

in his self-contemplation as if in him were a dark unknown substance, on which rested, as on a support, all personal life. Hence those ever recurring questions, what then we ourselves are, what our souls, what that dark, unintelligible, never thoroughly conscious self which works in our emotions and passions. That these questions can arise is a proof how little personality is developed in us to the extent which the idea permits and requires. It can only exist perfectly in the Infinite Being who, reviewing all His phases and actions, nowhere meets with a moment of passive or active life the meaning and origin of which were not quite transparent to Him. The position of the finite mind, tied as it is to a special place in the general order of things, is the cause why its inner life is gradually wakened by external stimulations, why it flows on according to the laws of a psychological mechanism which bids single impressions, feelings, and desires, chase and expel each other. Hence there is never a concentration of the whole self in one moment, our consciousness never presents to us a picture of our whole self; not of its coexistent states, much less of the unity in its development in time. Even to ourselves we ever appear from a partial point of view, which discloses only a portion of our being; roused by external touches we react with this partial consciousness; only in a limited sense may we say that we act; rather in most cases something happens in us through those impressions and feelings to which the psychological mechanism has given the preponderating influence. Much less are we ever really *for* ourselves. Memory loses much, but most of all the record of our own individual moods.