

## OTHER POEMS.



## DUTY.

Thy path seems steep and rough to mortal ken ;  
No smooth-mown sward or downward slope hast thou ;  
But ever upward, toward the highest peak,  
Thy steep ascent in rocky leaps e'er points.  
Yet, on these heights, when once we scale their brows,  
Bursts on our gaze, bright pictures, wondrous fair,  
Known not, nor dreamed of, when, at ease below,  
We slumber on the world's seductive plain.  
Thy cloud-topped summits that, all hidden lie  
Behind their misty curtains' darkling folds,  
Contain a wealth of joy for those who strive,  
And faint not in their tasks of Right and Good.  
Wealth, Fame, and Honor perish like a breath ;  
But Duty's laurels crown immortal brows.

## PLUM HOLLOW IN SPRINGTIME.

Sweet Dale of Plums ! Thy ever-varying dress  
Again hath ta'en the verdant hues of Spring.  
The clustering trees, whereon the Sun doth press  
His kisses warm, whose imprints closely cling ;