

the wind which bloweth where it listeth. There was in him no settled purpose, no continuity or aim, only a continuity of variation ; a defect, however, which added to his attractiveness.

He himself was conscious of this weakness, and a shade would pass over his face if anyone remarked it to him. His eyes would assume a scared, helpless look, as though he were caught hopelessly in the toils of destiny, or trod the path of a preordained fate. He has often spoken to me on the subject. "Vane," he used to say, "other people have something which I have not. There is something wrong in my composition. Something was forgotten when I was made."

Now when I look back on the long years of our friendship, and see the path of the illustrious spirit through the world, and note its failures and successes, point by point, what a light is thrown upon its mysterious and dark places by this knowledge of our boyhood's days. The end has come now ; the restless, unquiet, sad spirit is still ; the world has its idea of what he was and what he did, but it is only I and one other who knew the man throughout as he really was, and the greatness of his