

has lived in it for a long period of years and can look backward. I see it now as a clumsy, powerful machine guided by unskilled hands; or a great foolish, good-natured, long-suffering giant allowing himself to be bullied by pygmies—short-sighted, self-seeking, ignorant and stubborn pygmies; or, let us say, little strutting bantams whose lives are only a few days long. But in that brief tenure, they never tire of harrying and baiting the great giant who will surely walk on all their little graves.

The Civil Service suffers and will suffer, for many years to come, from the dead weight of the human culls and misfits dumped into it by the official and professional politician. It is really a great deal better than might be expected, considering the handicap under which it does a great work. To say that it is corrupt or inefficient, as if it were the actual cause of its own failings and shortcomings, is foolish. It is exactly what politicians have made it, and the politician in his turn is the exact logical product of his time. A virtuous and honest people produces virtuous and upright politicians; upright politicians make a clean and efficient Civil Service. The failings of the Civil Service are the failings of the people for whom it works. In short, a country has the government it deserves to have, and what the government is the Civil Service is.

Now, to end the chronicle, if I have any readers, I am quite aware that the large majority of them will declare my tale to be the story of a failure. But it is not so. What is success? I reply that I do not know. It is one thing to one man and another to another. And even if the world consider me as a failure, it must recognise that I failed in more things than most men because I tried more things. And if the output