

## Example

Perhaps the victory shall not come to me,  
Perhaps I shall not reach the goal I seek,  
It may be at the last I shall be weak  
And falter as the promised land I see;  
Yet I must try for it and strive to be  
All that a conqueror is. On to the peak,  
Must be my call—this way lies victory!

Boy, take my hand and hear me when I speak.  
There is the goal. In honor make the fight.  
I may not reach it but, my boy, you can.  
Cling to your faith and work with all your might,  
Someday the world shall hail you as a man.  
And when at last shall come your happy day,  
Enough for me that I have shown the way.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)