

a method of changing matters, the world will continue to run according to the old principles—it will still be swayed by hunger and love.

“To learn what gives to everything
The form which we survey,
The law by which th’Eternal King
Moves all creation’s ordered ring,
And keeps it in right sway—
Who answer gives without disguise,
He is the wisest of the wise,
The secret I’ll betray,
‘Ten is not twelve,’ I say.

“The snow is chill, the fire burns,
Men bipeds are; a fool
The sun up in the sky discerns:
This, man through sense-experience
learns
Without attending school!
But Metaphysics, I am told,
Declares that hot is never cold;
Dryness, not moist; and light
Is never dark but bright.

“Homer had writ his mighty song,
Heroes did danger scorn,
The good had done their duty, long
Before (and who shall say I’m
wrong?)
Philosophers were born!
Yet let but some great heart or
mind
Perform great deeds, some sage
will find
The reason why: He’ll show
That this thing could be so.

“Might claims its right. That’s
true always,
And weaklings strength o’erpowers.
He who cannot command obeys—
In short, there’s not too much to
praise
On this poor earth of ours,
But how things better might be
done,
If sages had this world begun,
Is plainly, you must own,
In moral systems shown.

“‘Man needs mankind, must be
confessed,
His labors to fulfill;
Must work, or with, or for, the rest.
‘Tis drops that swell the ocean’s
breast,
‘Tis water turns the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities.’
In universities
Maxims are taught like these.

“Yet, since what grave professors
teach
The crowd is rarely knowing,
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
‘Tinkers the chain, and mends the
breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, philosophy, no doubt,
A better world will bring about,
Till then the world will move
By hunger and by love!”

SELECTIONS FROM SCHILLER’S POETRY.

My Creed.

“What my religion? I’ll tell you! There is none among all you may mention
Which I embrace.—And the cause? Truly, religion it is!”

Division of the Earth.

“‘Here, take the world!’ cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—‘Be you of this earth the heirs;

Free to your use the heritage is given;
Fraternally divide the shares.'

"Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The hunter chased through wood and wold.

"The merchant grip'd the store and locked the ware—
The abbot chose the juices of the vine—
The king barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And said, 'The tithes and tolls are mine!'

"And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
'And is there naught,' he cried, 'for me?'

" 'Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy children portionless alone?'
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
A suppliant before his throne.

" 'If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,'
Answered the God, 'why murmurest thou at me?
Where wast thou then, when earth they were dividing?'
'I was,' the poet said, 'with thee!'

" 'Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The harmony of heaven enthralled mine ear;
Pardon the soul that, with thy dazzling light
Enraptured, lost its portion here!'

" 'What's to be done?' said Zeus, 'The world is given,
Mart, chase, and harvest are no longer free;
But if thou wilt abide with me in heaven,
Whene'er thou com'st, 'twill open be to thee!'

Hymn to Joy.

"Joy divine, fair flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fane we come!
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!