

had any right to expect. My nephew, too, dear George, is an honest, noble fellow. You don't think so, because you compare him, perhaps, with an ideal standard—he has not, of course, your sensibility.'

'I said nothing against him, Arden; and I never shall do so. If I think he fails towards you in frankness and obedience, considering all the benefits you have heaped upon him, that is only my private opinion.'

'Well, well, let us not talk of that, let us agree upon that single point to differ. In all others we are at one.'

'I hope so, indeed, my friend.'

'But, oh, that girl! Why did you not prepare me for her? When she turned round and looked at me, it was as though one had risen from the dead.'

'I grant there is a likeness, though it did not strike me with such force. If it pains you I will frame some excuse to persuade Lady Arden to get rid of her *protégé*.'

'No, no, no,' answered Sir Robert. 'Let her stay here since she has once come. The very accident of resemblance gives her a claim upon me.'

Mr. Walcot bowed, with a stoop of his shoulder too gentle to be called a shrug; the action seemed to say, 'This is a matter of feeling in which no one has a right to argue with you; but to me such ideas are unintelligible.'

'My dear Ferdinand, I know I must seem unreasonable to the world at large,' said Sir Robert, as if in answer to this movement, 'but I should have hoped that you would have understood me better. You yourself are cognizant of many things beyond the ken of grosser minds.'

'I have been witness to certain manifestations, Arden, it is true, that I cannot refer to any known laws, and those manifestations have, as it seemed, been connected with my lamented sister. But I hesitate to attach to them any vital meaning.'

'That is because you are by nature a sceptic—that is to say, of a too logical mind, Walcot. Yet you have al-

lowed to me that you have more than once been staggered. After all, these incidents are only links of a chain that has connected this world with the other throughout all ages.'

'Still the hearing is a sense that is very easily deceived, my dear Arden. I have thought oftentimes I have heard dear Madeline's voice; but it might not have been hers; nay, there might have been no voice. The eye brings with it what it sees, we are told; and this is still more true with the secondary senses. If she were to tell me something only known to myself and her—if I had even seen her——'

'That may happen yet, who knows?' interrupted the other, eagerly, and yet with a touch of awe. 'An angel touched Elijah and Daniel, and though it is true I am no prophet, why should not Madeline, who is an angel, favour me with her visible presence? She comes to see me in dreams.'

'In a dream Milton saw his "late espoused saint,"' observed Walcot, softly.

'Yes, but Oberlin tells us that *his* watched him like an attendant spirit, held communion with him, and was visible to his sight. When he contemplated any important act she either encouraged him or checked him.'

'That was a very remarkable case, no doubt, Arden; I remember something of it.'

This might well have been, since his companion had conversed with him on the matter half a dozen times before.

'But Oberlin's experience does not overthrow my argument, though I grant it weakens it, as to the self-deception of the senses.'

'That is what was said to Oberlin himself,' answered Sir Robert, in a tone of triumph; 'when asked how he distinguished such interviews from dreams, he answered, "How do you distinguish one odour from another?" They were perfectly distinct occurrences.'