

him suddenly, in the midst of his mirth or excitement, and a shade would pass over his face, as I have seen a field darkened during sunshine by an intercepting cloud.

It is not my place in this biography to speak of myself, but it falls naturally into the course of it to say, that on leaving school, as my father, a poor country vicar with a large family, could not afford to send me to the university, it was decided that I should spend a year at home reading with him, with a view ultimately to my entering a theological college and taking orders. My home was a quiet and happy one, and the love of God cemented the union of its members, and filled it with the light which it alone can give. Many and many a time, did I tell my brothers and sisters of the wonderful boy, who had called up in me an admiration so intense as almost to exceed the bounds of reason. I described his figure, his brave, open face, and those eyes which had in them more than earthly light. From time to time, I had letters from him in bold, boyish handwriting, irregular, but fast becoming more like the hand of a man. Some of these were very interesting, all were frank and gen-