

"Is that not your name?" asked, a little timidly, the innocent boy who had slight knowledge of the wickedness and woe of the great world, and who looked with an infinite pity on this man so highly favoured with fortune and culture, almost as a sinless soul might look upon a ruined archangel, mighty though fallen.

"No, my boy, no one shall know that; my secret shall die with me. But I rather like you. You are different from this herd around me here. Can I help you any in your Greek? I find I haven't forgotten it all yet."

Lawrence wondered to hear him speak thus of the men with whom he associated in all their coarse pleasures, and who, at least, had not fallen from the same height as he had; but hoping to interest him in some intellectual employment that might recall his better days he said,

"I can't find the root of *ἡθωρ*."

"Oh! that's irregular. Look for *ἔρχομαι*. That used to be quite a catch, that. Lots of these things in Greek. Did you ever hear of the bishop who devoted his whole life to verbs in *μι*, and on his death-bed wished he had confined himself exclusively to the middle voice? Our old don at Brasenose wrote a big book on only the dative case. Those accents, too, are perplexing till you get the hang of them. If I had spent as much time learning English and common sense, as I have over the accents and Greek mythology, I would have been a wiser and a better man."

From this time he took quite an interest in Lawrence and gave him a good deal of help in his difficulties with his Greek text. It was the first practical use, said this Oxford scholar, that his Greek had ever been to him.

I have learned to prize
The quiet lightning of the dead and not
The thunder of applause that follows at
Its heels that men call fame.

—Alexander Smith.