

may realize more and more our own ignorance in asking. We may rely more and more on the divine wisdom in giving." That is the cunning fellow knows, and even in this smooth, roundabout way dares show that he knows that prayer is neither wise nor beneficial, and if this "later life" doctrine of his is followed up, who can say that it will not first lead to less prayer, then to no prayer, and finally to self-reliance and the total overthrow of the holy spook.

The time is coming and now is when men and women of sense will abandon the old forms of worship and learn the "causes of things" and how to answer their own and each others prayers. In this great change which is now rapidly taking place, men and women of talent and purity of life and motives are needed to bring about a reconstruction of society under the new and glorious civilization.

"Whosoever will" can do something, and each doing something, perhaps, even in our life time, the world may see the beautiful morning of fair Science and Humanity dawn.

Watchman, tell us does the morning
Of fair Science's glory dawn;
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes; arise, look round thee!
Light is breaking in the skies.
Spurn the foul belief that bound thee:
Morning dawns. Arise! Arise!

"Many Hands Make Light Labor"

TO THE TORCH FAMILY:

We all know what a hard, uphill fight the Torch and the Liberal University has had, and although the road is a bit smoother now than formerly, there are several little knolls and hummocks to get over yet, and as we are all interested in this matter (I suppose all are interested, or they wouldn't be subscribers), I propose that each and every one of us contribute one day's work, or one day's pay, per month for at least six months.

That is a little thing and will hardly be noticed by the individual, but taken as a whole I am quite sure it will be felt to an appreciable extent by the Liberal University Company. I am only an ordinary working man, whose job depends upon the humor of the "boss", and surely if I can give a day's pay some of the more independent members of the family can do the same.

Hoping this suggestion will meet the approval of the majority, and promising to remit on the 15th inst. (pay day), I am respectfully,
ROBT GARTH.

Republic, Wash., Feb. 6.

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Die Muttersprache.

BY MAX V. SCHENKENDORF.

MUTTERSPRACHE, Mutter laut,
Wie so wonnesam, so traut!
Erstes wort, das mir erschallet,
Süsses, erstes Liebeswort;
Erster Ton, den ich gelalet,
Klingest ewig in mir fort!

Ach, wie trüb' ist meinem Sinn,
Wann ich in der Fremde bin;
Wann ich fremde Zungen üben,
Fremde Worte brauchen muss,
Die ich nimmermehr kann lieben,
Die nicht klingen, wie ein Gruss!

Sprache, schön und wunderbar,
Ach, wie klingest du so klar!
Will noch tiefer mich vertiefen
In den Reichthum, in die Pracht;
Ist mir's doch, als ob mich riefen
Väter aus des Grabes Nacht.

Klinge, klinge fort und fort,
Helden Sprache, Liebeswort!
Steig' empor aus tiefen Gräften,
Längst verscholl'nes, altes Lied!
Leb' aufs Neu in heil'gen Schriften,
Dass dir jedes Herz erglüh!

Ueberall weht Gottes Hauch,
Heilig ist wohl mancher Brauch;
Aber soll ich beten, danken,
Geb' ich meine Liebe kund;
Meine seligsten Gedanken
Sprech' ich, wie der Mutter Mund.

(Linear translation. See Comment.)

The Mother Tongue.

Mother tongue, Mother tones,
O, how blissful, how true!
The first of words that greeted me,
The first, the sweetest word of Love!
The first of sounds, that ere I lisped,
Art in me ringing ever more!

Ah, how lowers it in my heart,
When in foreign lands I roam;
When foreign tongues I must try,
Foreign words I needs must use,—
Words I never, can never love,
Which a "welcome" never say to me.

O, language beautiful, wonderful,
Ah, how clear to me thy meaning comes!
Yet ever as I deeper delve
Into thy richness, thy splendor—
'Twere as if to me were calling,
Fathers from the night of the grave!

Then ring, and thrill thou ever more,
Speech of Heroes! Word of Love!
Freshly spring from thy depths as before,
Song of old, echoing long ago.
Live thou anew in writings holy,
From which all hearts may glow!

Over all breathes the breath of God,
Holy, may be, many a custom dear;
But shall I ever give my thanks or pray,
Ever make my heart's love known,—
All my thoughts, deep and holy,
Ever will I speak as the Mother tongue.

Liberal Translations of Poetry.

The German poem printed above with a literal, rhythmic, linear version is a lesson of the German Class of the University, and is presented as an experiment in poetical translation which may please our readers, especially those interested in the German language and literature.

How can intellectual poetry be best translated, is a question in the progress of Liberalism — far more important than most people think.

The English, German and French languages are now the sacred languages of "the New Era", much as Hebrew, Greek and Latin were of the old. Shakespeare and the Evolutionists have made sacred the English; Goethe, Schiller and other thinkers and the scientists have done the same for the German; while Voltaire, Comte, Hugo and other poets and scientists have done the same for the French. "The New Dispensation" of Science and Humanity can not be well entered into without some appreciative knowledge of the "holy writings" which now exist in those tongues. The prose has been or can be well translated. But in good poetry the heart and mind flow together in a stream of indissoluble harmony of reason, rhyme and prosody, all more or less dependent on each other. No two languages have the same rhymes, word-meanings, or or even prosody. The perfect translation, therefore, of a good poem is as impossible as "the squaring of the circle". No sensible person ever expects to really succeed, yet many are unable to give up trying to do it well.


Years ago my friend Courtland Palmer, of New York, wished me to give him some idea of the scientific and religious poems of Goethe. This was done by placing the German on one page and a literal, LINEAR, and as far as could be, a rhythmic translation on the opposite page, letting the prosody and rhyme go, for the purpose of getting the

sense, reason and true meaning as far as possible. The attempt was very pleasing to my friend, and had he lived it certainly would have been published—indeed the matter went so far that the poems were placed in a printed proof before his death. Afterwards, when Dr. Paul Carus opened his "Open Court", in Chicago, it seemed to me that events had decreed that he should be the publisher. But, alas! for the uncertainty of human estimates! He held off, saying in substance that the poems selected were just the right ones—the collection was as good as perfect, but—poetry could be translated only by poetry, and that this linear version would be chiefly used by students as a "pony"!—which, however, I would be delighted to have them do. For several years I have lived under this crushing sentence. I have never believed it to be final, and I want to appeal to the world, including the second thought of the learned Doctor himself. My claim is:

That versions of this kind for scientific, philosophical, Liberal, and even practical purposes are preferable to versions where accuracy, sense and meaning are necessarily sacrificed more or less, if not MURDERED by the inexorable exigencies of rhyme and prosody.

To test this matter, a rough, linear version is given of an exquisite poem (not Goethe's) often attempted in English, and Dr. Carus and "the rest of mankind" are respectfully challenged to give a version in strict prosody and rhyme that our readers shall find more satisfactory than the one presented, which was made offhand for our German Class. Unless this is done, and if questioned an umpire may be appointed, we shall feel called upon to publish the said linear version of Goethe's scientific and religious poems, unless the Doctor will be the publisher himself?

The use of the words "God" and "holy" in the above poem occur because it refers to a state of mind which exists and so is proper for poetical use and illustration. Of course every Liberal will interpret them with his own scientific and human meanings—such as "the All" and "the human". T. B. W.



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