

Splendid was the type of manhood represented in Stephen Wishart as he stood before them. Tall and athletic, in the strong joy of perfect health, handsome of face as he was commanding of form, the intellectual power that nature had bestowed and culture had enriched, was enhanced by great physical vigour and pronounced magnetic charm.

Great strength marked his face. And struggle too; struggle and peril, the very peril that belongs to a certain kind of strength, and the very struggle that loftier natures are ever doomed to know. For there is a kind of strength that others feel more than the man who bears it, and those who admire know not at what a price it is enjoyed.

Stephen Wishart's power was of the emotions, and a discerning eye could tell that his face was the highway for their intensest action. Affection, poetic feeling, glowing ardour, flowing sympathy, all mingled in his nature, bringing their peril with their charm. The mystic gift of a creative fancy, the very thing that Israel's sweet singer found at once his solace and his snare, was Stephen's birthright. This, joined with rare mental ability, was his jewel gift; and, like other jewels, endangered the very life that it enriched.

His voice, rich of tone and deep of feeling, had yet a note of sadness, as though it knew a secret path to some hidden grave. Those who had ears to hear could have told, as his stately speech flowed on, that there had been conflict in the past, still more of conflict in the days to come.