

I had the supremest contempt for clothes except those designed for action or comfort. Since no saint apparently ever wore trousers, or appeared to care about football knickers, I never supposed that they could be the same flesh as myself. It was always a barrier between me and the parsons and religious persons generally that they affected clothing which dubbed my ideals "worldly." It was even a barrier between myself and the Christ that I could not think of Him in flannels or a gymnasium suit. At that time I should have considered such an idea blasphemous — whatever that meant. As soon as religious services ceased to be compulsory for me, I only attended them as a concession to others. The prime object of the prayers and lessons did not appear to be that they might be understood. So far as I could see, common sense and plain natural feelings were at a discount. A long heritage of an eager, restless spirit left me uninterested in "homilies," and aided by the "dim religious light," I was enabled to sleep through both long prayers and sermons. Justice forces me to add that the two endless hours of "prep" lessons after tea had very much the same effect upon me.

At the request of my mother I once went to take a class at the Sunday School. These were for the "poor only" in England in those days. Little effort was expended on making them attractive. I recall nothing but disgust at the dirty urchins with whom I had to associate for half an hour. An incident which happened on the death of one of the boys at my father's school interested me temporarily in religion. The boy's father happened to be a dissenter, and our vicar refused to allow the gates of the parish churchyard to be opened to enable the funeral cortege to enter. My chum had only a legal right to be buried in the yard. The coffin had therefore to be lifted over the