

where they saw a stalwart figure in gown and cap, gravely performing his laureate task.

This poetic outburst provoked fresh billows of applause, amid which the triumphant made his way to the platform, the master of ceremonies greeting him with some words of eulogy that were swallowed up as soon as launched, like toy boats in a storm.

When the demonstration had subsided, Stephen Wishart looked first at the gallery, thronged with his fellow students; then turned his pale face to the Chancellor, the latter less formidable than the others.

The students hush each other into silence, for it is evident that the man on the dais has something he wants to say. Still Stephen stands, gazing at the gallery.

"Speech, Steve."

"Come away, Wishart—let us have it; turn on the eloquence."

"Shut up, he's going to sing—like the lark at the diggings," cried still another student, who was well up on Dickens, though he had failed on Homer.

The Chancellor held his hand up towards the gallery.

"You will excuse Mr. Wishart just now, gentlemen. He is to deliver the valedictory a little later, as you know."

But Stephen interrupted boldly, finding his tongue at last.

"Mr. Chancellor," he began in a very shaky voice, silence settling as he spoke, "a word is all I want to say. I do not deserve this medal. It isn't rightly