

THE  
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PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE, 1917.<sup>1</sup>

DURING the month of April the Rev. Charles Wagner, one of the best known Protestant clergymen of Paris, talked informally to the senior pupils of a public school, under the auspices of the *League for Moral Education*. He took for his subject: *The Lesson of the Branch*. He pointed out the grasses, flowers and trees pushing up again with gentle persistence in places which had been cruelly laid waste by the war. "Although the barbarians destroyed all that they could destroy in our unfortunate invaded districts, as soon as the warm breath of spring came again, and the earth felt itself touched by the warm sun, everywhere in the track of these Huns, little green spears sprang up out of the ground. Not as capable of resistance as steel lances, they yet cannot be stopped. Attila used to say: 'Wherever I go with my hordes, grass never grows again!' Yes, Attila, it does grow again; life is stronger than thou!"

I recall these words—which were followed by prolonged applause—whenever I think how philosophical labors have continued in France in spite of all the various difficulties brought by the war. Paper for books has become scarce. For the little that is to be had, one pays four times the usual price. There are no printers; all those who are not too old or ill are in arms. Our younger generation of writers and professors are in arms too, and many of them have been mowed down by death. Others have been invalidated by wounds or diseases contracted in the

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the French by Dr. Katherine E. Gilbert.