

the wastefulness of organic life, of the thousands of germs which perish, of the huge volume of seed scattered uselessly. A similar fate seems to fall on the larger portion of intellectual and moral effort; but here a deeper conviction tells us that it is not the sacrifice but the co-operation of the many which makes the few succeed, that excellence is the prize of united effort, that many must run so that one may reach a higher goal. What other feeling could console those legions of honest workers who spend their lives in trying to deal with the seemingly unconquerable host of social evils, the apparently growing vice and misery of large towns, who raise a cry for oppressed nationalities, or preach against the curses of war and militarism? Or what higher and unselfish satisfaction could an author derive from spending half a lifetime in producing a work which in the end may fall dead-born from the press, if it were not the conviction that in the cause in which he has failed another after him may succeed, and that his failure may be a portion of the silent and hidden efforts that co-operate towards a useful end?¹ But who in after-ages can write the history of this forgotten and hidden work of a nation? Whose historical sense is delicate enough to feel where the pressure was greatest and the effort longest ere the new life appeared, whose eye penetrating and discerning enough to follow up the dim streaks

¹ "Sehen wir nun während unseres Lebensganges dasjenige von anderen geleistet, wozu wir selbst früher einen Beruf fühlten, ihn aber, mit manchem andern, aufgeben mussten, dann tritt das schöne Gefühl ein, dass die Menschheit zu-

sammen erst der wahre Mensch ist, und dass der Einzelne nur froh und glücklich sein kann, wenn er den Muth hat, sich im Ganzen zu fühlen."—Goethe, 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' 9th Book; Werke, 27, 277.