

most tyrannical. Its limitations and restrictions follow us and harass us wherever we are and whatever we do, and remind us at every turn that we are slaves. It intrudes upon us in most unreasonable and capricious particulars. We may not wear comfortable clothing, must swelter in the heat, be sodden in the rain, and pinched and frozen in the cold. It follows us with its requisitions from the cradle to the grave, and snatches at our fleeing spirits for a further dole.

Our little boys do not forget. They are epitomes of the early life of the race, as their whole lives will, in old age, be handbooks of the history of man, each individual volume complete in itself. The charming little barbarians do not forget. In no way can they be more delighted than by permitting them to build a mimic camp-fire, a thing which has no attraction except curiosity for any other creature that creeps or flies. To the boy it is a resistless attraction and an unfailing delight. Wordsworth finds expression for this fact in the higher realms of being when he says:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”