

THE MAN TO BE

Some day the world will need a man of courage in time of doubt,
And somewhere, as a little boy, that future hero plays about.
Within some humble home, no doubt,
That instrument of greater things
Now climbs upon his father's knee or to his mother's garments clings
And when shall come that call for him to render service that is fine,
He that shall do God's mission here may be your little boy or mine.

Long years of preparation mark the pathway for the splendid souls,
And generations live and die and seem no nearer to their goals,
And yet the purpose of it all, the fleeting pleasure and the woe,
The laughter and the grief of life
That all who come to earth must know
May be to pave the way for one- one man to serve the Will Divine
And it is possible that he may be your little boy or mine.

Some day the world will need a man! I stand beside his cot at night
And wonder if I'm teaching him, as best I can, to know the right.
I am the father of a boy—his life is mine to make or mar—
For he no better can come than what my daily teachings are;
There will be need of someone great—
I dare not falter from the line—
The man that is to serve the world maybe that little boy of mine.

Perhaps your boy or mine may not ascend the lofty heights of fame:
The orders for their births are hid. We know not why to earth they came,
Yet in some little bed tonight the great man of tomorrow sleeps
And only He who sent him there, the secret of His purpose keeps.
As fathers then our care is this- to keep in mind the Great Design -
The man the world shall need some day
May be your little boy
Or mine.

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