

What it costs to be great.

Now Mr H - agent of a certain Society
recently on business to the town of B
put up at the house of B
of whom he made enquiry in reference
to a man in the employment of
that Society's office. Mr H was so inquisitive
that he finally asked who he was, and
why he was so inquisitive about that man.
Why says B, I am a minister and agent
of the Society that employs him, and
when I am around on business the
people usually entertain me for nothing.
Well says B, if you were a common
man I should charge you 50 cts, but
as you are a little more and not in
the habit of paying, I shall charge
you 75 cts which you must pay
before you leave this house, as he
paid it, and B gave 75 cts for the
poor man in the employ of the Society.

93
And is it true life is a dream
Is nothing real on the earth
Are all things seeming, must we deem
The tears of woe the smiles of mirth
Are fancy freaks of heart and brain

Look up faint mourning heart
See yonder blue gleam of the sky
And know 'tis but a glorious port
Of the bright beams that hidden lie
Beyond those ebon clouds that lower
O'er thy dark path with fearful power

Hark! over my harp's weak string
There comes a wild sweet melody
And glad prophetic voice sing
Of brighter seasons yet to be
Lift look thou up sad fainting heart
Now drifts those ebon clouds apart.

Not I can not always be
Not always ^{with} ~~through~~ the desert land
The bright oasis waits for thee
When there come gloomy plains or sand