

How noble they who seek our western wild,
 To tell the story of the manger Child;
 To teach them how to live, and how to die,
 And what the soul may hope to share on high;
 Where ne'er before the white man's foot has trod,
 To bear the tidings of the christian's God.
 What makes us noblest in this hurried life?
 Comes there no answer from its scenes of strife?
 Yes one, to strive and win, what further then,
 We have the praise, perchance the scorn of men.
 A mine of gold, or life of careless ease,
 Can never bring us what at last will please.
 What can we win? and what is life for all?
 A shadow circling far around a pall;
 In which we tread a little space, then sleep,
 Beneath a mound in shadows still more deep.
 A place where man while breathing Heaven's breath,
 A little while plays hide and seek with death;
 About his farm, his counting room, his home,
 Till death grows bold and gives his message, come!
 And so we go from whence we came to mould,
 To lie alone in silence low and cold.

But as he walks this brief and weary round,
 Where much of toil and little rest is found,
 There are some seasons, gentle, sweet, serene,
 Where many smiles and pleasures intervene.
 How softly with the night comes gentle sleep,
 To all where Conscience quiet rule doth keep;
 Who love the golden rule while here they stay,