

could, as I have said, do all things while the mood was upon him ; that is, while a sufficient external stimulus played upon his emotional nature. His was, I suppose, the pure artistic temperament. But the moods ebbed and flowed, and his nature appeared incapable of permanent progression in one line. These changes of mood I speak of, were apparent not simply to me but to all who knew him. For so transparently honest was he, that we saw continually into his inner heart as through glass, and noble and good and loving and pure that heart was, but weak as a child's, blown hither and thither by passions of overwhelming force. That unknown quality, or power, which we felt he lacked, though we could not define it, had he had it, would have made him the noblest and greatest of men. He was like a grand arch without a keystone, a ship full sail without a rudder, the magnificent temple of a deity, without that deity's inner shrine. Oxford, therefore, with its ancient memories, its unique life, the cultured tone of all around him, above all, the admiration which his high spirits, his originality and his moods of deep earnestness won for him, acted as a tremendous