

Look upward. Hope on, frail mortal! What
though thy path be rugged and strewn
with thorns? Thou hast only to persevere and
thy reward awaits thee. Many days and nights,
perhaps years, hast thou struggled with adver-
sity. What though thou art poor, despised by
those, it may be, who are thy inferiors in
all save wealth? What matters it, that thy
short life is exposed to the rude blasts of adverse
fortune, if at last thou art crowned with
immortality, which those who rudely push
thee from them think not of. Hope on,
then in thy poverty; aspire to be great
by being truly good.