

to be a scrivener for the sixteenth century. We asked for bread, and they gave us a stone—the bones of dead languages to gnaw instead of the living speech of living nations; the useless abstractions of Euclid and the syntax instead of commercial mathematics; the squalid biographies of English kings instead of the history of our freedom; the names of counties to us who were citizens of an Empire; dogmatic theology to cut us off from Christ; and no training whatever of the hands in craftsmanship, or of the eye in aiming rifles to defend our home.

Having missed an education, I came forth blinking into the modern world with an apologetic manner appealing for kindness, and large useless hands, as fit for earning wages as a nine days' puppy.

When asked to choose a trade I had no impulse, for all that my forefathers had won with the sword was barred to the penniless son of a half-pay captain. My father found me a most suitable opening as a clerk, but when I was turned out of the Submarine Telegraph Service, useless, ashamed of being a further expense, it was to tramp the streets of London in despair. Because I was too young to enlist, being only fifteen, my mother found me in the streets and led me home, saying no words then or afterwards. As for me, I put on an air of high estrangement, walking in that mysterious gloom which affords much comfort to the young puppy, but is apt to depress its family.

When my father felt depressed about his income, we always moved, generally to another continent, by way of economy. To this, his one dissipation, my mother deferred with patience, and had shifted