

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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# The Gods of the Egyptians

OR

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BY

E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, M. A., Litt. D., D. Lit.

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## The Open Court Publishing Co.

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SCHILLER AT WEIMAR.

BY W. LINDENSCHMIT.

[For explanation see p. 202.]

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

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## A TRIBUTE TO FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH.

1805—MAY 9TH—1905

BY E. F. L. GAUSS.

“So feiert ihn, denn was dem Mann das Leben  
Nur halb ertheilt, soll ganz die Nachwelt geben.”  
Goethe in his epilogue to Schiller's  
“Song of the Bell.”

There is a debt of sacred obligation  
Before all others deep and great and vast  
Devolved unto the present generation,  
We cannot fully pay while life may last—  
More binding than to others to this nation:  
It is our debt unto the bygone past.  
A part of this great debt we now are paying  
While Schiller's genius we are portraying.

Full many a poet has the world delighted  
By wit and wisdom, pleasing mind and heart,  
By comfort to the sad whose lives were blighted,  
By truths their higher teachings did impart,  
By setting spirits free which were benighted—  
By thoughts sublime and by consummate art!  
But name ye one of loftier ideal  
Than Schiller, yet his worth is no less real.

Born of the people, against want contending,  
The world hath seen him moved by purest fire  
As ever he his way was upward wending,

Saw him unto perfection's goal aspire,  
 Towards the highest aim he e'er was bending  
 Until the heights he gained, his soul's desire,  
 Where only free the spirit grandly towers  
 Assisted by divine creative powers.

The world saw him in youthful ardor glowing,  
 As if it would his very soul devour,  
 Yet even then his best he was bestowing  
 In earnest effort, biding but his hour.  
 Though in the "Robbers" still the flood be flowing  
 In torrents wild and violent in power:  
 It cleansed its bed of stagnant putrefaction  
 And urged unsettled minds to healthful action.

Clear burns the flame when smoke is superseded.  
 Thus Schiller's great and penetrating light  
 Filled all the heaven's dome by naught impeded,  
 Then paled the starry host before the sight:  
 The most resplendent suns their glory ceded  
 Unto his star immeasurably bright.  
 Thus for a century it has been shining  
 And never shall its lustre know declining.

Who follows Schiller's mighty flight surprising,  
 His effort often chilled yet ever sure,  
 Himself will with the poet's strength be rising  
 To heights sublime above earth's barren moor;  
 He will be free, degrading snares despising,  
 His mind and heart and wishes will be pure.  
 The poet's works the upward path are showing  
 And all along the beacon-lights are glowing.

"Cabal and Love" to higher deeds is leading,  
 To "Posa's" words we list, so wise and brave,  
 We hear "Maria Stuart's" fervent pleading,  
 We see the "Virgin Maid" her country save;  
 We feel the era of man's freedom speeding:  
 "Man is created free, though born a slave!"  
 We look on "Wallenstein's" commanding station,  
 And on the poet's art with admiration.

Thus he leads on unto his last creation,  
His song of liberty, great "Wilhelm Tell,"  
In which he shows the struggle of a nation,  
And how of needs its cruel tyrant fell;  
How freedom comes by noble concentration  
Of all the virtues which all tumults quell,  
His spirit shapened liberty's ideal,  
And unto both we'll evermore be feal.

Thus celebrate we him, the Prince and Master,  
The type of manhood and man's mental stay;  
The shield and comforter in life's disaster,  
The prophet of a brighter, lasting day,  
And though the centuries fly fast and faster:  
His spirit still is nigh and lives for aye,  
And more and more posterity is giving  
What he but half received while he was living.