

Outwitted

He drew a circle that shut me out--
Heretic, a rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

Persistence

Fight ever on: this earthly stuff
If used God's way will be enough.
Face to the firing line o friend
Fight out life's battle to the end.

One soldier, when the fight was red,
Threw down his broken sword and fled.
Another snatched it, won the day,
With what his comrade flung away.

Calm

At the heart of the cyclone
tearing the sky
And flinging the clouds
and the towers by
Is a place of central calm;
So here in the roar of mortal things,
I have a place where my spirit sings,
In the hollow of God's palm.

Edwin Markham (1852 – 1940)