

The prize was not to them a prize of gold;
 But entering on the race of life have given,
 Their hearts, their lives and all their hopes to heaven.

True greatness does not always crown the man,
 Whose riches place him foremost in the van;
 When wrung from weary hands by close oppression,
 In midnight tears, and dreary toil's depression.
 Who makes life's burden large and hard to bear,
 And weaves the woes which pallid brows must wear;
 In attics old by thousands hid repining,
 In aged weeds, and squalid want declining.
 But crowns his brow who has enough of heart,
 In humble things to act life's noblest part;
 Mercy as pure and sweet as dews descending,
 With gentle virtue and affection blending.
 Nobility to him doth well belong,
 And when he threads each day the busy throng;
 Though all unhonored, there may be the power,
 Which prompts him to be kind in sorrow's hour;
 Yet round his brow in high and hallowed light,
 The fadeless garland shall be green and bright.

Such men have passed from these inviting ways,
 To honor thus and beautify their days;
 Some have gone forth to wear the wreath of fame,
 Ambitious on life's field to win a name;
 Some in the marts of traffic swell the tide,
 And well have earned an honest merchant's pride:
 Some weakest here perchance have won the day,