

## **DISCOVERY**

Today I found a quaintly fashioned nail  
That had for ages idly lain in sand;  
It once had been a useful piece of iron,  
But now to dust it crumbled in my hand.

You cannot be an older nail, I mused,  
Than those imbedded in the logs of pine  
That have withstood the ravages of storm  
A century, in these four walls of mine.

Then like a flash I sensed the naked truth:  
Old rusty nails, like hearts of bitterness,  
Will crumble into dust, while others keep  
The strength of youth, through constant helpfulness.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From: Holland's Magazine of the South  
November, 1940 – page 19