

the gramophone's rag-time? the stakes in the jack-pot? the glitter and tinsel of life? Or do you dream of a something grand and worthy with which you will repay the world for the time you have taken? Even if, as Stevenson says, "we come not within sight of the castle of our dreams," there, nevertheless, is a valuable treasure to be found underlying the mere act of dreaming. In India, the Hindoo child is trained to give at least one-half hour of every day to relaxation, tranquillity, and meditation, and in this fact William James finds an explanation of the wonderful self-possession of the natives.

As strength returns, there will come an added zest to thought. Dreaming, that unguided drifting of the mind, will voluntarily take on a pilot and by reflection steer a definite course. You will find in the bivouac of battle an opportunity to unravel those mental tangles which the stress of active life has left moldering in the storehouse of the mind. You will have the time to gain a clear idea of where you stand, to find yourself, to acquire a degree of self-knowledge unrealized before. The mind, like a child, will naturally run away from that which is serious and stern and strange, and until the real happiness that underlies serious thinking is discovered, the mind very often will slip away to play with trivialities. It is by no means wise that the mind should ponder continually over that which requires concentration, but the day should never pass without some little corner of it, if only five minutes, being given up to reflection that enriches character.