***At Day’s End***

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?

Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?

The day is almost over, and its toiling time is through;

Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you?

Can you say tonight, in parting with the day that’s slipping fast,

That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?

Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said;

Does the man whose hopes were fading, now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day, or lose it? Was it well or sorely spent?

Did you leave a trail of kindness, or a scar of discontent?

As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God will say,

 “You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?”