

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;