

"What an odd 'at that man wears." "Yes," said the Driver, "but what would you give for the 'ead piece he wears under the 'at?"

Back in babyhood we are shut in by the very limited walls of our knowledge. The mother is the first teacher. Then comes the playmate, the father, the school-teacher, the boss, the superintendent; all endeavor to lead us out into the broad world. Education transports us to all parts of the world and to all periods of history. It means the enlargement of the individual. As pig-iron may be made into watch springs, as a pine tree may be spun into silk, so may men and women be made of greater or less value to the home, the city, the state, the nation, and the world.

Those who are to hold the human hearts above the bags of gold will not be those who, when the battle of life roars and rages all about, think it's a good time to slip away under the cover of the cloud of smoke, who have not the place in the line that they think they ought to have, who have not been appreciated, nor their efforts thus far rightly regarded or rewarded. The truth is such men are wanting in soldierly courage and character. The true warrior is he who responds to his commander's order, "Go in anywhere, there's beautiful fighting all along the line." A man's opportunity is not in his position, his weaponry, his friendships, but in himself. The Sons of the King in the battle and work of life are not dawdling, complaining, pessimistic shirkers and deserters. The true soldier will repair all damage, overleap all obstacles, forge fit weaponry, find or make his own opportunity, and against all odds will snatch Victory out of the jaws of defeat.

"This I beheld—or dreamed it in a dream;  
There spread a cloud of dust along the plain;  
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A Prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
A craven hung along the battle's edge  
And thought: Had I a sword of keener steel,—  
That blue blade that the King's Son bears—but this  
Blunt thing! He snapt and flung it from his hand,  
And, lowering, crept away and left the field.  
Then came the King's Son, wounded, sore bestead  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and, with battle shout  
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down  
And saved a great cause on that heroic day."

"There's tramping of hoofs in the busy street,  
There's clanking of sabres on floor and stair,  
There's sounds of restless, hurrying feet,