

## MISCELLANEOUS.

BERGSON.

BY PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

I have embarked on an enchanted sea  
Under a midnight sky of beckoning stars;  
The voice of great adventure sings to me  
Above the drift and glint of warning spars.

Upon this magic deep where I descry  
Of many a master soul the sunken dream,  
I marvel how they tempted mystery,  
How songs of triumph died in lightning's gleam.

But he has come, whose wand compels the morn,  
Who scorns the chart men worshiped in their need;  
Chants as the empty sail is deckward borne,  
And lights in pilot reason a new creed.

He stands, the captain of the strength of youth  
When fear of wreck with winging song is shod,  
The ship we board, it is the soul of truth,  
The endless billows are the pulse of God.

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PROFESSOR HENRI BERGSON.

On the philosophical horizon there has arisen a new star, Henri Bergson, professor of modern philosophy at the College of France at Paris. He has written a number of books which have been translated into English, and he has gained many adherents who recruit themselves mainly from the same circles as the pragmatists—enthusiasts and dilettanti. He appears not only as a rival of the late Prof. William James, but is at the same time one of his personal friends. Professor Bergson has been lecturing in England, and is now on a tour through the United States. He lectures in French, and his diction is greatly admired by all his hearers; many people go to enjoy his beautiful French. He speaks not like a philosopher, but like an inspired prophet; he appeals to the heart and stirs the emotions; he uses striking and poetic similes, and may be regarded more as a leader of a certain religious-philosophical movement than as a thinker; he is an orator and a poet.

The world-conception for which Professor Bergson stands is a kind of dualism, and may without any misgivings be characterized as a decided reac-