

THE GREATER PRIZE

Passions tempt us, then they chastise,
They allure but to destroy;
Glitt'ring avenues of pleasure
Lead from everlasting joy.

Passion's way is strewn with roses,
But alas! the end is death,
Those who follow where it leadeth
Find there, sorrow, pain, distress.

Those who scorn its deadly suasion,
And upon its temptings frown,
Miss life's transitory pleasures
But attain a saintly crown.