

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-

\* Published by The Open Court Publishing Company.

ings of Christ's text and the editions of Zellar and Bonitz, the two chief modern German exponents of Aristotelianism.

Not the least advantage of the present translation is the incorporation of the translator's own work and thought. He has done his best, within the limited space he has allowed himself for explanations, to provide the student with ample means of judging for himself in the light of the most recent researches in Greek philosophical literature, the value of Aristotle's account of previous thought as a piece of historical criticism.

---

#### A HAVEN FOR WEARY MINDS.

Mr. Bignami, of Lugano, Switzerland, has in mind the accomplishment of an interesting communal project, the object of which he explains in a letter which has been printed in French for circulation among sympathetic spirits. The plan seems to be similar to the historic Brook Farm experiment in its ideals, but we hope it will prove more enduring as there is no doubt that there will always be many people not in sympathy with religious asceticism for whom the serenity of monastic life has great charm.

Mr. Bignami's circular letter translated into English reads as follows:

"We wish to draw your attention to a plan which is quite worthy of your interest, for our purpose is to supply an actual need of our civilization.

"He who looks below the surface of things observes that in the midst of the turmoil of the life of to-day a feeling is spreading beyond frontiers and across oceans among the most thoughtful minds, the most meditative souls, and especially those interested in studying the course of their inner life, the intellects tired of the natural uncertainties of science.

"That feeling is the craving for retirement, for isolation, far from the stormy billows of life, far from worldliness, business, the desperate struggle for existence, far from the madding crowd. It is also the need of devoting to something higher than aimless rushing, that brief moment of consciousness which, within space and time, nature affords us between two infinities of unconsciousness.

"Work has destroyed its rational aim, for by absorbing all our time, i. e., all our existence, it makes it impossible for us to enjoy intellectual pastimes as we would wish, or for each to follow his better inclinations, or to develop his intellectual and moral life to its highest possibilities. We can not devote our minds to meditation on the general problems of the universe, nor to the study of mystery in all its forms, which is so attractive to those who, in science, art or literature rise above commonplace observations and matter-of-fact reproduction of paltry facts, realities and ready-made truths. 'The best use of our life,' it has been said, 'consists in increasing the conformity of our intelligence to reality.'

"The origin, growth and continual spreading of this craving for temporary or permanent isolation and retirement are due to two reasons: First, the necessity of getting away, after long exhaustive work and intense struggle, from the accustomed routine of daily life, of resting in an ideal retreat, of recovering one's own strength in a more serene atmosphere, in a more intellectual sphere, of forgetting the fierceness of struggle and stopping to take breath to enable one to go on with renewed vigor, or to stay there as in a safe harbor, as in an oasis of peace; in the second place, the disagreement