

THE OPTIMIST

Tho' days be dark and efforts barred
To do the righteous thing,
And unkind fate and powers ill
Do naught but sorrow bring:
Yet on he strives with firm-set will,
To bring to pass the deed
That deeply moved his spirit long
Ere any would him heed.

Tho' ill-health leaves a shatter'd frame
And feeble life ensues,
And mind that once with vigor thrilled,
Would fain its work excuse:
Yet on he strives thro' toil and pain,
To give the world his best,
That life may never wasted be,
When spirit needs no rest.

Tho' poverty would crush his hopes
To live to ideals seen;
And hardships would his spirit break
By bitter grief most keen:
Yet on he strives, nor heeds the gloom
That doth his life surround,
And keeps undimm'd the soul's true Sight,
Which leads to joys profound.