

pass, but they neither turned nor stirred. And just at the instant when Daniel was stepping forward to ask them to make way, there rose a voice from the sea, hailing the men by their names. As each man answered, he seemed to fade away over the cliff and sink into the darkness, where the surge sounded and the breakers fell. Then Michael and Daniel sank upon their knees, for they knew they were hearing the "the calling of the dead," and the drowned sailors were answering to their names.

"Leonard Irrian!" cried the voice, coming softly to the ear like the fall of a spent wave.

"Here, father!" was the answer; and a fair young face flitted by and vanished beyond the cliff.

There was only one name more, and, as it was called out, and the drowned man turned one look inland ere he faded into the sea, Michael fell upon his face, clutching Daniel by the hand. When he rose, he was trembling from head to foot. He strove to speak, but his voice was gone, and many seconds passed ere he could utter a word.

"Uncle, I saw that last man in the schooner-yacht at Langarth. He is the one that gave me ill words when he ordered me to keep off. Till I saw him I thought we were in a dream like, or maybe 'twas some trick of the sea and the mist. Now I know better, and I shall never be the same man again."

"You'll be a wiser one, my son," returned Daniel, in an awed voice. "This is not the first time such things have come to me. That ship is wrecked, and all hands have perished. Let us press onwards."

The place where the men had stood was empty, all the path was bare; not a sound broke the night-stillness save the fall of the waves on the sands, as, whispering of death and the life to come, the two men went on their way. Upon the sea nothing was visible except the pale gleam of the moon and the phosphorescent flash of light that followed the roll of the surf.

This was the story Daniel brough to Langarth.

Doctor Arnold, who believed in all wonders and all miracles that were rooted in science, had no faith in any outside his creed, not thinking that these also might belong to the mighty realm of truth, though just beyond the circle his ken had reached. Yet the story oppressed his heart as it did the others', and they all redoubled their efforts to find Leonard Irrian till Mary came; and then, at her sorrowful desire, they desisted,