

THE TITAN

And this giant himself, rushing on to new struggles and new difficulties in an older land, forever suffering the go of a restless heart—for him was no ultimate peace, no understanding, but only hunger and thirst and wonder. Wealth, wealth, wealth! A new grasp of a new grand problem and its eventual solution. Anew the old urge, thirst for life, and only its partial quenchment. In Dresden a palace for one woman, in Rome a second for another. London a third for his beloved Berenice, the lure of beauty ever in his eye. The lives of two women wrecked, a score of victims despoiled; Berenice herself weary, yet brilliant, turning to others for recompense for her lost youth. At last he resigned, and yet not—loving, understanding, doubtless caught at last by the drug of a personality which he could not gainsay.

What shall we say of life in the last analysis—"Peace or still"? Or shall we battle sternly for that equation which we know will be maintained whether we battle or no, in order that the strong become not too strong or the weak not too weak? Or perchance shall we say (sick of doubt and doubt): "Enough of this. I will have strong meat or death. And die? Or live?"

Each according to his temperament—that something which he has not made and cannot always subdue, which may not always be subdued by others for him. What plans the steps that lead lives on to splendid glories, twist them into gnarled sacrifices, or make of them deadly disdainful, contentious tragedies? The soul within? And whence comes it? Of God?

What thought engendered the spirit of Circe, or gave birth to a Helen the lust of tragedy? What lit the walls of Troy? Or prepared the woes of an Andromache? By what deadly counsel was the fate of Hamlet prepared? And why do the weird sisters plan ruin to the murderous Scot?

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

In a mulch of darkness are bedded the roots of endless sorrows—and of endless joys. Canst thou fix thine eyes on the morning? Be glad. And if in the ultimate blindness blind thee, be glad also! Thou hast lived.

THE END