

diately after this, his mother vanished, and a loud wailing as of a terrified child struck upon his ear. While he was trying to discover whence the noise proceeded, Beatrice appeared beside him, holding in her hand a handkerchief, deeply stained with blood-marks. 'Haslitt has shot your dog, Lion, Reginald,' she told him, in very composed tones. 'I hope you are not angry.' And then he put forward a hand and seized that of Beatrice, and, in his dream, kissed it many times. 'You noble girl!' he cried. 'You good, wise, generous, charitable girl!' But as his words ended, a clear-pealing laugh sounded from the further part of the room, and Eloise, dressed in a white muslin dress, with a great pink rose on her bosom, hurried up to him, exclaiming: 'I'm home earlier than I expected, though I've been nearly frightened to death by that awful thunder-storm. It struck a tree all into splinters only a few yards away from me. Oh! it was horrible!' And now Eloise lowered her voice to the faintest of whispers, and scanned his face with her bright blue eyes, that had somehow turned very gravely serious. 'But Julian came with me,' she said. 'He is waiting outside. Shall he come in?'

'Yes,' Reginald answered. 'Mother told me that he had accompanied you. I want to see him. I have not seen him, you know, since we were both five years old.'

And now the room seemed to darken, and neither Beatrice nor Eloise were any longer present. But a voice was speaking somewhere amid the dimness, a clear, resonant, manly voice, and yet like none other that Reginald had ever heard.

'I am here,' the voice said, 'but you cannot see me, for matter may not look on spirit. There are some things hard to explain, Reginald . . . In truth, what is there which a poor mortal like you may really say that he knows? I cannot tell you why we were parted from each other . . . it was for a reason,

a certain reason . . . but I am not permitted to tell. Yet be sure of one thing: if you are incomplete in your life without me, so am I incomplete in my life without you. All your past perplexity, all your weak indecisions, all your abrupt outbursts of fine strength, all, all, are attributable to this. We should have been one; we are two. That tree, which you saw the lightning split in two portions last summer, will, doubtless, put forth leaves and branches from either portion in years to come. But the blessed unity will be wanting to each, which once gave the perfect tree its beautiful equipoise. Had we both lived, we would have been as one man, full of mutual love, help, sympathy. But even then, there would have been many assailing doubts for each of us, as to the special incompleteness and insufficiency of either; and when death, at unequal periods, finally divided us, the anguish, the great sense of loss would have surpassed, for him left, any suffering you have ever yet known.'

For a moment the voice paused, and it now seemed to Reginald, as if the most pitchy darkness surrounded him.

'I must leave you,' the voice recommenced; 'I have already remained too long . . . For a spirit like myself to speak of form, is to deal in what means very differently to you and to me. But you will understand me better if I say it thus: Hereafter, when you leave this earth, one form shall cover us, and we shall be one entity. . . Our severed halves shall reunite, our separate fragments shall make one strong, noble and divine union . . . Be patient till then. Be patient and wait. . .'

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With a start, Reginald awoke. The early summer sunshine flooded the room. The lamp burned smokingly on a near table. His packed portmanteau lay close beside the bed. The hard realism of these mute facts brought