

mental lapse. You will need to have patience and tact, but if these are properly employed, within a month you should really be a reunited family."

"Couldn't I go to him, doctor?" pleaded Marie. "I feel that I shall love him as a daughter, and I am so anxious to be doing something for him."

"Not yet, Miss Marie, not yet. All that will come in good time, but if we would not have bad results we must be patient. Better not let anyone except your uncle see him for a time. In a week, two weeks, a month, if he should ask for his children, after Mr. Meredith has prepared him to look for them full grown—not till then; it is the only safe way to make the matter quite clear to his restored understanding."

So, in the afternoon, James Meredith had gone to the sick chamber and Dr. Norton, after taking his patient's hand and asking how he felt, receiving a weak but lucid answer, had remarked:

"Well, Mr. Meredith, I've brought you a visitor. Your brother, James, has come to see you. He's been very anxious about you, for you have been very sick. Do you know him?"

And then James Meredith had taken a seat on the edge of his brother's bed and had taken the invalid's thin hand in his own strong palm, fighting manfully to keep back the rising tears, and George Meredith had answered:

"Yes, this is brother James, but it seems as