

Master Manton Comes to Court

not comprehend; and he had made himself a little terrible too half a dozen times in his furies against disloyalty, and his contempt of what they considered academical finesse. "*Pecca fortiter!*" he had cried indignantly at a College meeting, gathered to consider what form of religion should be observed in chapel. Unconventionality was hard to bear from a young man who had shared in collegiate advantages for little more than ten years, six as a fellow-commoner, and four as a Fellow.

Guy's whole air and appearance too, these gentlemen told one another, were scarcely academic, and they wondered that his tastes had once seemed to be so. His square-built six feet of body, his square jaw and thin, resolute lips, his bright kindly brown eyes, his abrupt judgments, his generousities, his unconcealed impatience, even his very scruples—all these would have been seemly enough for a gentleman of the country or Court, but they were hardly suitable under a Master's cap and gown.

Guy's gesture, as he disappeared, was so decisive that his friends hung back. He had still plenty to do, though he had half-packed his couple of trunks in the afternoon as soon as the messenger had come; and the silversmith would be waiting upstairs with the piece of plate that he proposed to present to the College. There was another interview too that lay before him, which he did not wholly welcome.

His brain whirled with excitement as he groped his way up the dark stairs. His universe had shrunk to pigmy proportions, and a crowd of giant faces looked down, kings, prelates and statesmen, whose names he knew, and who waited now for him to take his place at their feet. He must leave the nursery for the limitless world. The master's ten minutes' speech had brought