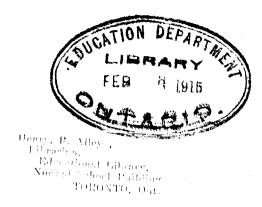
The Western School Journal



CONTENTMENT

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; They beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; They pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly woes my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I faun no friend:
I loath not life, nor dread my end.

-Sir E. Dyer