

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

“How far away is the Temple of Fame?”

Said a youth at the dawn of day;
 And he toiled and dreamed of a deathless name,
 But the hours went by and the evening came,
 And left him feeble, and old, and lame,
 To plod on his cheerless way.

For the path to Fame is a weary climb,
 Up a mountain steep and high;
 There are many who start in their youthful prime,
 But in the battle with Fate and Time,
 For one who reaches those heights sublime,
 Are thousands who fall and die.

“How far away is the Temple of Good?”

Said a youth at the dawn of day;
 And he strove in a spirit of brotherhood
 To help and succor, as best he could,
 The aged and poor, as all men should,
 On their hard and dreary way.

He was careless alike of praise and blame,
 But after his work was done,
 An angel of glory from Paradise came,
 And wrote on high his glorious name,
 Proclaiming to all that the Temple of Fame
 And the Temple of Good are one.

For this is the lesson that Time and Tide,
 Have taught since the world began;
 That those whose names shall never die,
 Who shine like stars in our human sky,
 And brighter grow as the years roll by,
 Are men who have lived for man.

--Ex.