

No Laureate sings their humble names,
Though angels wept around their grave:
They died, O Lord, to save thy cause,—
Who were the bravest of the brave.

These are thy dead, Almighty God,
Whose strength the hireling poet shuns:
Oh, hallow thou my plaintive lay
For the men who fought behind the guns.

THE SECRET.

From Socrates to Charles Wagner men have vied with one another in solving the problem of how to obtain perennial happiness. Of the solutions some were paradoxical; and some, platitudinous. But it was left to the poet Goethe to reach the acme of philosophical platitude,—to wit:

*‘Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen;
Denn das Glück is immer da!’*

Why dost thou, Fool, in endless wand’ring
All thy days employ—
For far-off fields Elysian seeking
For far-off founts of Joy?

Take but Life’s happy moments—heeding
Naught else that men hold dear,
Then Happiness, though ever fleeing,
Shall still be ever near!