

of gag. It is a very disconcerting question when put earnestly.

Our family, I may explain, taken in all its branches, was a very large one, and of the common sort that would be called middle class in England. My father, who was the only son of my grandmother's third husband, was a King to all the tribes,—to the grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles, the various great aunts, and the one great-uncle and the one great-grandfather—who lived during my childhood. They all bowed down to him, and he dominated them, although by calling he was only a book-keeper in a wholesale grocery firm. My mother, let me add, was the eldest daughter of a Civil servant in the Montreal Post Office.

My seventh year is a very distinct memory, as a period of my life associated in my mind with very momentous happenings. Up to the age of seven I prospered in my health although I was never what is called robust. It was very nearly my last year, for fate, not satisfied with bringing a weakling into the world before its time, now visited me with scarlet fever and all the dreadful complications known to that disease. I lay for months in bed, part of the time delirious, and was reduced to a mere skeleton. I remember the sufferings of convalescence, but have no very distinct recollection of the actual illness, beyond the delirium it brought on, which left a curious impression on my mind. During its course I seemed to be two personalities, distinct but attached, one capable of observing the other. I strove and argued continually with myself, and again the great question of where I had come from haunted and worried me. Clearly I must have come from somewhere, and must also have had existence prior to my arrival; but where