

the reason why I had never risen above mediocrity? That was the problem I had to face, and I grew quite interested in finding a solution to it.

For a long time I was unable to discover anything; indeed, I doubt whether, at this date, I could set any particular time for the acquisition of a knowledge which, so far as I recollect, came to me gradually. The final result of my investigations was deduced from a great number of incidents, of which I shall mention only the last, perhaps the most apparent.

At my father's request I had finally consented to contest the electoral riding of North Keewatin, in order, of course, to enter Parliament. After a hard campaign I carried the seat. I made my maiden speech in the House a month afterwards. After I had sat down, and it seemed to me I had spoken forcibly and with some point, my father got up, and, with that force and directness for which he is famous, attacked the speech of the member of the Opposition. As he warmed to his subject, I could have imagined that it was myself, older, with more experience and more self-confidence, who was addressing the Commons. Yet my poor effort at a speech became dwarfed and forgotten, when placed alongside of my father's eloquent argument.

I went back to my hotel that evening, and, after having dinner, I went to my room, and made myself comfortable for the night. This incident of the speech, together with many others which I have kept noticed—I mean occasions on which I seemed to have failed, and when people appeared to have been disappointed in me—these incidents I now examined closely, and at last my conclusion was reached. I was sure that I had now the key to the situation—that I was at last certain of the reason for my only moderate success in life. I had made sure by repeated observations that it was my father's fame, and not by own stupidity, which had so often, as it seemed to me, retarded me. It was by the comparison of me, a young man, with my father, a man of maturity and a statesman, that I had been kept back. The comparison was, no doubt, unfair, but it was forced on people by our very position; for, by my following his footsteps, even into the halls of Parliament, comparisons were bound to arise, and they must of necessity have been unfavorable to me. From the constant comparison of the less with the greater, the less begins to appear even smaller than, perhaps, it really is.

I know it may be answered that the advantages which I got from my father's influential position would more than compensate for any over-shadowing from which I might suffer. Well, the only reply I can make is that, while you are entitled to give opinion, I also may hold mine.

Just last night I was stretched out in an easy chair with my feet to the fire enjoying in my own quiet way a smooth going, old fashioned love story, when there was a knock at my door, and Wheaton came in. After talking of different things I told him of the discovery which I had made. Dick smiled; but whether the smile was one of agreement or indulgence I have not been able to decide. Once more, in his own polite fashion, Dick tacitly refused to be interested and turned the conversation into other channels.

W. A. R. KERR.

JABEZ SMYTHE, SCOLAIRE; HYS CHRONIKLE.

ED. NOTE.—The following fragment seems to explain itself. If it was not found in the recent alterations at Oxford, it is to the greater shame of Antiquarians that such an opportunity for finding it was neglected. It is now published for the first time.

Oct. 1. I doe herebie solemplic make resolucion to studie alway, aminding of my bookes and ye precepts of my maisters. And this doe I resolve, not alone because of ye warninges add instructions of my kin and parents, but eke for ye greater solace of my owne mind, for, if I doe not diligentlie apply myself to reapinge ye harvest whilk oportunitie hath (thus to say) sowed for me, surelie Remorse will gripe me keenlie when ye daie of reckoninge cometh. And thereto I adde, sith there be no few foolish-minded wights dwelling in ye chaumbres hereabout, who do ever make boast to doe no worke ere Michaelmas be past (whilk is little but blasphemie,) it well behoveth me to reason with them as best I may, bothe for their owne goode and the greater contente of my proper conscience. Albeit, they doe gibe and girde at me alway, and make ye Satan's owne noyse at all houres of ye night-time.

Nov. 1. I have in ye late month encompassed moche studie. I have ever sat atoilinge in my chambre, though verilie there lacked not temptation to draw me forth. And indeede in Aristotle hys Rhetoric it lieth plainlie written that even to dwell solitarie is ye beginninge of madnesse. Soothe to say there beethe no great delectation therein; thereto my chambre is passinge cold, and I wasted moche time awarminge my handes at ye rooffe of my mouthe. My mind is no little troubled by snares and doubtes. I will hie me to bed and by sound sleepinge flee ye Evil One hys lures.

Dec. 1. Albeit ye sharpe abidance by vowes and resolucions may well help some weake knaves, it doth witness a right poore will and understandinge if a man may not follow hys owne reasoun when it so liketh him and seemeth wise. Thus believinge, I have adjudged it seemlie to betake me one night from my toile to seek ye concourse and societie of ye worlde. (Should a wight ever sit with hys heade under a candle? I trowe not.) They cleped this thinge an *At Home*; it was ye first that ever I was at, and trulie I was none too easie and happie of minde. (Sooth to say I had never thought my feete were so great and cumbersome, and that my two handes could of a sudden seem so manie. I was sore put to it to know where I might hide all of ye same.)

Jan. 1. In ye late month I wente to some ten *At Homes* and *Receptions*, for it behoveth me to gain what culture I may. At ye laste (albeit it is little seemlie to write down such follie) I did thereafter accompanie to her dwellinge one of ye bravest damsels ye sonne, or ye moone (which befitteth better such thinges) ever shone upon. Right trulie did one of ye other scolaires clepen her a peache, and readily had I made essay to discover if ye doune of her faire cheekes would rub off like ye doune of that same sweet fruite (nor would I have committed ye sacrilege of touching her with my fingers) but soothe to confesse, I durst not. Nay, I could scarce bring myself even to speake to her, my tongue beinge dryer than ye dry bones of Holie Writte, and clave to my jawes at every syllable. Ye whilk I have since greatly marvelled over, nor have I yet found any philosophical cause thereof.

Now I mightlie fear lest my moche studie ere Michaelmas have not done some grievous hurte to my understandinge; I can scarce bring myself to toile even in daytime, and by candle-light I am taken with ye cravunge for ye concourse and societie of ye worlde. And for that she is ever in ye same concourse it may even be so with her. I shall make bold to demand if she have ever suffered ye like; peradventure she may know a remedie whilk will bring me cure.

Feb. 1. Trulie ye college porter beeth a heedless wight, little reckinge that cleanlinesse lieth nigh to godliness, for my quille hath lain upon the floor a full fortnight, and he hath never moved to pick it up. And my bookes do show all of one coloure for ye exceedinge