

That did me—the manly art
Had stilled for once a brave boy's heart,
And left three women nearly wild
With grief and shame unreconciled.
So call me coward if you will,
Or any name will fill the bill ;
I've learnt the truth I once thought weak—
The bravest turn the other cheek ;
And best defence for old and young
Is just a civil, truthful tongue.

ADVICE (?)

Never, never say "I'm sorry;"
'Tis a phrase you should detest,
For if you've been acting truly
You should know all's for the best,

And if you've been acting meanly,
It were best to stop and say,
"From the very present moment
I will walk the higher way."

If you never grieve the spirit,
Ever near, of truth and love,
Then all things will touch you lightly
As a lady's silken glove.

Thus the world will miss your mourning
And I doubt if it will care,
For of people that are "sorry"
It has always some to spare !