

instead, to speak of my prospects in life. Gradually I disclosed her father's proposition that I should enter business. As I proceeded, treating the suggestion seriously, hinting at its wisdom, extenuating the surrender of principle which it involved, she listened in silence. I saw that a change was creeping over her. At last she asked me, coldly, 'What do you intend to do?'

"She gave me no hint of her own wishes. I could not ask her to help me to a decision. 'For your sake,' I broke out in despair, 'For your sake, Estelle, I will accept your father's offer.'"

"It was all over then. She gazed at me with amazement, incredulity, pity, and then fell into deep thought. I know not what I said after that; only I know that I saw a great gulf between us which could never be crossed. Happily we were soon at the yacht again. When I had helped her up the side, and before anyone was in hearing, she turned her eyes upon me, and said in tones which cut me like a knife, 'You have taken me in!' The next moment she added, with a strange pathos, which hurt me even more than her scorn, 'And I thought you so noble!' You saw our leaving; that is the whole story. I have lost the two most precious things a man can lose—the woman of his love and his own honor."

He hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud in the anguish of his regret, humiliation, and self reproach.

It seemed a bad case. I had nothing to say, so I smoked for a long time in silence. But at length I began to see, dimly at first, and then more clearly, that, perhaps, nothing better could have happened to Robert Delisle than this sorrow. In the first place I was not prepared to believe that it could be desirable for any man that he should be the husband of Estelle Glyn. And in the next place it was fortunate for Robert Delisle that he should learn, as he must now have learned, and as I had learned before, how little his heart was consecrated to the sacred work of the ministry. He must now assuredly pause before taking the irrevocable step of ordination. And the travail of the soul through which he was passing would doubtless prove to be only discipline which he needed, such discipline as is needed by all of us and makes us better men.

We sat long into the night, and at last, overcoming my diffidence in a sincere desire to serve him, I found myself trying to tell him what I thought, and he was listening as meekly as a child. For the fact was that the whole nature of the man had broken up, as the ice breaks up in the resurrection of spring, and a more genial and fruitful season of the soul was about to set in.

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Some five years after the events which I have related, happening to be in Montreal, and walking upon the street, my attention was attracted to a very stylish equipage which was passing by. Suddenly the carriage was turned towards the pavement, and drew up beside me, and its occupant, a richly-dressed lady, beckoned me with an imperious gesture of the hand. I recognized Estelle Glyn, more dazzling than ever in the maturity of her beauty.

"Do you not remember me?" she enquired.

"Yes; you are Miss Glyn"

"I am Mrs ———," she mentioned the name of one of the most audacious and successful speculators in the country.

"Are you still at that Inlet place?"

"No, it is some time since I have been in your father's employment."

"That friend of yours—Robert Delisle—have you seen him lately?"

"I have not seen him since that summer. He left Moose Inlet about a month after you."

"Did he—did he go into the Church?"

"He did; but he waited fully three years before taking orders. At the time he was ordained he gave promise of the highest success in his vocation."

"And has not that promise been fulfilled?"

"On that point there may be a difference of opinion."

"What do you mean?"

"Madam," I said, not "many months ago Robert Delisle was killed on the bank of the River Zambesi, by some savages to whom he sought to take Christianity."

She uttered a sharp little cry, and fell back wearily upon the cushioned seat.

A moment later she gave me a cold bow, and was gone.

G. A. M.

DEAD IDEALS.

LIKE travellers who grow poorer day by day,
Still travelling and still spending, we resign
To the exacting years the dower divine
Of youthful feelings; trust, too soon the prey
Of chill experience; passionate thoughts that sway
Young hearts to ardors generous and fine;
And many fair illusions that do shine
Like stars to brighten life's untrodden way.

And somewhere on life's pathway there are graves
Of dead ideals, raptures of a life

After the spirit and in scorn of ease.

Ah God! that we should live bereft of these!

Should call a truce to battle, in the strife

With the world's powers, and be convention's slaves!

G. A. M.

BROWNING.

BROWNING, Emerson and Westcott, are linked together here, perhaps, for the first time. Yet it is their good fortune to have many points in common. They are all of their century. They are all great thinkers and teachers. They are all on the side of that which is Spiritual, as opposed to that which is Material. They are all hopeful, thorough going optimists, prophets of aspiration. Their aims are high, their ambitions noble and they have exerted, each in his own sphere, a profound influence. Here they part company. Emerson unlike the other two, is not on the side of Christian thought though he owes all that is greatest in his work to its inspiration; nevertheless, he labored for young America; he strove to accomplish her spiritual regeneration; he made it his one aim to substitute for the question, 'Will it bake bread?' that other question "Will it save the soul alive?" It would be interesting to inquire why Emerson, who is continually bearing involuntary testimonies to the Faith which he rejects was not a disciple, but we have only time here to suggest that the refracting medium of a sterile Puritanism will account for much. But if with Emerson this testimony to the Christian Philosophy is unconsciously given, it is not so with Browning and Westcott. Christianity is that which they delight to honor, and love to defend. And both do this much in the same way—far more than is at first apparent. Westcott may be said to have had a two-fold aim. In the first place he is an Alexandrine in his modes of thought; as such Christianity appeals to him with special force, as a system which solves all the great problems of *thought*. In the second place, he is the teacher of an age whose main tendency is socialistic; as such, Christianity appeals to him as the essentially Social Gospel, as a system which solves all the problems of *life*.

It would be interesting to know how far, if at all, Browning and Westcott have influenced one another. Browning, as some one has said, knows more theology