**Leisure**

•The poem Leisure written by William Davies conveys a beautiful message on how we are busy in our own life and have no time to admire our nature and surrounding.

• In this poem he has criticised humans on the fact that we are like a machine and run everyday without noticing the little detail about our surrounding.

• We are so busy in our lives that we can't spare a moment to admire the green trees, the reflection of water when sun rays fall on it, the hiding of grains in the grass by squirrel on winter mornings etc.

• The poet feels even the cows and sheeps are enjoying their life as they are not in hurry and not missing out on the simple yet beautiful form of nature. We do not even have time to look at the sky full of stars at night for few minutes.

• The poet pities on the human race as, time is running and so are we but still we are living our life, but not enjoying it. We are failing to see this beautiful side of nature which has been personified as a beautiful girl who is young and dancing merrily.

• This little things has always refreshed poet's mind and rejuvenated him and has filled his mind with peace, happiness, and positivity. We should all look for it instead of running like a machine.

In this poem, ‘Leisure’, the poet William Davies is telling us about our hectic life. We have no time to admire the nature around us. Even we cannot spare a few moments to stand under the branches of green trees and enjoy the beautiful and restful shades of the trees. The common animals like sheep and cows are better than us in enjoying life. We cannot look at them grazing in the pastures. When we pass through some forests, we do not have time to stop for some moments to look at the trees-tall and short, and enjoy their natural beauty. The dark green trees provide a soothing effect but we are always sick-hurried and cannot enjoy at least the simple beauty. Also we cannot look at the small animals like squirrels concealing their food-grain in the grass for the winter. During day time, when the rays of the sun fall upon the clear water of the rivers, the water reflects and shines like stars in the sky during night. But busy people do not have time to see this. The natural beauty scattered all around us. Natural beauty is personified as a young beautiful dancing girl having a smiling face. But we have no time to stand at a place and look carefully at nature that can refresh us. As human beings, we should spare some moments and look at nature and natural beauty spread around us and enjoy life.

**Go kiss the world**

Subroto’s father was a District Employment Officer in Koraput,  Orissa, and Subroto was their fifth and the last child. Koraput was a district without electricity and water did not use to run through taps. There were no primary schools due to which Subroto’s schooling was done at home only. Subroto’s mother had come as a refugee from East Bengal and was raised by a widow.

Subroto’s father used to get transferred every year. Therefore they had to move frequently and travel in the government provided jeep.  There was no garage in his father’s office due to which the jeep used to stay at home always. His father never used the jeep to commute to the office and taught the same lesson to Subroto, telling him that it is an expensive resource given by the government. From this came Subroto’s first lesson, the lesson to never misuse public facilities.

Subroto and his brothers were also not allowed to call the jeep’s driver by his name and were always told to add the suffix “Dada” before his name. When Subroto grew up, he taught the same lesson to his daughters and they were supposed to call their driver “uncle“. Subroto used to cringe every time he used to hear other people disrespecting their drivers. This made up their second lesson, telling them always to respect their subordinates more than their seniors as it is more important to respect small people.

Subroto’s father had put the habit of reading the newspaper daily in Subroto. He and his brothers were supposed to read the newspaper aloud with the morning tea. Although Subroto did not understand much of what was written in the newspaper, he still contributes his good English to that habit. After reading the newspaper, he was taught to fold it correctly. Another lesson which his father taught him and his brothers was “You should leave your newspaper and your toilet the way you expect to find it.\*”

In their childhood, Subroto and his brothers were always attracted by various property and radio advertisements in the newspaper, but their father always refused to buy them, telling them that they don’t need a radio because their family already have five (referring to the children). This made up another lesson, “not to measure personal success and sense of wellbeing through material possessions.“

Go, kiss the world’ were Subroto Bagchi’s blind mother’s last words to him. These words became the guiding principle of his life. Subroto Bagchi grew up amidst what he calls the ‘material simplicity’ of rural and small-town Orissa, imbibing from his family a sense of contentment, constant wonder, connectedness to a larger whole and learning from unusual sources. From humble beginnings, he went on to achieve extraordinary professional success, eventually co-founding MindTree, one of India’s most admired software services companies. Through personal anecdotes and simple words of wisdom, Subroto Bagchi brings to the young professional lessons in working and living, energizing ordinary people to lead extraordinary lives. Go Kiss the World will be an inspiration to ‘young India’, and to those who come from small-town India, urging them to recognize and develop their inner strengths, thereby helping them realize their own, unique potential.

# No Man Is An Island

“No Man Is An Island” by John Donne is a short poem beautifully connected all the human beings and stating them as one. In this poem the poets speak about humanity stating that a human being when isolated from others do not thrive.

A human being living alone is like a person living in an isolated island. In order to be an island, a man would have to be cut off and isolated from the rest of mankind. Man is born to live his life with others, he cannot grow in isolation. Donne feels that all mankind is of one author, and is one book. Thus, death of a man doesn’t mean an end of a chapter in the book; it means that chapter is translated into a better language.

Man is a social animal, we do not see it, but what happens to one person happens to everyone. Each person’s existence affects the existence of another person. Like when a person is angry, his anger affects his relation with others.

Thus, an existence of a person not only affects himself but it also affects those living with him. There is no such thing as a wholly isolated individual. Only death can isolate a person from another, but even in case of death, he person is remembered by his loved ones and thus he remains alive in their hearts.

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| The Gift of the Magi | **[Next](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-gift-of-the-magi/summary-and-analysis)**  [The Gift of the Magi](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-gift-of-the-magi/summary-and-analysis) |

“The Gift of the Magi” is a short story by O. Henry. The story was first published in The New York Sunday World in 1905, and it was later included in Henry’s 1906 short story collection, The Four Million. It has since become one of Henry’s best-known and most frequently adapted works. Set in New York City, “The Gift of the Magi” details young, impoverished Della Dillingham Young’s quest to buy the perfect Christmas gift for her husband, Jim. Wanting to buy Jim a fine gift that accurately conveys her love for him, Della decides to sell her beautiful hair so that she can afford to buy a chain for Jim’s prized heirloom watch. However, in classic O. Henry fashion, the story ends with a twist: Jim has sold his watch in order to buy a set of combs for Della’s beautiful hair. Yet rather than mocking the couple for their evidently pointless sacrifices, Henry instead implies that their lives are enriched by the selfless love they have for one another.

Della Dillingham Young has one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy her beloved husband, Jim, a Christmas gift. She is dismayed at how meager the amount is, as she has spent months saving. The Dillingham Youngs are very poor, with Jim’s earnings having been reduced from thirty dollars a week to only twenty dollars. Della’s dismay leads her to throw herself upon her “shabby” couch in her cheap and worn-down apartment. She reflects that she has spent many hours fantasizing about buying Jim a nice gift, one that would show him how pleased she is to be his wife. However, with only one dollar and eighty-seven cents, she knows she will be unable to acquire a suitable present.

Inspiration strikes when Della catches sight of herself in the mirror. She pulls her hair down and lets the long tresses settle around her. The Dillingham Youngs have two prized possessions: Della’s beautiful hair and Jim’s gold watch, which he received from his father. Della quickly ties her hair up again and, after shedding a few tears, leaves the apartment.

Della walks to Mme. Sofronie’s Hair Goods store with a “brilliant sparkle” in her eyes. She asks if Madame Sofronie will buy her hair, to which the Madame replies that she will need to see it first. Della lets down her hair, and Madame Sofronie offers her twenty dollars for it. Requesting only that the Madame make the process “quick,” Della agrees to sell her hair. She spends the next two hours searching for the perfect gift for Jim and finally decides upon a simple but tasteful platinum watch chain. She remarks that the watch chain suits Jim perfectly, as it is understated but undeniably valuable. Once the chain is attached to Jim’s watch, he will be able to proudly show off his prized possession without being ashamed of the battered leather strap he currently uses in place of a chain.

Della rushes home, elated with her purchase. She carefully curls and styles her shorn hair but is disappointed with the results, remarking that she looks like a “Coney Island chorus girl.” She begins to worry that Jim will be upset that her hair is gone. When she hears Jim approaching the apartment, she stands beside the door and prays that he will still find her attractive.

Jim enters the apartment and immediately stares at Della with an inscrutable expression on his face. Della throws herself into his arms and exclaims that she has sold her hair because she “couldn’t have lived through Christmas” without buying him a worthy present. She reassures Jim that her hair grows “awfully fast” and pleads with him to “be happy.” Jim, seemingly in a daze, asks Della if she has truly cut off her hair and looks around the room almost as if in search of the lost tresses. Della nervously confirms that she has indeed sold her hair, but she reassures Jim that she is still the same person even though her hair is gone. After all, she sold her hair so that she could give Jim a nice gift.

Jim, coming out of his trance, pulls Della into an embrace and reassures her that he loves her no matter what. He then pulls a package out of his coat and tells Della that she will understand his reaction when she opens it. Della eagerly opens the package and is elated to discover that it contains a pair of beautiful tortoise shell combs that she had long admired in a shop window. Her elation turns to hysteria as she realizes that her hair is gone, but she tearfully tells Jim that her hair will grow back quickly.

Eager to give Jim his gift, Della rises from her seat and presents the watch chain to Jim. However, rather than taking out his watch as Della requests, Jim instead sits down on the couch and tells Della that they should put away their presents, since they are “too nice to use,” given the couple’s current circumstances. He then explains that he sold his watch in order to afford Della’s combs. The story ends with the narrator commenting on the nature of gift-giving and generosity. Though the narrator describes Della and Jim as “foolish,” he also proclaims that among those who give and receive gifts, they are the wisest.

# We Wear the Mask Summary

### Introduction

We Wear the Mask" by Paul Laurence Dunbar is a 1895 poem about the act of concealing one's emotions from the rest of the world, as well as the cost of that concealment.

* The three-stanza poem develops the conceit of wearing the mask of emotional concealment. It culminates in a collective cry to Christ to relieve the suffering felt within.
* Historically considered, the poem addresses the plight of Black Americans in the late nineteenth century, as well as the masking of their pain from society's scrutiny.
* From a more general perspective, the poem is about the suffering and duplicity of the human condition.

# Summary

Paul Laurence Dunbar published “We Wear the Mask” in 1895 in his second volume of verse, Majors and Minors. While Dunbar was well known for his colloquial poems, which evoke spoken language in their depictions of Black American life, “We Wear the Mask” is among Dunbar’s more formal poems, which use traditional poetic diction and verse forms. Dunbar was only in his early twenties when he released Majors and Minors, yet his work from this period is marked by stylistic maturity and thematic richness.

At the beginning of “We Wear the Mask,” Paul Laurence Dunbar’s speaker adopts a collective voice and uses the first-person plural. As in many poems that use this pronoun, the speaker’s statements seem to encompass a broader spectrum of human experience. To “wear the mask that grins and lies” is suggested, then, to be a collective fate.

The eponymous mask conceals our “cheeks” and “eyes,” suggesting that our natural modes of emotional expression are purposely hidden from view. The third line calls the mask the “debt we pay to human guile.” That is, the price “we” pay for duplicity is concealment. Because intentions can be separated from appearances, “we” are destined to hide from others.

Lines four and five show more clearly the divergence between inner and outer states. Dunbar devises a contrasting image of smiling while the heart is “torn and bleeding,” a metaphor that viscerally conveys the possible depths of emotional pain. The fifth line underscores this divide with the figure of the “mouth with myriad subtleties.” The subtlety and craftiness of the mouth—a metonym for outward expression—is contrasted with the immense pain of the heart.

The second stanza introduces a separate human entity: “the world.” The speaker asks, “Why should the world be over-wise, / In counting all our tears and sighs?” There are two readings of this phrase. If “we” refers specifically to the Black American community, then “the world” stands for the predominantly White society that marginalizes Black Americans. Alternately, if “we” represents humans collectively, so too does “the world.” These opposing terms dramatize the fact that we each both mask ourselves from scrutiny and, in turn, scrutinize others. From such a view, “us” and “them” are the same.

Ultimately, the speaker’s question in lines six and seven is rhetorical, for its purpose is to argue for concealment: “we” should only let “them… see us, while / We wear the mask.” Despite the ache of duplicity, it is preferable to laying bare one’s true feelings, one’s “tears and sighs.”

In the third and final stanza, the speaker introduces another addressee: “O great Christ.” This apostrophic invocation—signalled by the classical “O”—indicates the grandeur and perhaps the remoteness of Christ. Repeating the figure of the “smile” from line four, the speaker notes that smiles conceal “our cries” to Christ “from tortured souls.” Here, the poem takes on a theological dimension. The phrase “tortured souls” likely alludes to the Christian doctrine of the fall of man, which states that humans are indelibly defined by sinfulness and suffering.

**The Night Train at Deoli (Summary)**

In this short story, Ruskin Bond narrates his experience during one of his train journeys to Dehra as an eighteen-year-old. He tells us that he used to spend his vacation every summer in his grandmother’s place in Dehra and had to pass a small lonely station, Deoli amidst the jungle on the way. This station appears strange to him as no one got on or off the train there & nothing seemed to happen there. He wonders why the train stopped there for ten minutes regularly without reason and feels sorry for the lonely little platform.   
On one such journey, the author happens to see a pale-looking girl selling baskets. She appears to be poor, but with grace and dignity. Her shiny black hair and dark, troubled eyes attracts the author. The girl offers to sell baskets to him. He initially refuses to buy and later when she insists, happens to buy one with a little hesitation, daring not to touch her fingers in the melee. Both of them just look at each other for quite some time, just as it strikes a chord of affection between them. He longs to see her, her searching and eloquent eyes, again on his return journey. The meeting helps to break the monotony of his journey & brings in a sense of attachment & responsibility towards the girl.   
The second time he sees her, both of them feel pleased to see each other, a smile on their faces reinforcing it, it seems like a meeting of old friends. Silence reigns and speaks more than words. He feels like taking her with him but does not do so. He tells her that he needs to go to Delhi and she replies saying she need not go anywhere, perhaps expressing her helplessness. Both of them separate unwillingly as the train leaves the station, with the hope of meeting again. The author spends the remainder of the journey and a long time later thinking about her.   
The next summer, soon after his college term finishes, he rushes to go to Dehra, eager to meet the girl, his grandmother being an excuse. This time she is not to be seen at the Deoli station though he waits for a long time. This deeply disappoints him and a sense of foreboding overcomes him. On his way back to Delhi, he again waits anxiously to see her, but it ends in vain. On enquiry, he comes to know that the girl has stopped coming, & nobody knows about her whereabouts. Once again, he has to run for the train and invariably leave the station. He decides that once he would break the journey there, spend a day in the town, make enquiries and find the girl who had stolen his heart.  
The following year in summer, he again walks up & down the platform hoping to see the girl, but somehow, cannot bring himself to break the journey to look for her. He seems to be afraid of discovering about her, dreading about anything unfortunate that could have befallen her and wants to retain his sweet memories of her & not allow it to be spoilt with unfortunate events. All the same, the author also suggests to his readers that he did not want to project himself like a hero of a movie where the hero would meet his sweetheart going through all hardships and win her over. He prefers to keep hoping and dreaming, waiting for the girl.   
The author brings the readers to a realistic world rather than a fictitious, imaginary, unreal world, driving home the fact that life is not like a fiction novel or a movie; losing and gaining becomes part of life’s journey that needs to be taken in our stride. Life is a constant process, which cannot be stopped. We can only carry memories forward while life goes on.

**Gift of India (Summary)**

The poem ‘The Gift of India’ set on the “theme” of the unrecognized sacrifice made by Indian soldiers during World War I. Each of the four stanzas presents the theme in detail by focusing individually on the Rich gifts of Mother India, the valiant death of Indian soldiers, grief caused by the death of the soldiers, and a fervent appeal to the world to remember the supreme sacrifice.

The “setting” of the poem runs on World War I.  Millions of soldiers from British India went across nations to fight and thousands of them died too. Since the warriors died miles apart and their bodies were buried at  the alien/ strange land of miles apart from their home,

The first stanza of the poem ‘The Gift of India’ begins with a rhetorical question. Here the port personifies India as a Mother who loves and longs for her children sent to war.?  The [tone](https://poemanalysis.com/glossary/tone/) in the stanza reflects the disappointment and anger of the speaker. She asks if there is anything that was withheld by her such as “raiment or grain or gold.?”  She has sent the priceless treasures torn from her breast (symbolically meaning the way it was taken away forcibly) to the countries of the East and the West. Moreover, she has sent her sons to the faraway lands to fight in the battle. The ‘sabers of doom’ represent the nature of the war and the destruction that could happen in its wake.

The second stanza of The Gift of India, the speaker, pictures the sacrifice of the Indian soldiers made in the alien lands and the horrors of war and war-fronts in a rich poetic language. The poet uses [imagery](https://poemanalysis.com/glossary/imagery/) and [metaphor](https://poemanalysis.com/glossary/metaphor/) to distinguish the sacrifice made by Indians. The [similes](https://poemanalysis.com/glossary/simile/) “Gathered like pearls” and “Scattered like shells” denotes the careless treatment given the bodies of the soldiers. The terms “alien graves”, “Persian waves”, “Egyptian sands”, and “Flanders and France” in the stanza explicitly present how the soldiers are buried far away from home, from their dear and near ones.

The painful image of death and suffering is given in the description “lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands”. In the last line, the poet metaphorically compares the warriors to “blossoms” and the battlefield to “Blood-brown meadows”, detailing the anguish of the speaker who realizes that they died “by chance”, fighting someone else’s war.

The rhetorical questions present in the third stanza of ‘The Gift of India’, add beauty to the poem and enumerate the distress of the speaker.  The speaker asks the warring countries whether they can feel the grief that she feels or the tears that she weeps for her dead sons. The speaker, despite her sadness, is proud of her sons who have fought bravely and brought victory. The poet here has given shape to the voices of countless Indian mothers whose sons sacrificed their lives in the war. Also, she talks of the small hopes and prayers some had for their sons’ safety and return since the war was still going on.

In the last two lines, the poet wonders if those people also see the “far sad glorious vision” that she sees of the “torn red banners of Victory”. The poet looks certain of the victory that would come with the efforts of her children, yet she finds no pleasure for the sacrifices that are irrevocable. The “torn red banners of Victory” [symbolizes](https://poemanalysis.com/glossary/symbolism/) the blood of Indians who sacrificed for the victory of their colonizers.

In the last stanza of the poem, the speaker throws light upon the aftereffects of the war and the process of life becoming normal. When the war is over, so will be the terror and tumult of hate; peace prevail; and life gets back to normal with a lot of changes. At that time, everyone will pay their respects to those who have fought and died in the war. The comrades will receive honored for the deeds that could never be forgotten. When such a time comes, the speaker expects the world to remember the sacrifice of her martyred sons.

Toasted English (Summary)

"Toasted English" is a well known essay by R.K Narayan. He is one of the best Indian novelists in English. He has published more than ten novels and short stories. His works have been translated into many Indian and European Languages. His famous works include

* The Guide
* The English Teacher
* A Tiger for Malgudi

Narayan is known for his simple language and realistic characters. “Toasted English” is a half-humorous, half-serious essay about how the same language English differs from one country to another. In the essay, the difference between American and British English has been shown in an amusing way. The author tells that like Indians, Americans also drove the British out of their country but adopted English. The Americans used the English Language in an easy way and left the use of passive voice. They also gave up formalism and used certain keywords for their convenience. This process of modifying English is called “Toasting”. For e.g Instead of “Trespassing Prohibited”, they say ‘Newly Planted, don’t walk' on the notice board. The new words became very handy because they could be used for multiple meanings.

‘Ok’, ‘Yeah’, ‘Yes’, are more commonly used expressions. Narayan mentions the Example of the word “Check” which may safely be labelled the American National Expression. While The British uses this word according to the definitions, the American uses it anywhere. I’ll check means I’ll find out, examine verify. ‘Your check’ means your ticket, token ‘Check girl’ is one who takes care of your coat, umbrella, or anything you have.

Further R.K. Narayan discusses the bazaar status of English. It is used in a polite way in London. The conductor will never say, “Ticket, Ticket on a London bus, but simply go near the passenger and say, “Thank you” on receiving the fare and issuing the ticket also. We have no need to use ‘Yes Sir, ‘yes darling’ with the words yes. The words yes, okay are self-sufficient word which needs no suffix to show any special respect. “Yeah” seals the sentence without any fuss to continue the dialogue or conversation. ‘Yeah’ is spoken in a short-base of the tongue graunt.

R.K. Narayan feels that the time has come when English should come out in the open in dusty streets and become the language of the common man. Like Americans, it should also adapt according to the Indian needs and atmosphere. He does not want the mongrelization of English. Grammatical rules should have remained the same. Like ‘Toasted English, India should develop a Bharat brand of English. One should not have to think before speaking. The author wants that Indian English should have its own identity- its “Swadeshi Stamp”. It should be unique and distinct than the present English.

**IF (Summary)**

To be a good human being and to succeed in life, we should keep calm when other people around us are losing their cool. We should not lose our temperament even if others are blaming us for their fault.

Losing the temper does not solve a problem, rather intensifies that. Keeping the head cool makes us think wisely to face those tough situations, and ultimately a solution comes out.

We should have the faith in ourselves, even when others doubt us. But after that, we should give some importance to their doubt too and try to find out what may be the reason for their suspicion. After all, ‘To err is human…’.

So, By keeping faith in ourselves we make sure that we don’t get demoralized or disheartened. And, by allowing others’ doubt a little space of thought, we ensure that we are not doing something wrong knowingly or unknowingly.

We should work hard and wait for the result patiently. We should not get tired by waiting.

There are a number of real life examples where people missed big opportunities only by losing their patience. Moreover, there goes a number of proverbs. “Hurry will bury you.” “Haste makes waste.” “Patience pays off.” So, it’s quite understandable why the poet makes a point for patience here.

People may lie about us to others, but we should not indulge ourselves in lies. In other words, we should always remain truthful.

If we are misled or tempted to lie, people would ultimately discover the truth and won’t believe us anymore. That’s why it’s important to speak the truth even if that hurts us.

People may show their hatred towards us, yet we should not hate them. We should show our love and respect to others.

No man or woman is perfect in this world. Everyone has his strengths and weaknesses. We have to accept that and respect them for the good qualities in them.

We should not show us as too good a person or talk too wisely with common people, even after possessing such qualities.

Having acquired all these good qualities mentioned above, people generally feel proud and tend to show off how good they are. But, the poet warns us not to go that way. In that case, others would feel uncomfortable in our company and avoid us. Even others may try to prove us wrong at any cost, leading to an unhealthy competition.

To do something bigger, we should dream first. But the poet also reminds us not to be guided by unrealistic dreams. If dreams take the driver’s seat, we would get detached from reality and eventually fail.

There goes a saying – “You have to dream first before your dream can come true.” So we should dream to reach great heights in life, but keeping the reality in mind.

We should be able to think over a matter, but should not make the thoughts our aim. That is to say that we often lose our radar and get detached from the main point. So our thinking should not be scattered misleading us away from the target.

Life is a combination of success and failure, joy and sorrow, good times and bad times. We should accept both and face both situations with similar treatment.

Here the poet personifies Triumph and Disaster, capitalizing and calling them ‘two impostors’ (pretenders or cheaters). People becomes too happy in success and forgets their duty at hand. We may also get too complacent or proud at a small success, reducing our chances to reach higher goals. Again, at bad times, if we are too grieved, we may lose our faith and confidence. In both cases, our regular course of work is hampered. That is why the poet calls triumph and disaster ‘two impostors’. He asks us to treat those deceivers similarly, with a smiling face. In short, don’t be too happy or too sad under any circumstances.

We have to bear the tough situations where we see that our speech or statement is distorted by someone to befool others.

Very often we see that people misinterpret or even deliberately distort our words to use it in their favour. We should not lose our temper hearing that. Rather we should tolerate that, ensuring we have spoken the truth.

We have to hold our nerves even after seeing that our favourite thing that we built with all our effort and time is broken. Then we have to pick up the scattered parts and build it all over again. This is another key to getting to the top of the world, according to the poet.

To keep our cool is not easy in such a situation. But patience and the mental toughness would help us build them again. Indeed, there is a story about Newton that the papers containing his theories were destroyed in fire, and he wrote them again from the beginning.

We should be able to accumulate all we have and take a risk in one turn of the game of pitch-and-toss. We may lose the game and all our possessions. But we have to stay calm without uttering a word about that loss and rebuild it from the beginning.

Here the poet talks about the capability of taking big risks to achieve much greater success and keeping quiet even if we lose the bet. This is yet another aspect of our mental toughness that we need to possess.

In the four lines above the poet continues the same theme of mental strength and the power of Will. We have to force our body (heart and nerve and sinew) to serve us even after it has lost the strength due to old age or illness. Thus we should keep on working driven by the power of Will which would ask them (heart and nerve and sinew) to ‘hold on’ compelling them to do their job.

If we want to do something great from our heart, the Will inside us would prevent the body from getting tired. Indeed, there goes a proverb: “When going gets tough, the tough gets going.”

We should stay in touch with people from every class of the society. We should be able to talk with common mass without losing our virtue or moral values. Again, we should be able to walk with kings without going beyond the reach of the common people.

The common touch would help us realize the reality and feel the needs of the society. On the other hand, the noble touch would give us the power and opportunity to reach higher goals.

We should build ourselves strong enough, mentally and physically, so that neither enemies nor loving friends can hurt us. Moreover, we should develop healthy relationship with everyone around us, and should not allow anyone to harm us.

We have to develop our personality the right way, so that everyone supports us and gives us importance (count with you), but none too much. If we allow someone to give us too much importance, we may be emotionally bound. That may restrict our freedom and prevent us from doing our duty. Or, we may get complacent thinking that we are so much liked by people, thus reducing our effort.

Time is precious. A minute is filled with sixty seconds. Time (minute) is here called unforgiving , as it waits for none and doesn’t forgive him who wastes it. We should utilize every minute of our life in productive work. Wasting time is not something we can afford in our short lifespan.

Finally comes the achievement that we can get if we fulfill all the conditions mentioned so far. We can win this earth and everything in it. We can go to top of the world and rule over everything. And what is more, We would be a complete and perfect human being.

We should not forget that Kipling wrote this poem for his son, as it is addressed in the very last line. The poet wanted to show his son the right way to be a future leader. But it has inspired many a man in their journey of life on earth so far.