

"Believe!" repeated Felix Masters, with his most hateful sneer. "Why, my dear sir, the veriest child on the streets knows what to believe. It is simple enough. An almost ludicrous combination of knavery and folly. The body was stolen, of course, by some of his sharp friends who have concocted this precious story. The grave-clothes, of which you make so much, were left with a purpose evidently, since those in collusion with this remarkable deception are always pushing them to the front."

"And the guard of soldiers," said David, still very quietly; "have they been punished in accordance with law, for their unparalleled unfaithfulness to their trust? And that large company of people who saw and heard the dead after he had returned to life; who walked with him, talked with him, dined with him, and received the orders which will henceforth control their lives, from his lips, — men like Mr. Rothwell and Mr. Markam, and others of like character, that you know I could name, — have they all suddenly become utterly untrustworthy?"

Mr. Masters lost every vestige of self-control.

"Confound them all!" he said, his voice rising; "masses of them are dupes led on by a few consummate liars. Why did we never see this mysterious person who 'walked and talked and dined' with you? Why was it that though we set guards on every side, and watched day and night, we never