

THE POET'S LITTLE CORNERTHE MAN WHO STICKS

The man who sticks has this lesson learned;
 Success doesn't come by chance - it's earned
 By pounding away; for good hard knocks
 will make stepping stones of the stumbling
 blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail;
 That no ill fortune can make him quail
 While his will is strong and his courage high,
 For he's always fit for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride
 To jump in the front; he is satisfied
 To do ev'ryday his level best,
 And let the future take care of the rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by the boss
 It's WORK and not favour, that "gets across,"
 So his motto is this: What another man
 Has been able to handle, I surely CAN."

For the man who sticks has the sense to see
 He CAN make himself what he wants to be,
 He'll off with his coat and pitch right in -
 Why, the man who sticks can't help by WIN!

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
 When the road you're trudging seems all up hill.
 When the funds are low and the debts are high,
 And you want to smile, but you have to sigh.
 When care is pressing you down a bit,
 Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
 Life is queer with its twists and turns,
 As everyone of us sometimes learns.
 And many a failure turns about
 When he might have won had he stuck it out;
 Don't give up though the pace seems slow -
 You may succeed with another blow.
 Success is failure turned inside out -
 The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
 And you never can tell how close you are,
 It may be near when it seems so far.
 Stick to the fight when you're hardest hit -
 It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

POET-GOD

God is the perfect Poet, this we know,
 We see it as the great rivers flow,
 We hear it in the little bird's song,
 We feel it as the brooks gurgle along.

We smell it in the beautiful rose,
 And in the tiniest flower that grows.

Explain the rhythm of the waves?
 The awe and sanctity of the caves?
 The lilies of the field as they grow?
 The grass that whispers and rustles so?
 The song that's in the beach's sands?
 The soothing in a loved one's hands?

The night sky - the stars, the moon?
 The sun that interrupts none too soon?
 The movement of a little fish's tail?
 The ebb and flow which never fail?
 In the sky, the sea, and on the land,
 The perfect poetry from God's own hand!

The sway in a young girl's walk?
 The music in a small child's talk?
 The sunbeams - fine threads of gold?
 His poetry has the wondrous story told.
 What is there for mere man to tell?
 The Poet-God has rhymed it well!

-Augustine Peterson-

THE LITTLE PEN

Mightier than the sword, the little pen!
 Behind it the heart and hands of men.
 Zola's pen wrote in Dreyfus' cause,
 And proved his treason but a farce.
 It wrote to defend the innocent,
 And made his mighty accusers relent.

That vicious rumor, is it true?
 Let it stay between God and you.
 Accuse not a man, his wife or mother;
 Bear always in mind: he has no other.
 The words you write, they will remain
 To evoke joy, sorrow or pain.

"How did you use your heart, hand and pen?"
 This question will be asked in the end.
 You may then answer with a smile:
 "I wrote only of things worthwhile."
 You'll have no trouble to get in,
 Thanks to the mighty, little pen!

-Augustine Peterson-

 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom
 guides;
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction
 Addison: Cato