



"TRUTH BEARS THE TORCH IN THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH."—*Lucretius.*

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EASTER.

The Absorption.

BY PERRY MARSHALL.

THERE was a time, a kind of past eternity,
Before man was, or bird or beast were fleeing,
When all was really One—one vast Infinity,
One undivided Integer, the All-Being.
Therein was life, and from it all the life we see,
Now differentiated in so many selves,
From fish to fowl, or beast and man, began to be,
Offspringing from that Being Infinite, like elves.
That separating off to self we all call birth,
But death is separation; that was real death.
'Tis we are dead who bide in self upon the earth;
We truly live when we surrender self and breath.
Then to the All again our little life returns,
Our own self fully lost, the All-Life then is ours.
We live then more, all life our own, our dust in urns,
Returns to Mother Earth, then blooms in flowers.
The All-pulse then becomes our own abundant life;
Death really reunites, birth is dividing strife.

WALT WHITMAN—

The Poetic Realizer of Our New World.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

(From Dresden Edition, Vol. 3.)

THE poetic is not the exceptional. A perfect poem is like a perfect day. It has the undefinable charm of naturalness and ease. It must not appear to be the result of great labor. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that man does best that which he does easiest.

The great poet is the instrumentality, not always of his time, but of the best of his time, and he must be in unison and accord with the ideals of his race. The sublimer he is, the simpler he is. The thoughts of the people must be clad in the garments of feeling—the words must be known, apt, familiar. The light must be in the thought, in the sympathy. . . .

As you read the marvelous book, or the person, called "Leaves of Grass," you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of the will, the accom-

The Continuance.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"O SPRING! of hope and love and youth and gladness
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.
"The good and mighty of departed ages
Are in their graves,—the innocent and free,
Heroes, and poets, and prevailing sages,
Who leave the vesture of their majesty
To adorn and clothe this naked world;—
—and we
Are like to them. Such perish; but they leave
All hope or love or truth or liberty
Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive,
To be a rule and law to ages that survive.
"Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love,
Our happiness, and all that we have been,
Immortally must live and burn and move
When we shall be no more.
—[From "Revolt of Islam."]

plishment of the ideal, seem to be within your power. Obstructions become petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken, and the distinctions of caste are lost. The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of Nature. Creeds, theories and philosophies ask to be examined, contradicted, reconstructed. Prejudices disappear, superstitions vanish and custom abdicates. The sacred places become highways, duties and desires clasp hands and become comrades and friends. Authority drops the scepter, the priest the miter, and the purple falls from kings. The inanimate becomes articulate, the meanest and humblest things utter speech and the dumb and voiceless burst into song.

A feeling of independence takes possession of the soul, the body expands, the blood flows full and free, superiors vanish, flattery is a lost art, and life becomes rich, royal and superb. The world becomes a personal possession, and the oceans, the continents and constellations belong to you. You are in the center, everything radiates from you, and in your veins beats and throbs the pulse of all life. You become a rover, careless and free. You wander by the shores of all seas and hear the eternal psalm. You feel the silence of the

wide forest, and stand beneath the intertwined and over-arching boughs, entranced with symphonies of winds and woods. You are borne on the tides of eager and swift rivers, hear the rush and roar of cataracts as they fall beneath the seven-hued arch, and watch the eagles as they circling soar. You traverse gorges dark and dim, and climb the scarred and threatening cliffs. You stand in orchards where the blossoms fall like snow, where the birds nest and sing, and painted moths make aimless journeys through the happy air. You live the lives of those who till the earth, and walk amid the perfumed fields, hear the reapers' song, and feel the breadth and scope of earth and sky.

You are in the great cities, in the midst of multitudes, of the endless processions. You are on the wide plains—the prairies—with hunter and trapper, with savage and pioneer, and you feel the soft grass yielding under your feet. You sail in many ships, and breathe the free air of the sea. You travel many roads and countless paths. You visit palaces and prisons, hospitals and courts; you pity kings and convicts, and your sympathy goes out to all the suffering and insane, the oppressed and enslaved, and even to the infamous. You hear the din of labor, all sounds of factory, field and forest, of all tools, instruments and machines. You become familiar with men and women of all employments, trades and professions—with birth and burial, with wedding feast and funeral chant. You see the cloud and flame of war, and you enjoy the ineffable perfect days of peace.

In this one book, in these wondrous "Leaves of Grass," you find hints and suggestions, touches and fragments, of all there is of life, that lies between the babe, whose rounded cheeks dimple beneath his mother's laughing, loving eyes, and the old man, snow-crowned, who, with a smile, extends his hand to death. . . .

He felt himself the equal of all kings and of all princes, and the brother of all men, no matter how high, no matter how low.

He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man, and above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all Art, rises the true man. Greater than all is the true man, and he walked among his fellow-men as such.

SOCIOLOGY—

Its Style, Method and Reality as a Science

BY PROF. LESTER F. WARD.

(From "Pure Sociology.")

THE basis of method is logic, and the basis of logic is the sufficient reason or law of causation. The object of method is clearness, and what is logical is usually clear. At least, the same subject, however abstruse or inherently difficult, will be clearer of comprehension if logically presented than if incoherently presented. This principle lies at the foundation of style. I always observed that there was the greatest difference in the ease with which I could read different authors, although all masters in their own field, but it was a long time before I discovered the reason for this. I saw that it had nothing to do with the language I was reading, for it was easier to follow Haeckel's German than Darwin's English. On the other hand, Huxley's English was exceedingly easy while the German of Sachs, for example, was very hard. There was the same difference with French authors.

Finally I undertook to investigate the matter, and I soon discovered that aside from all embellishments of style, that which rendered a style easy was the strict logical sequence of ideas. In Huxley or Haeckel, if any one will look into it he will find that every sentence is clearly and causally linked to the sentence that precedes it, and so naturally follows from it that it requires no effort of the mind to pass from one to the other. In difficult styles this is not the case. There are either complete breaks in the chain of reasoning, or there are ellipses, digressions, collateral ideas, or neoterisms, which check the flow of thought and impede comprehension. Usually it is simple incoherency or lack of serial order in the arrangement of the ideas expressed, in short, defective method.

What is true of style is true of other things. It is especially true of education, and it is probable that something like double the progress could be made by pupils and students of all grades, if an exact logical method could be adopted in the order of studies, so that every new study would naturally grow out of the one that had preceded it. But every large subject is complex and embraces a