

But still is priz'd the precious hue,
Of golden thoughts from tongue or pen ;
And he who digs and brings to light
A lovely thought, a pearly gem,
'Twill surely shine with lustre bright,
For men, to cheer and better them.

TEMPTATION.

The greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in getting up every time you fall.—CONFUCIUS.

THE raging force of passion's storm,
Say who can check at will.
Or cope with sin, in ev'ry form,
With ever conquering skill ?

How oft we've tried, and hop'd and pray'd
To conquer in the right ;
But still, how oft our hearts, dismay'd,
Have fail'd amid the fight.

But still we fought the wrong we loath'd,
And though we fought in vain,
Our wills in fleshly weakness cloth'd,
Would try the fight again.

And He, I apprehend, who sees,
And knows our struggles here,
Will lead us onward, by degrees,
To triumph, though we fear.

And even tho' we're never quit
Of these sharp earthly thorns,
In black despair we'll never sit,
* Till danger's signal warns.