

He knows them all, these attendants in his immortal train, and one thing more he knows—Insanity. . . . Swift and strong as a whirlwind, it follows him with hostile eyes and, conscious of its might, lends wings to Thought, striving to involve it in its savage dance. . . .

And only Thought—Man's friend, with whom he never parts,—the flame of Thought alone lights all upon his way : the puzzle of life, the sombre mysteries of nature and the dark chaos that fills his heart.

Thought, the unfettered friend of Man, looks around with piercing, penetrating glance and ruthlessly illumines all :

Love's crafty deceits, its sole desire to gain possession of its object, its tendency to humble and be humbled ; and the foul image of Lust, that follows in its wake ;

Hope's timid impotence and Falsehood, its sister, attired, painted Falsehood ever ready to soothe and deceive with pleasing words ;

Thought discloses to us in Friendship's withered heart crafty prudence ; cruel, futile distrust ; the cancerous stains of jealousy, with their scum of calumny ;

Thought sees the power of blackest Hate and knows, that if its fetters are clasped—then all on earth would be doomed to destruction, not even the fruits of justice would be spared.

Thought lights up immovable Faith and shows us its malicious thirst for boundless power, its aspirations to enslave all the senses, its hidden claws of bigotry, the impotence of its heavy wings and the blindness of its vacant eyes. Thought even dares to strive with Death. That barren and often blindly malign power is hateful and hostile to Thought, free immortal Thought, that from the animal produced Man, that gave us all the gods, the systems of philosophy and sciences—the keys to all life's mysteries.

Death seems a scavenger to Thought, a scavenger that penetrates the dark slums and gathers all that is outworn, rotten, thrown away as useless, but at times dares to steal what's sound and strong.