

over the bridges, through King's Court to the bridge; a last time to lean upon its stone parapet, and look toward Clare Bridge and the velvety lawn of King's, sloping to the sleepy little river—to linger and remember that Charles Kingsley in his *Alton Locke* has said of this spot: "Neither pen nor pencil have done justice to the scene,"—which never dies from one's treasured memory of the beautiful.

As one lingers there the shadows are lengthening, a soft stillness reigns. You hear a tinkling bell which tells that the service at King's College Chapel is beginning. Returning you enter and take a seat at the rear of the ante-chapel, for if you have not a full hour to remain you do not go into the choir. In the hush you wait. You see the old verger, mace in hand, come slowly down the aisle, go and knock at one side chapel door, cross over and knock at an opposite door. Simultaneously the choir boys, the dean and others who are taking part in the service, file out and up the two or three steps which mark the separation of the choir from the ante-chapel, through the broad doors in that famous and wonderfully carved screen in which is the great organ. The doors of the screen are closed: the red damask curtains are drawn, causing an indefinable feeling of being shut out. It is only momentary, for the great organ peals forth, the sweet-voiced choir is already singing, and you are held spell-bound until the last note dies away.

One grows more and more fascinated with the chapel, which is conceded by all to be one of the gems of architectural triumphs of Great Britain. Its historical associations bring before you the ages through which it has stood, and you realize that its graceful walls have been silent witnesses of many strange scenes. At one time Cromwell quartered his soldiers in the edifice; on another occasion Queen Elizabeth was entertained by the play "*Twelfth Night*," and one touching little mark of the past remains on the organ screen in the initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Not alone for its historical memories are you desirous of paying frequent visits there, for the almost mystical beauty of the artistic interior has a peculiar influence upon you. Modern methods of lighting have never been introduced, so that when it grows dark on short days in winter candles only tend to increase the charm. In broad day the light from without