

He was a musician and a poet. Here is one of his sonnets, translated by General Alexander, improvised to a lute accompaniment in his old age :

Ah, woe is me ! whatever meets mine eye
Speaks to the soul and tells me all must die :
So it is ruled.

The very life which genial summer brings
Preludes the death which from cold winter springs ;

Ah me ! Ah me !

Can man e'er hope to light a quenchless flame,
To live for ever linked with endless fame ?

Oh, idle thought !

Summer returns, chill winter hides his head.
The sun once more tints the grey morn with red,
The ebon night is turned to brightest day,
Back to the river ocean yields its prey ;

So on for ever.

But when man leaves this world he comes no more,
Behind is all he loves—he knows not what before ;

All, all is dark !

In the 73rd year of his age, Confucius calmly breathed his last, surrounded by numerous loving and admiring disciples. He uttered no prayer, and betrayed no apprehension. He was buried with vast pomp, and multitudes reared dwellings beside his grave, and mourned him as the great Father. His tomb became a nation's sepulchre, and surrounded by befitting temples, halls, and great courts, it is still the favorite resort of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, who almost worship him as semi-divine. His grave is a large and lofty mound, situated in a walled triangle, admission to which is given through a magnificent gateway and avenue of cypresses, leading up to a marble statue erected by emperors of the Sung dynasty, and bearing the inscription :

"The Most Sagely Ancient Teacher,
The All Accomplished,
and
All informed King."

—*The Agnostic Journal.*