

THE CHOICE

Lord, I would choose the crowded way
Where souls are tried, the strain and strife
With grim Temptations day by day –
Would know the heights and depths of life.
I would not ask a sheltered place,
A fireside and a cradle song,
Lest, having “all in all,” I might
Forget the great, heart-broken throng.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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