

After dinner, for the sun set late on that long June afternoon, we strolled down to Magdalen Bridge, and stood there leaning over the parapet talking, while the rich glories of the sunset lit up some flaky clouds overhead, with crimson and gold, and were reflected in the still stream below. What we had been talking about, I do not know, I think it was the subject of orders. I remember now, I had asked him if he still intended to enter the church upon leaving the University. To this, he made some evasive reply, then turned round suddenly and leaning with his back against the bridge, and looking across to the fields and towers in the distance, he said,

"By the by, old fellow, I have a confession to make. I am not quite so good as I used to be. I know it will shock you. You remember how we used to talk about knighthood and Sir Percival and the vision of the Holy Grail. We used to say that we would strive to live like Christian knights, but, Harry, old man," and here he turned his face away and I looked steadily down at the stream, "I have been out in the world a good deal since then, and, in short, I've fallen from my ideal. I am