

THE TOILER.

His hair is gray and, on his brow,
The pearls of sweat appear—
Go, friend! he needs thee sorely now,
Go, dry the bitter tear!

O give him all your love's bright gold
And bid him stop and wait!
You cannot take the gold along,
When Death stands at the gate.
"O leave behind the earthly gains!"
Will be the cry some day;
To king and slave the same remains--
A deep, cold grave for aye.

'Tis better far to love than hate,
Better to give than take;
Better act sooner than too late
For life's own precious sake.
This world is but a stopping place
And hearts are poor and sad,
Then do thy share and help to grace,
And make life's twilights glad!