

pace did he strive to keep with the revolving forces of his age? Did unnoticed tributaries force the channels of his life, at this point or that, to run off into barren sands? *Diu multumque vixi*. It has been my fortune to write some pages that found and affected their share of readers; to know and work on close terms with many men wonderfully well worth knowing; to hold responsible offices in the State; to say things in popular assemblages that made a difference. Such recollections must always be open to the reproach of egotism. I hope that here at any rate it is not of the furtive sheepish kind.

From the point of egotism, again, be sure that complacency and self-content are lucky, if amid things vanished in that "other world we call the Past," they do not stumble on plenty of material for self-surprise and self-reproof, and awake to the discovery that fair names of statesman, thinker, writer, were only courtesy titles after all, without real rank, or claim to wider vogue or attention. Much of my ground obviously involves others; deeply should I regret if a single page were found unfair, or likely to wound