

## **The Man to Be**

Someday the world will need a man of courage in a 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.  
Someday 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—  
And he no better can become than what my daily teachings are;  
There will be need for someone great—I dare not falter from the line—  
The man that is to serve the world may be that little boy of mine.  
Perhaps your boy and 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 to-night the great man of to-morrow sleeps  
And only He who sent him here, 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.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)