

Life is no "brief candle" ...

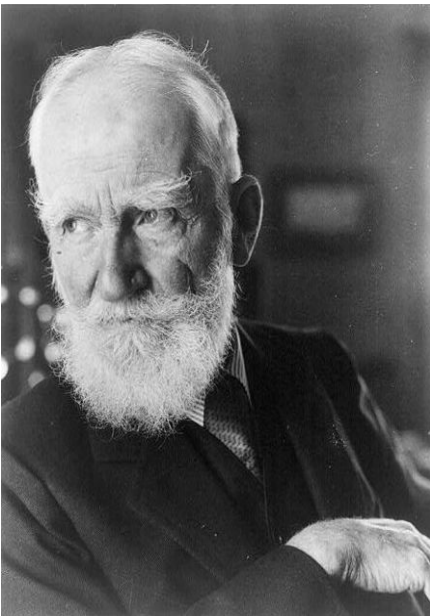
This is the true joy in life. That being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one. That being a force of nature instead of a feverish clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live, it is my privilege to do for it what ever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live.

I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is not brief candle for me⁽¹⁾. It is a sort of splendid torch which I've got a hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

George Bernard Shaw –

In an address at the Municipal Technical College and School of Art, at Brighton in 1907



George Bernard Shaw (born 26 July 1856, Dublin, Ireland died November 2, 1950, Hertfordshire, England) was an Irish writer. Famed as a playwright, he wrote more than sixty plays. He was uniquely honoured by being awarded both a Nobel Prize (1925) for his contribution to literature and an Oscar (1938) for *Pygmalion*. He was a strong advocate for socialism and women's rights, a vegetarian and teetotaler, and a harsh critic of formal education. Shaw died in 1950 at the age of 94.

Other famous quotes by George Bernard Shaw:

"The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man."

"You see things; and you say, 'Why?' But I dream things that never were; and I say, 'Why not?'"

"Success does not consist in never making mistakes but in never making the same one a second time. "

"Just do what mst be done. This may not be happiness, but it is greatness. "

(1) *Macbeth* (V, v, 19) by William Shakespeare.

Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more:

it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,signifying nothing.