

God's own word is the mine  
 Producing this ore ;  
 With Christ's Spirit Divine  
 All thus may explore.

And produce finer gold,  
 New beauties display,  
 Which will never grow old,  
 Nor ever decay.

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NAPOLÉON'S DEATH.

Another of the son's of men,  
 Who did earth's glories taste,  
 The Emperor Napoleon,  
 Death stole away in haste.

'Midst scenes of woe, and joy, and mirth,  
 His three-score years and five  
 Have swiftly sped away on earth,  
 No longer will he strive

An earthly Empire here to guide,  
 Or countrymen control ;  
 The space that he and them divide,  
 Angels alone patrol.

The prize for which he strove—he won,  
 While in his prime—and lost,  
 Before his life on earth was done.  
 Was it worth the cost ?

Ambition, his besetting sin,  
 Caus'd him to wage a war ;  
 Amidst its roar and deafning din,  
 He was the one lost star.

These worldly crowns at best are nought,  
 They yield no lasting joy ;  
 When the battle of life is fought,  
 Vain is the glittering toy.

But virtue's crown will never fade,  
 Nor will it dim with age,  
 For each one such a crown is made,  
 Strive for it and be sage.