You May Count That Day

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done
    And counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard —
    One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay —
    If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face —
    No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost —
Then count that day as worse than lost.

George Eliot (1819–1880)