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*To My Teacher and Friend
George Robert Parkin*

SINCE you are on the other side of the world, my dear Parkin, I must offer you my new book without your leave. This is not really so venturesome as it may seem. You never were one of those aloof and awesome Head Masters, who exercise a petty reign of terror over the effervescence of youth; and I cannot recall that we ever tried to steal a march on you, except on a few occasions in the history of the school or of your own life, when we wished to surprise you with some token of our bashful affection.

When this page comes under that glowing eye, which has since compelled so many audiences, in so many places larger than any schoolroom, on weightier matters than any