuous yet ordered activity around him, that great Nature-Revelation which, with its strange analogies and nascent harmonies, is one of the greatest poems in the possession of men. Werner, the Mineralogist and Collector, must have been, it seems, the "Master" in Saïs, and the Pupil who is not so ready as the others is probably Novalis himself, who says "everything leads me back into myself," and "our Master wishes that we should all travel by different paths, as all eventually lead to Saïs" —Saïs, the ancient Egyptian city in which the temple of Isis stood, and whose priests traditionally held the profound lore of the unriddled Universe. In this remarkable work we may learn that he conceived Nature as a vast self-existent universally related Whole, and his idea of the sciences was "that they should mutually elucidate, confirm and enforce each other." Here we find expressed the idea of Unity that possessed all the Romantics, the idea that made even the great Goethe rejoice more in the dis-

covery of the "os intermaxillare" in man than in any other of his work.

There is no question but that the genius of Novalis lay in his capacity for Unification; and it is for this reason that he seems to be the embodiment of the aspiration of his age, though he had neither real mathematical nor philosophical training; yet an extraordinary intuition combined with a strong poetic faculty enabled him, like Emerson, whose mind more nearly resembles his than any other, to be a weaver of thoughts, a writer of theories, a mingler of discoveries. Like Coleridge he was fragmentary and unconsecutive in his work, and it is difficult to give in a few words an idea of the philosophy that is scattered up and down in the thought exercises and encyclopædic fragments. He says: "Philosophy is the science of self-analysis, through philosophising we begin to perceive that Nature or the outer world is similar to a human being, we find out that we can only begin to comprehend things in the same way in which we know ourselves and those dearest to us. At last we realise the true bond of union between subject and object, and discover that even in our own selves there is an outer world, which stands in the same relation to our inner selves that our outer life bears to the outer world, that the latter are as closely

connected as our outer and inner life, and, therefore, we can only comprehend the inner life and soul of Nature by reflection, even as it is only by sensation that our outer life comes in contact with material forces." "The road leads inwards, inwards to the depths of the Ego; the highest task of culture is self mastery of the inner life, so that it may become indeed the true Ego." "We are called to the cultivation of the Earth," he says, "she takes man's impression. Humanity is the higher sense of our planet, the nerve that connects this portion (of the Universe) with a higher world, the Eye that it lifts to Heaven." For Novalis Man is Mediator between God and Nature. "Nature shall become moral, we are her teachers, her moral tangents, her moral attraction." Novalis, in spite of his deep-seated monistic tendency, becomes a dualist in his view of Nature. Instead of making God and Nature the same, he places her in opposition to Him as her goal; God, endless Activity; Nature, endless object (theme or matter); *I* the Endless condition. God and Nature must be separated, God is the Goal of Nature, that with which she shall one day harmonise. He seems to represent God not as the moving Spirit with the cosmos, but as over against the world that He had thrown off in order that it might yield itself to Him. The Ego

is that which binds the subjective and objective world, and it must be in its very essence Love, for the Ego is forever two who are yet one, and thus it is that the conception of an extra mundane God and of a temporal creation is evaded. For Novalis as for Fichte if there is Man there must be God, if there is God there must be Man.

There is no occasion to dwell much on the philosophy of Novalis; his system, if it can be called a system, was made up of monistic and dualistic ingredients on Fichtean lines. He was in reality a born Poet and Religionist, and it is as such, and not as a Philosopher, that he must live; and though his intense realisation of that dream of the ages, the Unity of the Universe, may appear philosophic, yet he was in truth no thinker but a dreamer, whose innate tendency was to regard phenomena as the everlasting breaking of waves on some shore, each wave disappearing only to reappear in some other, all alike being manifestations of the hidden Unity. He arrived at the same results as the thinker, but, as he said himself in Sais, there are many roads that lead to the Temple of the veiled Goddess, of Isis the Mystery.

During the last year of his life, the work of John Brown, the Scotch doctor, interested Novalis much; he was the inventor of the Brunonian system of dividing disease into two

classes, sthenic and asthenic, a man who tried to combine the healing of soul and body, the true mystic hidden by the physician's garb. Novalis ever turned in upon himself, revelled in the new theory, and even fell in love with sickness, for it became to him valuable as a process of individualisation, a school for the cultivation of the disposition. From early years Novalis had learnt to look on death as the home-going. There are some people in this world whose faces are always set towards home, who suffer the same divine nostalgia that Perugino painted into the countenances of his saints. For every illuminated soul, death is but the greater Transubstantiation, a more mighty Sacrament than any of which the Churches teach. It is the Gate of the Holy of Holies, for ever shut in this world, because on its lintel is inscribed the word that slays. Before he was twenty-nine, Novalis had surrendered his life into that Night which is the inner Day, into that great Song of Night which he had said is the sublime Song of Death or of New Life.

On account of his long brown hair, his white semi-transparent forehead, his glowing eyes and his face irradiate with spirituality, he was likened by his friends to the picture of St John Baptist in the Munich Gallery. So great was his preoccupation with the Unseen that he

would wander through the grass-lands, when in springtime they were studded with flowers, and see not the green grass beneath his feet nor the blue sky above, but the yet broader meadows, the yet more enchanting flowers of the Eternal Country. Landscape for him, as for every true Romantic, was but a state of the soul, Nature but the accompaniment to the motif of man's mood. India for him, as for F. Schlegel, was the Homestead of the Soul, the Source of all Religion, and the blue waves of Heaven as they flowed gently overhead imaged the mysterious Sea of Death. A sweet, all-pervading unity emanated from his soul making distant things familiar.

Novalis is such a beautiful dreamer that when we come to analyse his work we feel as if we were bruising the wings of some glorious blue butterfly, whose life has been a series of flights from mystery to mystery, and whose true home is the empyrean, the real Bird of Paradise, of which it is said that it has no feet, and so must hang hovering for ever. If we are going to brush the dust from the blue wings we must tell first what he said of himself: "Spinoza climbed to Nature, Fichte to the Ego or Personality, I to the thesis, God," and yet, in spite of his vaunt, as far as thought went, he remained in a far smaller circle than either. And why?

Because he lacked the power of consecutive, concentrated thought, the really trained faculties; he was full of intuitions, enthusiasms, interests, originality; with a wide vision and a small grasp. But after all, perhaps the lustre of the blue wings is really enhanced by the removal of the philosophic dust; their true colour is shown to be the diviner cobalt of Poetry, and their owner as a magic Intuitionist in the Spiritual Kingdom.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF NOVALIS

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

I

Without Thee where should I have ended,
Without Thee what should I have done?
Delivered o'er to anxious terror
I should have stood on earth alone.
I knew not what I loved with surety,
The Future yawned a gulf below.
And whom could I, my heart revealing,
Make a partaker of my woe?

Lonely, consumed by Love and Longing,
Each day appeared to me a night.
I coursed through life with headlong hurry,
And bitter tears did blind my sight.
I found no rest amid the tumult,
And hopeless grief e'en in my home.
Who would on Earth remain a moment
Without a friend 'neath heaven's dome?

But if Christ once to me has beckoned,
And I of Him am really sure,
Oh! but how soon a life illumined
Maketh the darkness to pass o'er!

Through Him I manhood first attainèd,
By Him my fate untangled is,
And India's sun in regions polar,
Resembleth much that Love of His.

Thus life becomes a joy supernal,
Love and delight spring everywhere,
For each wound grows a herb of healing,
And each heart burns to do and dare.
For all His various gifts most grateful
Respectfully I bend the knee,
Convinced of having Him among us
Where gathered are but two or three.

Oh! go out into every highway
And fetch the erring ones within,
Stretch out thine hand, with love receive them,
And bid them join us here within.
To Earth has Heaven now descended,
By Faith we see Him verily,
And those in One Love with us joinèd
The Revelation also see.

Of sins an old persistent burden
Was bound on us, our hearts were low,
We wandered in the night all blindly,
Aliens alike from joy and woe;
Each action seemed to us a trespass,
And Man the enemy of God;

And if we heard the voice of Heaven
It spoke of Death or chast'ning rod.

The heart, the spring of life's rich fountain,
Seemed habited by wicked elves,
If our poor spirits ever lightened
It was no gain to our sad selves.
An iron rivet held us fastened;
We, muttering prisoners to the earth,
And fear of Death's great sword of justice
Extinguished hope, and left us dearth.

But a Deliverer—a Saviour,
A Son of Man with love and might,
Within us fire immortal kindled
To love-flame clear, eternal, bright.
For once we saw the heavens opened
As if they were our Fatherland,
We could again be faithful, hopeful
And feel that God was near at hand.

Since then did sin amongst us dwindle
And each man's joy rang in his pace,
To children was the Faith then tendered,
As richest dower of our Race.
Through Him Life glided by enhancèd,
As if some hallowed dream it were,
And given o'er to Love and Longing,
Our farewells did not touch welfare.

And still there stands in glorious splendour
The Holy Lover ever here,
Touched are we by His crown so thorny,
And by His faithfulness so dear.
And every man to us is welcome
Who grips His Hand with us and lies
With us together in His heart-core,
To ripen Fruit of Paradise.

II

Eastward Dawn is slowly breaking,
Antique times their youth renew,
I shall drink my deep thirst slaking
At the fount of rainbow hue;
Drink fulfilment of life's old desire;
Drink Love sweet, transfigured, reft of fire.

Lastly, to the earth there cometh
The Sacred Child of all the skies,
Round the earth the life-wind hummeth
In creative songs that rise,
Kindling newly from extinguished ashes
Brilliant, everlasting lightning flashes.

Everywhere from graves upwelling
See new lives, and quickened blood
In the Life Stream laves He, telling
Of our peace amidst the flood;

With outstretched hands for ever standing,
Ready to fulfil all man's demanding.

Let His Countenance so tender
Deep impress thy human soul,
By His glance He thee will render
Joyous and most surely whole,
Then would all men's hearts and souls and senses
Mingle in the dance that first commences.

Grip His Hands with utmost rigour,
Print His Face thy heart upon,
Turn to Him in all thy vigour,
As a flower turns to the sun ;
So thou only show Him thy heart's treasure
He will be thine, and loving without measure.

Ours has now become for ever
The Divine which we did fear,
South and North in one endeavour
Seek the heavenly seed to rear.
In God's garden hopeful leave them sleeping,
Bud and blossom in His tender keeping.

III

Who sitteth in his chamber lonely,
And weepeth salt and bitter tears,
To whom all Life's experience only
In garb of sorrow drear appears.

Who, on the picture of past ages,
Looks deep as if down some abyss,
Towards which a yearning that assuages
Seems drawing him to deeper bliss.

It seems as though mysterious treasures
Were heaped and stored for him below;
He seeks the key in haste, nor measures
What breath or strength he should bestow.

In barrenness the Future dreary
Lies stretched ahead at fearful length,
He wanders round alone and weary,
Seeking himself with ardent strength.

I fell into his arms in crying
Ah! once I was as thou art now,
Yet I've got better of my dying,
For everlasting peace I know.

Thou need'st, as I did, a Consoler
Who inly struggled, loved and died,
That e'en for those who wreaked their choler
On Him, with joyfulness He died.

And thou canst daily, through His dying,
Appropriate His Love and Him,
And in all states, however trying,
Canst with thine arms reach unto Him.

From Him does blood and life flow newly
Into thy dusty, brittle frame,
If thou thy heart give to Him truly
He will love back in manner same.

What thou hast lost, with Him thou findeth,
In Him thou meetest all thy love,
And to thee He ever bindeth
What His Hand restores in Love.

IV

'Midst a thousand hours of gladness,
Which I knew amidst life's sadness,
One alone remains with me;
One in which 'mid pain unhealèd
To my sad heart was revealèd
Who it was that died for me.

All my world for me was shattered,
Just as if by storm-wind battered,
Withered all my heart's delight,
All my life's most dear possession
Lay engulfed in deep depression,
And I but bewailed my plight.

As I thus in silence ailèd,
Inly pining—deeply wailèd,
Only living on through fear;

Suddenly, as if by magic,
Rolled away my grave-stone tragic,
And my inmost soul was clear.

Whom I saw, and whom beside Him,
Let none ask, lest woe betide him,
Ever shall I see but this,
And of all Life's hours named vital
This alone deserves that title,
Like my griefs still vivid is.

V

If only Him I have,
If He be but mine,
If my heart hence to the grave
Ne'er forget His troth divine,
Nought know I of sadness,
Only worship, joyfulness and gladness.

If only Him I have,
Gladly leave I all,
Follow on my pilgrim's stave
Right loyally His call,
Letting all the others
Tread the bright and crowdèd way as brothers.

If only Him I have,
I lay down in peace,

Refreshed by the dear wave
Of Love that ne'er shall cease,
Which with sweet compelling,
Melts and penetrates by strange indwelling.

If only Him I have,
I possess the world,
Blessèd as an angel-knave
Holding Mary's veil unfurled.
Sunk in adoration,
I do fear no earthly isolation.

Where only Him I have,
Is my Fatherland,
And the heritage I crave
A free gift in my hand,
Friends I had lamented
Find I now amongst his sons presented.

VI

If all are faithless to Thee,
Yet true to Thee stay I,
That gratitude among us
Should not entirely die.
For me Thou barest sorrow,
And sufferest death's keen dart,
Therefore with joy I give Thee
For evermore this heart.

Oft must I bitter weeping
Lament Thy Death, and yet!
How many of Thy children
Thee all their lives forget.
By Love alone constrainèd
Hast Thou such great things done,
And yet Thou art gone down to death,
And no one thinks thereon.

Thou stand'st a steadfast Lover
For ever by each one,
And if all men forsake Thee,
Art still the Faithful One.
The truest Love shall conquer,
We feel it, in the end,
Convinced by Thee we, weeping,
Like children 'fore Thee bend.

I have indeed received Thee,
Oh, let me never go,
And let me sweet communion
For ever with Thee know.
One day my brethren also
Shall turn from worldly marts,
In love they'll bow before Thee,
Surrendering their hearts.

AVE MARIA

In countless pictures I behold thee,
Oh! Mary Mother, sweet expressed,
Yet none of these can e'er unfold thee
As I have graved thee, in my breast.
I only know that the world's madness
Seems to slip by me like some dream,
And that an infinite sweet gladness
Steeps all my soul in its clear stream.

HYMN TO NIGHT

What living man,
Endowed with senses,
Does not love
Before all the other Marvels,
Of the vast space that encircles him,
The all-gladdening Light,
With its rays and its waves,
Its colours
And its gentle omnipresence
During the Day?
As the inmost soul
Of Life,
The giant-world
Of Restless Stars

That swim in its blue sea, breathes it,
The sparkling stone breathes it,
The quiet Plants,
And the Animals
In all their varied forms,
In all their mobile strength.
The many-coloured
Clouds and Airs breathe it.
And above all
The Magnificent Strangers
With their meditative eyes
And stately gait
And resounding voices.
As the Sovran
Of Earthly Nature
It calls every power
To innumerable transformations,
And its presence alone
Manifests the wonders
Of the Terrestrial Kingdom.
Backward I turn
To Thee, oh! Sacred, Unspeakable Night!
Far away the World
Lies buried as if in some deep grave.
How deserted and lonely are her high places!
Deep Sorrow moans through the Chords of the
Breast!
The Memory of distant ones,
The wishes of Youth,

The Dreams of childhood,
The short Joys
Of all a long life,
Its vain hopes,
Come in drab garments
Like evening mists
After the Sun's
Setting.
Far off lies the World
With its gaudy delights.
In other spaces
Light establishes
Its airy habitation.
Suppose it never returned
To its faithful children,
Its garden,
Its splendid home?
But what is it that flows
So cool and refreshing,
So full of presentiment,
Into one's heart,
And that absorbs
Sorrow's soft breath?
Hast thou, too, a human heart,
Dark Night?
What dost thou hold
Under thy Mantle
That pierces my soul
With invisible strength?

Thou only appearest awful.
A costly Balsam
Drips from thy hand
From out a bundle of Poppies.
In sweet intoxication
Thou foldest the wings
Of the Spirit,
And givest us Joys
Dark and inexpressible,
Secret as thou thyself art,
Joys that allow us
To guess at Heaven.
How poor and childish
Light appears to me
With its coloured things,
How joyful and sacred
The Departure of Day.
And only because Night
Turns those who serve away from thee
Thou sowest in the vaults of space
Glittering Balls,
In memory of thy Omnipotence,
Of thy return,
In the times of thy Absence.
More celestial than the glimmering stars
Of those spaces
Seem the infinite eyes
That Night
Opens within us.

These see further
Than the palest
Of those uncountable hosts.
Unneeding of Light
They penetrate the depths
Of a loving spirit
And so fill the higher spaces
With unspeakable satisfaction.
Praise to the World-Queen,
To the High Herald of the Sacred World,
The Cherisher
Of Holy Love
Thou comest Belovèd!
Night is here.
Delighted is my soul,
The earthly road is passed
And Thou once more art mine.
I gaze into thy deep dark eyes,
I see nought but love and blessedness.
We sink on the Altar of Night,
On the soft couch.
The mantle descends,
And kindled by the warm embrace
The sweet sacrifice
Is illumined in clear
Flame.

THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY, LOVE AND RELIGION

HYPOTHESES are nets; only he will catch who casts his net.

Was not America discovered through Hypothesis. Long live Hypothesis!

Precisely because we are philosophers we need not bother ourselves about issues. We have the principle, that is enough; the rest can be left for commoner brains!

The philosopher subsists on problems, as a man on food. An insoluble problem is an indigestible food. What seasoning is to food, paradox is to problem. A problem is truly solved when it ceases to exist as such. It is the same with food. The gain in both is the activity to which they both give rise. Moreover there are nourishing problems as well as nourishing foods, whose elements become a growth of my intelligence. Through philosophy, in so far as it is an absolute opera-

tion my intelligence, besides being ceaselessly nourished, continually improves, which is only the case with food up to a certain point. A sudden improvement of our intelligence is as thinkable as a sudden access of strength. The true step of health and improvement is slow. Just as little as we eat to gain strength and new material, just so little do we philosophise in order to find strange new truths. We philosophise for the same reason that we live. Should we ever arrive at living without the accustomed means of nourishment we should be far on the road to philosophise without given problems, if some have not already attained to this.

To philosophise is to dephlegmatise, to make alive.

Whoever knows what it is to philosophise knows what it is to live and *vice versâ*.

Metaphysic is the true Dynamic of Thought.

Activity is the only Reality.

Light is in all cases Action. Light is like Life, active Activity.

All Happening is wonderful, the activity of a higher Being, a Problem.

What is Nature? An encyclopædic systematic index or plan of our Soul. Why should we content ourselves with a mere catalogue of our treasures? Let us examine them, work at them, and make varied use of them. The Fate which oppresses us is indolence of Soul. By the extension and cultivation of our activities we shall transform ourselves into Fate.

All seems to flow into us, because we do not flow out. We are negative, because we choose to be. The more positive we become, the more negative will the World around us become, till in the end Negation will be no more, but we shall be all in all.

God desires gods.

We must hereafter separate God and Nature. God has nothing to do with Nature. He is the goal of Nature, with whom she will one day be harmonised. Nature must become moral, and thus of course the Kantian moral God and morality appear in quite a different light. The moral God is something much higher than the magic God.

We must try to be magicians in order to be properly moral. The more moral, the more

harmonised with God, the more godly, the more united to God.

God may become intelligible to us through the moral sense.

The moral sense is the sense of existence without external affects, the sense of solidarity, the sense of the highest, the sense of harmony, the sense of freely chosen yet associated life and being, the sense of the thing-in-itself, the real divination sense (to divine is to perceive something without reason, without contact). The word sense which denotes mediate cognition, contact, mingling, is not altogether apt here though it is an infinite expression, as it has an infinite extension. The proper meaning can only be approximately expressed. It is nonsense or sense as against that non-sense.

Shall I set God or the World-Soul in Heaven? It were better if I explained Heaven as a moral Universe and found room for the World-Soul in the Universum.

To act morally and to act religiously are consequently closely united. One must aim at a complete inward and outward harmony; to fulfil of one's own will both the law and the will of God. Thus there is a one-sided moral and a one-sided religious activity.

When our intelligence and our world are in harmony then are we like unto God.

We naturally only understand what is strange by becoming self-alienated, self-altered, self-observant. Then we see the true bond of the connexion between subject and object; see, that in us too, there is an outer world which stands in the same relation to our inner selves that our outer life bears to the outer world, and that these two are as closely united as our inner and outer selves. Therefore we can only perceive the inward being and the soul of Nature through thought, even as we only perceive the external being and body of Nature through sensation.

It is dogmatic if I should say there is no God, there is no science, there is no thing-in-itself; I can only say as a critic: For me there is no such person, except one devised. All Illusion is as essential to Truth as the body to the soul. Error is the necessary instrument of Truth. I make Truth with Error; the accomplished use of Error, accomplished possession of Truth.

All synthesis, all progression or transition begins with Illusion. I see without me what is within me, I think that just what I do is that which happens and so on. This is the Error of Space and Time.

Faith is the operation of Illusion, the basis of Illusion. All knowledge at a distance is

Faith. The idea external to me is a Thing. All knowledge begins and ends in Faith. Previous and subsequent amplification of knowledge is extension, or amplification of the province of Faith. The Ego imagines a strange being; by approximation to it there arises another mediate being, the product which belongs to the Ego and which at the same time does not belong to the Ego. The mediate results of the process are the chief matter. The fortuitously become or made Thing is the Thing aimed at inverted.

If a man suddenly veraciously believes that he is moral, he will be so.

The supposition of the ideal of what is sought is the method of finding it.

Faith is a miraculous power. All Faith is miraculous and miracle working. God *is* in the moment that I believe in Him. Faith is an indirect miracle, a working force. By Faith we can at any moment work miracles for ourselves, and often for others too if they believe in us.

The immortal Sense of the Unseen cannot be annihilated, but it may be clouded, mutilated, smothered by other senses. A measure of loneliness seems necessary to those devoted to the higher Sense, and therefore a too frequent communion with men must stifle many sacred germs.

Is Speculation naturally and designedly poetic? Possibly. Otherwise we should be forced to set ourselves a goal in order that we should not wander dementedly in this same Speculation as in a labyrinth. For here is the abode of that so notorious Speculation, of that decried false Mysticism, of belief in the fathoming of the thing-in-itself.

Criticism but shows the necessity of Limitation, Determination. Restraint points to a determined goal, and transforms Speculation into a useful and even a poetic Instrument.

The endless continuation of activity is characteristic of psychic or spiritual inertia.

Everything excellent deserves ostracism. It is a good thing when it ostracises itself. Everything absolute must be ostracised from the world. In the world we must live with the world. We only live when we are living in the sense of the people with whom we live. All good that there is in the world comes from within, but it only twinkles through.

The Excellent causes the world to advance, but it must quickly be suppressed.

The most wonderful, the eternal phenomenon

is our own existence. The greatest secret is man himself. The solving of this endless problem is in very deed the History of the World. We seek the purpose of the world! We ourselves are this purpose.

We must seek God among men. The Spirit of Heaven is most clearly manifest in human events, human thoughts and sensations.

There is but one Temple in the world—the human body. Nothing is holier than this sublime form. (The bowing before men is a homage to this revelation in the flesh.) We touch Heaven when we touch the human body.

What is mysticism? What things can be treated mystically? Religion, Love, Nature, the State, everything elect is related to mysticism. If all men were like a pair of lovers, the difference between mysticism and non-mysticism would disappear.

If God can become man He can also become a stone, a plant, an animal, an element, and perhaps there is in this way a progressive redemption of Nature.

Properly understood Morality is the real life element of man. It is intimately connected with

the fear of God. Our pure moral will is God's will. When we fulfil His will we gladden and extend our own existence, and it is really as though we did it for our own good, from within our own nature. Sin is of course the real evil of the world. All calamity proceeds from it. Whoso understands sin understands virtue and Christianity, his own self and the world. Without this understanding we cannot make the merit of Christ our own, we have no part in that second higher Creation.

Our whole life is service of God.

The Catholic Religion is far more visible, intimate and familiar, than the Protestant Religion. In the latter one sees nothing but Church towers and vestments, which are in themselves a temporisation.

With the Ancients Religion certainly was what it should be with us—practical Poetry.

The higher knowledge of the East which is attained through inactivity and intuition, is a species of intellectual quietism. Their System of knowledge resembles our System of grace.

A passive System is indirectly an active System.

Axiom: We can know nothing of ourselves. All true knowledge must be given to us.

All absolute perception is religious.

God is Love. Love is the highest Reality, the First Cause.

Thou hast so much Love around thee, and rejoicest so little in it. Love should be the true comfort and life-joy of the genuine Christian.

Love is the ultimate goal of the World's History, the Amen of the Universe.

With Love it is the same as with conviction. How many believe they are convinced and are not convinced. Only by Truth can we be truly convinced, only through Love can we truly love.

The Heart is the key of the world and of life. We live in our present helpless condition in order to love one another, and be obliged to help one another. Through imperfection we become open to the influence of others.

In illness others can and may help us. From this point of view, Christ is surely the Key of the world.

Much of Scepticism is only unripe Idealism.

A Realist is an Idealist who knows nothing of himself.

Crude Idealism, Idealism at first hand is Realism.

We shall not miss the way if we regard the Universal in us and about us.

It is only because of the feebleness of our perceptions and activity that we do not perceive ourselves to be in a fairy world.

The first man was the first spiritual Seer; everything seemed to him spirit. How are children other than first men? The first glance of a child is more convincing than the premonition of the most gifted Seer.

Humanity is the higher sense of our planet, the nerve that binds this planet to the upper world, the eye that it raises to Heaven.

The Bible opens splendidly with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and closes with the eternal Kingdom, with the Holy City. These two chief features are also quite historic. The

beginning of the New Testament is the second, the higher fall (a sin, that had to be sinned), and the beginning of a new period. The history of every man should be a Bible; will be a Bible. Christ is the new Adam.

Man began in instinct and will end in instinct. Instinct is genius in Paradise, before the period of self-abstraction (self-knowledge). Shall man duplicate himself, and not only duplicate, but triplicate himself?

The spirit world is in fact revealed to us; it is always open. Could we suddenly become as sensitive as is necessary, we should perceive ourselves to be in its midst. What are the methods for the healing of our present deficient condition? Formerly they were fasts and moral purification; now maybe by invigoration.

In the Spiritual Nature-Kingdom, each man must everywhere seek his peculiar territory and climate, his best occupation, his particular neighbourhood, in order to cultivate a Paradise in Idea; this is the right system. Paradise is the ideal of earthly lands, the resting-place of the soul. An instructed man should be, with regard to nature's forces, what a botanic and

English garden (aspiration after Paradise) is in regard to the ground and its products—a more youthful, concentrated, potent soil.

Paradise is scattered over the whole earth, and that is why it has become so unrecognisable. Its scattered features shall be reunited, its skeleton shall be filled out. This would be the Regeneration of Paradise.

It is strange that the Hebrews did not represent their vowels. The consonant forms perhaps arose from the configuration of the producing organs.

The soul is a consonant body. Vowels are called by the Hebrews Alphabet-souls.

All Realities created out of nothing, as for instance, Numbers and Abstract Expressions, are mysteriously connected with things of another World with unending lines of wondrous combinations and relationships, likewise with an, in itself, Mathematic and Abstract World.

Everywhere, it seems to me, there is an underlying grammatic mysticism which might very easily excite the first wonder at speech and script. (Savage people still hold script to be witchcraft.)

Inclination to the marvellous and mysterious is nothing but effort towards unsensational,

spiritual stimulus. Mysteries are means of nourishment, inciting potentialities. Explanations are comprehended mysteries.

Seasons and times, Life and Fate—all are remarkable, rhythmic, metric, regular throughout. In all crafts and arts, in all machines, in organic bodies, in our daily occupations, everywhere, there is rhythm, metre, accent, melody. All that we do with a certain skill unnoticed, we do rhythmically. There is rhythm everywhere; it insinuates itself everywhere. All mechanism is metric, rhythmic. There must be more in it than this. Is it merely the influence of inertia?

To seek after originality is literary egoism, gross egoism. Whoever cannot treat an alien thought as his own, and his personal thought as alien, is no real scholar.

The production of new ideas can be to me a useless luxury; it is an active accumulation; working to accumulate is already a high degree of activity. To the real scholar nothing is alien, nothing is personal. Everything is both to him. (To the philosophic body, the body itself is strange and peculiar, at once stimulus and sensibility.)

There should be higher effort toward higher

originality. In the world of learning too, one must love and select in order to be self existing and self satisfying.

The more vast and varied the horizon of consciousness the more the personal magnitude of man is diminished, the more the spiritual, the intellectual magnitude of the man waxes and becomes apparent. The capacity for limitation grows with boundlessness. Freedom grows with the culture and ability of the thinker. (Freedom and love are one.) The multiplicity of methods is increased. Finally, the thinker knows how to make everything of each thing. The philosopher becomes the poet. The poet is only the highest type of thinker.

The more humbly and slowly we begin, the more prone are we to perfection; and this is the case in everything. The more we can do with little, the more we can do with much. When we know how to love one, we know how best to love all.

Out of indolence man desires simple mechanism or simple magic. He does not wish to be active, to use his productive imagination.

We should take no notice of what is unpleasant.

We disdain mud—why? Are we not come

from mud? Everywhere mud, and nothing but mud; and yet we are surprised mud has not changed its nature.

Strange that the real cause of cruelty is sensuality.

The keynote of man is intellect, of woman feeling. The morality of woman is based upon feeling, as that of man is based upon the intellect.

The sexes are differently entertained. Man demands the sensational in intellectual form, the woman the intellectual in sensational form. What is secondary to the man is paramount to the woman.

Is there a woman in the world who out of sheer love of adornment would deck herself out for her own pleasure?

Coal and diamonds are one substance, and yet with how great a difference. Should it not be the same with man and woman? We are clay, and women are opals and sapphires, which also originate as clay.

Is not the superiority of women demonstrated by the fact that the extremes among them are

more remarkable than amongst us? The most depraved fellow does not differ so much from the most excellent man as the miserable slut from the noble woman. Is not this demonstrated by the fact that we find much good said of men but no good said of women? Do they not resemble the Infinite, since it is impossible to square (quadriren) them, and they can only be approached through approximation? The highest amongst them are absolutely near to us, and yet are ever sought; they are absolutely comprehensible and yet are never comprehended; they are absolutely indispensable, yet most are dispensed with.

So long as there are valiant men and cowards there must be a nobility.

In this world there are so many flowers that are of supernatural origin, that do not flourish in this climate. They are really the heralds, the announcing envoys of a better existence. Pre-eminent among such flowers are Religion and Love.

When it has become clear to us that the world is God's kingdom, when this great conviction has once penetrated our minds in its infinite fulness, then we go comforted along

Life's dark path, and contemplate its storm and dangers with a deep divine peace.

There are an infinite number of unknown sorrows, but there also assuredly are an infinite number of God's benefits that are unknown.

Outer circumstances do not entirely make up the sum of our own happiness or woe, they are but the curious language of an unknown immanent Spirit. The truly happy or unhappy condition is simply undetermined and individual. Each hour in which we hear talk of unhappiness, is an hour of edification. If we diligently consider the uncertainty of men's possession of happiness, we must become more equable and courageous.

All anxiety is of the devil. Courage and joy are of God.

Anxiety is a wavering, an uncertainty, and is chiefly physical. The healthy man is always peaceful even in the most desperate circumstances.

Have I not chosen my fate since the eternities? Each drear thought is an earthly temporary thought of anxiety.

There is nothing harder than to have patience with one's self to bear one's own weakness.

It is best, if one has the sense, to receive everything that happens with a prayerful heart as a benefit from God. Through Prayer we can attain all.

All that we call accident is of God.

Blame nothing human. All is good, only not everywhere, only not always, not for all.

The Future is not for the sick, only the gaze of the healthful can audaciously lose itself in its wonderful waves. Misfortune is the summons to God. We can only become holy through Misfortune, that is why the old saints hurled themselves upon Misfortune.

If only bodily disquiet did not always become disquiet of soul! It is not always possible to work upon the body, but we should seek, with God's help, to gain the mastery of the soul, in order to be really peaceful. If the soul is quiet, the body will soon be quieted.

We should be ashamed if we are not able to make our thoughts think what we will. Pray God for His assistance that He may help thee to chase away anxious thoughts. But first learn to recognise an anxious thought as such at once. With inward prayer and firm resolution much is possible. As soon as thou

becomest anxious and sad, and fearful ideas weigh thee down, begin most heartily to pray. If it does not succeed the first time, it will certainly succeed in time.

If we have God in our hearts we do not grumble. We have only one great uplifting experience of the soul. From the divine point of view clouds do not exist; there is but one Radiance, but one Splendour. Man is different to a child. Man's being comes from God. The ancients were always joyous. That which does not help at once, helps after a while. Only lose not courage and faith. Imagine that thou art a stranger, that thou must comfort thyself. Wouldst thou then not often say—Sir, be not childish! Fear passes away. A man and Christ must bear fear with patience. Is it Christianity to be so timid? Have you not a spark of pride or shame in your hearts? Big men, you should be ashamed of yourselves! Has the dear God sent you such hard trials that you must be at once disheartened?

What really is age? is youth? Youth is where the Future prevails; age where the Past has the ascendancy.

Only an artist can divine the meaning of Life.

To become man is an art.

Who brings with him a character into life will learn to understand himself with difficulty.

Pure analysis, pure experiment and observation lead into the Invisible Spaces, quite simply into Eternity.

Infinite thoughts, ideal thoughts, ideals with two or three dimensions. How can we make use of infinite thoughts for the solution of finite problems of thought?

Thinking is speaking. Speaking and doing or making are one, are but one modified operation. God said "Let there be Light, and there was Light."

All passions end alike in Tragedy. Everything one-sided ends in Death; thus the philosophy of sensation, the philosophy of phantasy, the philosophy of purpose. All Life ends in age and Death. All poetry has a tragical strain. Something serious underlies every jest, hence the tragic effect of farce, of marionettes, of the gayest life, of the common, of the trivial.

We are shadowed from our cradle by

prejudices, weaknesses, needs, which make us feel the oppression of life in all its dire heaviness. Our wishes remain unfulfilled, our plans are shattered, our most beautiful hopes and our most blooming outlook fade away. I often feel alone in the world.

Exaltation is the most excellent means I know of escaping fatal encounters. For instance, the common exaltation of nobility, the exaltation of all men of genius, the exaltation of all phenomena in Magic, of the material to the spiritual, of men to God, of all ages to the Golden Age.

Eternity—unconditioned Life! What have we to do with Time whose aim lies in the realisation of Eternity?

Beloved, let us embrace at the Pillars of Hercules in the delight of the conviction that it remains with us to observe Life as a beautiful, pleasing Illusion, and that we may be in spirit in the Absolute and in Eternity, and that it is precisely the old lament that all is transitory that shall be to us the most joyous of all thoughts.

To view Life as a temporal Illusion—a Drama may become to us a second Nature. How

quickly then would the sorrowful hours fly past, and how different and enthralling would that which is transitory appear to us.

Do not forget that we expire from shortness as much as from length of Life.

THE DISCIPLES AT SAIS

MEN travel by many different paths. Whoever tracks and compares their ways will see wonderful figures arising ; figures that seem to belong to the great Manuscript of Design which we descry everywhere, on wings of birds, on the shells of eggs, in clouds, in snow, in crystals, in rock formations, in frozen water, within and upon mountains, in plants, in beasts, in men, in the light of day, in slabs of pitch and glass when they are jarred or struck, in filings around a magnet, and in the singular Coincidences of Chance. In these things we seem to catch an idea of the key, the grammar to this Manuscript, but this idea will not fix itself into any abiding conception, and seems as if it were unwilling to become in its turn the key to higher things. It seems as though an *Alcahest* had been poured over the mind of man. Only momentarily do his wishes, his thoughts, incorporate themselves. On such wise do his ideas arise, but, after a short while, all swims once more vaguely before his eyes.

From afar I heard one say : " Unintelligibility originates in Unintelligence. This seeks what

it already has, and therefore attains to nothing further. Speech is not understood, because speech does not understand itself, and will not be understood. Genuine Sanscrit speaks for the sake of speaking, because speech is its pleasure and its essence."

Not long after this another said: "Holy Writ needs no commentary. Whoso speaks truly is full of everlasting life, and his Evangel seems to us wonderfully linked with Genuine Secrets, for it is a harmony out of the Universal Symphony."

The Voice must certainly have spoken of our Master, for he knows how to collect the indications that are scattered on all sides. A singular light kindles in his glance when the sublime Rune is unrolled before us, and he looks discerningly into our eyes to find out whether for us too the Star has arisen that shall render the Figure visible and comprehensible. If he see us sad, that our night is not breaking, he comforts us and promises future joy to the faithful and assiduous seer. Often he has told us how, as a child, the impulse to exercise the faculties, to occupy and satisfy them, left him no peace. He looked up to the stars and imitated in the sands their positions and their courses. He gazed into the aerial sea without pause and was never weary of contemplating its transparency,

its agitations, its clouds, its lights. He collected stones, flowers and every sort of insect, and set them out in many-fashioned lines. He watched men and animals; he sat by the seashore gathering shells. He listened heedfully to his own heart and to his thoughts. He knew not whither his longing was driving him. When he was older he wandered, beholding other countries, other seas, new skies, strange stars, unknown plants, animals and men; he descended into caves and marked how in courses and coloured strata the Edifice of the Earth had been built up. He manipulated clay into wonderful rock forms. At this time he found everywhere objects already known to him but marvellously mingled and mated, and strange vicissitudes often arose within him. Soon he became aware of the inter-relation of all things, of conjunctions, of coincidences. Ere long he saw nothing singly. The perceptions of his senses thronged together in great variegated Pictures; he heard, saw, felt and thought simultaneously. He took pleasure in bringing strangers together. Sometimes the stars became men to him, men as stars; stones were as animals, clouds as plants; he sported with forces and phenomena; he knew where and how he could find and bring to light this or that, and thus himself plucked at the strings in

his search for tones and sequences. What came to him after this he does not make known to us. He tells us that we ourselves, led on by him and by our own desire, may discover what happened to him. Many of us forsook him. They returned to their parents and learnt to follow a trade. Some have been sent forth by him we know not whither; he chose them out. Of these some had been there but a short time, others longer. One was still a child. Scarcely was he there but the Master wished to resign the teaching into his hands. This child had great dark eyes with blue depths; his skin shone like lilies, and his locks like lustrous cloudlets at eventide. His voice thrilled through our hearts; we would have gladly given him our flowers, stones, feathers, all that we had. He smiled with an infinite gravity; we felt strangely happy to be beside him. One day he will return, said the Master, and live among us. Then the lessons will cease. He sent another pupil with him who often made us impatient. He seemed ever sorrowful. Long years he was here; nothing prospered with him. When we searched for crystals or flowers he did not find them easily. With difficulty, too, he saw from a distance; he knew not how to arrange the motley lines in order. He broke everything so easily. Yet no other had such

craving and ardour to see and hear. Some time back—before the Child was come into our circle—he suddenly became both ready and gay. One day he went out sorrowful. He did not return. Night advanced. We were very anxious on his account. Suddenly, when the glimmer of morning came, we heard his voice in a coppice near. He sang a noble, joyous song. We all marvelled. The Master gazed with rapture towards the dawn as I shall never see him gaze again. After a while the singer came among us, bringing with an expression of ineffable bliss upon his countenance, a dull little Stone of curious shape. The Master took it in his hand and kissed his disciple long; then he looked at us with moist eyes and laid the Stone in an empty place among the other pebbles, just at the point where many lines converged. Never shall I forget that moment. It was as though we had transitorily caught into our souls a clear vision of this wondrous world.

I too am less ready than the others, and Nature seems little disposed to have her treasures found by me. Yet the Master is indulgent to me, and allows me to sit in meditation while the others sally out in research. But it has never been with me as with the Master. All things lead me back upon

myself. I well understood what the second Voice said once. I rejoice in the wonderful collections and figures in the study halls; it seems to me as though they were only symbols, veils, decorations enshrouding a Divine Being; and this is ever in my thoughts. I do not seek for them, but I often seek in them. It is as though they might show me the path to a place where, slumbering, lies the Virgin for whom my spirit yearns. The Master has never spoken of this, and I can confide nothing of it to him; it seems to me an inviolable secret. Gladly would I have questioned that child; there was affinity in his bearing, and everything within me seemed illumined by his presence. Had he stayed longer I should certainly have had further experiences. And perhaps even at last my breast might have been unburdened and my tongue freed. Willingly would I have gone with him. But it was not to be. How much longer I shall stay here I know not. It seems as though I should remain for ever. I scarcely dare to admit it to myself, but the conviction forces itself only too deeply upon me. One day I shall find here that which incessantly agitates me; she is immanent. When I go about here in this belief everything indues a higher semblance, a new order, and all is directed toward One Goal. Each object then becomes

to me so intimate, so dear, and what yet appears to me as curious and strange suddenly becomes like a household word. Just this strangeness is strange to me, and therefore this Synthesis has always both attracted and repelled me. I cannot and may not understand the Master. He is so incomprehensibly dear to me. He understands me, I know it. He has never spoken against my feelings and my wish. Rather does he desire that each shall follow his own path, because each new path passes through new lands and each eventually leads us back to these Dwellings and to this blessed Hearth. So I too will describe my Figure, and though no mortal lift the veil according to that Inscription, we must seek to become immortal. He who will not lift the veil is no true Disciple at Sais.

Nature

It must have been long before it occurred to men to describe the manifold objects of their consciousness by a common name, and to set themselves in antithesis thereto. Development is promoted by exercise, and in all development there are divisions, dismemberments that may fitly be compared with the refraction of light rays. Thus it is only gradually that our inner Being has split up into manifold

activities, and these divisions may be multiplied through continual exercise. Maybe it is but the morbid disposition of modern men that causes them to lose the power of mingling once more the scattered colours of their soul, and of renewing at will the old simple Nature-condition, and of bringing into effect new and varied combinations. The more united men are in themselves, the more unitedly, the more fully does each phenomenon of Nature strike them. For the nature of the Thought corresponds to the nature of the Impression. And, therefore, to those earlier men everything must have appeared human, familiar and genial. The newest form of Differentiation must have been reflected in their faces; their outward aspect was a true rendering of Nature, and their notions of things must have corresponded with the surrounding world, and have represented a true outlook upon it. Hence it is possible for us to accurately record the thoughts of our ancestors concerning the Universe, and to treat them as important contributions towards a presentation of the terrestrial Nature of that time; particularly from them, as from instruments most proper for the observation of the Universe, we may win a precise account of its Capital Relations, of its relations to its inhabitants and of its inhabitants to it. We find it is just the loftiest questions

that first occupied their attention, and that they sought the key to this marvellous Construction either in a Conglomeration of Realities or in the fabled Objectivity of their own unexplained intelligences. It is remarkable that the common foreshadowing of their ideas is to be detected in fluidity, subtleties, formlessness. Well might the inertness and impotence of Matter induce the not insignificant belief in its dependence and inferiority. Early enough some brooding head struck the difficulty of elucidating Form from the formless Forces and Seas. He sought to unravel the tangle by a species of amalgamation, in which process he conceived of the Beginning of Things as minute definitely formed bodies which he apprehended as beyond all imagination small. And he thought it possible to achieve, though not without the help of co-operating intelligences, of attractive and repellent forces, the construction of this monstrous Edifice out of this Sea of Atoms. Still earlier, instead of scientific explanations, we find fairy tales and poems full of amazing picturesque traits in which men, gods and animals are described as co-workers, and we hear the Origin of the World described in the most natural manner. One gains at least the certainty of its fortuitous mechanical Origin, and this presentation of it is significant even to those who scorn the lawless

creations of the imagination. To treat the History of the World as the history of Mankind, and to discover only human concerns and relations at every turn is a continuous idea salient through the most different ages and under the most diverse guises, seeming invariably to have held pre-eminence by reason of its prodigious efficacy and its force of easy persuasion. Haphazard Nature herself seems to foster the idea of human personality, and is thus most readily comprehensible as a human being. Hence it is that Poesy is the favourite instrument of the true friend of Nature, and in Poesy the Soul of Nature has ever shone forth most clearly. When one reads and hears true poetry one feels an intimate knowledge of Nature stirring within one, and one floats in it and over it like its own ethereal body. Natural Philosophers and Poets by force of their identical speech have always seemed to be of one race. What the former collected and presented in great ordered masses, the latter kneaded into a daily nourishment for human hearts, splitting up vast Nature and giving it to us in many small convenient portions. While the latter deliriously pursued the Fluent and Fleeting, the former sought with keen knives to detect the inner construction and the inter-relatedness of sinew and muscle. Nature the Friend died under their hands, and left but

dead or palpitating remains. While through the Poet, as though moved by generous wine yet still more inspired, she gave forth the most divine and joyous utterances. Uplifted above her quotidian toil she rose to Heaven, danced and prophesied, hailed every guest welcome, and squandered her treasures of glad courage. On this wise she enjoyed heavenly hours with the Poet, and welcomed the Philosopher only when she felt ill or conscience-stricken. Then she gave answer to every question and willingly respected the grave, strong man. Whosoever wills to be well acquainted with her Soul must seek her company with the Poet, for to him she is expansive and pours out her miraculous heart. But whosoever loves her not from the bottom of his heart, and only strives to admire and know her in this or that particular, must go to her sick-room and diligently visit her charnel-house.

We stand in as many incomprehensibly diverse relations towards Nature as towards Man, and as she shows herself childlike to the child, and graciously nestles in his childish heart, so she shows herself to the Gods as divine and in harmony with their great spirits. We cannot assert that Nature exists without asserting something transcendent, and all effort towards the truth in discussion and talk of Nature only leads

us further and further from Naturalness. Much is already gained when the endeavour thoroughly to understand Nature rises to a yearning, a tender discreet yearning pleasing to that strange cold Being, if only she be assured of intimate communion. It is a mysterious impulse of our inner being to expand towards all sides from an infinitely deep central point. We believe, when wonderful conscious and unconscious Nature surrounds us, that this impulse is the attraction of Nature, an externalisation of our sympathy with her. But still we seek behind these distant azure forms for home, for the beloved of our youth, parents and brethren, old friends, dear bygone days. Some think that on the Far Side unknown splendours await them, they believe that a vital future is hidden there, and they stretch out their hands in longing towards a New World. Few remain tranquilly among these august surroundings seeking to apprehend them only in their integrity and aggregation. Few there are who in the disunity of the parts do not forget the scintillating filament that connects those parts successively and forms the sacred Lustre, and few there are who feel themselves inspired in the contemplation of this Living Treasure that floats over the Abysses of Night.

Thus originate many and various views of

Nature. And if to any the aim in exploring Nature is a merry raid, a feast, yet we see that she changes to a devout religion, imparting to a whole life, guidance, stability, meaning. Already among the primitive nations there were serious spirits for whom Nature was the Face of Divinity; while others, jovial hearts, only invited her to feast. The air was to them as a refreshing draught, the stars were but as torches for the nocturnal dance, and plants and animals nought but costly viands. And so Nature seemed to them not a silent wondrous Temple, but a cheery kitchen and dining-hall. Among these were other and more contemplative souls, who only saw in existing Nature vast unreclaimed alluvion, and they were busy day and night in creating representations of a nobler Nature. They shared the great work sociably. Some sought to awaken the mute lost notes of the wind and the woods; others expressed their ideas of a more beauteous race in metals and stones; re-arranged the more handsome stones into dwellings; brought to light the treasures hidden in the caverns of the earth; tamed the raging streams, peopled the inhospitable Sea, brought back to the barren zones the old select plants and animals, stemmed the overgrowth of forests and cultivated the finest sorts of flowers and herbs: laid the earth open

to the vitalising action of the engendering air and the quickening light; taught the colours how to mingle and arrange themselves in entrancing pictures, and the woods and meadows, springs, and rocks to group themselves once more into lovely gardens; breathed melodies into living limbs in order to awaken them and move them to joyous rhythms; adopted all such poor neglected animals as were susceptible of their control, and purged the woods of noisome monsters, abortions of a degenerate phantasy. Nature soon resumed her more friendly habits, she became more kind and more comfortable, and showed herself willing to be used for the furthering of human ends. Little by little her heart inclined to human ways, her phantasies became more gay, she became more accessible, and willingly answered friendly interrogations. And thus little by little the antique Golden Age seemed to come again, in which she was the Friend, Consoler, Priestess, and Miracle-worker to Humanity, when she lived among them, and Man through heavenly communion became Immortal.

Then will the Stars again visit the Earth with whom they were wroth in the days of Her darkening; then the Sun will lay down his mighty sway and become again a star among other stars, and all the Nations of the World will

meet together once more after long separation. Then the old alienated families will find each other and every day shall witness new greetings, new embraces; then will the ancient inhabitants of the Earth return to her, on every hill the ashes will kindle anew, everywhere the flames of life will blaze high, old habitations will be rebuilt, ancient times will be renewed, and history will become the dream of an infinite everlasting Now.

Whoever is of this stock, of this Faith, and whoever will participate in this civilising of Nature should go into the studio of the artist, should hearken everywhere to the unguessed ever-emergent poetry. He must never be tired of observing Nature or of accompanying her; he must follow the indications of her finger, and spare himself no tedious journey if she beckon him. He must spurn no wearisome course. Even were he to go through dark caverns he will certainly find fabulous treasure; the miner's little lamp burns steady at the far end, and who knows to what Divine Mysteries an enchanting inhabitant of the Kingdoms of the Under World may not initiate him.

None, surely, wanders further from the goal than he who imagines that he already knows the marvellous Kingdom and that he can in a few words fathom its constitution and find

the right path everywhere. To no one who has torn himself loose and made himself into an island does insight come of itself nor yet without pain. This can only happen to children or to men who are childlike and know not what they do. Long unremitting intercourse, free and curious contemplation, attention to faint tokens and indications, an inward poet life, practised senses, a simple God-fearing spirit, these are the essential requisites of a true friend of Nature, without which none will attain his wish. It does not seem sensible to attempt to comprehend and understand a human World without ourself possessing a fully developed Humanity. Not one of the senses may slumber, and if all are not equally awake, each one must be excited and not allowed to languish or be stifled. Just as we discern the future painter in the boy who covers all the walls and every flat space with drawings, and variedly combines colour with design, so we see an incipient Philosopher in him who without pause investigates all natural objects, questions, takes heed to all, brings together whatever is remarkable, and rejoices if he become Master and Possessor of a new phenomenon, a new strength and knowledge.

To some, it seems not worth while to pursue the endless subdivisions of Nature and that moreover it is a dangerous undertaking, unproductive

of fruit or result. As we can never find the ultimate atom of material bodies, never find their simplest cell because magnitudes lose themselves forwards and backwards in infinity, so likewise is it with the species of bodies and forces. Among them we chance everlastingly on new species, new combinations, new phenomena. These only seem to be arrested when our zeal slackens. And so we waste our precious time in vapid contemplation and tedious enumeration, till this becomes at last a real delirium, a confirmed vertigo in face of the appalling abyss. For so far as Man has come Nature remains always the awful Mill of Death. Everywhere monstrous Revolution, unaccountable Vortices. It is a sovereignty of Rapine, of maddest Wantonness, an Immensity pregnant with Woe. The few luminous points only reveal a yet more horrid Night, and terrors of all sorts paralyse each observer. Death stands like a Saviour beside piteous Humanity ; for without Death the Maddest were the Happiest. And it is just the effort to fathom this gigantic Mechanism that is in itself an impulse toward the Abyss, a commencing vertigo. For every enticement is a growing whorl which soon overpowers the unhappy one, and at last whirls him away through a terrific Night. Here are the pitfalls deep laid against human understanding that Nature is

ever seeking to annihilate everywhere as her greatest enemy. Blessed are the childlike innocence and ignorance of men which have kept them unaware of the gruesome dangers which hang like fearful thunderclouds over their peaceful abodes and are prepared to break upon them at any moment. Only the dissension of the forces of Nature has so far preserved man. Nevertheless the great moment cannot tarry in which the assembled races of man by a great common resolve will tear themselves from this sorrowful plight, from this galling bondage, and when by a voluntary renunciation of their present possessions they will emancipate their kind for ever from this Woe, and will lead them in a happier world back to their ancient Father.

So might they end worthily and prevent their necessary and violent annihilation or a still more atrocious degeneration into beasts by progressive deterioration of their mental faculties, through insanity.

Association with the forces of Nature, with animals, plants, rocks, stones and waves must of necessity mould man to a resemblance to these objects. And this resemblance, this metamorphosis, this flux of divine and human in indomitable forces is the very Spirit of Nature, that terrible engulphing power. And is not all that we see already plunder from Heaven, the

immense Ruin of former Glories, the Remains of an abominable Repast?

Good! say the more courageous! Let our race maintain a lengthy well-pondered war of destruction with this Nature. With slow insidious poisons we must seek to overcome her. The Natural Philosopher may be a noble hero who hurls himself into the yawning abyss to save his fellow-men. The artists have played her many a secret prank. Go on in the same way, get possession of the mystic threads and make her to war against her own members. Make use of every discord that you may lead her according to your pleasure like that fire-breathing Bull. She must be in subjection to you. Patience and Faith become the Children of Men. Distant brothers are united with us in one Endeavour. The Wheel of the Stars will become the Spinning Wheel of our Life Thread and then our slaves shall build us a new Land. Let us gaze on her tumult and her devastations with inward triumph. She shall sell herself to us and for every deed of violence she shall pay a heavy penalty. Let us live and die in the inspiring sentiment of our Freedom, for herein the stream rises that shall one day submerge and tame her. In it let us bathe and refresh ourselves to new deeds of heroism. The Monster's rage reaches not hither; one little

drop of Freedom is enough to cripple her forever and to set a limit and a term to her ravages."

"They are right," cry several. "Here or nowhere lies the Talisman. We sit at the Source of Freedom and look out from thence. This is the great Magic Mirror in which all creation wholly and clearly images itself, in it do the tender spirits and forms of all natures bathe. Here every chamber is unlocked. What does it profit wearily to plod round the grim world of visible objects? The veritable world lies within us, in this source. Here is revealed the true meaning of this great motley crazy Show, and if full of this revelation we traverse Nature again, everything appears familiar and with assurance we distinguish every form. We do not need to investigate at length; a slight resemblance, a few indications in the sand are enough to inform us. Everything becomes a great Script to which we have the key; nothing is unexpected because we anticipate the evolution of the great Time Machine. We only enjoy Nature in the plenitude of our senses because she does not divide us from them, because no fever dreams oppress us and a clear recollection renders us serene and confident."

"The others rave," said a serious man to these last. "Do they not recognise in Nature a true

image of themselves? They consume themselves in a savage nescience. They do not know that their Nature is a conjuration of their thought, a barren phantasy of their dream. Of course to them she is a hideous beast, a strange extravagant masque of their own greed. The awakened Man sees this spawn of his disordered imagination without a shudder, for he knows it is but the futile spectre of his own weakness. He feels himself Master of the World, his Ego soars mightily over the Abyss and will soar through eternities of endless vicissitude. His inward spirit strives to proclaim and promote unison. Through the endless ages he will be ever more and more united with himself and the creation that surrounds him, and he will see standing out more clearly his higher Ego, the eternal All Efficiency of a high moral World-Order.

"Reason is the meaning of the World. The World exists because of it, and if at first it is the battle-ground of a child-like budding Reason it will one day become the divine image of its activity, the theatre of a true Church. Until such time let man honour it as the emblem of his spirit, the emblem that will ennoble itself together with him by indeterminate degrees. Whosoever wills to attain to a knowledge of Nature must exercise his moral

sense, must fashion and mould the noble core of his inmost Being to the measure of moral order, and Nature will, as if of her own choice, lay herself bare before him. Moral action is the only and great experiment in which are solved all the riddles of manifold phenomena. Whoever grasps this Moral Order and is able to analyse it in strict logical sequence is forever Master of Nature."

The Disciple listens to these conflicting voices with dismay. Each one seems to him to be right, and a strange perplexity takes possession of his soul. Gradually the inward commotion subsides, and over the murky internecine waves a Spirit of Peace seems to hover, whose approach is heralded in the youth's soul by a new courage and a convincing joy.

A merry playfellow, his temples decked with roses and convolvulus came running by and saw him sitting absorbed in himself. "Dreamer!" he cried, "thou art quite on the wrong road. In such a way thou wilt make no great progress. The mood's the best of all things. Is that indeed a mood of Nature? Thou art still young, and dost thou not feel the dictates of youth in every vein? Do not Love and Longing fill thy breast? How canst thou sit in solitude? Does Nature sit solitary? Joy and desire flee from the solitary; and what use is

Nature to thee without desire? Only with men is she at home, this Spirit who crowds all the senses with a thousand different colours, who surrounds thee like an invisible Lover. At our Feasts her tongue is loosed; she sits aloft and carols songs of gladdest life. Thou hast never yet loved, poor fellow; at the first kiss a new world will open to thee and life will penetrate thy ravished heart with its thousand rays. I will tell thee a tale. Listen! There lived once upon a time in the land of the setting sun a young man. He was very good, but above the ordinary extraordinary. He fretted himself incessantly about nothing and yet again nothing, went quietly about on his own account when others played together and were merry, and indulged in strange things. Caves and woods were his favourite haunts; he talked continually with quadrupeds and birds, with trees and rocks; of course in no sensible words, but only in such foolish twaddle as would make one die of laughing. But he ever remained morose and solemn notwithstanding that the squirrels and monkeys, the parrots and bullfinches gave themselves all the trouble in the world to distract him and put him in the right path again. The goose told him tales, the stream rippled a roundelay, a great heavy stone made comic leaps and a rose crept round

him amicably and twined herself in his locks, while the ivy caressed his thoughtful brow. But his solemnity and depression were stubborn. His parents were very grieved; they knew not what they ought to do. He was healthy and eat well; they had never crossed him. Only a few years back he was cheerful and blithe as anyone, first in all games, and approved by every maiden. He was really beautiful, looked like a picture and danced like an angel. Amongst the maidens there was one, a precious, exquisite child; she seemed to be of wax, her hair was like gold silk, her lips were cherry red like a doll's, her eyes burning black. Who saw her might have thought to perish of it, so lovely was she. At that time Rosenblütchen, for so she was called, was dear to the beautiful Hyacinth, for that was his name, and in fact he loved her to the point of death. The other children knew nothing about it. The violet had whispered it to them first. The house kittens had noticed it, for the houses of their parents lay close together. When at night Hyacinth stood at his window and Rosenblütchen at hers, and the little cats passed by on their mouse-hunt and saw the two there they laughed and giggled so loud that it made the lovers quite cross. The violet had told it in confidence to the strawberry, who told it to

her friend the gooseberry, who did not omit to scratch Hyacinth as he came along. So very soon the whole garden and wood knew all about it, and when Hyacinth went out there rang from all sides: "Little Rosenblütchen is my darling!" Then Hyacinth was annoyed, but he had to laugh with all his heart when a little lizard came gliding past, sat himself on a warm stone, and waving his little tail, sang:—

Rosenblütchen, little pet,
Once upon a time went blind,
So when Hyacinth she met
She embraced him. Being blind
She just thought he was her mother,
When she found it was another
Did she mind? no not a bit,
Only kissed him as before.
Was she frightened? not a whit,
Merely kissed him more and more.

Alas, how soon this glorious time was over. There came a man from foreign parts who had travelled astonishingly far, who had a long beard, deep eyes, fearsome eyebrows, and who wore a marvellous robe of many folds with strange figures woven into it. He sat himself down before the house belonging to Hyacinth's parents. Hyacinth was filled with curiosity, and went out to him and brought him bread and wine. He parted his white beard, and told his story far on into the night. Hyacinth kept

awake and did not fidget nor grow tired of listening. From what transpired afterwards he told a great deal about strange lands, of unexplored regions, of amazing extraordinary things. He stayed there three days and descended with Hyacinth into profound depths. Rosenblütchen heartily cursed the old warlock, for Hyacinth became quite possessed by his discourse, and concerned himself with nothing else. He would scarcely take his food. At last the old man went away, but he left with Hyacinth a little book in which no one could read. Hyacinth gave him more fruit, bread and wine, and accompanied him far upon his way. He returned pensive and from thenceforward began a new way of life. Rosenblütchen certainly had a right to be pitied for from that time he made little enough of her, and was always self-engrossed. Now it happened that one day he came home, and was as though new born. He fell on the necks of his parents and wept. "I must away into strange lands," he said; "the old Sibyl in the forest has told me how I am to become whole; she threw the book into the fire, and bade me come to you and ask your blessing. Perhaps I may return soon, perhaps never. Greet little Rosenblütchen; I would willingly have spoken with her. I know not how it is with me; something urges me away. If I try to think of

the old days, mightier thoughts intervene. Peace is fled together with heart and love. I must go seek them. I would like to tell you whither, but I do not know. Thither where the Mother of All Things lives, the Veiled Virgin. My desire is aflame for Her. Farewell." He tore himself away from them and departed. His parents lamented and shed tears. Rosenblütchen stayed in her chamber and wept bitterly. Hyacinth hastened through valleys and deserts, over mountains and streams, towards the Mysterious Land. He questioned men and animals, rocks and trees concerning Isis, the sacred Goddess. Many laughed, many kept silence, from none did he receive the information he sought. At first he passed through a rude wild country; mists and clouds intercepted his passage and never-ceasing storms. Then he passed through interminable deserts of sand and fiery dust, and as he wandered his humour also was changed. The time seemed long to him; the inward tumult was appeased, he grew more gentle and the mighty urgence was gradually reduced to a quiet but intense aspiration in which his whole spirit was melted. It was as though many years had passed over him. The country became at the same time richer and more varied, the air warm and azure, the road more level. Green bushes allured him with

pleasant shade. But he did not understand their speech. Besides they did not seem to speak while yet they filled his heart with green colours and a cool still perfume. That sweet longing waxed higher and higher in him, and the leaves expanded with sap; birds and beasts were noisier and more joyous, the fruits more aromatic, the heavens a deeper blue, the air milder, his love warmer, time went faster as if it saw itself nearing the goal. One day he lighted on a crystal brook, and on a cloud of flowers that came tripping down the valley between black mountain peaks as high as heaven. They greeted him kindly, with familiar words. "Dear country folk," he said, "where can I really find the sacred dwelling-place of Isis? It must needs be somewhere near here, and you are perhaps more at home than I." "We are only passing through," answered the flowers; "a family of spirits is travelling abroad, and we prepare their way and resting-place. Yet we have but just come through a place where we heard your name. Only go upwards whence we came, and you will learn more." The flowers and the brook laughed as they said this, offered him a refreshing draught, and went on their way. He followed their advice, asked again and again, and finally came to that long-sought dwelling that lay hidden beneath palms and other rare

trees. His heart beat with an infinite yearning, and the sweetest shyness overcame him in this habitation of the eternal centuries. He slumbered enveloped by heavenly perfumes, for it was only a dream that could lead him to the Holy of Holies. Mysteriously his dream led him to the sound of loud, delicious music and alternating harmonies through endless halls full of curious things. It all seemed to him so familiar, and yet of an hitherto unrecognised splendour. Then the last vestiges of earthliness disappeared as though consumed in air, and he stood before the Celestial Virgin. He raised the diaphanous glistening veil, and Rosenblütchen sank into his arms. A distant music encompassed the secrets of the lovers' meeting, and the effusions of their love, and shut away everything inharmonious from this abode of rapture. Hyacinth lived ever after with Rosenblütchen, among his glad parents and his playfellows, and innumerable grandchildren thanked the old Sibyl for her counsel and her fire, for at that time people had as many children as they wished for.

The Disciples embraced each other and separated. The wide echoing Halls stood empty and deserted, and the marvellous Conversation between the thousand natural objects collected together in these halls and set out in

many fashioned orders, proceeded in countless accents. The different Forces sported together. They strove once more in their freedom, in their former relationship. A few kept to their proper places, and looked on at the varied movement around them undisturbed. The others complained of their dreadful pains and sufferings, and lamented the old splendid life in the lap of Nature, where a common liberty united them, and each found in himself whatever he needed. "Oh, that man," said they, "understood the hidden music of Nature, and had the sense of external harmonies! But he hardly is aware that we belong together and that no one of us can exist without the other. He can never let anything be. Tyrannically he separates us and gropes about in loud dissonances. How happy could he be if he communed with us kindly, if he entered our great Bond as once he did in the Golden Age, as he so justly terms it. In that Age he understood us as we understood him. His desire to be a god it is that has divided us; he seeks what we can never know nor imagine, and now he is neither a voice accompanying nor a cadence completing us. He anticipates the infinite satisfaction, the everlasting delight there is in us, and that is why he has such an extraordinary love for some among us. The magic of gold, the mystery of colour, the joy of

water, are not unknown to him; through the antiques he has a glimpse of the marvels of stone. And yet the sweet passion for the work of Nature is lacking in him, and the eye to see our entrancing mysteries. Could he but learn to feel! Of this divinest, this most natural of all faculties he knows as yet but little; through this faculty the ancient desired Time will come again; the element of this faculty is an inner light that breaks into strong beautiful colours. Then will the stars arise in him; he will learn to feel the whole world more clearly and more variously, while as yet his eyes disclose only lines and surfaces to him. He will be Leader in an endless play of Forces, and will forget all his foolish strivings in an eternal self-subsisting and ever-waxing felicity. Thought is but a dream of sensation, merely dead sensation, pulseless feeble life.

As they spoke thus the sun streamed through the lofty windows, and the noise of the conversation was lost in a soft murmuring. A limitless anticipation thrilled through all those forms, a caressing warmth was diffused over them, and the most marvellous of Nature's songs soared up out of the stillest silence. Voices of men were heard in the vicinity, the great doors on to the garden were flung back, and several wayfarers sat themselves on the steps of the wide

stairway in the shadow of the building. In beauteous light before them lay the entrancing landscape, and in the distance sight lost itself among the blue hills. Friendly children brought a variety of viands and drinks, and soon a lively conversation sprang up among them.

"To everything that a man does he must give his undivided attention or his Ego," said one at last. "When he has done this, thoughts soon arise in him, or else a new method of apprehension miraculously appears, which seems to be nothing else than gentle oscillations of a something that colours or resounds, or the marvellous contractions and figurations of an elastic fluid. They radiate with a lively mobility from the side where the impression left its sting, and carry his Ego away. He can often immediately annul this play of Forces if he divide his attention again, or let it ramble capriciously around. For it seems to be nothing but the rays and effects which every Ego sets in motion in all directions through the elastic medium, or it is the diffraction of this very medium, or speaking generally, it is the irregular play of the waves of this sea on the inflexible attention. Very remarkable it is that through this play of his personality man first becomes aware of his specific freedom, and that it seems to him as though he awaked out of a deep sleep, as

though he were only now at home in the world and as if the light of day were breaking now over his interior life for the first time. He seems to have brought it to the highest perfection when he is able, without disturbing this same play of Forces, to occupy himself with the ordinary business of the senses, and feel and think at the same time. Both methods of apprehension profit by this. The external world becomes transparent, the interior world multiform and significant. And thus a man finds himself in a condition of relationship between two worlds in completest freedom, plenitude and power. It is natural that a man should seek to eternalise this condition, and to extend it over the whole sum of his impressions, that he should never tire of tracing these associations in both worlds, and of investigating their laws, their sympathies and antipathies. The substance of these impressions which affect us we call Nature, and thus Nature stands in an immediate relationship to those functions of our bodies which we call senses. Unknown and mysterious relations of our body allow us to surmise unknown and mysterious correlations with Nature, and therefore Nature is that wondrous fellowship into which our bodies introduce us, and which we learn to know through the mode of its constitution and abilities.

It is open to question whether we can really learn to know the Nature of Natures through differentiated Nature, and to what degree our thoughts and the intensity of our attention are determined by her or determine her, and whether we in this way break away from Nature, and perhaps pervert her tender compliancy. We see that these inner relationships and constitutions of our body must be examined before all else, before we can hope to answer these questions, or penetrate to the Nature of things. It might also be thought that we ought to be expert reasoners before we attempt to seek the hidden cohesions of our body, or endeavour to employ its intelligence for the understanding of Nature. And then assuredly nothing could be more natural than to practise all possible exercise of thought, and to acquire a proficiency, an ease at this business so as to pass from one subject to another, and to unite and resolve them in diverse ways. To that end we should attentively observe all impressions and likewise note the play of thought thence issuing, and we ought occasionally in this way to experience new thoughts which should also be attended to, so that we may, through frequent practice, learn to distinguish and keep separate the impression from the movements bound up with them. If we had thus obtained only a few

movements, as it were an alphabet of Nature, the deciphering would have sped more easily, and the power over thought-creation and activity would set the observer in a position, even without previous true experience, to delineate Nature compositions, and to devise Nature thoughts. And then the Goal were reached.

"It is very hazardous," said another, "to reconstruct Nature from external forces and phenomena, and to declare her now a monstrous Fire, now a wonderfully contrived Accident, now a Duality or Trinity, or some other portentous Force. It were more conceivable she proved the creation of an incomprehensible co-understanding of infinitely different beings, the miraculous link with the world of souls, the point of union and point of contact of numberless worlds."

"It may be hazardous," said a third, "but the more ingeniously woven is the net flung out by the bold fisherman, the luckier is the catch. Only encourage a man to pursue his road as far as possible, and let everyone be welcome who weaves a new phantasy over realities. Thinkest thou not 'twill be from the well worked out systems that the future Geographer of Nature will select the data for his great map of Nature? He will compare them, and the comparison will first inform us concerning the singular country.

But the cognition of Nature will differ immensely from our exposition of her. The interpreter proper will perhaps arrive at being able to induce several natural forces to a simultaneous production of more beautiful and more useful phenomena, he will improvise on Nature as on some great instrument, and yet he will not understand Nature. This is the gift of the Historian of Nature, of the Time Seer, who entrusted with the history of Nature, and acquainted with the World, heralds the transcendent scene of Nature-history, apprehending and prophesying her significance.

"This territory is still unexplored, a Holy Land. Celestial ambassadors alone have let a few syllables of this sublime science fall, and it is only surprising that the prescient spirits have neglected these premonitions, and have degraded Nature to the level of a uniform machine without Past or Future. Everything divine has a history, and shall not Nature, the only Unity with which man may compare himself, be, just as well as man, comprised in a history, or, which is the same thing, have a soul? Nature would not be Nature had she no soul, she would not be that unique counterpart of Humanity, not the indispensable Answer to that mystic Question, or the Question to that infinite Answer."

"Only the poets have felt what Nature can be to man," began a lovely youth, "and one may well say that in them Humanity finds its most complete expression, and therefore each impression is transmitted unsullied in all its endless modifications, towards all sides, through the crystal clearness and activity of their spirits. They find everything in Nature. To them alone her soul is not alien, and not vainly do they search in this communion, for all the Beatitudes of the Golden Age. For them Nature has all the variability of a limitless soul, she surprises them more than the most ready and clever man by her ingenious turns and incidents, by her meetings (confluences) and her deviations, by her great ideas and vagaries. Such are the inexhaustible riches of her fancy that no one seeks her companionship in vain. She beautifies everything, she animates and confirms everything, and if occasionally nothing but a senseless unmeaning Machine seems to govern everything, still may the deep seeing eye discern a wondrous sympathy with human hearts in Coincidences, and in the results of simple fortuitous Occurrences. The Wind is a movement of the air which may be the effect of several causes, but is it not something more to the lonely yearning heart when it soughs overhead, wafted from dear

lands, does it not seem to transform his silent pain into a deep melodious sigh of Nature? Does not the tender green of a Spring meadow express with charming fidelity the whole flower-decked soul of the young lover, and is the exaltation of any joyous soul steeped in golden wine more precious and exciting than the view of the ripe gleaming cluster of grapes that half conceals itself beneath broad leaves? We accuse poets of exaggeration; we only approve of their unusual language when we can enjoy their fancies about marvellous Nature without deep research. They see and hear many things that others neither see nor hear, and in a sweet frenzy dispose of and make free with the Real World according to their pleasure. But to me it seems the poets do not exaggerate enough by half, that they only guess darkly at the magic of that Speech, and only play with Phantasy as a child plays with his father's divining-rod. They do not know what Forces are subject to them, what words must obey them. For is it not true that stones and forest trees obey music, and, tamed by it, are docile as house dogs? Do not verily the loveliest flowers spring up around the beloved, and do they not rejoice to engarland her? Does not the sky become glad for her, and the sea more tranquil? Does not all Nature, even

as the countenance and the gestures, the pulse and the colour express the condition of that superior wonderful Being we call Man? Does not the rock become individual when I address it? And what else am I than the river when I gaze with melancholy in its waves, and my thoughts are lost in its course? Only a serene exuberant spirit can understand the plant world, and animals are only to be known by a merry child or a savage. Whether any one has yet understood the stones or the stars I know not, but such an one must certainly have been a gifted being. In those statues which remain from a bygone time to testify to the beauty of man so profound a spirit shines, so strange an understanding of the stone world, that the contemplative observer seems enclosed in a contracting stony rind. The Sublime petrifies, and therefore we ought not to marvel at the Sublime in Nature and at its effects, or be ignorant of where to seek it. Might not Nature have turned to stone before the glance of God? Or from terror at the advent of Man?"

He who had just spoken was plunged in meditation during this discourse. The distant mountains were dyed in the after-glow, and evening descended over the landscape with sweet trustfulness. After a long pause he was

heard to say: "To understand Nature we must let Nature evolve herself to the fullest in us. For this enterprise we must make up our mind to be determined solely by divine aspirations towards beings that resemble us, and to distinguish their essential characteristics. For verily all Nature is only comprehensible as the instrument and medium of the intelligence of a reasonable Being. A thoughtful man turns to the primary functions of his being, to the creative speculation, back to the point where production and knowledge exist together in the most wonderful state of flux, to that generative moment of peculiar bliss, of inward auto-conception. If he be absolutely sunk in the contemplation of this original phenomenon there spreads out before him, like some unlimited pageant of rising seasons and places, a history of Nature's evolution, and each point that establishes itself in the boundless fluidity will be a new revelation to him of the Genius of Love, a new volume of the Thou and the I. The punctilious description of this inner world history is the true theory of Nature. Through the inter-coherence of his own world of thought and its harmony with the universe, a system of thought arises spontaneously as the true image and formula of the Universe. But the art of peaceful Meditation, of generative cosmic specu-

lation is difficult. The undertaking is furthered by incessant reflection, by a severe austerity, and its satisfaction will be not the applause of contemporaries who shrink from fatigue, but only the joy of knowledge and growth, an inner rhythm with the Universe."

"Yes," answered the second, "nothing is so remarkable as the great simultaneity of Nature. She seems to be present in her fulness throughout. All the forces of Nature are active in the flame of a light; she represents and transforms herself perpetually everywhere. She drives leaves, flowers and fruits together, and in the midst of Time is at once Past, Present and Future. And who knows in what singular sort she may be also working from the distance, or whether our system of Nature be only a sun in the Universe, linked to it by bonds through one light, one attraction and one influence, which things will presently reveal themselves to our spirit, out of which we shall then pour the spirit of the Universe over this very Nature, and shall participate the spirit of this Nature with further Nature systems. When the Thinker, said a third, treads the strenuous path as Adept, and seeks by a skilful application of his spiritual activities to reduce the Sum of Things to a simple enigmatic Figure, one might say 'Nature dances,' and when he

describes in words the curves of her movements the Lover of Nature must admire this audacious undertaking, and rejoice too at the success of this human enterprise. The Adept reasonably esteems action highly. His existence is Action and Production by Knowledge and Will, and his Art consists in applying his tools to everything, in representing the world in his fashion. Hence the principle of his world is Action, and his world is his Art. Here again Nature is manifest in a new splendour, and only the thoughtless man throws aside the indecipherable wonderful chaotic Words with scorn. Thankfully the Priest lays this new sublime Geometry on the altar by the side of the magnetic needle that has never erred, and that has brought back numberless ships over the pathless ocean to the inhabited shores and the harbours of the Fatherland. Beside the thinkers there are yet other friends to Knowledge who do not succeed in bringing forth their thoughts, and who, though without vocation for this Art, become beloved pupils of Nature, their joy being found in learning, not in teaching; in experience, not in action; in receiving, not in giving. Some are diligent and confident of the omnipresence and intimate interrelationship of Nature, and convinced in advance of the defectiveness and persistence of the individual phenomena, select

some one phenomenon with care, and fix fast its principle under its thousand changing forms with steady gaze; and holding to this clue they explore every cranny of the secret laboratory in order to trace a complete plan of its labyrinthine passages. When they have done with this fatiguing work, all unnoticed a loftier spirit possesses them, and it is easy to them to speak of the Chart that lies before them, and to point out the path to every inquirer. Invaluable utility hallows their arduous work, and the grand plan of their Chart will accord with the System of the Thinker in a quite surprising manner; and to their consolation they will have led him to the living Demonstration of his abstract Theories. Like children, the idlest among them await the benevolent communication of the science of Nature which is necessary to them from some nobler Being who is fervently adored by them. In this so short life they had rather not devote time and attention to business cut off from the service of Love. By pious behaviour they but seek to win Love, to share Love untroubled by the great display of Forces, tranquilly to surrender their destinies to this Realm of Power because they are filled with the inward conviction of their inseparability from the Beloved Being, and Nature only moves them as Her image and Her possession.

Why do their happy souls seek to know? They have chosen the better part, and only glow like pure flames of Love in this terrestrial world on the pinnacles of Temples and on the masts of the wandering ships, witnessing to the overflowing celestial Fire. Often, in sacred hours, these loving children learn beautiful things from out the secrets of Nature, and in their ignorant simplicity are bold with her. The investigator follows in their footsteps in order to collect every bauble which they in their innocence and joy have let drop. Their love graces the sympathising Poet who seeks to propagate in other times and other lands this very Love, this Seed from the Golden Altar." "Oh! whose heart is not stirred with tumultuous joy when the intimate Life of Nature enters into his soul in all its plenitude," cried a youth with flashing eyes, "when that mighty sentiment for which language has no other name than Love is diffused in him, like some powerful all-dissolving vapour, when he, shivering with sweet terror, sinks into the dusky, enticing bosom of Nature, when the meagre personality loses itself in the overpowering waves of passion, and nothing remains but the focal point of the incommensurable generative Force, an engulphing vortex in the ocean? What is this universally emergent

flame? A mystic embrace whose sweet fruit sheds itself in precious drops as dew. Water, that first-born child of aërial Fusion, cannot deny his voluptuous origin, and with celestial dominance shows himself the element of Love's union on the earth. Not without truth have the Ancient Sages sought the origin of things in Water; and, in truth, they have spoken of a more imperishable Water than seas and springs. In that is revealed the original Flux, such as is manifest in fused metals, and therefore men should ever honour it as divine. How few as yet have steeped themselves in the secrets of Fluidity, and in the intoxicated soul of many this anticipation of highest bliss and life has never arisen. The Soul of the world reveals itself in this mighty yearning toward Liquefaction. The drunken feel only too well this supernatural rapture of Fluidity, and finally all our pleasant sensations are different liquefactions, movements of this original fluid in us. Sleep itself is nothing but the Flowing of the invisible Sea, and awakening but the Turn of the Tide. How many men stand by the brink of the intoxicating floods and do not hear the lullaby of the maternal waters, and do not enjoy the entrancing play of their infinite waves. In the Golden Age we lived like these waves, in multicoloured clouds, in shimmering seas, and living

waters of earth loved and revealed themselves to the races of mankind in eternal play. They were visited by the Children of Heaven, and it was only in that great catastrophe called by Holy Writ the Flood that this flourishing world was submerged. A hostile Being cast down the Earth, and but a few men remained floating on the summits of the mountains of an alien world. How strange that just the most sacred and most adorable phenomena of Nature are in the hands of such moribund men as the chemists seem to be! they who puissantly awaken the generative consciousness of Nature, which should be only the secret of Lovers, mysteries of the higher Humanity. These things are thoughtlessly and shamelessly provoked by coarse natures, who will never know what marvels surround their lens. Only Poets should commune with fluidity, and only ardent youth shall tell of it. Laboratories would become Temples, and Mankind would honour and celebrate their flames and their liquids with a new love. How happy, then, would those cities esteem themselves which are watered by the sea or by a great river! And each spring would become again the commonwealth of Love and the abode of learned and spiritual men. It is because of this nothing so entices children as fire and water; every stream promises to lead them

to the iridescent horizon, to lovelier regions. It is not only a reflection of Heaven that lies in the water, it is a tender befriending, a symbol of neighbourliness; and if the unappeased desire strives after the illimitable heights, then Love content sinks to the bottomless deep. But it is vain to attempt to teach and preach Nature. One born blind does not learn to see though we tell him for ever about colours, lights, and distant forms. Just so no one will understand Nature who has not the necessary organ, the inward instrument, the specific creating instrument, no one who does not as if spontaneously recognise and distinguish Nature everywhere in all things, nor one who does not with an inherent lust of Creation mingle himself by means of Sensation in manifold relationship with all bodies, and feel his way into them simultaneously. Whosoever has a proper and practised sense of Nature enjoys Nature, while as he studies her and rejoices in her infinite complexity, in the inexhaustibility of her delights, desires that we trouble him not with unnecessary words. Rather it seems to him Nature cannot be treated with too much secrecy, cannot be too tenderly spoken of, cannot be observed too calmly or too attentively. With her he feels as in the bosom of a chaste bride, and even such an one he trusts

only in the sweetest most confidential moments with the knowledge he has attained. Happy I esteem this Son, this Favourite of Nature, to whom she permits a vision of herself in her Duality as an engendering and a conceiving Force, and in her Unity as an infinite everlasting Hymen. His life will be the fulness of all joys, a chain of well-being, and his religion will be the one real Naturalism."

During this conversation the Master and his Disciples had approached the company. The travellers stood up and greeted him respectfully. A refreshing coolness was exhaled from the dark shrubberies over the terrace and stairway. The Master commanded a rare glowing Stone should be brought, the one that is called carbuncle, and a potent ruddy light streamed over the different faces and costumes. Soon a friendly sympathy was established among them. While a distant music sounded, the strangers recounted the remarkable reminiscences of their wide travels, and a cool flame from crystal vessels flowed into the mouths of the speakers. They had set out full of yearning and curiosity to seek traces of the bygone antique peoples of whom existing men seem but the degenerate and brutalised descendants, and whose high civilisation we have to thank for the most momentous and indispensable knowledge and

instruments. Especially had the sacred tongue attracted them, which was once the resplendent link between the Royal Men and the Supernatural Regions and their inhabitants, and of which some few Words had remained, according to the report of many legends in the possession of some happy sages among our ancestors. Its enunciation was a miraculous chant whose sounds penetrated deep into the core of each Nature and analysed it. Each of its names seems the word of deliverance for the Soul of each natural Body. These vibrations evoked with generative force images of world phenomena, and one could say of them with truth that the life of the Universe was an eternal thousand-tongued discourse. For in these words all energies, all species of Activity, seemed to be united most incomprehensibly. To search for fragments of this language, or at least for some information concerning it had been the main object of their journey, and the call of Antiquity had led them to Sais. Here they hoped to obtain important information from the learned Guardians of the Temple archives, and perhaps to find an elucidation in the large collections of every kind. They begged permission of the Master to sleep one night in the Temple, and to attend his lectures for a few days. They were accorded what they asked,

and they rejoiced inwardly to see how the Master accompanied their stories with many comments drawn from the treasures of his experience, and how he unfolded to them a wealth of instructive and agreeable anecdote and description. He spoke at last of the business of his age in awakening the different senses of Nature in youthful minds, of practising and sharpening them, and of joining them to other aptitudes so as to bring forth flowers and fruit. To be Herald of Nature is a beautiful and holy Mission, said the Master. But it is not enough to possess the totality and continuity of information, not enough the gift of knitting this information easily and clearly to things already known and experienced, or to interchange peculiar-sounding words with commonly-used expressions, not enough the agility of a rich imagination to arrange the phenomena of Nature in easily intelligible and strikingly illuminated pictures that either by the charm of composition or the riches of their contents invigorate and satisfy the senses or ravish the spirit by their profound significance. None of these things are the true requisites of a Herald of Nature. For those for whom there is something else to do than to associate with Nature these things are perhaps enough, but whoso detects in himself an inward yearning towards

Nature, whoso seeks for all satisfaction in her, and is as it were a sentient instrument of her secret activities, he will only recognise as Master and as Confidant of Nature him who speaks of her with gravity and faith, whose speech has the marvellous, inimitable impressiveness and individuality that announces true gospel, true inspiration. The favourable original dispositions of such a natural intelligence must be fostered with untiring zeal from earliest days by silence and solitude because much talking is incompatible with the fixed attention that such an one must exercise; it must also be built up and strengthened by a simple and discreet life and unwearying patience. It is impossible to predetermine the length of time in which her secrets are communicated. Some lucky ones succeed in obtaining them early, others only at an advanced age. A true seeker never becomes old, every Eternal Quest is outside the bonds of Life, and the more the outer husk withers, the clearer, the brighter, the more potently glows the kernel. And this gift does not depend upon outward beauty or strength or insight, or any other human prerogative. In all conditions, among all ages and races, in every epoch, under all latitudes, there have been men whom Nature has chosen as her favourites, and who have been gladdened by an inner receptivity. Often these

men have seemed more artless and unskilful than others, and remain all their lives in the obscurity of the great multitude. It should be regarded as a rare occurrence to find a true understanding of Nature united to great eloquence, prudence and a splendid bearing, for it usually accompanies or produces a simple speech, wisdom and an unpretentious life. In the workshop of the artist and the artizan, and wherever man is in complex relations and in strife with Nature, as in agriculture, in navigation, in cattle-breeding, in mining and in many other industries, the development of this sense seems to take place most easily and often. If all art consists in acquaintance with the means of attaining a desired goal, of producing a predetermined effect or phenomenon, in the ability to choose and employ these means, then, those who feel the inward call to make the understanding of Nature shared by a greater number of men, and to develop and cultivate those aptitudes assiduously in men, must first carefully regard the natural occasions of this development, and seek to learn the fundamental principles of this art of Nature. With the help of this acquired insight a system for the employment of these means will be formed on experiment, comparison and analysis for each several individual who will familiarise himself

with this system until it is like a second nature to him, and then he will begin with enthusiasm the business that will recompense him. Only such an one may truly be called a Master of Nature, for any other mere naturalist will only awaken the sense of Nature fortuitously and sympathetically as being himself a manifestation of Nature.

FLOWER POLLEN

ALL ashes are flower pollen—Heaven is the calyx.

Friends, the soil is poor, we must sow potent seeds in order that we may reap mighty harvests.

We seek everywhere the Unconditioned and always find the Conditioned.

Expression by means of sounds and strokes is a wonderful abstraction. Three letters express God to me—a few strokes a thousand things. How easy becomes the administration of the Universe, how intelligible the concentricity of the Spirit-World. Grammar is the dynamic of the Spirit-Kingdom. A word of command moves Armies—the word Freedom—Nations.

Apprentice years are for the poetic youth—academic years for the philosophic. An Academy should be an entirely philosophic Institution with but one Faculty; the whole establishment organised for the incitement and the purposed

exercise of the Thinking Powers. Apprentice-years in a transcendent sense are an apprenticeship to the Art of Life. By systematic and regulated experiment we learn to know its fundamental laws, and attain proficiency in conducting Life in accordance with them.

The Soul is in command of an eternal self-consciousness.

Comprehend ourselves wholly we never shall, but we shall and will be able to do far more than comprehend ourselves.

The difference between Error and Truth lies in their life-functions. Error lives on Truth, Truth subsists on herself. We annul Error as we annul Disease, and Error is therefore nothing but logical extinction.

Our collective powers of apprehension resemble the eye. The objects must emerge from contrasting media in order to be rightly visible to the pupil.

Experience is the test of the Rational and *vice versâ*. The insufficiency in application of bare Theory, upon which the practical man often comments, is found reciprocated in the rationalist application of bare Experience, and

is perceived clearly enough by the genuine philosopher though with inward conviction of the necessity of this result. The practical man, therefore, wholly rejects bare Theory, without suspecting how problematic must be the answer to the question—whether Theory exists for the sake of Application, or Application for the sake of Theory.

Death is a self-conquest that like all overcoming of self secures a new and easier existence.

Do we not therefore need so much strength and endeavour for the Habitual and the Common, because to ordinary men nothing is more uncommon or unhabitual than miserable Habit. The highest is the most comprehensible, the nearest the most indispensable.

Only through lack of acquaintance with ourselves, exile from ourselves, does incomprehensibility arise in us which itself is incomprehensible. Miracles alternate with the workings of Natural Law, they mutually limit each other and together constitute a whole; they are united when they mutually negate each other. No miracle without a natural occurrence and *vice versâ*.

Nature is the enemy of eternal possessions.

She destroys according to fixed laws all signs of property, and erases all vestiges of formation. The Earth belongs to all Races: each has a claim to all. The earlier Races should not attribute advantage to the accident of their primogeniture. The rights of property expire at certain times. Amelioration and Deterioration are among the immutable conditions. But if the body be a property through which alone I can win the right of being an active citizen of earth, then I cannot through the forfeiture of this property be myself the loser. I lose nothing but my place in this School for Princes and enter into a Higher Corporation, whither all my beloved fellow-pupils must follow me.

Life is the beginning of Death. Life exists for the sake of Death. Death is at once the End and the Beginning, at the same time a severance and a more intimate self-union. Through Death the Grand Reduction will be accomplished.

We are near to waking when we dream that we dream.

Phantasy sets the Future World either in the heights or in the depths or in metempsychosis. We dream of journeys through the Universe;

is the Universe then not within us? We do not know the depths of our own souls—the secret path leads inwards. Within us or nowhere lies Eternity and its worlds, the Past and Future. The external world is the world of shadows; it projects its shadows into the kingdom of light. Now indeed it seems to us dark, lonely and formless. But how different will it seem when the darkness is over-past, and the body of shadows is withdrawn. We shall enjoy more than ever for our spirit has hungered.

Darwin makes the remark that we are less blinded by light in awaking if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are they who, while here, have dreamed of seeing. They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of that World.

How can a man understand anything of which he has not the germ within him? What I am to understand must develop itself organically within me, and what I appear to learn is merely a nourishing, an incitement of the organism.

The throne of the Soul is there, where interior and exterior worlds fuse. There is fusion at every point at which they interpenetrate.

The life of a truly Apostolic Man must be throughout symbolic. With this explanation might not each death be an expiatory death, more or less be it understood; and might not several most remarkable conclusions be drawn from this?

Who searches, doubts. Genius declares boldly and securely what it sees happening within itself, because it is not comprehended in its representation nor its representation comprehended in it, but the observation and the thing observed agree together and seem to unite themselves freely in one effect.

When we speak of the exterior world, when we picture real objects then we act like the Genius.

Genius then is the power of treating imagined objects as real and of treating the real as though they were imagined. The talent to represent, accurately to observe, judiciously to describe the observation, is thus distinct from Genius. Without this talent we only see the half, and are but half of genius: we may have traits of genius which in default of such talent may never come to development.

Generally speaking without Genius we should not exist at all, Genius is necessary for every-

thing, but what we usually term genius is the genius of Genius.

The most absolute prejudice is that which denies to a man the power of being beside himself with the simultaneous consciousness of being in his senses. Every instant man has the power of being a supernatural being. Without this power he were no citizen of the World, but only an animal. Recollection, the Finding of Our Selves, is in this condition certainly very difficult, because it is so incessantly and of necessity bound up with the instability of our other conditions. The more we endeavour to realise this condition the more vital, powerful and constraining is the conviction thence arising —the faith in the real revelations of Spirit. It is no seeing, hearing, feeling; it is composed of all three; it is more than all three—an intuition of indisputable certainty, an insight into my truest and most individual life. Thoughts turn themselves into laws, wishes into fulfilment. To the feeble the reality of this moment is an article of faith.

The phenomenon will be specially striking in the appearance of many human forms and faces, pre-eminently in the glance of some eyes, in some miens, in some movements, at the learning of certain words, at the reading of certain

phrases, in certain views on Life, the World and Fate. Very many chances, some natural occurrences, particular times in days and years give us such experiences. Certain moods are particularly favourable to such revelations. Most are momentary, a few linger, fewer still abide. There is much difference in this respect between men. One has more aptitude than another for revelation. One has more feeling, another more understanding for it. The latter will ever dwell in its tender light, while the former experiences changes and has but inconstant though brighter and more varied illuminations. This power is at the same time provocative of disease, for it implies either an overflow of feeling and lack of understanding, or an overflow of understanding and lack of feeling.

When a man can do no more, he saves himself with a strong word or a strong action—a quick resolve.

Shame is assuredly a feeling of profanation. Friendship, Love and Piety should be treated with reticence. We should only speak of them in rare confidential moments, keeping silence in mutual understanding. Much is too tender to be thought, much more cannot be uttered.

Self Alienation is the source of all degradation, as well as being the foundation of all true elevation. The first step is a gaze inwards, an abstract contemplation of our self. Whoso remains at this stage only guesses half. The second step must be an effective gaze outward —a spontaneous sustained observation of the external world.

The highest exercise of culture is to strengthen the transcendental self to enable it to be the Ego of its Ego.

How little surprising is the lack of perfect feeling for and understanding of others! Without a perfected self-understanding we shall never learn to understand others truly.

Only then can I show that I have understood a writer when I can act in his spirit and without detracting from his individuality translate and variedly transpose him.

Humour is a capriciously assumed pose. Its caprice is its piquancy. Humour is the result of the free fusion of the Conditioned and Unconditioned. Through humour the Conditioned, properly speaking, becomes interesting to all, and receives objective value. Where fancy and judgment meet wit arises; where reason and

caprice mate, humour. Persiflage pertains to humour, but is a degree meaner; it is not truly artistic, and is much more limited.

In serene souls there is no wit. Wit indicates a disturbed equilibrium. It is the result of perturbation, and at the same time the means of readjustment. Passion has the finest wit; genuine social wit is not explosive. There is a species that is only the magic colour-play of higher spheres. The condition of the dissolution of all relations, Despair or Spiritual Death is witty in the most terrific way.

The insignificant, the common, the crude, the hideous, the ill-bred is rendered acceptable by wit alone. They exist for the sake of wit. They are the destined butts of wit.

That is spiritual in which the spirit incessantly expands, or at least often reappears in new and altered forms. Not only once in the Beginning, as it is according to so many philosophic systems.

We are on a mission. We are called for the fashioning of the earth. If a spirit appeared to us we should at once take possession of our own spirituality. We should be inspired both through ourselves and the spirit. Without Inspiration there is no Revelation of Spirit.

Inspiration is Revelation and counter Revelation, at the same time Appropriation and Participation.

Man lives and labours only in the idea—in the memory of his There-Being; there are no other means to hand for spiritual activity. Therefore it is a duty to think of the dead; it is the only way to remain in fellowship with them. God does not work in us in any other way than by Faith.

Interest is a participation in the sufferings and activity of a being. A thing interests me when it excites me to participation. No interest is more interesting than that which a man takes in himself, just as the foundation of a remarkable friendship and love is a participation to the which a man entices me who is occupied with himself, and who as it were invites me by his communication to take part in his concerns.

Who can have discovered wit? Each attribute realised, each manipulation of our spirit is in the most exact sense a newly-discovered world.

What Schlegel so acutely characterises as Irony is according to my thinking nothing more than the effect, the quality of genuine presence of mind, the true presence of the Spirit.

The Spirit ever appears in stranger, loftier

forms. Schlegel's Irony seems to me true humour. Many names are advantageous to an idea, only here and there the spirit moves. When will the spirit move everywhere? When will mankind as a mass begin to be conscious of itself?

Man stands in Truth. If he value Truth, he values himself. Whoever betrays Truth betrays himself. There is no question here of lying, but of acting against conviction.

We can never hear enough and speak enough of a congenial subject, we rejoice over each new, appropriate, qualifying word. It is not our fault that it does not become the Subject of Subjects.

We hold on to a lifeless thing because of its association, its form. We love the material thing in so far as it belongs to a beloved person or bears his traces or has any likeness to him.

To withdraw into oneself means with us to abstract oneself from the outer world. Among spirits earthly life is analogically called an inward contemplation, a retreat into self, an immanent working. Earthly life then springs from an original reflection, a primal withdrawing self-recollection which is as free as our reflection. Inversely, spiritual life in this world arises from a piercing of this primal reflection. The spirit unshrouds itself once more, the spirit goes out to itself once more, partly cancels this reflection,

and in this moment says for the first time "I." One sees here how relative is the Out-going and In-going—what we call In-going is really Out-going; a re-adoption of the initial form.

Is there nothing to be said for the wayfaring man, so much abused of late? Does not most power belong to the persistent mediocrity, and must a man be more than one of the "popolo"?

Where a true inclination to reflect prevails—not merely to think this or that thought—there also is the power of progression. So many learned men do not possess the inclination; they have learnt to deduct and to reason as a cobbler learns shoe making, without guessing the Idea or making an effort to find the foundation of thought.

Salvation, moreover, lies on no other road. In some this inclination only lasts a short while; it waxes, and takes flight, often with the years, often in the founding of a system which was only sought as exemption from the fatigue of meditation.

Error and prejudice are burdens, indirectly stimulating to a self-activity inured to every burden, but for the weak a positively enervating medium.

A people is an idea. We must become a people. A perfect man is a little people. True popularity is the highest aim of man.

Each stage of culture begins with childhood. That is why the most cultured earthly man is so like a child.

The transcendental point of view of this life awaits us. Then we shall be for the first time really interested.

Each beloved object is the centre of a Paradise.

The thing of interest is what moves us to activity, not of our own will, but only as a means, a term. The Classic does not move me at all; it affects me only indirectly through myself. It is not classical for me unless I admit it to be so, and would not affect me if I did not incite myself determinately to be affected; if I did not strip away a fragment of myself and let this germ develop itself in a particular way before my eyes; a development that often needs but a moment, and which coincides with the conscious apprehension of the object, so that I see an object before me in which the common object and the ideal interpenetrated represent one marvellous individual.

To supply formulæ for individual Arts, by means of which they may be understood in their most intimate sense, is the business of an

art critic, whose labour prepares the way for the History of Art.

The more confused a man is (one calls the confused blockheads) the more he can make of himself through industrious self-study: contrariwise, trained heads must endeavour to become truly learned men, profound Encyclopædists. The confused have to fight in the beginning with mighty hindrances; they penetrate slowly, they learn to work with difficulty, but then they become masters and teachers for ever. The trained Mind enters quickly but also exits quickly. It soon reaches the second stage, but there it generally remains; to it the last steps are difficult, and seldom can it persuade itself at any stage of mastery to put itself again in the attitude of a beginner. Confusedness indicates superfluity of strength and powers, but lack the sense of proportion. Precision—a true sense of proportion, but scanty strength and power. That is why the confused man is so perfectable compared with the trained man who so soon finishes as a Pedagogue.

Order and Precision alone do not make lucidity. Through self manipulation the confused man arrives at a heavenly transparency, to a self illumination such as the trained seldom

attains. True genius invites these extremes. It shares the facility of the last and the feelings of the first.

That which is individual alone interests. Therefore the Classic is not individual.

Courts of Justice, Theatres, Court, Church, Government, open meetings of Crafts, Academies, Colleges, are all specialised internal organs of the mystic state-individuum.

All the incidents of our life are material out of which we can make what we will. Whoever has much spirit makes much of his life. Each acquaintance, each event would be, for the thoroughly spiritual, the first number of an endless series, the beginning of an endless romance.

A translation is either grammatical, transforming or mythical. Mythical translations are translations in the highest style. They present the clear, perfected character of the individual work of Art. They do not give us the actual work of Art, but the ideal of the same. There exist as yet no perfect examples I believe of such work. We meet evident traces of it in the spirit of several critiques and descriptions of works of art. It is a task for some brains to which the poetic spirit and the philosophic have

penetrated in their entire fulness. Greek Mythology is in part such a translation of a National Religion. The modern Madonna is also such a myth. Grammatical translations are translations in the ordinary sense; they require much learning, but only dialectical abilities. In transforming translations, if they be truthful, we have the highest and most poetic spirit, but they easily fall into travesty. The true translator must be himself an artist, and give the idea of the whole in this or that manner as he pleases. He must be the Poet of the Poet, and must speak at the same time according to his own and the Poet's idea.

The Genius of Humanity stands in a like relationship to each single man. Not only books but everything may be translated in these three manners.

In the severest pain there is a paralysis of sensibility. The Soul disintegrates, hence the deadly apathy, the uncontrolled thought-faculty, the clashing ceaseless jesting of this form of despair. No personal inclination exists any longer. Man stands like a despoiled power, alone. Unconnected with the remaining world, he consumes himself gradually, and according to the principle of his being he becomes either Misanthrope or Misantheist.

Nothing is more indispensable to true piety than a Means that links us to Divinity. Without Means Man unfortunately is unable to stand in any relationship to Divinity. Man should be entirely free in this choice of Means. The slightest compulsion in this respect does violence to his religion. Choice is characteristic, and whereas men of culture choose almost identical Means, uncultured men are determined in this regard usually by chance. And moreover it is because so few men are capable of free choice that so many Means become common, be it through accident, through association or because of the peculiar fitness of the Means to the end. National religions originate in this way. The more independent Man becomes, the more the quantity of the Means decreases, the quality becomes refined and Man's relations to the Means become more manifold and cultured.

Fetishes, Constellations, Animals, Heroes, Idols, Gods, a God-Man—one at once sees how relative these choices are, and one is imperceptibly driven to the idea that the essence of Religion does not depend on the nature of the Means, but consists solely in our opinion of it and in our own relation to the Means.

It is Idolatry in a wide sense, if indeed I

take these Means for God Himself, and it is Irreligion if I use no Means at all; and in so far Superstition or Idolatry and Unbelief or Theism (which also may be called the older Judaism) are all Irreligion. On the other hand, Atheism is only Negation of all Religions whatever, and therefore has nothing to do with Religion. True Religion is that which accepts Means as Means and takes them to be at once the organ of Divinity and Its sensible Manifestation. From this point of view the Jews at the time of the Babylonian Captivity acquired a genuine religious tendency, a religious hope, a belief in a future Religion, which fundamentally converted them, and which still maintains them in a marvellous constancy.

True Religion, however, seems, on nearer observation, to be divided by nature into Pantheism and Monotheism. I avail myself here of a license in that I do not take Pantheism in the usual sense, but understand by it the underlying idea: that all things may be instruments of Divinity—Means, so long as I esteem them so. While, on the other hand, Monotheism denotes the belief that there exists only one such instrument for us in the world, that the idea of one Means only is admissible, through which alone God allows Himself to be apprehended, which I then should be self-

constrained to choose, for without that Monotheism were not true Religion.

Incongruous as these ideas seem to be, yet their congruity may be effected if we make the monotheistic Means into the Means of the Middle-World of Pantheism, and make this the centre of that in order that both, though in different ways, may necessitate each other.

Prayer or Religious Thought arises then out of a threefold, ascending indivisible Abstraction or Proposition. Each object may be—in the sense of the Augurs—a Temple to the Religious Man. The Spirit of this Temple is the omnipresent High Priest, the Monotheistic Means, who alone *without Means* stands in relation to the All-Father.

The basis of all eternal fellowship is an absolute tendency towards all directions. Thereon rests the power of Hierarchy, of genuine Masonry and the invisible tie between true thinkers. Herein lies the potentiality of a Universal Republic of which the Romans up to the time of the Emperors had an idea. Augustus first deserted this basis, Hadrian destroyed it altogether.

Brute selfishness is the necessary outcome of paltry narrowness. The actual sensation is the

most vital, the most exalted to a wretched man. He knows nothing greater. It is no wonder that his intellect, forcibly shaped by circumstances, should be only the cunning slave of such a dull master, and should only think and care for pleasure.

A law is operative according to its contents. An inoperative law is no law. Law is a causal content, a mixture of force and thought, therefore we are never conscious of a law as such. In so far as we think of a law it is only as a proposition, *i.e.* a thought united with power. A resistant tenacious thought is a striving thought, and mediates between law and power.

Escape from the common Soul is Death.

In most religious systems we are considered as members of the God-Head which, if they do not obey the impulse of the Whole, do not intentionally agitate against the laws of the Whole, yet go their own way unwilling to be members treated physician-like by God and either painfully healed or else cut off.

The most intimate association of all Sciences —a scientific Republic—is the noble aim of the Learnèd.

Should not the range of a certain science and the precedence of the sciences amongst each other be reckoned according to the number of their principles? The fewer principles the higher the science.

We understand the artificial better than the natural. More soul but less talent is contained in the simple than in the complex.

Tools arm men. One may well say, man understands how to create a world, he only needs suitable apparatus for the proportionate equipment of the creations of his sense. The beginning is there. So the principle of the man-of-war lies in the idea of the shipbuilder, who by the aid of masses of men and suitable tools and materials embodies his thoughts by means of which he makes himself like unto a prodigious machine. So the idea of a moment often requires prodigious instruments, prodigious masses of material; thus man is, if not the actual, still the potential creator.

The more ignorant a man is by nature the more capacity exists in him for knowledge; each new perception makes a much deeper and more vital impression. We notice this distinctly on entering into a new Science. That is also why we lose in capacity through over-much study.

We are not in a position to penetrate the Whole or to ensoul it with a definite conception. Plastic power may not attain it.

Thus is the inventive spirit of young heads and visionaries, as well as the easy grasp of spiritual beginners or laymen, to be explained.

The Building of Worlds does not satisfy our yearning Soul.

Yet a loving Heart satisfies the striving Spirit.

We stand in relationship with all parts of the Universe, as well with the Future as with the Past. It only depends on the direction and duration of our attention, which relationship we are to cultivate especially, which relationship is to be for us especially important and vital. The true method ought to prove nothing less than that long wished for Art of Divination. It should be even more. Man proceeds daily according to its Laws, and the possibility of discovering these same laws through intelligent self-observation is indubitable. The historian organises historic beings. The data of History is a conglomeration to which the historian gives form by animation. Therefore History above all stands on the fundamental principles of animation and organi-

sation, and before these principles come to view there is no true historic Presentation, and nothing except occasional traces of haphazard animation in the place where untutored genius has stirred.

Nearly all genius has been hitherto one-sided, the result of a sickly constitution. One class had too much outward, the other too much inward perception. It was very seldom that Nature attained an equipoise between the two, a perfect constitution combined with genius. A perfect proportion often ensued but it could never endure, for it was neither perceived nor determined by the soul; fortuitously it lasted during some happy moments.

Previous to the mental act of Abstraction All is One, but one even as Chaos; subsequent to the mental act of Abstraction everything is once more united; but this union is a free bond of independent self-determined beings.

Out of the crowd there has grown a society, Chaos is transformed into a manifold world.

If the world be a Precipitation of Human Nature, then the world of the Gods must be a Sublimation of the same. Both happen *uno*

actu. No Precipitation without Sublimation. What is lost there in activity is gained here.

Where there are children, there is the golden age.

Security for self and for invisible Powers has been the basis of previous spiritual states.

The path of approximation is composed of argumentative progressions and regressions. Both delay, both hasten, both lead to the goal. So in the novel the poet appears now to approach the goal, now to recede; and never is it nearer than when it seems to be farthest.

A criminal can never complain of injustice though he be treated harshly or inhumanly. His crime was an entry into the Kingdom of Might, of Tyranny. Proportion and moderation do not exist in that world, therefore the disproportion of the reaction should not surprise him.

Mythology contains the history of the archetypal world. It comprehends Past, Present and Future.

Simply inert appears that which in regard to the outer world is simply motionless. Many

times as it may transform itself, it remains, as far as the outer world is concerned, always at rest. This proposition applies to all self-modifications. That is why the Beautiful appears so peaceful. All Beauty is a self-illumined perfected Individuum.

Each human shape gives life to an individual germ in the Contemplator. Because of this, observation is endless, it is bound up with the feeling of an inexhaustible power, and is therefore absolutely vitalising. While we contemplate ourselves we vitalise ourselves, without this visible and sensible immortality *sit venia verbis*—we should not think truly.

The perceptible inadequacy of our earthly frame as the expression and organ of the indwelling Spirit, is the undetermined urgent thought underlying all true thought, the cause of the Evolution of the Intelligence that which obliges us to the acceptance of an intelligible world and of an endless range of expression, and organs of that Spirit whose exponent or root is its individuality.

When the spirit sanctifies every true book becomes a Bible.

Each individuum is the centre-point of a system of emanation.

A book is very seldom written for the book's sake.

It is the case with many true books as with gold ingots in Ireland, they serve for long years only as weights.

Our books are formless paper money which the learned bring into currency. The love the modern world has of possessing paper money is the ground out of which in one night they often shoot up.

Many books are longer than they seem They have indeed no end. The tedium they provoke is truly absolute and endless.

True policy is not only a defensive polemic against existing ill, but it seeks also to improve sickly dispositions.

Many anti-revolutionary books were written in favour of the Revolution, but Burke wrote a revolutionary book against the Revolution.

Is it not desirable to be the contemporary of a really great man? The majority of cultivated Germans of the present day are not of this opinion. They are sharp enough to deny all greatness and adopt a levelling policy. If the

Copernican system were not so firmly established it would suit them very well to turn sun and stars once more into will o' the wisps, and to make the earth into the Universe.

It has been impossible till now to describe men, because we did not know what a man was. When once we know what a man is, then will it be possible to describe individuals genetically.

Whosoever takes fragments of this sort literally may be an honourable man, but he must not give himself out as a poet. Must we then always be circumspect? Whosoever is too old to be enthusiastic should shun youthful assemblies. There are literary saturnalia nowadays. The more motley life is the better.

The geognostics believe the physical centre of gravity lies between Fez and Morocco. Goethe as anthropognostic thinks in Wilhelm Meister that the intellectual centre of gravity lies in the German nation.

Where the Majority determine, Force triumphs over Form. This is inverted where the Minority has the upper hand. We cannot reproach theoretical politicians with over-boldness. It has not occurred to any of them whether Monarchy and Democracy should and could not

be absolutely united as elements of a States-Universal.

A true Democracy is an absolute minus State. A true Monarchy is an absolute plus State. The constitution of the Monarchy is the character of the Regent. Its guarantee is his will. Democracy in the ordinary sense does not fundamentally differ from Monarchy, only that in this latter case the monarch consists of a crowd of heads.

The presentations of the Past draw us towards Death, towards the transitory; the Presentations of the Future drive us to new animation, to edification, and to an assimilating activity.

Therefore all Remembrance is dismal, all Anticipation joyful.

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Correspondenz zwischen F. R. Schlegel und A. W. Schlegel

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