there, as I had proposed to do, my stay was prolonged through several weeks, during which time we took many a delightful ramble, and talked of things in which we were each interested. It was on these walks that I first learned of the fascination in the study of "pure reason"; for Neville was then deep in the arguments and philosophy of Kant and others, and I could easily conceive of such a train of reasoning leading a man to any extreme of speculation. Naturally of an imaginative and earnest disposition, it became evident to me before long that his habits of life tended to produce a morbid state of mental activity. He smoked constantly, drank quantities of terribly strong coffee, and read or wrote for about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Such a course could only react injuriously on his brain, and soon enough I witnessed the effect. He complained frequently of wakeful nights, of forebodings of some impending catastrophe, and of sharp pains through his temples. I told him that he was using his brain too severely; that he had better work less, and take more out-door exercise. One morning at breakfast, he was drinking his coffee silently, but with a preoccupied expression, when he suddenly started up, and burst into tears. I sprang to his side, begging him to tell me what was the matter, and found that he was trembling violently. After a short time he became more calm, and I then learned the cause of this strange outburst. It seems that, on account of his speculations and assumptions in philosophy, he fancied himself to have been intrusted with the charge of the universe, and the movements of the planets, and that, unless he was exceedingly careful in his calculations for each day, several of these spheres would collide, and cause untold misery and involve him in eternal pains. This, he said, had been revealed to him in a dream one night, and if at any time he failed in his watchfulness or duty, this world would be surrounded by crashing planets, and the destruction of all material things would ensue. Last night sleep had overpowered him, and he had omitted to assign the paths as usual; and now what was to become of him?

His agitation was pitiable to behold, but I tried as best I might to assure him that all would come out right if he would only calm himself, and leave the spheres to take care of themselves. It was evident that his mind was in a state of great nervous tension, and that time, mental rest, and fresh air were the best antidotes. So I proposed that he should leave his studies and books for a while, and take a tramp with me through the Black Forest. At first he refused stoutly, but on my representing to him that we should have much better opportunities for watching the course of events out in the open air, he was finally persuaded to accompany me, and we started forth that very afternoon, having made the few necessary preparations therefor. The cool fresh air and the fatigue of walking insured for him that night a good sound sleep, and the next morning we set out again, and so on. from day to day, each succeeding morning finding him a little less anxious in regard to his charge. I meanwhile had endeavored to divert his mind from the subject, and when he would revert to it, had attempted to reason him out of his delusion, aided by the incontrovertible fact that we still existed. By degrees he became better, the worried look left his face, and he could rest solidly at night. We spent the greater part of a month in wandering about Germany, at the end of which time I had the satisfaction of seeing him quite restored to his right mind. I then suggested that he should return to America with me—it had been so long since he had seen any of his family.

Through his connections here, Neville was enabled to secure a professorship at one of our colleges not a thousand miles from Boston, where he still holds the chair.

We have often laughed since over the immense responsibility which he once had, but the lesson learned then has not been forgotten.

The Neville family insisted that they were under life-long obligations to me in that I had saved Sam's life, when it was really purely accidental, a mere act of friendship; but whether