

On Being Strenuous

tribe, species against species; and the price of life in unceasing struggle, the whole earth groaning and travailing together. So that the appearance of calm which settles on the face of our mother earth, in the long, slow summer afternoon, is in reality but the veil and deception of the truth. Is it? Or may we think that the unaccounted powers of life at play through the world partake of a universal peace as well as of a universal strain?

How is it with ourselves? Is there any man who can wholly possess his heart in patience? Is there any who must always be striving? Is it not rather true that to the most strenuous of us there come fleeting moments when calm and self-possession seem good? And does there live the most confirmed quietist who has not at times been roused to action by love or patriotism or generous indignation?

It may very well happen that circumstances have placed you in the forefront of the fight, where all your splendid life long you shall have never a minute to call your own, where