

**T**HE soul survives, unmarred,  
The mind care-worn and scarred  
That still is anxious over little things,  
To come unto her own,  
Through benefits unknown,  
And the green beauty of a thousand springs.

**F**ROM infinite resource  
She holds her gleaming course  
Through toil, distraction, hindrance, and dismay,  
Till some high destiny,  
Accomplished bye and bye,  
Reveals the splendid hope that was her stay.