

Or squandered thriftless in pursuit
Of pleasure and inferior joy,
Which mar the spirit, and destroy
Each flower which else might grow to fruit.

Ours be the nobler task to use
Our life subservient to its end,
And all our powers with vigour bend
To action in the path we choose ;

To work the work that God has given,
To grow in truth from hour to hour,
In purity and love and power,
The traits that mark the Sons of Heaven ;

To battle with each giant wrong
Which meets us on our daily road,
To bear the weaker brother's load,
And aid in right the brave and strong.

The mount of life before us lies—
True life of noble thoughts and deeds ;
Peak beyond peak in light recedes,
Summit o'er summit seeks the skies.

The good and great of other times,
Who climbed those heights and drank those
streams,
And bask immortal in the beams
All glorious of unfading climes,