*The king followed the old man to the castle balcony. There the old man brought out a long round canister and pulled from it a brass tube with a sewn leather cover. A spyglass. He raised the spyglass to his eye and looked out over the land until a smile crossed his face. Then he handed the spyglass to the king. “Look thither.”*

*The king looked out through the glass. He could see great farms and gardens, magnificent castles and cathedrals. He lowered the spyglass and said impatiently, “I have seen the wonders of the eastern kingdom. I hear far too much of them.”*

*“You are mistaken,” said the old man. “It is your own kingdom you see.”*

*The king again raised the spyglass. This time he recognized the hills and glens of his own kingdom. But where there had been barren pasture there were now fields of grain stretching as far as the eye could see. His own people were in the fields, their wagons overflowing with their harvest.*

*“You are a wizard,” said the king. “It is a trick of the glass.” “It is no trick,” said the old man. But when the king put down the glass his kingdom looked the same as before, “Nothing has changed.” “No,” said the old man. “Change requires work. But one must first see before* *doing.” The king again raised the glass. “What greatness this kingdom holds.” “You have seen what may be,” said the old man. “Now go and make it so.”*

*Richard Paul Evans The Spyglass*