

PREFACE

theories as to the fear of death, theories which he had set forth in another article (soon to be printed in these pages). When I read his words I felt something of what the Quaker diarist felt when he met Cromwell just before his end. The Quaker tells us that "a waft of death went out from him to me." Though I suppressed the feeling as superstitious, as perhaps after all it was, a waft of death seemed to come out to me from the Student's letter. In any case, there was nothing in it but what was brave and chivalrous, and what should quiet us in as noble an expectation of death as ever soldier felt.

I shall cherish and keep green his memory as long as I live, and, I hope, pass it on to those who are most dear to me, for in this war he is one of the men who have made an indelible impression upon my mind. I do not believe the readers of the *Spectator* will think me a pedant, or misunderstand me, or wonder when I say that one of the things I should like most to do, and shall do if I live, is to put up in some place near my home, on some spot facing a wide horizon of English country, a memorial stone telling, with the emblems of art and with a suitable inscription, his name, his mission, and his death. It