

by the capacity of the spectator to apprehend it as a whole. This on your authority was said by Aristotle. "Art," says *The Sydney Bulletin*, a curious antipodean paper, "is selection." "It is time to protest," says an American paper, "against these long books." At this rate, we shall soon be spending all our time with books. "The enormous length must make it formless," other critics have decided. Ultimately I believe Aristotle's remark to be the truest guide, and I am tempted to hope that with the publication of the second volume many irrelevancies have established their relevancy.

It is obvious that were I to continue the life of Michael Fane to the end of his seventy-second year, his story would run into twenty volumes as thick as this book. My intention, however, was not to write a life, but the prologue of a life. He is growing up on the last page, and for me his interest begins to fade. He may have before him a thousand new adventures: he may become a Benedictine monk: he may become a society preacher. I have given you as fully as I could the various influences that went to mold him. Your imagination of him as a man will be determined by your prejudice gathered from the narrative of these influences. I do not identify myself with his opinions: at the same time I may believe in all of them. He is to me an objective reality: he is not myself in a looking-glass.

I would like to detain you for a moment with a defense of my occasional use of archaic and obsolete words. This is not due to any "preciousness," but to efforts at finding the only word that will say what I mean. To take two examples: "Reasty" signifies "covered with a kind of rust and having a rancid taste," and it seems to me exactly to describe the London air at certain seasons, and also by several suggestive assonances to convey a variety of subtler effects. "Inquiline" sounds a pompous word for lodgers, but it has