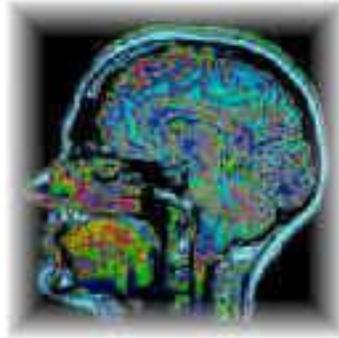


## HEROISM

It takes great strength to train  
To modern service your ancestral brain;  
To lift the weight of the unnumbered  
years  
Of dead men's habits, methods and  
ideas;  
To hold that back with one hand, and  
support  
With the other the weak steps of new  
resolve!  
It takes great strength to bring your life up  
square  
With your accepted thought, and hold it  
there,  
Resisting the inertia that drags back  
From new attempts to the old habit's  
track.  
It is so easy to drift back—to sink—  
So hard to live abreast of what you think!



It takes great strength to live where you  
belong,  
When other people think that you are wrong;  
People you love, and who love you, and  
whose  
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.  
To bear this pressure, and succeed at length  
In living your belief—well, it takes strength—  
Courage, too. But what does courage  
mean  
Save strength to help you face a pain  
foreseen;  
Of setting yourself against your grandsire's  
brain:  
Dangerous risk of walking alone and free,  
Out of the easy paths that used to be;  
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love,  
When love meets truth, and truth must ride  
above!

Return to Inspirational

But the best courage man has ever shown,  
Is daring to cut loose, and think alone.  
Dark are the unlit chambers of clear space,  
Where light shines back from no reflecting  
face.

Our sun's wide glare, our heaven's shining  
blue,

We owe to fog and dust they fumble  
through;

And our rich wisdom that we treasure so,  
Shines from a thousand things that we  
don't know.

But *to think new*—it takes a courage grim  
As led Columbus over the world's rim.

To think—it costs some courage—and to  
go—

Try it—it taxes every power you know.



It takes great love to stir a human heart

To live beyond the others, and apart;

A love that is not shallow, is not small;

Is not for one or two, but for them all.

Love that can wound love for its higher need;

Love that can leave love, though the heart may bleed;

Love that can lose love, family and friend,

Yet live steadfastly, loving to the end.

A love that asks no answer, that can live,

Moved by one burning, deathless force—*to give!*

*Love, strength and courage; courage, strength and*

*love—*

The heroes of all time are built thereof.

From POEMS OF DAWN, pp. 152-153.