One sunny autumn afternoon a child strayed away from its rude home in a small field and entered a forest unobserved. I twas happy in a new sense of freedom from control, happy in the opportunity of expoloration and adventure; for this child’s spirit , in bodies of its ancestors, had for thousands of years been trained to memoirable feats of discovery and conquest victories in battles whose cirtical moments were centuries whose victors camps were cities of hwn stone. From cradle of its race it had conquered its way through two contimnents and passing a great sea had penetrated a third, there to be born to war and dominion as a heritage.

The child was a body aged about six years, the son of a poor planter. In his younger manhood the father had been a soldier, had fought against naked savages and followed the flag of his country into the capital of a civilized race to the far south. In the peaceful