

# The Things That Count

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Now, dear, it isn't the bold things,  
Great deeds of valour and might,  
That count the most in the summing up of life at the end of  
the day.

But it is the doing of old things,  
Small acts that are just and right;  
And doing them over and over again, no matter what others  
say;

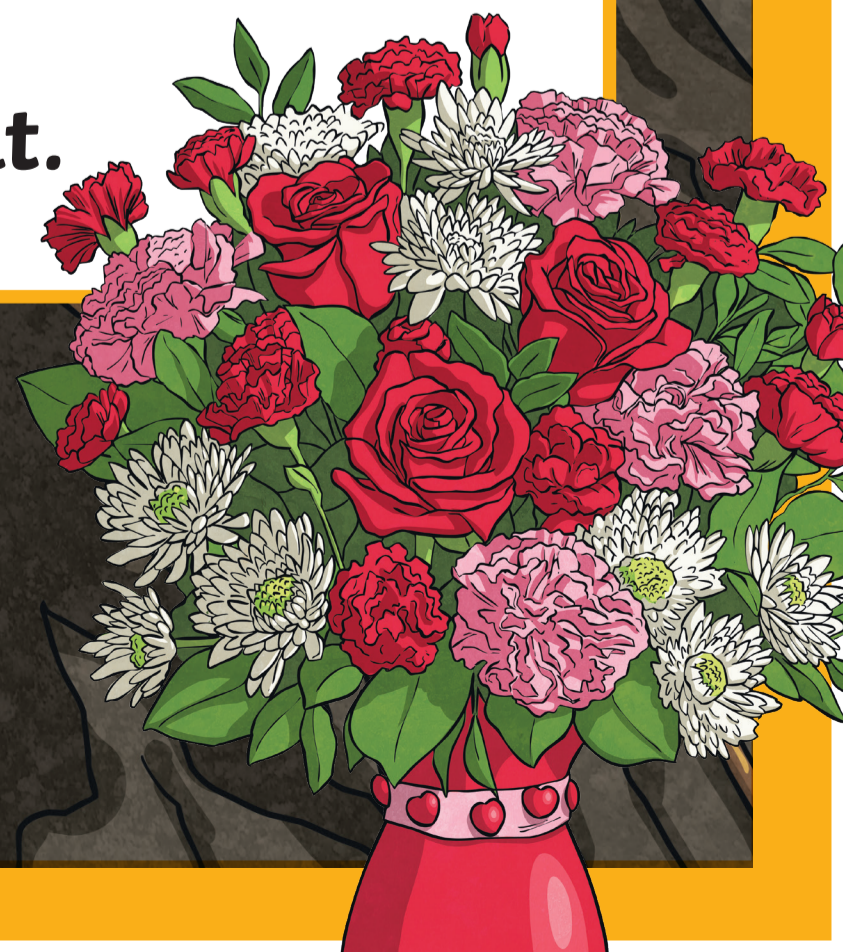
In smiling at fate, when you want to cry, and in keeping at  
work when you want to play—  
Dear, those are the things that count.

And, dear, it isn't the new ways  
Where the wonder-seekers crowd  
That lead us into the land of content, or help us to find our  
own.

But it is keeping to true ways,  
Though the music is not so loud,  
And there may be many a shadowed spot where we journey  
along alone;

In flinging a prayer at the face of fear, and in changing into  
a song a groan—

Dear, these are the things that count.



**My dear, it isn't the loud part  
Of creeds that are pleasing to God,  
Not the chant of a prayer, or the hum of a hymn, or a  
jubilant shout or song.  
But it is the beautiful proud part  
Of walking with feet faith-shod;  
And in loving, loving, loving through all, no matter how  
things go wrong;  
In trusting ever, though dark the day, and in keeping your  
hope when the way seems long—  
Dear, these are the things that count.**

