OUT OF THE DUTY.

The war, having passed, and the mist of battle lifting, a broken soldier, with the experience of a crush of handkerchiefs under his head, and a weary soul, a remnant, a laborer with his hands full of work to do, a husband with responsibilities for his family, a father, a brother, even a son, had need indeed of rest and change. He, the veteran, could not enjoy the view of the city from the top of the hill; it seemed to him to represent the past. The current of his life was too fixed, his thoughts too busy for such contemplation. All that remained to him was to go home and come to himself in the quiet of his own chamber, but for a while he felt the need of rest.

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Don't try to explain this in a way that the most intelligent person could understand, but that is the only way to explain it. The world is too complex for simple explanations. The universe is vast and full of mysteries. We cannot understand everything, and we must accept the fact that there are aspects of reality that are beyond our comprehension. To probe too deeply into the unknown is to invite madness. It is better to remain content with the knowledge we have and to accept the limitations of our understanding.

He looked long and hard at the problem, and was not satisfied with his solution. He knew that there were other factors to consider, other variables to be accounted for. He was not ready to give up yet, but he was not ready to accept the failure of his efforts. He would continue to work on the problem, to search for a solution, to find a way to explain it.

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