

acquaintance." There was a note of wistfulness under the flippancy with which the Colonel made this double entendre.

"I will, indeed," the girl promised, with genuine cordiality—"some other time! To-day, however, I think I can rest better if I am alone."

He came to me when she had gone, and after much awkward circumlocution, remarked:

"Sister Dixon seems rather overtired. Have you noticed it?"

I muttered something contradictory, but he was not listening.

"I understand she has acquired the habit of wandering about the desert, alone." He paused, as if waiting for me to speak. "It isn't a healthy habit—that! One gets extraordinary fancies out there, especially under these abnormal conditions. I have heard stories—" he pulled himself up short and blustered: "She needs recreation, companionship! Brooding won't do her any good!"

"She broods less than anyone I ever knew," was my reply.

He shook his head. "Can't always tell by appearances. This mania, now, for trapping off to the desert, alone—er—I suppose that she—er—does go—ah—alone?"

The Colonel flung out the essence of his enquiry with a jerk, in a shamefaced, stammering fashion.

"Sister Dixon's engagements during her hours off duty are no concern of mine," I retorted, stiffly.

But he flared out in protest. "They should be! They should be, I tell you! They should be the ones over which your concern is the greatest. You are in charge here, Lena, and the nurses are as much under your care as are the men!"

Then, even as I stared at him, amazed at this outburst, he turned and went quickly from the room.

Although there were several entries made in Sister Dixon's journal during the weeks that followed this conversation, and although Dan Mowberly made repeated and consistent efforts to win at least small favours from her, she never referred to him or to his invitations and advances by so much as a hint. She either wilfully ignored them—which I am inclined to doubt—or else she entirely forgot his existence the moment he was out of her sight. Every thought was concentrated, it appears, upon an effort to establish the identity of that—notion, I am inclined to call it—which came to her in the desert.

SOME pages in her diary just here are covered with conjecture. Could that mysterious living, yet unseen, Presence, be This person or That? Was it the restless spirit of someone who had passed beyond this life, or was it the vivid soul of a body living in a remote part of the earth? Why did it appear to her?

She wrote of "groping," of her "blindness," she finds it hard to be patient under the "slow development of the sense which is not physical." Then follow a number of entries, that gave me the impression of walking through an ever-diminishing fog. It was as if the girl had been peering from behind a succession of heavy veils, which now began to lift for her, slowly, one at a time. At last she stood triumphant, with but one between her and Sight. She writes in exultation, her pen evidently flying across the pages:—

Oh, the marvel of having my dull senses sharpened, and feeling a finer understanding pierce the hard shell of my material mind!

I am beginning to see . . . to use those other powers which lie dormant in most of us, and which, when developed, give us an immeasurably broader vision. I can trace almost step by step, the gradual unfolding of my higher consciousness from the day I sat in puzzlement, looking up into the face of the Sphinx and wondering about her message for me, until that time when I recognized a world dimly sensed but unperceived; when I felt the presence of persons I could not see and whose existence I could not understand.

And to-day I attained even a clearer vision.

I went out to the desert. Every step carried me farther from the unreal of this life into the actual of that. I sat in a little hollow surrounded by that waveless, silent sea, and scales fell from my eyes. . . . The place was thronged with Invisible Others, swarthy people in flowing garments, many of which were studded with flashing jewels. I was part of a pageant of ancient Egypt. . . I was in the midst of many people. There were children, and there were animals, too.

(Continued on page 50)



"Will Morning Never Come?"

"IF I could only sleep I believe my nerves would soon be all right, but night after night I lie awake and think about everything under the sun."

"What chance is there of getting better so long as this goes on?"

"None. Nerve force is being exhausted nearly twenty-four hours of every day, and there is no rest and sleep in which to replenish the waste."

"One thing sure I cannot stand it much longer, for I know that every week—yes, every day—finds me more restless and nervous, and less able to stand the strain of the day's work."

"I suppose the doctor could give me something to make me sleep, but I don't want that. I am weak enough now. I want something to build up strength rather than to tear down the tissues of the body."

"I believe I will try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have often heard of it, but never thought I would need to use it. I was always so strong and healthy."

"This nervous trouble is a peculiar ailment. No one would believe what I suffer from sleeplessness and nervousness. I do not look like an invalid, but I certainly am one."

"One thing sure I shall not spend another sleepless night before I begin using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I expect it will take a little time to get my nerves right, but I shall get half a dozen boxes and give it a try out. Something seems to tell me that I shall not be disappointed."

You are protected against imitations by the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Recipe Book author, which are on every box of the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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