

# Public Pulse

## "Make The Angels Weep"

Editor of the Daily News:

"These are the times that try men's souls," said Thomas Paine in discussing the struggle of the American colonies for freedom from the oppression and inequities of English rule.

Prior to this statement, the great debate shook the foundation of the British Empire with the conclusion that the colonies were a group of ungrateful renegades who ought to be disciplined lest a precedent offensive to tradition be established. A clarion call of "Give me liberty or give me death" sounded from the Virginia Assembly-man, Patrick Henry. The minority scampered forth to Boston Commons in response to Paul Revere's cry, "The British are coming." Standing solid to a minute, the battle of freedom was launched with Crispus Attucks, a Negro, being the first American to give his life for our Republic, founded as it was to insure democracy—equality for all.

At this period in our history, a deliberation upon Paine's observation is beneficial.

All times try men's souls. No time, nor event, however shocking to mores or customs, is more of a crisis than any other if one is in full command of himself. The alarm arises from fear and the inability to appreciate the gift of life, the purpose of which is to triumph over trials. Conflicts are the essence of life. Any situation, public or private, including the one now focused in our city, should inspire gratitude for the opportunity afforded to put one's self to the acid test of life.

Will we do what we say we believe — demonstrate the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the principles for which we stand? Or will we obscure our reason by false pride and miss the mark? Anybody can proclaim justice when he has nothing to

lose.

The easiest, albeit most costly, method of meeting the present challenge is to bury our heads in the sands of tradition, as did the British. Then we can blindly lose the battle of eternity.

To those who are committed to any position of superiority, I recommend these lines from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." They could be soul-searching:

"Merciful Heavens!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak

Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he is  
most assured,

His glassy essence like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep."

Is this the time to try your soul?

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