

**The Eagle soars in the summit of Heaven,  
The Hunter with his dogs pursues his circuit.  
O perpetual revolution of configured stars,  
O perpetual recurrence of determined seasons,  
O world of spring and autumn, birth and dying!  
The endless cycle of idea and action,  
Endless invention, endless experiment,  
Brings knowledge of motion, but not of stillness;  
Knowledge of speech, but not of silence;  
Knowledge of words, and ignorance of the Word.  
All our knowledge brings us nearer to death,  
But nearness to death no nearer to God.  
Where is the Life we have lost in living?  
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?  
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?  
The cycles of heaven in twenty centuries  
Brings us farther from God and nearer to the Dust.**

**The lot of man is ceaseless labor,  
Or ceaseless idleness, which is still harder,  
Or irregular labour, which is not pleasant.  
I have trodden the winepress alone, and I know  
That it is hard to be really useful, resigning  
The things that men count for happiness, seeking  
The good deeds that lead to obscurity, accepting  
With equal face those that bring ignominy,  
The applause of all or the love of none.  
All men are ready to invest their money  
But most expect dividends.  
I say to you: *Make perfect your will.*  
I say: take no thought of the harvest,  
But only of proper sowing.**

**The world turns and the world changes,  
But one thing does not change.  
In all of my years, one thing does not change,  
However you disguise it, this thing does not change:  
The perpetual struggle of Good and Evil.**

*from "The Rock"  
by T.S. Eliot*