

mine. It ought to go to one who is a better scholar and a better man ; to one who would have had it in his hand this minute, if a feeble frame and an attack of sickness had not handicapped him." And stepping to the edge of the platform and pointing at a white-faced lad whose pallour changed to scarlet as all eyes were turned on him, " Every one of us knows who he is. Mr. Chancellor, I might take the medal, but the honour is his and I wish he might have both." The speaker paused as if astonished at what he had done and hurriedly regained his seat amid such a salvo of cheers and clapping as the old hall had never heard before.

The graduating exercises were resumed, proceeding a little tamely after the tension that Stephen Wishart's renouncement had created, even the gallery sails flapping in the waning breeze.

But they soon swelled again, the wind returning when it was announced that the hero of the evening would now deliver the valedictory address. Something like seriousness came over the students' faces, especially of the men graduating in theology, as their spokesman ascended the steps to discharge the duty they had entrusted to him ; for they vaguely recognized the solemn significance of it all, their very mirth bearing the pathos of its last boisterous shout. Even amid the hilarity of the night, they could hear the slowly opening gate that led to another lock in life's long canal ; could hear the dull scraping of that gangway by which they must embark, leaving the land-locked bay for the shoreless sea beyond.