

danger of my preaching to him. I could not have uttered a word. Why it was, I do not know, but I had a strange, sick feeling. I suppose it was, because I loved him so. I was disappointed in him, I was angry with myself, I hated the world. A cloud seemed to have shut him off from God, and I hesitated whether to follow or to draw back. Neither spoke again for a long time, until at last he broke the silence with some trivial remark and we got on to other topics. Later on in the evening, I went with him to a wine party in the rooms of a friend of his. As soon as his surroundings were changed, and conversation drew him out, his spirits rose with a bound, and the whole evening I sat in admiration of his wit. He was the centre of attraction to all there. His handsome face, slightly flushed with wine, and his rich mellow voice drew all eyes towards him. But something spoilt the pleasure of the evening to me. One thought gnawed like a canker at my heart, even when I strove most to forget it. A death's head seemed to me to be at the feast. There was something hollow in all the mirth, a suggestion of the presence of the evil one. Nor did this feeling