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The Failure.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A Failure who had ne'er achieved
Self-victory, at last lay dead.
"Poor Failure!" Thus his neighbors grieved;
"Poor, miserable wretch!" they said.
His weakness was the worst of crimes;
He failed at least a thousand times.

Meanwhile the Failure gave to God
His vain attempts. Remorsefully
And prostrate on the skyey sod,
"I failed a thousand times," said he.
"Welcome!" rang out the heavenly chimes.
He strove—he strove a thousand times!