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IF I SHOULD WIN.

Striving in the race of life,
We are runners all;
And some will win, and many lose,
And I may fall.

Quaking, as I do, from fear
I should the loser be.
My heart beats quick when I think the prize
May come to me.

I wonder what my friends would say
If, after tears and shame
At repeated falls, in the end I should rise
And gain a name!

The fair one whom in vain I loved
In the name of Love, the Good;
Would she fall at my feet, and, smiling, say
"I knew you would."

Friendships, for whom my heart has ached
In those dark days ago,
Would they laud me then, forgetful of when
I walked alone?

Yet in the race I must hurry on,
For we are runners all;
Till I win at length, I shall pray for strength,
For I may fall.

L. R. GILLETTE.