

that of restless striving, as indeed the whole of his system is based upon the metaphysical and ethical principle that the true and ultimate reality is activity and not repose, an unlimited striving, not enjoyment and quietism, not a negation but an assertion of the good will. We may thus say that the principle of this genuine socialism is the sanctity of labour and the right to work, and not merely a pleasurable existence, whether this pleasure be found in the region of the physical (sensual) or of the higher (intellectual and æsthetic) enjoyments.¹

¹ I shall have another opportunity of referring to the prophetic character of Fichte's philosophy, and how this explains the renewed interest which has been taken in the works of this highly abstract philosopher by prominent thinkers at the present day. It must here suffice to associate his name in this respect with that of Goethe, and to quote the words with which Prof. Schmoller closes his Essay already referred to (*loc. cit.*, p. 99 *sqq.*). "It is remarkable that another of the German intellectual heroes of that age, who otherwise differed so much from Fichte, trod very similar paths. This was Goethe in the 'Wanderjahre.' Here also an ideal society is depicted, an attempt is made to solve, from an ethical point of view, the great problems of labour, property, family, education, individuality, association, publicity, in the face of the egoism of the age. The great thinker and the great poet are alike impressed by problems—unsolved and scarcely dreamt of by professional science—which refer to new forms of the moral life, resulting from the great transformation, especially of

economic conditions. Both see in moral education of the individual, in his partaking of the life of the community, in all forms of association, in culture and divided spheres of labour, in renunciation and devoted work, the necessary counterpart to economic developments. Both see in opposition to French socialism the foundations of social welfare in secure, though limited, personal property and in the sanctity of married life. It is hardly possible to imagine two more different personalities: here the stoical unbending thinker who in ideal flight bears in his bosom the fate of his age and nation; who, discarding the realities of the world, aspires to subject, from the depths of his sublime but austere character, his age to his high moral standard, creating the world and its philosophy with one sublime stroke of reasoning; there the sensitive realistic poet who knows how to follow the secret pulsations of life, who, as no other, has personally watched it in the cottage of the labourer, in the workshop of the tradesman, in the house of the citizen, and the palace of princes; who has himself often—