

Better to have seen the angel, though he veil his face  
again;

Better to have heard the music, though the strings be  
snapped in twain.

Not alone is pleasure potent in Life's strange and strong  
alloy;

Had I never known a sorrow I could not have prized a  
joy.

Why should I o'er hopes long-buried sound the doleful  
dirge of pain?

Can such inharmonious notes hush June's anacreontic  
strain?

Though a grim, perpetual winter may enshroud the heart  
in gloom,

Still, each resurrected summer mocks the ravage of its  
tomb.

I am but a child of nature, and her instincts cannot die;  
Nature bids her songsters waken, Nature makes the heart  
reply—

Life has higher, nobler duties than the grief of sorrows  
past,

Let me live the present, striving to attain some good at  
last.

Help some faltering fellow pilgrim, mayhap burdened,  
blind or lame;

If 'tis but the cup of water given in the Master's name.

I shall not have lived in vain, and when this transient  
cruise is o'er

I shall have some friend to greet me on the everlasting  
shore.

When the shades of Death have fallen, and Life's fitful  
day is done,

Let me fill some peaceful corner underneath the church-  
yard stone.