

Our with the Sailor

THE ORIGIN OF WRONG

MAKERS OF HISTORY

The annual food production of the world is unequal to the needs of mankind. This is shown by the fact that there is no great accumulated surplus of food, and that millions of people do not have enough to eat. The same is true of clothing. The production and distribution of this insufficient supply of the necessities of life, and the insufficiency itself are what have given rise to all the great social and political problems with which governments and individuals have had to deal from time immemorial. Thus we see that mankind hangs on the ragged edge of privation. A little colder summer than usual, a little more severe, a little greater heat, and men would die like flies under the winter's frost. As in the by-gone ages of geology, animal life was such as was adapted to its environment, so mankind, with all its selfishness, cruelty, "enterprise," charity and other qualities, good or bad, is the product of its environment, and while this environment can be measurably altered, it is not equal to the needs of the good many thousands of people who have not been sufficient to teach the race how to provide enough food and clothing for all and to see that it is equitably distributed. We may be better able to deal with the problem now than they were in the time of Julius Caesar, who lived in the days when agrarian laws, or than they were in the days when Joseph told Pharaoh to store up corn; but we are not so sure about it. We have better means of communication, so that we can lay larger acres under tribute, but the cry of the poor still goes up unsatisfied. Socialism proposes a remedy, but there can hardly be an adequate remedy without a greater change of environment than it is within human power to bring about.

We read of a Golden Age. No one pretends to say when it was, but we find the memory of it in the mythology of all peoples. History does not reach back to it. The universal memory of mankind is hardly likely to be wrong, and if one should say that there was at one time in the history of the race an era when the conditions of life were far easier than they now are, he would have both mythology and geology to sustain his opinion. Now by a "Golden Age" we are not to understand an age of gold. The Golden Age, says Ovid, was the ideal period when the earth, under Saturn's reign, produced fruits without cultivation, when there was no warfare and man lived in perfect happiness because there was no such thing as sin. We cannot tell upon what Ovid based his description. He lived in the time of Augustus, Caesar, and doubtless he was familiar with the myths and legends of the peoples who lived around the shores of the Mediterranean. Whether among the writings preserved at that time and since lost there were any records professing to give an account of the earlier physical condition of the world, when such a state of things, as is implied in the Golden Age, was possible, we cannot, of course, say, although the probabilities are all against it. Ovid doubtless was familiar with the Babylonian and Hebrew traditions of Eden. Modern discoveries have established the antiquity of man as very great, and have proved that the physical conditions of the earth, since the time when man appears to have existed, were for a prolonged period such as would make possible the life of which the writer of Genesis and Ovid tell. Having a prima facie case for the existence of a Golden Age, no argument is needed to show that it is a mistaken and unwarranted assumption to agree in representing the termination as abrupt.

The next stage in human existence would be one of great stress. Fancy, if you can, men, women and children, who had been accustomed to live without labor and in the enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, deprived of almost all the fruits of the earth and subjected to rigorous atmospheric conditions and a low average temperature. The first effect of the change would be to introduce strife. There would be a struggle for the possession of the few things available for the time being, and the struggle would have the mastery over everything else. The condition of the idea of property in things would arise. Men would naturally call theirs whatever they had in actual possession and the necessities of the future would lead to the securing of things that were not needed for present use. Here we have a foundation for society as it exists today. We also find that the struggle would become common, and men would seek by every means in their power to secure what might serve to keep life in their bodies. Thus to a Golden Age, when men had no temptation to do wrong, because there was enough and to spare for every one, there would succeed a period of struggle, a period of suffering and wrong-doing, or at least a period when the instinct of self-preservation would develop the worst side of human nature. So also we would find, in these conditions an incentive to progress, but that progress would be along those lines in which strength would be in the ascendant. Hence we find that all the ancient civilizations, so far as history tells us anything about them, rested upon physical force as their basis, the great majority of mankind being dependent upon the small minority, which was able to concentrate in its hands sufficient force to keep the others in subjection.

Existing conditions therefore are in part the outcome of an unfavorable environment, which has not yet been overcome and in part the result of ideas which originated in times when life was infinitely more arduous than it is today. Whether or not, as some people believe, climatic conditions are becoming more favorable and the earth is less subject to cataclysmal tempests than it formerly was, we are still a long way from producing sufficient for the bountiful supply of all human wants. As has been said above the annual food production is not equal to the full requirements of the population. The crop of 1908 has been an abundant one, and yet it means could be devised whereby it could be so distributed that every one would have abundance, there would be a shortage. The United States for example, exports on an average 100,000,000 bushels of grain, but let it be supposed that all the people in that country, who have a struggle to keep body and soul together, were supplied with all the bread they require, how much of this grain would be available for the European markets and if we suppose that all the poverty-stricken people in the European cities were given all the bread that they require, how far would that the United States could spare go towards supplying them?

If these considerations were properly weighed there would be fewer dreams of making a Utopia age possible by bringing about what Mr. Philip Snowden calls "the co-operative commonwealth." The problem of keeping mankind alive is the gravest problem of all. It is fraught with difficulties of every kind. Men in all times and all countries have looked forward to the Christian era, the millennium. In nearly every cult it comes about after a period of dire calamity. Some races hold that it will be ushered in by a flood; others say it will come about after a devastating conflagration; others regard the change as moral rather than physical; the Christian Church speaks of it as the second coming of Christ. But however it is to be brought about, the millennium, the nature of the change is to be, it is a part of the common expectation of humanity that this period in its history, when strife prevails to so great an extent, and poverty holds so many thousands in its clutches, will pass away and an era will be ushered in, which will be the Golden Age, an era when bountiful Nature will yield sufficient of her fruits to supply all our needs and sin and all uncharitableness will be because there will be nothing to give rise to them. Whether or not there are physical reasons for supposing this betterment to be approaching will have to be considered at another time.

XXXVII
The close of the Revolutionary War found the United States in a condition of confusion, which appeared likely to lead to political chaos. Antipathy to royal authority gave rise to antipathy to all authority, and not only did the individual states assert their independence of each other, which was possibly not at all a matter of surprise, but the towns declined to recognize the authority of the states, and in some instances individuals asserted their independence of the towns. The towns, regarded by many as instruments of tyranny, and it was seriously proposed to substitute for them the vote of the community on all disputed points. During the war a spirit of insubordination was rife in Washington's army and it is not saying too much to claim that only the personal influence and admirable judgment of that distinguished general kept the people of the revolted colonies from flying at each other's throats. If a weaker man had been at the head of affairs, for during the war Washington was practically a dictator, the establishment of the United States as an independent nation would have been an impossibility. It is true that in 1776 the Declaration of Independence was signed, and it is also true that it was received with a great deal of enthusiasm, but those who signed it were not sure enough of the reception awaiting it to give it publicity at once. The truth of the matter is that the very great majority of the people did not wish to be independent of the British Crown, and if, after the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington had proposed a return to their old allegiance, there can be very little doubt that his suggestion would have been favorably received. A very large element of the population were openly in favor of such a course and had taken arms for the defence of British connection. There is no doubt that Washington's personal tastes were more in harmony with the ideas of the Loyalists than with those of the rebels. The Loyalist element of the population were socially the leaders of their several communities. Sabine, the American historian, says that their exodus to Canada was a great loss to the new nation. As a rule they were cultured and some knowledge of the arts of government. For such people there was no place in a country whose inhabitants were intoxicated with their new conception of liberty, and they were compelled to seek homes elsewhere. It is very doubtful if the Loyalist migration to what is now Canada would have been nearly as numerous as it was, if their neighbors in their new-found liberty had been less revengeful. Doubtless many of them would have accepted the fortune of war with what philosophy they could have command. In addition to the Loyalists there were many who had taken an active part in the rebellion, who held that independence was a mistake, but they were a minority and the suggestion of a fresh union with Great Britain does not appear to have assumed anything like an overt form except in Vermont, and there only for a short time.

If at this critical hour in the country's history Washington had been a man of strong personal ambitions, he might easily have either led his country back into the British empire and gained any reward which he might have asked, or he could have established a dynasty. He not only did neither of these things, but he surrendered his military command, retiring to private life, after having, during the war, performed his services beyond his actual personal duties. As to the part he played during the turbulent years, which followed the evacuation of New York by the British forces in 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 there is not much to tell. The fact that he was chosen unanimously to be the first president of the new nation shows that he retained in peace that high degree of confidence from his fellow citizens that he had gained in war. Of the details of his career it is not necessary to speak. Let us rather give the appreciation of his life, which he waited, the quickness and earnestness of his historian. He said: "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene command of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outward bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which his figure, with all its simple grandeur of ancient statues, out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him. What recommended him for command was simply his weight among his fellow-landowners of Virginia and the experience of war, which he had gained by Braddock's luckless expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader: his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger and defeat, the patience with which he waited, the quickness and earnestness with which he struck, the lofty sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy; that never through war or peace felt the touch of a mean ambition; that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own friends when that freedom was secured. It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and a faith such as few men have won, and to regard him with a reverence, which still hushes us in the presence of his memory. But even America hardly recognized his greatness while he lived. It was only when death had set its seal on him that the voice of those, whom he had served so long, proclaimed him. 'The man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.'"

George Washington was born in Virginia on February 22, 1732. He was inaugurated president April 30, 1789, and refusing a third term of office retired in 1796. He died December 14, 1799, in his 67th year. He married Martha Custis, a widow, and died childless.

THE ENCOMPASSING POWER

Pursuing the line of discussion followed in this column during the past few weeks, it seems as if no people should be more desirous of investigating what is known as the occult than those who "profess and claim themselves Christians." In St. Matthew's report of the Sermon on the Mount occurs the following: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Then the idea is amplified a little, but not altered in any particular. What precedes the above quotations has no special reference to it. St. Luke uses almost the same words as St. Matthew. In the story of the fig tree, which will be found in Matthew XXI, we find the same thought expressed more definitely. Other instances of the same teaching might be easily quoted and many will occur to readers, who are at all familiar with the New Testament. In this connection it may be mentioned that in a concordance which has been found, there are over one hundred quotations given in which the word "faith" appears, and of these all but two are from the New Testament. Therefore one might infer that one of the marked differences between the Old and the New Testaments is that in the latter stress is laid upon the

quality known as "faith," concerning the nature of which we endeavored to express some thoughts in a recent article. Seeing, therefore, that faith plays so important a part in the teachings of Christ and the Apostles, and also that all men have not faith, at least St. Paul told the Thessalonians, that it is something which finite expression is devoid and that it is capable of producing results which may be mental, moral or physical, one would suppose that its nature and operation would form the subject of the keenest inquiry. May it not be that there has been a misconception of the nature of faith, that there has been a disposition to confound it with simple belief, or with the statement of a belief?

The idea which seems to be conveyed by the quotation from the Sermon on the Mount is that we are encompassed about with a realm wherein occult forces operate, and that we may obtain access thereto, and hence may employ those forces, if we make the necessary effort. If this is not what is meant, what is meant? What has been given us if we ask: What shall we find if we seek? for it? What door shall be opened to us if we knock? Some say that personal happiness derived from a knowledge of forgiveness is what we may thus obtain; but surely the essentialities of faith cannot be limited to this, if the other references to it in the New Testament are true. We hear every day that the Church is losing its hold on men. May not this be because it is laying too little stress upon faith as an agency for the accomplishment of things? We hear preachers say that if we ask in faith, while the things we ask for may not be done, something else will be done, but this is not the idea which Christ and the Apostles taught. "Whatsoever ye ask," is what Christ told us could be received through faith, even if it went to the removing of mountains.

The Prophets Without Honor

(N. de Bertrand Lugin.)

Since the dawn of intelligence, when men first began to think, reason and plan, how many thousands have there been who have striven in the interests of their kind to elevate human nature, physically, mentally and morally, and far from receiving recognition for their unselfish efforts, far from being given credit for struggling in the face of adverse circumstances to better the conditions of those with whom they have been brought in contact, have been treated with indifference and even with contempt, or at most have been given scant encouragement in the purely humane work they have undertaken. There is probably not one among us who has not felt the sting of this lack of interest and sympathy; this open or concealed opprobrium, and because of it, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we have been sensitively withdrawn from a struggle which we felt was hopelessly unequal. We have seen our ideals shattered, our optimistic dreams of the future laughed in the children where, in earlier days, we banished some belief in fairies and Santa Claus. We have grown taciturn and sneering where before we were full of enthusiasm and hope. We have learned to mock at the very things which, in the glad promise of unfolding manhood or womanhood, made the world for us a springtime place, that throbbled with the glad expectancy of joyous things soon to be born, a place that was worthy of our best and happiest efforts, a place where because we believed quite implicitly and unquestioningly in love and truth and God, all noble and earnest endeavor was bound in the very nature of things to bring forth happy fruition. But to many of us these hopes, these sincere beliefs, belong to a very long ago, we have buried them with our trust in the human nature that has since proved its unworthiness. And we live now from day to day, accepting life as we find it, not complaining, we have seen the futility of that, but as we have lost what we termed our illusions, so we have lost all our noble disinterestedness of endeavor to ameliorate the conditions of our fellowman, and to help establish and prove the worth of truth and hope and uprightness, and all those essential things for the furtherance of human happiness, without which life is "very empty and reasonless, and duty without any delight in the doing of it. In our weakness and lack of faith we have become the prophets without honor.

But in the hundredth case there is a difference, a vast difference. While the ninety and nine have grown disheartened and embittered, antagonism has served only to strengthen the desire, the will, the belief and the hope of the hundredth man. In spite of opposition, his superb confidence in God and man, stands fast and sure, and little by little his influence is felt, his influence for the beautiful betterment of worldly conditions. So loyal is he to his ideals, so unwavering in his determination to impress and to uplift those about him, that presently he has won a following; he begins to inspire confidence in all who come in direct contact with his personality. By and by the great masses, for the influence he exerts; the tens of thousands of faith are accepted because he has succeeded by his confidence in it himself, in proving the worth of the religion, the philosophy or whatever teaching he expounds. And later we ourselves, we ninety and nine who had forgotten, with bitterness the beautiful promises that "life had held for us in its dawn, find that the words of this hundredth man have awakened old hopes, have opened our eyes, our minds, and our hearts, until we find that the fair dreams of our youth have become lovely realities, darkness and doubt are gone and we live in the glory of a new day that shall have no end as long as life shall last. We see the world to be a place of infinite worth, following out its destiny under the laws of God, each element, each component part fulfilling His divine ordinance, and in so doing attaining perfection without blame. We perceive, even in the smallest and faintest things the same lovely accuracy of detail that makes the complete whole. We realize the reason at last for the striving after perfection. We are all under the guidance of one Master hand, the loving watchfulness of the Master-eye, and the best we can do is the only effort we dare make. So our work assumes a divine significance, even our menial tasks are dignified by the noble reason for them. And gladly and reverently we do honor to the prophet, who has by the sincerity of his faith, by his indomitable perseverance reawakened our old hopes and established our old beliefs.

But Jesus said unto him A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house.

And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief. Those of us who fall through lack of appreciation and encouragement are not wholly to blame for relinquishing the task we had undertaken. We must be dependent, the majority of us, upon the judgment accorded us by our own little personal circle, the people whom we meet day by day, in the home, on

the street, or in the houses of our friends. It is for them to assist us or to hinder, and we have all experienced how few there are to help and how many there are to deter us in the work we would like to undertake. This is due almost wholly to a lack of interest. There is nothing so deadly, so utterly depressing to our enthusiasm as the cold discouragement of indifference. The majority of people prove only too surely the truth of the old saying "familiarity breeds contempt" and we tell ourselves that we cannot believe good things of the people whom we meet day by day on an equal footing, with whom we transact business or pass more or less intimately our daily lives. Why should we think them any better than ourselves, any more scrupulous or conscientious or capable? And so we turn a cold shoulder upon what we cannot and will not understand, and obstruct the way of those who are trying to seek the light and to show others the way.

What the world needs today is more confidence between men and men, more confidence in the eternal perfection of all God-given things, more confidence in God Himself. When we learn to trust one another and believe in one another, the path of those of us who strive will not be so difficult to travel, our enthusiasm will find an answering enthusiasm in those we would best love to serve, and all of us who endeavor with God's help to lead the way to Truth shall become "Prophets with honor."

THE STORY TELLER

A little Swede boy presented himself before the schoolmaster, who asked his name. "Tonny Olsen," he replied. "How old are you?" asked the teacher. "I don't know how old I am," he said. "Well, when you were born?" continued the teacher, who nearly fainted at the reply: "Av not born at all; av got stepmutter."—Athenian Globe.

Contented Loser

"Pat, I hear you lost five dollars in an election bet with McCarty?" "I did, sir, an' I'm glad av it, begorra." "Glad of it? Why are you glad of it, Pat?" "Becoz av won twenty dollars from Flannigan in a bet 'thawt av'd lose the five dollars of bet wid McCarty."—Harper's Weekly.

Good Advice for All

A man advertised recently in a London paper to forward, on receipt of postage stamps, "sound, practical advice, that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life." On receipt of the stamps he sent his numerous victims the following:— "Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hurry Overdone

"Mr. Cleveland," said a Princeton lecturer, "had little sympathy with the rush and hurry that the American business man so complacently affects—no sympathy with train and boat dictation, with the lunch table telephone, the letter photograph and the other bluffs." "Don't rush so," Mr. Cleveland once said to me. "Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry."—Washington Star.

A Correction

Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's death a local politician delivered an address upon the life of the statesman before a school. When he had finished he said: "Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?" A little hand went up, and a little girl replied, "A statesman is a man who makes speeches." "Hardly that," answered the politician, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman." The little hand again went up, and the answer came triumphant. "A statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"—Christian Register.

A Prophecy

George Ade says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history." "Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm; and began to read in a voice of thunder:— "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"—Saturday Evening Post.

An Act of Compassion

His Majesty's Inspector was testing the class in general knowledge. "Now, lads," he said gravely, "your teacher, I expect, has explained to you the meanings of most of the mottoes which apply to the months of the year. Thus, 'If February gives much snow, a fine summer it doth foretell,' and 'In January if sun appear, March and April pay in seas of flowers near.' Can you remember what comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?"

There was an awestruck silence for a few moments and then a pale-looking boy said: "Please, sir, it's our landlord when he gets his arrears paid up!"—London Answers.

Limitations of Royalty

The late King Oscar of Sweden was the least conventional of monarchs, but he had to courtesy to custom, nevertheless. The King and Monsieur Bonnier, the botanist, met at Strassburg, the New York Sun's foreign correspondent says, while out in search of flowers near Stockholm. They were soon the best of friends, and Bonnier suggested lunch at his inn. "Oscar home with me instead," said the other. "When the way led to the palace gates Bonnier hesitated. 'I'm sorry,' said his companion, 'but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place where I can entertain my friends.'—Youth's Companion.

Edison on Money

The editor of the American Magazine went out to Orange, N.J., the other day, to visit Thomas Alva Edison, and found the inventor busy as a nailer. There had been a report in the press that Edison "had retired" with a moderate fortune, after forty years' hard work, and intended to have "some fun." Yet, here he was working in the same old way. But he explained: "I've retired," he said, "from money-making. 'That's what I have been trying to escape from. Now I'm free and I'm going to have some fun. Money has got me into all the trouble I've ever had. If you want lies and entanglements and trouble, just go in for money-making. If you want to meet real gals and have friends turn out bad, get into business. No, I don't like the crowd or the game. I don't see how any man can go in for money-making as a real business in life. It would kill me. I don't need much of anything, personally, but I've had to have a lot of money for my work. It's come, somehow, and now I've got all I need and all I want—and I've retired." "And you're having fun?" "Yes, I'm having the fun of my life—steering clear of anything that has any money-making connected with it. I'm trying some chemical experiments. For years I've been making notes—I've got a lot of books up there filled with suggestions which I've been planning to work out as soon as I could get the time. Now I'm going at them—not to make money—but just to find out things. I'm going to put a lot of things together and take 'em apart and see what the result is. That's the greatest fun in the world."—Saturday Night.

WITH THE POETS

Death at Morning

She died when dawn was sweeping o'er the land,
When morning glories lit the gleaming wall;
And one who watched her, holding her pale hand,
Whispered, "Alas! that she should miss it all!"
The early sun, risen from his dark night,
Flamed his great banners when she went away;
And one said, "Lo! at coming of the light
She has gone forth, and lost the beautiful day."

But she, from her poor mortal house of pain,
Gladly released, went singing to God's place.
And cried, "Dear Lord, after the bleak world-rain,
I cannot bear the brightness of Thy face!"
—Charles Hanson, Towne, from "The Quiet Singer."

Where the waves of burning cloud are rolled
On the farther shore of the sunset sea,
In land of wonder that none behold,
There blossoms a rose on the Dreamland Tree.
It grows in the Garden of Mystery
Where the River of Slumber softly flows,
And whenever a dream has come to be,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

In the heart of the tree, on a branch of gold,
A silvery bird sings endlessly
A mystic song that is ages old—
A mournful song in a minor key,
Full of the glamour of fairy,
And whenever a dreamer's ears unclose
To the sound of that distant melody,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

Dreams and visions in hosts untold
Throng around on the moonlit sea:
Dreams of age that are calm and cold,
Dreams of youth that are fair and free—
Dark with a lone heart's agony,
Bright with a hope that no one knows—
And whenever a dream and a dream agree,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

L'ENVOI

Princess,—you gaze in a reverie
Where the drowsy freighter redly glows,
Slowly you raise your eyes to me
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.
—Brian Hooker in Harper's Magazine.

The Blase Man

This would be but a bubble, doncheknow;
It's full of twine and twouble, doncheknow;
You come to earth to cry,
You grow old and you sigh—
Oldish still and then—you die, doncheknow.

And it is all a howld mix, doncheknow—
Business, love and politics, doncheknow—
Fashions, follies, cliques and sets,
Clubs, and pawties, sighs, wegwets,
Struggles, stycke and cisswatts, doncheknow.

Business! Ah, that's twaive, doncheknow;
Something lost or something made, doncheknow;
You struggle and you hope,
And you hang your highest hope
On perhaps the pwice of soap, doncheknow.

Fashion! Ah, that's twaive, doncheknow;
The cause of much distress, doncheknow;
To determine what we wear,
We hear to go, and likewise wear,
And on how to pawt your hair, doncheknow.

Politics! Just a lawd, doncheknow;
Just a nightmar in the dawd, doncheknow;
You perspire day and night,
And at last all the fight
Why—perhaps the wong man's wight, doncheknow.

Love! Ah, yes! You meet a girl, doncheknow;
And you get in such a whirl, doncheknow;
You get down upon the floah,
To adoh and to imphoh,
And it's all a howld mix, doncheknow.

For there's weally nothing in it, doncheknow;
For you live for just a minute, doncheknow;
And when you've eaten, read and felt,
Heard and seen, and said and smelt,
Why—then all the dawds are dealt, doncheknow.

You're one consciousness, that's all, doncheknow;
One stomach, and that's small, doncheknow;
You can only wear one tie,
And one eyeglass in yow eye,
And one coffin when you die, doncheknow.

The Army of God-Knows Where

No bands are playing gaily when they're going into
action,
No crowds are cheering madly at their deeds of
derring-do;
They are owing small allegiance to any flag or
their colors on the sky-line and their war cry,
"Put it through!"

Ahead of bath and Bible and of late repeating rifle,
The flags can only follow the starting of their train,
They herd the leagues behind them, every mile the
merest trifle;
They mark the paths of safety for the slower sail
and rail.

They work the Quite Impossible; they scuff the earth
and water,
They've solved the problems of the air and found
them easy, too,
They quell the ocean's raging, the mountains' fearful
harshness.

As they march toward the sky-line with the war
cry, "Put it through!"

Their standards kiss the breeze from the Arctic's cool-
ing ices
To where the South Pole's poking out its undiscovered
head;
You can see their chains a-snaking through the lands
of rum and spices—
And East and West you'll always find their unre-
plining dead.

No time for love and laughter, with their rods upon
their shoulders,
No time to think with vain regret of home or pass-
ing friends,
They are slipping down the chasms, charging up the
mighty boulders,
The compass stops from overwork; the pathway
never ends.

They slit the gullet of the earth; disgorge its hoarded
treasures
(But life's too short for them to stop and snatch a
rightful share);
They're a-looking on the Congo putting in some water
barrels.

A dating to take tea with death; they make it by a
hair!

You will find their pickets watching in the unex-
pected places;
You will hear them talking freely of the Things-
That-Can't-Be-Done;

Oh, the faith they speak so strongly and the Hope
that's in their faces—
It lights the gloom of What's-the-Use as brightly
as the sun!

No bands are playing gaily and no crowds are madly
cheering;
No telegraph behind them tells their deeds of
derring-do;
But forward goes the legion, never doubting, never
fearing—

Their colors on the sky-line and their war cry,
They march, they speak so strongly and the Hope
that's in their faces—
—Alfred Damon Bunyon, in the Bohemian Magazine.