

stimulus to his mental growth, and in a few months, the thoughtful, ardent school boy became a man and even leader. In the Union he had spoken several times, and his speeches had created a sensation. Already he had gathered round him a set of his own in which he was almost worshipped. He wrote occasionally, and brilliantly, for a college paper, long since suppressed, in which the wildest schemes were propounded for the reformation of society. To his tutors, no less than to the undergraduates, he was fascinating in the extreme. They failed to understand him, and yet surely, if they did so, the fault was not his. For there he was before them, simple and unaffected, and, as I have said, transparently honest. In every mood his heart was open and generous, and full of sympathy and love. Not less attractive to those who watched him narrowly, than his noble bearing and buoyancy of spirits, was that deep tinge of melancholy which coloured all his thoughts. It drew out the heart towards him and struck a note of sincerity, the existence of which might otherwise have been questioned in one so subject to change. Sometimes this melancholy would strike