

susceptible; never had he enjoyed such fascinating intercourse as this. When we left the yacht that night he was silent and absorbed, and I felt sure that a new feeling had found a place in his breast.

For the next few days I was occupied in a thorough investigation of business matters with my employer, who alternately bullied and bantered me, and displayed just that amount of shrewdness and vulgarity which I expected to meet with. During this time Robert and Estelle were thrown together constantly, apparently to their mutual satisfaction. Any man to whom Estelle Glyn chose to be agreeable must have found delight in her society. Delisle, on the other hand, was the sort of man who could not fail to prove interesting to one of the opposite sex to whom he himself was attracted. His handsome and intellectual countenance, his refined bearing, his well-stored mind and ready tongue would have awakened admiration even in a shallow girl. And Miss Glyn was not shallow. I was not altogether astounded when, Glyn having announced that he had nothing more to detain him at Moose Inlet, his daughter remarked calmly, "Father, you will, of course, ask Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Delisle to sail with us?"

"Well—well—" the parent spluttered, "I certainly hadn't thought about it. Don't see how it can be done. They've both got their work to look after."

"Oh, Mr. Courtenay must have a holiday," Miss Glyn said sweetly, betraying an unexpected solicitude for my welfare, "you've simply worked him to death since you've been here. And as for Mr. Delisle, I suppose his flock can live through one Sunday without a sermon."

Estelle was spoilt, of course; her father was her willing slave. Mrs. Tracy was appealed to to sustain the girl's caprice; she gave a terrified assent, and the thing was arranged. Robert insisted that I must go; Mr. Glyn discovered that I might be useful, and we both went.

Into the details of that eventful voyage, it is not necessary that I should enter. We threaded our way in perfect weather through island mazes, rocked on the long rollers of the lake, crept into dark flowing rivers encumbered by floating logs, and varied our cruise by frequent stoppages along the shore. It was the end of August before the *Esmeralda* steamed again into Moose Inlet on her way home. Delisle's flock had lived through three Sundays, instead of one, without a sermon; the young pastor in the delirium of a first passion, had apparently forgotten the existence of the flock altogether.

As the time approached when he must wake from this brief, delicious dream, to prosaic facts, he became greatly disturbed. He had not asked advice of me, nor taken me into his confidence, but it required no vivid imagination to picture his position and state of mind. We reached the Inlet early one morning; the yacht was to remain at anchor for the day; at dawn, of the following day, it was to sail southward. Delisle had an interview, in the very room where his services had been held, with Mr. Glyn; I guessed his desperate object and trembled for him. In the evening, on the *Esmeralda's* deck, I saw Delisle take a formal leave of Miss Glyn: she was as cold as a statue of Daphne; Glyn was curt and testy; poor Mrs. Tracy in a panic. The spirit of romance, I concluded, had been exorcised by what Mr. Glyn would probably describe as "hard pan."

Next morning there was nothing to be seen on the surface of our harbor but the circling gulls. In the days which ensued, Robert Delisle was pale, silent and dejected. On the third or fourth evening, he did not appear at supper, but a note was left for me in his place.

I am unwell and wretched. I must have a change. Take care of my few things till I tell you what to do with them. I want to thank you for your great patience with me. I have not been a pleasant companion.

R. D.

The brief, hot summer, which had leaped up like a flame, had vanished; the leaves of the maple glowed with the early frost, and a dull sense of the impending gloom of winter lay upon my spirit, when Robert Delisle returned. He did not tell me where he had been, nor did I ask him, but he was so blanched, and aged, and dishevelled, that I felt both pity and alarm. I did not, however, obtrude upon his trouble, knowing his pride, but endeavored to maintain towards him a cheerful and unconcerned demeanor. But, on the evening of his return, as we sat together before a crackling fire of logs, in my own room, and my pipe was lit, his story came out. I will try and give it as nearly in his own words as I can.

"Courtenay," Robert said, "I must tell you all. It will help me. I feel like going off my head if I don't get some relief. I love that girl——, you know that, of course. And she loved me, Courtenay; I cannot doubt that."

"I couldn't speak to her plainly on our trip; that would have been a sort of treachery to her father, though I cannot say I respect him much. But I went to him about it the morning we got back here. Of course, I knew it was simple madness; what could a man with my prospects, or rather with no prospects, expect of him. But I had to do it; I could not let them go away and not say a word; nothing could be as bad as that."

"Well, he took it quite differently to what I expected. He didn't knock me down, or roar out, or do anything violent. He listened to all I had to say—it was not much—and then asked shortly, 'Have you any money?' I replied, 'None.' He gave a long whistle and then said, 'Do you expect to make any?' I said, 'No.' 'No man who has no money, and doesn't expect to make any, can marry my daughter.' This settled the matter. I was quite able to keep my self-control, and taking my hat, I gave him a polite 'good-morning,' and moved to the door. He called me back. 'Look here, Mr. Delisle,' he said, 'I like you. I've always liked you since I first met you down in the city. You've got lots of brains, and you can be trusted, two things which I find don't generally go together. You're a fool to throw yourself away on this parson line. Give it up. Come into business; I'll find you a place; I want men like you; and I know you'll get on. With your education and gift of the gab, you might go into Parliament. You would be a power there, and could help me immensely. Come now, think of this seriously. Take my offer, and in a year's time, if Stell is agreeable (and I think she likes you), you can speak to me of this matter again.'"

"Courtenay, I was thunderstruck! Can you imagine such a proposition, so unlooked for, so alluring under the circumstances in which it was made. I was overwhelmed by conflicting sensations. I knew not what to think or say. I felt that I was mechanically thanking Glyn and promising to consider his suggestion. I left him to go—anywhere. I know I found myself breaking through the woods like a wild thing, driven onward in a tempest of feeling. One picture kept recurring to me; it was the picture of Christ on the mountain-top, tempted of the devil, and the words rang through my ears, 'All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' But, stronger than this, was the thought, 'I must have Estelle, at any price.'"

"I had arranged to row her towards evening to that lovely bay around the bluff—you know the one—Deadman's Cove is your ill-omened name for it here. I met her at the appointed hour. She was, I know, saddened by the thought of our parting, and that sadness veiled her in a tenderness which I had never seen before, and marvellously heightened her beauty. As we floated on I tried to tell her my feeling for her, but I could not; the words stuck in my throat; a terrible sense of constraint came over me. So I began,