

thee now that it is well ! This clamour of unkind and envious tongues should be to thee merely as the noise of an idle wind striving to break down a rock that has withstood the storms of centuries ! What are men's opinions unto thee if thou art bent on serving man ? If thou dost work for thy fellow-creatures' good, what does it matter that they should think evil ?"

But the man was sullen and silent, and disbelieved his Angel. The malice and injustice of the world troubled his spirit,—and the genius in him was not strong enough to stand continual torture. A sense of weariness and futility oppressed him,—and the longing he had felt to serve others, seemed but a foolish thing—a poor desire, unworthy of attainment. And the Angel sighed and trembled through all her delicate being, nevertheless she held her peace and watched him patiently and faithfully still.

And presently the passions of the man rose up full-armed and seized his hesitating soul. Worldly ambition and the greed of gold possessed him, and with these things a hungry thirst for personal power and fame. Seizing his pen he wrote in haste and flippancy,—not for the help or service of others, but solely for the glorification of self. And his fellow-men laughed and approved him, saying :—

"Lo, now is he become more like us, and is growing wise in the ways of the time ! He has ceased to teach us what we do not want to know,