

AND WHAT THEN ?

rather gold and silver, gain honors, perform the
greatest deeds.

And what then ?

After that death must come.

The ploughman drives his plough, puts all his glory
in the goad with which he spurs his oxen, he lives in
the midst of his labors, and speaks of naught but the
yoke of oxen. He sets his whole heart to tracing furrows,
he spends all his anxious days in fattening his
cattle.

And what then ?

The worker in wood and the architect consume day
and night at their work ; the engraver gives life to
his carvings by assiduous work : he sets all his heart
on his copy his model, and by watching he completes his
work.

And what then ?

The iron-worker stands close to his anvil, and
he considers the iron that he uses ; the fiery vapor eats up
his flesh, and he is always exposed to the ardor of
the furnace. The din of hammers is continually
ringing in his ear, and his eye is attentive to the
work that he is imitating. He sets his heart to finish his
work ; he beautifies and perfects it by his watchings.
And what then ?

The potter sits down by his clay : he turns the
wheel with his feet, he is always anxious, and he does
his work without measure. His hand shapes the clay,
he kneads it after it has been softened by his feet.
He sets his heart to paint his work and watches that
the furnace may be cleansed.

And what then ?

All these workmen hope in their hands, and each
of them is wise in his craft. Without them, no city