

THOUGHTS FROM EPICETUS.

Thou wouldst do good to men? Then do not chatter to them, but show them in thyself what manner of men philosophy can make.

Practice saying to every harsh appearance: Thou art an appearance and not at all the thing thou appearest to be. Then examine it and prove it by the rules you have, but first and above all by this, whether it concern something that is in your own power or something that is not in your own power. And if the latter, then be the thought at hand: It is nothing to me.

Let one show me a man's soul that longs to be like-minded with God, and to blame neither Gods nor men, and not to fail in any effort or avoidance, and not to be wrathful nor envious, nor jealous, but—for why should I make rounds to say it?—that desires to become a God from a man, and in this body of ours, this corpse, is mindful of his fellowship with Zeus.

When the physician may say to the sick man: Man, dost thou think thouallest nothing? Thou hast a fever, fast to-day and drink water: None saith: What an affront. But if one shall say to a man: Thy pursuits are inflamed, thine avoidances are mean, thy purposes are lawless, thy impulses accord not with nature, thine opinions are vain and lying—straightway he goeth forth and saith: He affronted me.

It behoves the Cynic to shelter himself behind his own piety and reverence: but if he doth not he shall be put to shame, naked under the sky. He must not seek to hide aught that he doeth, else he is gone, the Cynic hath perished, the man who lived under the sky, the freeman. He hath begun to fear something from without, he hath begun to need concealment; nor can he find it when he would, for where shall he hide himself, and how? And if by chance this tutor, this public teacher, should be found in guilt, what things must he not suffer! And fearing these things, can he yet take heart with his whole soul to guide the rest of mankind? That can he never; it is impossible.

SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

I speak the password primeval, I give the sign of democracy.
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

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Each man to himself and each woman to herself, is the word of the past and present, and the true word of immortality;
No one can acquire for another—not one,
Not one can grow for another—not one.

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Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

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Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left),
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them for yourself.

—Walt Whitman.

WORSHIP.

Our dream-gods wane, and strange gods come;
We bend, where gods may once have dwelt,
Our puzzled knee, and find them dumb.
Enough!—We know that we have knelt.

—Arthur J. Stranger.