
The Secret of the Saints.

To play through life a perfect part,
Unnoticed and unknown;
To seek no rest in any heart,
Save only God's alone.
In little things to own no will,
To have no share in great,
To find the labour ready still,
And for the crown to wait.

Upon the brow to bear no trace
Of more than common care;
To write no secret in the face
For men to read it there.
The daily cross to clasp and bless
With such familiar zeal,
As hides from all that not the less
The daily weight you feel.

In toils that praise will never pay
To see your life go past,
To meet in every coming day,
Twin sister of the last;
To hear of high heroic deeds
And yield them reverence due,
But feel life's daily offerings
Are far more fit for you.

To woo no secret soft disguise
To which self-love is prone,
Unnoticed by all other eyes,
Unworthy in your own.
To yield with such an happy art,
That no one thinks you care,
And say to your poor bleeding heart:
"How little you can bear."

Oh! 'tis a pathway hard to choose,
A struggle hard to share,
For human pride would still refuse
The nameless trials there.
But since we know the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this?