

of it first from my own lips. You have my sanction to communicate the whole matter to the school at large."

It would be difficult to imagine a more injudicious way of dealing with a serious situation than the Doctor exhibited just now. No possible good could be gained by this claiming, as it were, the partisanship of his boys, to say nothing of the loss of dignity such a course entailed. But a physical breakdown, the Captain had observed in him for the first time, had not been without a corresponding mental enfeeblement.

To leave St. Cyth's was inexpressibly bitter to him. He had been at its head for more than a quarter of a century, and however much he had let things slide lately, he loved the old place with an enduring love. He loved the great hall with its brave shield in which were set the names of those whom Greater Britain honoured! He loved the quiet cloisters, and the library, and the sound of the young voices as they came up from the distant playing fields. But if these things were to be saved for the next generation, it must be admitted that the trustees had not spoken too soon. It seemed a thousand pities that the old Doctor could not bring himself to accept the way of exit from a position which had become untenable, that their letter suggested.