

# Opportunity

*by Edward R. Sill*

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—  
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—  
That blue blade that the king's son bears,— but this  
Blunt thing—!" He snapped and flung it from his hand,  
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded sore bested,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword  
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.