

Every young soul, ardent and high, rushing forth into life's hot  
fight;  
Every home of happy content, lit by love's own mystical light;  
Every worker who works till evening and earns before night his  
wage,  
Be his work a furrow straight drawn, or the joy of a better age;  
Every thinker who standing aloof from the throng, finds a high  
delight  
In striking with tongue or with pen a stroke for the triumph of  
right—  
All these know that life is sweet; all these with a consonant voice,  
Read the legend of Time with a smile, and that which they read is  
"Rejoice."—*Morris.*



They are slaves who will not choose  
Hätred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truths they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

—*Lowell.*