

"That most of them would follow wandering fires,
Lost in the quagmire."

On the contrary, he will sit the closer to his duty, find it in his station, however humble, and discover that his service there is the service of the best he knows. He will learn that, like King Arthur, he

"Must guard
That which he rules, and is but as the hind
To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done; but, being done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will; and many a time they come,
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again." ¹

¹ Tennyson's *Idylls of the King: The Holy Grail*.