

First.—

I've often heard such lyric songs
From poets paid for painting wrongs
With words that turn false colors out,
And make the most deceiving doubt.
There's naught I hear, nor naught I see,
That tells me it is good to be
Among these hungry parasites
That live upon the earth's delights.
I'll have no more of fancy's talk.
If for a while you choose to walk,
We'll take a tramp for exercise
Until enough we realize.

Second.—

Agreed to go, if on the way
A listening ear you will display
To all my heart should give to sound,
And all that nature's hills resound.
'Tis well. We leave these plastered walls
In search of joy that wisdom calls
To give us strength and health and peace,
While in our minds all troubles cease.
Minerva once the goddess was
Of wisdom pure—so let us pause
In thought before her throne to learn
What makes the change we all discern.
It is a law in Nature's code
That exercise of any mode
Develops strength where'er applied,
And leaves the heart well satisfied,
All things assist to make the change;
Disordered atoms rearrange;
Our heavy thoughts soon disappear;
And lighter grows our living here.
Our talents seem so very small,
We give to them no worth at all;
But see you pine with lofty head,
That from a little seed was fed
From Nature's storehouse. So indeed
Can we find food for every need
To make our talents our delight,
And hear at last, "Well done, 'tis right."
If in your heart you find a germ
Of love, I pray you hold it firm;
Apply the law of Nature there
And find a balm for all despair.
These hills, now white with winter's snow,
These trees, through which cold breezes blow,
Will soon be changed by Nature's art;
Oh let it also change your heart!

First.—

I oft have walked this mountain path,
But, blinded by a cursed wrath,
Each tree that made me turn my feet
Brought forth an oath I'll ne'er repeat.
I now have reached the sage's doubt,

And wish more time to think about
The question of my own despair.
And to your recent thoughts compare.
A cursing sage and happy fool,
Though taught of life in a common school.
Are two extremes that never meet
Except they hear and turn their feet,
You seem to him a joyful mean
And could I see the hand you've seen
That o'er these hills bright colors hurled,
I might no more condemn this world.
But let me hear you speak again;
You do not speak like other men;
And when my own foul tongue I hear,
Despondent feelings reappear.
Our journey soon is at an end;
Already I have gained a friend—
One who can hide the woes of life
Behind the pleasures of the strife.

Second.—

In every pleasure stands a friend
Who to our happiness must lend
A color: All our friends unite
In one grand picture of delight,
As all the trees upon a lawn
Present a landscape boldly drawn
With varied forms by Nature's hand;
In such a scene our joys expand.
All beauty is a heavenly gift,
And seeing this will serve to lift
The mind above all wickedness
And hold the heart for God to bless.
Dyspeptic stomachs fail to give
Us rest. Although we strive to live
On foods that healthy men employ,
There's naught that we in truth enjoy,
And so the heart, when once diseased
Cannot by beauty's charm be pleased;
Cannot by feelings high be raised,
And loud exclaim, "May God be praised!"
We've reached the house from which we came;
Confess that joy is more than a name,
Confess that love grows in the heart,
And with "Good-bye" two friends will part.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

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