

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOD-MAKER, MAN.

BY DON MARQUIS.

I.

Fallen mute are the lyres of Apollo
And the lips of the Memnons are mute,
Nor ever Pan's shepherds may follow
The moods of his reed-fashioned flute;
And the worship of Egypt's Osiris
Was fated to wither and fade
Ere even the fragile papyrus
Which called him eternal, decayed;
Sink to silence the psalms and the peans,
The shibboleths shift, and the faiths,
And the temples that challenged the eons
Are tenanted only by wraiths;
Swoon to silence the sackbuts and psalters,
The worships grow senseless and strange,
And the mockers ask: "Where be thy altars?"
Crying: "Nothing is changeless—but Change!"

II.

Yea, nothing but change seems eternal,
And yet, through the creed-wrecking years,
That old word of some city supernal,
Insistent, persistent, appears.
Multiform are the tale's variations,
Time and clime ever tinting the dreams,
Yet the motive, through endless mutations,
The essence, immutable gleams.

III.

Though one may bow down 'neath the Crescent,
And one twirl the prayer-wheel of Buddh,
And one vow the Nazarene present
When the wine is transmuted to blood;—
Though their trust be a part of it terror,
Though between them exist little ruth,
Though all of them grovel in error,

Yet each of them glimpses a truth.
 Though the priests that made merry are mirthless
 And their temples are trampled by time,
 And the names of their gods are grown worthless
 But to round out the ring of a rhyme;—
 Though we mark in the limitless Heavens
 How the flames of the Avatars
 But illumine their limited evens
 To evanish like vanishing stars;—
 Though we see that all altars and icous
 Must at last lack for incense and wine,
 And the liberal, cynical lichens
 Veil the ruin that once was a shrine;—
 Though nothing but change seems eternal.
 Yet all have cried out for Death's death:
 The desire for something supernal
 Was drawn in with man's earliest breath.

IV.

Yea, deathless, though godheads be dying,
 Surviving the creeds that expire,
 Illogical, reason-defying,
 Lives that passionate, primal desire;
 The same through its every mutation,
 The same through each creed and no-creed,
 The base of each symbolization
 That perished when perished its need.
 'Tis the challenge of atom and plasm:
 "Let the All kill a part—if it can!"
 Flung forth down time's echoing chasm
 From the lips of the god-maker, Man.

ARISTOTLE ON HIS PREDECESSORS.*

(Editorial Comments on Professor Taylor's New Translation of the First Book of the *Metaphysics*.)

This book will be welcome to all teachers of philosophy, for it is a translation made by a competent hand of the most important essay on the history of Greek thought down to Aristotle, written by Aristotle himself. The original served this great master with his unprecedented encyclopedic knowledge as an introduction to his *Metaphysics*; but it is quite apart from the rest of that work, forming an independent essay in itself, and will remain forever the main source of our information on the predecessors of Aristotle. Considering the importance of the book, it is strange that no translation of it appears to have been made since the publication of that by Bekker in 1831.

The present translation has been made from the latest and most critical Greek text available, the second edition of W. Christ, and pains have been taken not only to reproduce it in readable English, but also to indicate the exact way in which the translator understands every word and clause of the Greek. He has further noted all the important divergencies between the read-

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