

they have forgotten their aim." I am reminded again of my friend's saying, that of all bondages vagabondage is the one from which it is most difficult to escape. If a man stays in it too long, if he allows its garlands to become fetters, its vagaries to lose their freshness and petrify into habits, he can never get away. When I think of the deathbed of one of these old men—of the moment when he knows of a sudden that his life is gone from him, and that after all he has done nothing—I quicken my resolve to escape when my time comes, and not to linger till it is too late.

But now, in youth, it is the best life there is, the most joyously, honestly youthful. It will be something to remember, when I am become a respectable British citizen, paying income tax and sitting on the Local Government Board, that once upon a time in my motley "I have flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng." It will make a staid middle age more pleasant in its ordered ease to think of other days when a girl with blue sleeves rolled to her elbows cooked me a dinner from kindness of heart, because she knew that otherwise I should have gone without it; when no day was like the last, when a sovereign seemed a fortune, when all my friends were gods, and life itself a starry masquerade. My life will be the happier, turn out what it may, for these friendships, these pot-