

The hand that trained the tender twig up to the
 giant form
 Is there to-day in living deed to shield from sun
 and storm.
 They call him benefactor, and they bless his mould-
 ering clay
 Though history ignores the man who shunned all
 vain display.
 How many live, how many die un-named on honor's
 roll
 With the stamp of genius graven on their pure and
 lofty soul :
 Their deeds are lowly as the man's who plucks the
 filthy weed
 Ere it matures, and scatters its vitiating seed ;
 Or as the one who off the road removes the simple
 stone
 And by this gracious act proclaims he heeds not self
 alone :
 In every rank of humbler life sure unknown heroes
 stand
 Whose noble deeds swell not the tale that makes a
 nation grand,
 And some there be co-operate with gifts that are
 divine,
 Who in the busy tide of life seek not to proudly
 shine,
 They may excel the bold and brave whose story
 nations know
 As purer waters oft are found where under-currents
 flow :