

Robert Delisle was to pass the summer at our settlement. Delisle and I had been in the same year at college, and had taken our degree together, he with every honor within the reach of a candidate, I with more credit, I fear, to the good nature of my examiners than to my own accomplishments. While I had set out on a business career, as I have stated, he had returned to college for the two years' divinity course. I had never liked Delisle. He had seldom joined in our social gatherings, much less in those boisterous frolics in which I was often the leader, and I thought him arrogant and overbearing in his intellectual superiority. The announcement, therefore, that we were to be close neighbors, and, indeed, inmates of one house—for the house of the superintendent, where I obtained my meals, was the only place in Moose Inlet where a college-bred man would be able to get anything eatable—gave me no pleasure. Yet on reflection, the prospect became less disagreeable. Two years spent in preparing for the ministry must have wrought changes in Delisle. The same period had certainly wrought changes in me. My objection to divinity students, generally, had vanished. In my comparative social isolation and in long sojourns in the awful silence and solitude of the woods, I had learned to look somewhat into my own soul, and had seen there needs of which I had scarcely dreamed. Delisle's seriousness would not repel me, as it once had done; perhaps he could help me in matters concerning that higher life of which I had caught glimpses, and of which he must have a larger vision. But apart from this I felt the need of social intercourse on a higher plane than that of mill hands, shanty-men, and free grant settlers, and for the sake of such intercourse some acerbities in a companion might be put up with.

It was in the beginning of July that Robert arrived upon the scene. He had completed the full term of his divinity course, and, as he told me, was looking forward to ordination in the autumn; in the meantime he had come north, at the suggestion of Patrick Glyn himself, whom he had accidentally met, for three months of mission work, and bracing air. He seemed dreamy and absent-minded, and looked with a disconsolate air upon our unromantic surroundings, the gaunt saw mill with its tall, black flue; the brown frame "store," and its proximate rows of cottages of the same hue and material; the less pretentious log cabins in gardens where the stumps still held sway; the granite ledges obtruding everywhere, like the backs of ossified, half buried monsters, and the strip of charred forest encircling all. But I could not complain of any want of cordiality in his greeting, and he strove to evince an interest in my occupations, and in the simple folk with whom I made him acquainted.

As to these latter, they were inspired with a feeling of awe for the young "minister" which was never lost. Services were instituted at once, and as all were glad of any novelty (an annual mass by a traveling priest, and an occasional address of a revival character from a transient *colporteur*, were about the only religious ordinances we knew) every one, even the French Canadians, attended. I cannot say that Robert was successful in impressing or interesting his hearers from the extemporised pulpit in the store-room which we converted into a church. He was a fluent and forcible speaker, and had gained mastery of language and power of logic since I had heard him at our college literary meetings. But he talked over the heads of all of us, without tenderness, without passion never for a moment producing the impression of one living soul pulsating in sympathy with another. For not producing such an impression I should not blame him too much, as many orthodox preachers fail to do so, but I confess I was disappointed. In private, Delisle was often moody and irritable; but I frequently

found him a delightful companion. His range of reading had been wide, and he possessed gifts of observation and imagination which surprised me many a time when we were together in canoe, or chamber, or forest, or on the grand headland where we often went to drink in the refreshing western wind. On the subject of religion he never spoke, so that I, in my inexperience, was left to wonder at the apparently small proportion of the thoughts which might be assigned to that matter by one whose life was supposed to be consecrated to its cause.

A month of the cloudless summer had floated over us, when Moose Inlet was excited by another arrival. This was the advent of no other than the great Glyn himself, accompanied by an elderly lady (his sister), and his only daughter. A handsome steam yacht bore the party into our little harbor one still afternoon, and the granite bluffs returned, with interest, the report of a mimic cannon. The superintendent and myself were summoned on board the yacht, before we had recovered from the surprise which our employer had prepared for us by this unannounced appearance. Delisle, whose presence had not been forgotten, was also courteously invited to accompany us. We all at once responded to the summons.

Mr. Glyn was as boisterous in his welcome as a rough and good-natured Irishman could be. He was loud in self-congratulations on the happy idea which had inspired the purchase of the yacht. He was thus, he said, enabled to make a summer tour of his mills, timber limits, mining locations, etc., in comfort, and even luxury, enhanced by the company of his women-folk, whom he introduced as Mrs. Tracy, his sister, and Miss Estelle, his only daughter and child. It added to the brilliancy of the scheme that they also should enjoy the lake breezes during "this confounded weather."

Mrs. Tracy was a timid lady who evidently had a constitutional difficulty in differing from any one. She assented cheerfully to her brother's optimistic comments. Miss Estelle made no sign of approval. Indeed, she looked exceedingly bored as she dropped for a moment the book which she was reading, and eyed us languidly from the soft cushions on which she was reclined. Under such a manifestation of indifference, I was not displeased when Glyn took the superintendent and myself forward and engaged us in a conversation on business matters. But I am quite sure that Robert Delisle was displeased that he was left behind to entertain the ladies.

Nevertheless, when, our conference at an end, Glyn took us back to partake of tea under the awning, Miss Glyn had shaken off her languor and was carrying on a civil conversation with Delisle. I noticed then that she was extremely pretty. Let me try and describe her as her image afterwards became imprinted on my memory. She was somewhat under the average height of women, but her form was so perfectly moulded that she did not seem short. She had a profusion of soft, wavy brown hair, eyes that were sometimes gray, and sometime blue, and a peculiarly beautiful complexion, colorless, but softly lustrous. This, with brilliant teeth, gave her, when pleased or animated, an effect which I can only call dazzling. He would have been a dull fellow whose blood did not run faster in his veins, under the stimulus of one of Miss Glyn's irradiant, innocent, caressing, and altogether bewitching smiles.

Delisle had been at first piqued at the young lady's demeanor. When, however, he had brought her to terms by turning his back and addressing himself exclusively to the elder lady, all resentment had melted away under Miss Glyn's graciousness, which she exerted with every charm of manner as if to atone for her previous neglect. Delisle had seen little of women's society; he was, I think, naturally