

School and Pastimes

the mystic cromlechs, where the early pagans and the warlocks and witches of later days flitted round the ruined altars.

Though Isaac was self-contained and resolute he had a restless spirit. Fearless, without a touch of the braggart, his courage was of the valiant order, the quality that accompanies a lofty soul in a strong body. For his constant courtesy and habit of making sacrifices for his friends, he was in danger of being canonized by his school-fellows.

About this time, shortly after his father's death, it was suggested he should leave the Queen Elizabeth School on the Island and study at Southampton. Here he tried his best, boy though he was, to live up to the standard of what he had been told were his obligations as a gentleman, acquiring, too, a little book-learning and much every-day knowledge.

Isaac's holidays, always spent in his beloved Guernsey, increased the thirst for adventure. The spirit of conquest, the controlling influence of his after life, grew upon him. Something accomplished, something done, was the daily rule. To scale an impossible cliff with the wings of circling sea-fowl beating in his face, to land a big conger eel without receiving a shock, to rescue a partridge from a falcon, to shoot a rabbit at fifty paces, to break a wild pony, or even to scan a complicated line in his syntax—these were achievements, small perhaps, but typical of his desire. His young soul was stirred; the blood coursed in his veins as the sap courses in the trees of the forest in spring; his mind, susceptible to the influences of nature, was strengthened and purified by these pursuits.