

against which it stood. The sweeping draperies were growing indistinct, losing their rotundity of outline and becoming more and more like the lines of a statue in relief. A strange hush had fallen on garden and quadrangle.

"Where are you, O Pindar," cried the tutor ; "are you there ?"

The voice replied, "Here am I, for this city is one of my favourite abodes. Here and wherever there is youth, and the splendour of youth, and the glory of the unspoiled body of youth striving with itself in god-like contests for honour, not for gain, there am I and there shall I ever be."

There came a noise like a clap of thunder, but it was only his book slipping from his lap on to the ground that awoke the tutor. He arose with a smile at the spirit of his dream and passed into "hall," to the high table of the dons.

That night was there great rejoicing in the college that had gone up four places on the river. A bonfire was lit in the ancient quadrangle, wine flowed, the Dean and others made speeches, and "the lovely light of the fair-faced moon beamed forth, and all the holy place sounded with festal joy."

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