

But Thought is proud, and Man is dear to it;—it enters into fierce strife with Falsehood, making Man's heart the battlefield.

It persecutes him like a deadly foe: it eats into his brain like a canker; it ravages his breast like summer heat without a drop of rain; and, like a torturer, it torments Man, making his heart contract with cold, the bracing cold of longing after truth, life's truth, austere and full of wisdom, that grows most slowly, but can be clearly seen, through the gloom of errors, a tiny flower of fire, born of Thought.

Alas, if Man is poisoned by Falsehood's venom, he hopelessly and steadfastly believes there is no joy on earth so great as a full stomach, no delight so surpassing as satiety, rest, and trivial worldly comforts, then Thought, a captive of triumphant sensuality, sadly lowers its wings and—slumbers, leaving Man in the power of his heart.

Like a pestilential cloud, baleful Triviality, vile daughter of Weariness, creeps up to Man from every side, covering his brain and heart and eyes with dull, pungent dust.

Then Man is doomed, degenerated through his own weakness into an animal, that has neither pride nor Thought. . . .

But if revolt bursts forth in him, it wakens Thought and—once again Man marches on, alone amidst the thorns of his mistakes, alone amidst the burning embers of his misgivings, alone amidst the ruins of old truths!

Majestic, proud and free, he bravely looks truth in the eyes and speaks thus unto his doubts:

“Ye lie in saying that I am impotent, my conscience limited! It grows! I know it, see it, feel it—it grows in me! I feel my conscience grow by the intensity of pain, and know, that if it did not grow, my sufferings would not be greater than before.

“With each succeeding step desires increase. I feel more strongly, I see far deeper into things, and this quick growth of my desires—is conscience's mighty growth! It's no more than a spark at present—what of that? Sparks grow into