

erous and full of the old affection which we had professed for one another at school, and which we had sworn that nothing through life should ever destroy. One thing, I, who read every word he wrote, over and over again, and read too between the lines, could not fail to note, and that was that lately, little by little, the religious enthusiasm which had marked his earlier letters seemed to be passing away. Occasionally hints were dropped that it was still doubtful as to whether he would enter the ministry or not. His intention upon leaving school had been to follow in his father's steps. But he said now, that he was not as good as he used to be. All this caused me pain in my boyish fashion, not so much, I fear, for his sake, as for my own. For he was my patron saint, my idol, and what should I do if that idol were shattered by a fall and the niche left empty?

One day, about three years after he had entered college, I received a note from him inviting me up to Oxford for a day, in order that he might show me over the place. With what alacrity I went, I can still remember. He was at the station to meet me and gave me a cordial welcome. He