

XLV.

Why waste these golden moments of the
Spring,
In thinking of the Winter's icy sting?
Never attempt to lead a better life,
The best is only what I have to bring.

XLVI.

Why waste my time in any compromise !
The body dead can surely not arise,
And it of earth holds all my earthly
pomp ;
What use, then, is my spirit's sacrifice.

XLVII.

The past! What use the past if sin I did,
A moaning sorrow never sorrow hid ;
Repentance is but wasting present thought;
Can wasted time enrich me? God forbid.

XLVIII.

The
Mirage of
Merit

Both good and evil in the past, I think,
Are like reflections at the water's brink;
A fleeting vision of the trav'lers who
When worn and thirsty stoop to take a
drink.