

lously—"if true, what a glorious power it would arm one with! but have you tested it?"

"Certainly. You ask me, how I influenced a certain lady of wealth and influence, to accept the hand of an unknown adventurer? Was it not easy to will that she should love that adventurer, if he willed it."

"But the process," said Edmund impatiently, "what are the means used?"

"You are in a great hurry; this discovery cost my French friend, the philosopher, weary days of study and nights of painful thought to elicit it, and yet you would have me explain it to you in a moment. But are you satisfied with the theory?"

Edmund nodded; "And you?" he said to St. George.

The latter shook his head. "Not clearly," he answered; "I first understood you that this medium only acted on the muscles; you now say it can produce impressions on the mind?"

"Yes, you cannot tell me what the mind is, but that it is susceptible to external impressions we well know. The mind is a mystery—its messenger is not. Electricity is the vital spirit of the Universe. It exists everywhere, in every thing—in the mote, in the sunbeam, in the worlds rolling through space. Once created, it can never be annihilated; the vital principle is indestructible, and lives forever."

"Oh," cried Edmund impatiently, "let us resume this subject at some other time; at present it is no use dwelling on the theory, pass on to the practical part. I never dreamed this secret was of such absorbing interest; why, to us it will be the lever which Archimedes sighed for in vain. Can you practice on either of us, think you? That would be proof positive."

"I will try," said the elder Rodolphe, "but every one is not susceptible."