

## Poetry.

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Young Men said unto the Philistines.

SAV. W. W. LONGWORTH.

Tell me now, if you have any strength, whether you are worthy to stand before us, that we may know it; for we are come to fight against you.

For we are all strong men, and we are all men of war.

And there are none like us; for we are all good men.

Life is short; life is transient;

And thou art a dead man;

“ But thou art a dead man,

Was not spoken of the soul;

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow;

For one destined end or way;

But to set each other over;

Find no further than today;

Art in being and time is fleeting;

And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Fatal march to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle;

Be a steed to your nation;

We can make our lives sublime;

And, despising, have nobility in

Death.

Then we shall take heart again;

Let us, then, be up and doing;

With a heart for any fate;

Still rendering, still purasing;

Learn to labor and to wait.

Life is but a little; it is transient;

And thou art a dead man;

“ But thou art a dead man,

Was not spoken of the soul;

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow;

For one destined end or way;

But to set each other over;

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