

expression of his pride in the greatness of the British race in the past. Have the class read these six lines clause by clause, and note the different claims to greatness which the poet mentions,—physical greatness represented by the armour of our ancestors, intellectual greatness represented by Shakespeare, moral greatness represented by Milton. To pupils who have not read Shakespeare or Milton and who have not a background of history to give meaning to these lines they cannot fully appeal. But to every pupil of the High School age the names of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wellington and Nelson, of Cromwell, and Drake and Bruce and King Alfred the Great—and all “the invincible knights of old” who fought for British freedom, stand at least for something that makes the blood beat faster and the pulses thrill. It is the privilege of the teacher in teaching this sonnet to awaken this emotional response, and unless you succeed in so doing your lesson has been taught in vain.

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“Let us keep in mind our patient and indomitable seamen, never relaxing for a moment their stern vigil on the lonely seas. Let us keep in mind our gallant troops, who to-day, after a fortnight’s continuous fighting, under conditions which try the metal of the best army that ever took the field, maintain not only an undefeated, but an unbroken front. (Loud cheers.) *Finally, let us recall the memories of the great men and the great deeds of the past.* Let us not forget the dying message of the younger Pitt in his last public utterance in this Guildhall itself, ‘England has saved herself by her exertions, and will as I trust, save Europe by her example.’ The England of those days gave a noble answer to his appeal, and did not sheath the sword until, after nearly 20 years’ fighting, the freedom of Europe was secured. Let us go and do likewise.” (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

—From Premier Asquith’s Guildhall Speech, Sept. 4th, 1914.

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Professor Sudbury, who was extremely near-sighted, went to the barber’s, sat down in the barber’s chair, took off his glasses, and allowed himself to be shaved. When the artist was done with him, says the *New York Times*, he did not move and for a while nobody disturbed him. But other customers began to arrive and the chair was needed. The head barber, suspecting that his learned patron had fallen asleep, asked his boy to wake him. The professor overheard the order.

“No, my good man,” he said, “I am not asleep. The fact is I am frightfully near-sighted. When I took my glasses off just now I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite. Naturally I supposed I had already gone home.”