

300.—GOODNESS

With dowered health, clear conscience, troops of
friends

One draws Adversity's teeth; and old age
Seems youth, run on a narrow straitened guage,
As suits the steering, where life's long road ends.

Behooves it that the comet his way mends
When young, else flings he fixed stars in a rage,
That never once escape their galling cage;—
And the sway of the sun and moon offends.

Or innocent or penitent the saint
Must be; and few are to the manner born.
To goodness still the oils of honor burn;
We must not doing good untimely faint;
Nor of it blow a diapasoned horn.
This way both God and men, friends we may earn.