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 answers 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 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;