

some pangs of recollection. I could not avoid recalling the time when his very name was to me a word of power, and when the thought of him roused on my cheek a red flush of enthusiasm. As I looked I murmured two lines from Browning's *Grammarian's Funeral*:

This is our Master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Hilda Wade, standing beside me, with an awestruck air, added a stanza from the same great poem:

Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.



"'NO IMPEDIMENT,' SHE ANSWERED."

I gazed at her with admiration. "And it is *you*, Hilda, who pay him this generous tribute!" I cried. "*You*, of all women!"