

deeper insight into the losses and recompenses of individual lives to make a humbler claim for happiness in her own. It was a teaching which led her to set less store on the books that had been too much her world, and to look more into human faces for the knowledge she must turn to use.

Apart from this record, I set two passages from the poets, expressive of what those who loved him in different ways might have felt was the true thing to be said of Tristram when at last the fever of his days was ended. Marcia's word, one might be called; the other that of a very gentle, charitable woman, his mother. Like epitaphs, one-sided statements of truth, let them stand. They differ; yet each of them in its way defines a life which the world has to regard as a failure; and in one or other of them the reader may find a moral to the record which now closes.