

victory. His life was one which we cannot fully unravel until death cuts it, and then we know it in its parts and we behold the grandeur of its course.

Clearly now, over the lapse of years, stands out one scene from our school days. It was the night before he left for his scholarship at Oxford, when we were to part for some years. After the lights were out, he came over and sat on my bed (being older boys we had a room to ourselves), and talked about his past and his future. The moonlight fell upon his face, and his eyes were full of spiritual light. I do not suppose that I thought of such things then, but as I recall the scene, I see it now with a fuller meaning. With his dark, curly hair, in the weird light, he made a study for an old master. Suddenly his voice struck a note of deep sorrow.

"Harry," he said, "I don't think I shall ever be a success. I don't know why it is, but I am not happy, I cannot be. The present is grey and mysterious, the future is all dark and full of terrors." We were both silent for a few moments, then he added, with his face still turned to the