

Thus it has seemed best to tell the whole wonderful tale so far as it can be told in one volume, merely giving rather more space and detail to those events in which Pottinger came conspicuously to the fore. By this means the part he was called on to play, and the unfailing courage with which he played it, will best be revealed, while British readers will be reminded of an object-lesson as dramatic and terrible as any in the annals of Empire.

True, neither men nor nations care to be gratuitously reminded of failures. Successes alone are deemed fit objects for remembrance, for commemoration. Let our failures be thrust into the nearest cupboard and the door slammed on their unflattering faces. Yet there is more to be learnt—both by men and nations—from looking failure frankly in the eyes, from sincere acknowledgment of the fact and the cause, than from the more popular process of “white-washing” that masquerades as patriotism. Not, “My country can do no wrong,” but, “Right or wrong, my country,” is the true patriotic note.

That history repeats itself is a truism, and, unhappily, blunders tend to repeat themselves no less; the more so, surely, where there exists a certain racial unwillingness to recognize them as such. In this year of grace 1913, the faith that recognized failure as a direct discipline of God is dim, if not extinct; yet there remains the stirring reminder of Mr. Page—in reference to the Pilgrim Fathers—that “it is destiny yet, destiny born of English character, that still regards failures as invitations to renewed effort.” Approached in this spirit, there may be gain as