

and make it the representative of childhood. Take one who can run about and play and enjoy himself. Well, let us take one between two and six years old, and then, if that does not satisfy you, one between six and twelve, or between twelve and sixteen if you like. What man on earth, or woman either, is so often crossed and sorely perplexed as a child? It must go to bed at a certain hour whether it wants to go or not, and though it can see no earthly reason why it should not be allowed to sit up a little longer and enjoy itself like other people, off those clothes must come and away to bed it must be carried, and woe betide it if it cannot sleep after it gets there—wee Willie Winkie, or John Frost, or some other equally awful individual will invariably be called upon to frighten it to rest. And if that stratagem does not succeed, and the little urchin still persists in opening his eyes or making fun, the nurse or mother losing patience will wrathfully knit her brows and threaten to expose the "orthodox surface for birch correction" if he does not be quiet. And so at last, quite overcome with such kind treatment, the little thing drops over, but only to awake to a similar course of persecution. Having gone early to bed, of course it feels as if it should rise early too. But the drowsy nurse does not see why it should be disturbing folk so early, and calls in the aid of John Frost again, who takes all bad boys and girls. So having gone to bed against his will, our hero must stay in it longer than he wants to, and thinks it hard that it should be so. Or let him up. He thinks it would be jolly fun to run naked for a while, but that he is reminded is what must not and cannot be allowed. On those bothersome clothes again must go. He gets those on and thinks that *now* he'll have some freedom surely. But freedom in his case, it would seem, has not been bequeathed from sire to son. Before he goes two steps he sees something that he would like to have, and puts out his hand to get it, but he is told that he must not touch that—that's not for little boys to have. In his exuberance of life, he leaps and screams, but he is warned that he must not hollo so or ma will whip him. He wants something good at table, but the answer is, it is not good for Georgie, though Georgie thinks that nothing could be better, and so all day long, and every day, he is thwarted and crossed continually in his purposes and wishes, and feels as if he were the worst treated being in the world. It is the same with the school-boy and with childhood