

Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat—  
Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they dare?

The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,  
For a troop of the Guard rides forth today.  
Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,  
When it's shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend—  
But it's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep,  
And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,  
And for all it's a fight, to the tale's far end,  
And it's each to his goal, nor turn, nor sway,  
When the troop of the Guard rides forth today.  
The portals are open, the white road leads  
Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod—  
On, up! Boot and Saddle! Give spurs to your steeds,  
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,  
For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!

On through the dawning humanity! Humanity calls!  
Life's not a dream in the clover!  
On to the walls, on to the walls!  
On to the walls and over!

The biggest job ever set before a mortal is to build a noble character. Fame and Fortune are more easily won than Character. It is easier to rule an Empire than the Kingdom of one's soul. Alexander the Great could tell us that. When one sets before him the mighty task of building a life he has on hand a bigger job than the man who sets out to grow rich. A man is making money, hand over fist, by raising red-haired hogs. The money-making faculty is a God-given quality, but it is far inferior to other faculties of the mind. Of all the big prizes in life, money is the easiest to take. The hardest prize to take is the one most worthy and most lasting—a character that will stand the test of God's tri-square, so at last, He will be able to say, "This is good work, true work, square work; just such work as is wanted for the building of the Temple."

Give your soul a chance. Do not indulge your body at the expense of your mind. Do not lay on fat at the cost of your soul. The noblest product of time is a character fit for the glories of eternity! The saddest ruin of time is a soul fit only for the hopeless and starless night of eternity.

