

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense.  
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence :  
But health consists with temperance alone ;  
And peace, Oh, virtue ! peace is all thy own.

On earth, nought precious is obtain'd,  
But what is painful too ;  
By travel and to travel born,  
Our sabbaths are but few.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

Our hearts are fastened to this world,  
By strong and endless ties ;  
But every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.

Oft pining cares in rich brocades are dress'd,  
And diamonds glitter on an anxious breast.

Teach me to feel another's wo,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

This day be bread, and peace, my lot ;  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen :  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

If nothing more than purpose in thy power,  
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :  
Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity.