

"Why weepst, my maiden? Why grievest thou so?
 Let me hence, let me hence, girl, I pray thee!
 The soldier on earth no sure quarters can know;
 With constancy never repay thee.
 Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
 Nor peace nor rest is it his to find.

"Away then, my comrades, our chargers let's mount!
 Our hearts in the battle bound lightly!
 Youth's foam effervesces in life's bubbling fount.
 Away! while the spirit glows brightly!
 Unless you have courage your life to stake,
 Of life's true worth you will ne'er partake!"

Proverbs of Confucius.

TIME.

"Threefold is the march of Time:
 While the future slow advances,
 Like a dart the present glances,
 Changeless stands the past sublime.
 (Time as Future.)

"No impatience e'er can speed him
 On his course if he delay.
 (Time as Present.)

"No alarm, no doubts impede him
 If he keep his onward way.
 (Time as Past.)

"No remorse, no incantations
 Alter aught in his fixations.
 (Application.)

"Wouldst thou wisely and with pleasure,
 Pass the days of life's short measure,
 From the slow one counsel take,
 But a tool of him ne'er make;
 Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
 Nor the constant one as foe!"

SPACE.

"Threefold is the form of Space:
Length, with ever restless motion;
 Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

APPLICATION.

"All types to thee are given:
 Thou must onward strive for heaven,
 Never still or weary be
 Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
 Far must thy researches go

Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
 Thou must tempt the dark abyss
 Wouldst thou life's deep meaning wis.

"Nought but firmness gains the prize,—
 Nought but fulness makes us wise,—
 Buried deep, truth ever lies!"

Light and Warmth.

"The world, a man of noble mind
 With glad reliance enters;
 Around him spread, he hopes to find
 What in his bosom centers;
 And to truth's cause, with ardor warm,
 He dedicates his trusty arm.

"But that the world is mean, ere long
 Experience shows him ever;
 Himself to guard amid the throng
 Is now his sole endeavor.
 His heart, in calm and proud repose,
 Soon e'en to love begins to close.

"The rays of truth, though light-bestowing,
 Not always warmth impart;
 Blest he who gains the boon of knowing
 Nor buys it with his heart!
 So thou shouldst worldling's ken unite
 To the idealist's vision bright."

The Lay of the Bell.

"Firmly bound the mould of clay
 In its dungeon-walls doth stand.
 Born shall be the bell to-day!
 Comrades, up! now be at hand!
 From the brows of all
 Must the sweat-drops fall,
 Ere in his work the master live;
 The blessing God alone can give.

"To what we earnestly prepare
 Now may an earnest word be said;
 When good discourse our labors share
 Then merrily the work is sped.
 Let us consider then with zeal
 What feeble strength can do by thought;
 Contempt for him we e'er must feel
 Who planned not what his hands have wrought.