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, 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 eart 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 SCHILDER’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 murmur'st 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 he 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!