

Approbation

SHE had striven with noble effort—
And often the struggle seemed vain—
The tones that her teacher taught her,
And the soul of his songs to gain,
Till the fruit of her toil was tested
By the taste of a motley throng,
Who gave their appreciation
To this dutiful daughter of song;
But the wildest applause was wasted
(A triumph, indeed, to have won)
In a quiet and honest handshake,
And the Master's own "Well done!"