

feel sad. But that again proves what I say. Had there not lurked this sorrow in his soul, the minor chord would not have called it forth. What this note of sadness is caused by, I do not know. I think it is the consciousness of never ending change, and the Nemesis that must overtake all we love, all we do, all we are. In the experience of every thoughtful man there comes a moment when the soul realizes life and death as they are in themselves, apart from the thoughts and aspirations which fill our waking as well as our dreaming hours. From that moment the man is a changed being; life is in a measure spoilt to him. The words "What shall it profit?" "What shall it profit?" ring in his ears like a death-knell, and form a solemn undertone amid the laughter of mirth, and the plaudits of success. You remember how Mill in his autobiography describes his experience of such a state of mind. He believes that among Evangelical Protestants it is such a spiritual condition which precedes the phenomenal exaltation of so-called conversion. In my own life, I can distinctly remember such a moment of awakening. It was at the sea side, when I was about seventeen. I was reading "My Novel" and had arrived at that part where Audley Egerton feels himself grasped in the power of an incurable disease. Suddenly, by some spiritual *legerdemain*, his sensations became mine, and dropping the book, I sat in blank horror, facing death. All pleasure, all hope, all ambition were blighted in an instant, and the exceeding narrowness of my coffin and the load of earth above, oppressed and stifled me. It was days before the feeling wore away, and it has never completely gone, but returns at unexpected moments, oftentimes when I should have imagined it was farthest off. Life has never been the same to me since. I fancy that most men are haunted in this way by phantoms in the soul. Perhaps it is just as well that they are. It was never intended