

The Joy of Living.

BREATHE fresh and true,
Clouds vanish as with magic wand
A brighter hue
Flashes, and Sun of life beyond,
And azure blue.

Stride on—firm—serious,
Giving the best you can, and know
Good is imperious;
And in a little manner so
Pierce the mysterious.

Clouds—mostly dust—
Rise from the stamp of fretting feet;
Why then disgust!
The sun shines when we shun deceit,
And welcome trust.