

and otherwise the most self-restrained men. I pitied him, and had many inward struggles, for, on the one hand, I thought that I might not be in a position to make Lottchen so happy as he would make her, but on the other hand I could not endure the thought of losing her. The latter feeling conquered, and Lottchen, I have never once been able to perceive a shadow of the same conflict."

Goethe tore himself away and fused his experience into the "Sorrows of young Werther," a most theatrical performance which made a great noise. Poor Kestner and his Lottchen were reproduced only too faithfully, much to their chagrin. The story of Werther is still readable and has a strange fascination. Reading between the lines we perceive the history to be that of the writer, all but the suicide of the poor sentimental hero, an incident borrowed for the occasion.

"Infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of literature," says Carlyle, "Werther gave birth to a race of sentimentalists who have raged and wailed in every part of the world till nature laid herself to sleep, and it was discovered that lamenting was an unproductive labor," and in good time the imaginary sorrows of Werther helped to relieve the author of them from many that were really genuine. For more than a year after the publication of Werther, Goethe lived with his parents at Frankfort, delighting their hearts with the homage that was now paid him by all the famous men of the time.

In 1775 he was pressed by Karl August, the young reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, to visit his capital, and was finally persuaded to accept a position in his court. In his twenty-sixth year he finally settled down at Weimar "where his long residence, of fifty-seven years, was to confer on an insignificant Duchy the immortal renown of a German Athens."

Here then in that little city on the banks of the Ilm, our hero is fixed with his life-work before him, a work which is to take in "All provinces of human thought, feeling and activity, embodying the nobleness of the past into a new whole; antique nobleness in all kinds, yet worn with new clearness, the spirit of it preserved and again revealed in shape when the former shape and vesture had become old, and was dead and cast forth."

(To be continued.)

CASKET OF GEMS.

The time is come in which it is the duty of all qualified persons to speak their minds about popular beliefs; they will thus destroy the vulgar prejudice that unbelief is connected with bad qualities of head and heart.—*John Stuart Mill*.

That faith is not the noblest which enables us to believe the greatest number of articles on the least evidence; nor is that doctrine really the most productive of happiness which encourages us to cherish the greatest number of groundless hopes.—*Leslie Stephen*.

Poverty is the grimmest foe the world holds—a serpent that stifles talent ere talent can rise, that blasts genius ere genius can be heard, that sows hot hate by a cold hearth, and that turns the germ of good into the giant of evil.—*Anon.*

The final end of the State consists, not in dominating over men, restraining them by fears, subjecting them to the will of others; but, on the contrary, in permitting each one to live in all possible security; that is to say, in preserving intact the natural right of each to live without injury to others. The state has not for its end the transformation of men from reasonable beings into animals or automata; it has for its end, so to act that its citizens should,

in security, freely develop both mind and body; above all make free use of their reason. Hence the true end of the State is liberty.—*Spinoza*.

Many a man has died unhonored and unsung who left in every footprint from childhood to the tomb, a rich and brilliant legacy to the world; and no legacy worth commemorating was ever left the world which was not baptized in the sweat of honest toil. From mental and physical exertion the earth has been made to blossom, the seas have been covered with life, civilization has shot its sunshine into the gloom of rudeness, and science has rained its softness on the world. On every field that bears a tempting harvest on its breast, on every brick in every building that was ever reared, on every book of value that was ever written, on every thought that burns to light the world, in every workshop, and mine and furnace, and factory—wherever labor sweats, are written the credentials of nobility.—*Anon.*

If we admit the possibility of the State so stifling men's liberty and laying such a yoke upon them that they dare not even whisper without the approbation of the sovereign, never, most surely, can they be prevented from thinking as they will. What, then, must ensue? That men will think one way and act another; that, consequently, good faith, a virtue most necessary to the state, will become corrupted; that adulation, a detestable thing, and perfidy will be held in repute, entailing the decadence of all good and healthy morality.—*Spinoza*.

What can be more disastrous to a State than to exile honest citizens as evil doers because they do not share the opinions of the crowd and are ignorant of the art of signing.—*Ibid.*

Life is a masterpiece of good sense and judgment.—*Renan*.

Reason before all.—*Spinoza*.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself, since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would suppose, as a spider, may make a captive of the hopeful boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determinations, by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will. He belongs to whatever can seize him, and innumerable things do actually verify their claim on him, and arrest him as he tries to go along, as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed and whirled into every eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—if the hundred diversities of feeling which come within the week will let him. As his character precludes all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views are destined to take tomorrow, just as a farmer has often to acknowledge the next day's proceedings are at the disposal of the winds and clouds.—*Hume*.

It is superstition that sets up sadness as good, and all that tends to joy as evil.—*Spinoza*.

We are incessantly spoken to of repentance, humility, death; but repentance is not a virtue, but the consequence of ignorance and weakness; nor is humility one, since it springs in man from the idea of his inferiority. Death is the daughter of fear; that about which a free man thinks is not death. Wisdom lies not in the contemplation of death, but of life.—*Spinoza*.

To condemn all mankind for the sin of Adam and Eve; to let the innocent suffer for the guilty; to keep any one alive in torture for ever and ever; these actions are magnified copies of what bad men can do. No juggling with "divine justice and mercy" can make them anything else. This must be said to all kinds and conditions of men: that if God holds all mankind guilty for the sin of Adam, if he has visited upon the innocent the punishment of the guilty, if he is to torture any single soul for ever, then it is wrong to worship him.—*Prof. Clifford in Fortnightly Review*.

Who would deserve well of his fellows in this matter will guard the purity of his belief with a very fanaticism of jealous