

tor of Shakespeare he was eminent. His philosophical writings; stimulated by Kant—particularly his *Letters on Æsthetic Culture*—mark the man of profound thought on life-problems, and his greater poems were fundamentally philosophical. He wrote history which has become standard—*The Revolt of the Netherlands* and *The Thirty Years' War*—showing full knowledge of original sources and deep insight into and understanding of events.

But it is as a great world-poet that his fame is secure—as a writer of matchless dramas and lyrics. He passed through a youthful storm-and-stress period of passionate, pronounced revolt against stupid conventionality—as shown in *"The Robbers"*—to an after condition of reposeful strength. While love for noble literature shall endure his *"Wallenstein,"* *"Maria Stuart,"* *"Maid of Orleans,"* *"William Tell,"* and *"Song of the Bell"* will hold the admiration of mankind.

As one of his biographers says: "He started in life with high aims, and no obstacle was ever formidable enough to turn him from paths by which he chose to advance to his goal. Terrible as his physical sufferings were, he maintained to the last a genial and buoyant temper, and those who knew him intimately had a constantly increasing admiration for his patience, tenderness, and charity. With all that was deepest and most humane in the thought of the eighteenth century he had ardent sympathy, and to him were due some of the most potent of the influences which, at a time of disaster and humiliation, helped to kindle in the hearts of the German people a longing for a free and worthy national life."

As a message for our own time this



CHARLOTTE, WIFE OF SCHILLER.

translation of his beautiful lines seems especially appropriate:

"Without haste, without rest :
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

"Haste not : Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;
Ponder well, and know the right ;
Forward, then, with all thy might !
Haste not : Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

"Rest not : Time is sweeping by ;
Do and dare before thou die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

"Haste not—rest not ; calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
Duty be thy polar guide ;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not—rest not : Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last."