

# MAN

## I

**I**N the hours of spiritual weariness,—when memory raises up shadows of the past, that send a chill through the heart,—when thought resembles the cold autumn sun and lights up the formidable chaos of the present, ominously circling over one spot, impotent to rise higher or fly forwards;—in the hours of spiritual weariness, by sheer force of imagination, I call forth the majestic image of Man.

Man! The sun seems to burst forth in my breast, and in its bright light, immeasurable as the universe and tragically beautiful, slowly advances—forwards! and—even higher! Man! I see his haughty brow and fearless piercing eyes; in them—the light of dauntless, mighty Thought, Thought, that conceived the wondrous harmony of all the worlds, that mighty force, which, when o'erpowered by weariness—creates gods; when valiant—casts them down.

Lost in the deserts of the universe, alone on a stray tiny bit of earth, that whirls with monstrous speed into the depths of fathomless space, tormented by the poignant question—“What does he live for?” Man valiantly advances—forwards! and ever higher! to triumph over all the mysteries of earth and sky.

He marches on, sprinkling his lonely, tedious path with his heart's blood, turning this burning blood into immortal flowers of poetry; the weary cries of his rebellious soul he