

him even in moments of extreme joy, and gave a pathetic tenderness to his mirth.

It was on his return to school after this double bereavement, for his parents died within a few weeks of one another, that I first saw Hazlewood. He was a tall, dark boy, with large wistful eyes, and a solemn, earnest way of speaking at times that got him the nickname of "parson." Yet he was full of life too, and was leader in many a boyish act of sport and mischief. His natural bent, however, was meditative. His mind drifted perpetually through an unending series of emotions, and outside nature was only real to him, in so far as it fitted in with the mental mood predominant at the time. When in our walks we have come to one turn of the road, where the hedges are very high on both sides, and a little stream trickles down from the roots of an overhanging elm, making the place damp and cool, he has often stood for several minutes without speaking, and declared afterwards that the wet, earthy smell and tinkling noise of the brooklet had called up in him emotions beyond the power of speech, and exquisitely sad.

Why Hazlewood and I became friends I can-