

## Deferred Articles.

From the New York Mirror.

**FAME.**  
I was a child—but achieved not  
The wisdom of a longer life,  
And far away had been my lot.  
From all the stirring scenes of strife,  
But I have seen them all, and  
In all the trials and vicissitudes  
And learned of brave men how had won  
Who led the strong in battle,  
And sought heroes for a brave  
The glory of a soldier's grave.  
I was a child when first I learned  
To fear the glory of the fair,  
And the world's wide was turned  
To hope and struggle for a name.  
I thrived in my youthful heart,  
For fair was that which did me best;  
I loved her, whom I might love  
To listen and learn the story of;  
And glory that would never die,  
Till perished earth, and sea, and sky!

My dreams were of the battle ground,  
As in the ranks of fame I stood,  
And the loud thunder of the drum,  
I heard the tramp of man and horse,  
The onset of contending forces;  
I saw the warrior's battle cry;  
And bowed to what seemed the  
A hero in this strife of man!

Some years are gone, and I am now  
No more the child that I have been,  
But in the pathway of the world,  
With a purpose to live well.  
This have I done, that to my hand  
Is given the labor of the land;

My foot must tread the furrowed ground,  
And in the plowshare, round and round,  
To me is given the labor's care,  
In autumn, mine the labor's share.

I seek not now the warrior's fame,  
I covet honor with the good,

And not with him whose fearless name

I bear, nor his whose hand

Has brought a blessing to his land;

Whose heart is filled with something more

Than longing for a golden nest;

Whose hands are filled with sin;

To love was more than gold and gain.

And what is this which I have sought,  
With others, that the world calls fame?

Hath it to the needy brought?

Food and raiment when it came?

Not to the poor, but to the rich?

Let me be known one whose hand

Has brought a blessing to his land;

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