

It was neither the sheerest hell nor uttermost heaven thus to affront the dead ; it was rather, surely, joy's crown of sorrow, or sorrow's crown of joy. Could it be thought morbid of me, I wondered, to sentimentalise a little as I sat and faced the old school colours frozen there before me? Green and white and rose, grit, wisdom and reliability, the find old Head, as we called him, had quipped it. And now it was such an ephemeral combination. "I don't call that very terrible," she was saying, and I wished I could see whether she were smiling or not as she said it. Such remarks were irritant as well as stimulant. What didn't she call terrible? What indeed, with her Renaissance pose, did she, would she, call terrible? But I might lose all if I speculated. I attacked the viridescence in front of me, and fed my brain on cleaner things. I remembered the place of my initiation into so much that was glowing and splendid ; I remembered the clanging fives courts, and the solemn old Hall, hung round with

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