

It is pleasant to find lofty sentiments and earnest devoutness claiming to mate together thus in our poet's lines—

“ What can I do that others have not done ?  
What can I think that others have not thought ?  
What can I teach that others have not taught ?  
What can I win that others have not won ?  
What is there left for me beneath the sun ?  
My labour seems so useless, all I try  
I weary of, before 'tis well begun ;  
I scorn to grovel, and I cannot fly.  
Hush ! hush ! repining heart ! there's One whose eye  
Esteems each honest thought, and act, and word,  
Noble as poet's songs or patriot's sword.  
Be true to Him : He will not pass thee by.  
He may not ask thee 'mid His stars to shine,  
And yet He needeth thee : His work is thine.”

E.