

Short is the little which remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain. Let men see, let them know a real man, who lives as he was meant to live. If they cannot endure him, let them kill him, for that is better than to live as men do.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

THE ROAD OF VANITY.

WHO am I that I should cry
The wheels of life must turn, must ply
To gratify my vanity.

Those wheels grind slowly, but exceedingly small,
They grind the King—they grind us all ;
They make small work of vanity.

A better part for a man to play
Is to be a cog in the wheel today
That grinds out justice to all on earth
Regardless of power, station or birth,
The parting road from vanity.

But if you are the shaft upon which the wheels
ply,

If you are one of the many who cry

“I am the power !”

Beware ! Beware ! Lest too late you find
That wheels will turn, will grind and grind,
Though you never were born and none of your
kind

Had trodden the road of vanity.