

TROUBLE – Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)

Trouble is an exerciser
Sent us by a Wisdom wiser
Than the mind of man possesses.
Doubts and dangers and distresses
Come not purposely to best us,
But to strengthen us and test us.

He who never gets in tussles
Soon has soft and flabby muscles.
He who, fearing hurts and bruises.
Guards his strength, grows weak and loses
All the power he thought to nourish.
Strong men by their trials flourish.

Never was a stately figure
But by trouble was made bigger.
Cares a man has borne, and still bears.
Trove how much he can and will bear.
He Is strongest of your neighbors
Who performs the heaviest labors.

Not from easy ways and tender
Brilliant minds receive their splendor.
But from problems deep, perplexing,
And from solving questions vexing,
(Nightly pondering wisdom's pages)
Comes the luster of the sages.

Trouble is an exerciser
Sent to make us stronger, wiser.
Sent to make us bigger, better:
It Is not a chain or fetter
Or a snare or trap to best us,
It is just life's way to test us.

