

On still, with honest purpose toil we on,
And if our step be onward, straight and true,
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come breaking through.
Carlton.

Let your innocence staunch the wound
Made by another's guilt,
For vengeance's blade was ever made,
With neither guard or hilt.—*Carlton.*

Economy study, but don't be mean,
A penny may lose a pound,
And all through the world a conscience clear,
Will carry you safe and sound.—*Clifton.*

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.—*Barton.*