

tinkle, swung a little, and then hung plummet-like.

Henry put the paper in his waistcoat pocket.

. . . . .

Haskell came with him to the train. They walked in silence.

Then :

"All these ideas of yours, *apropos* the symbol of the pendulum and so forth—is not yours a gospel of negation ? " asked Haskell, in a voice that seemed a blending of the dreary and the hopeful.

"Gospel of negation ? I don't know whether a gospel of negation is good or bad ; but I can only tell you the truth, in answer : whatever my gospel is, it is not a gospel of negation." Our author flung up his head, radiant. "It is a gospel—if you call it gospel—of almost hilarious positivism. No ; there is no negation in either my actions or inactions."

"Ah ! You have got to that !" said Haskell. "Sometimes, thinking of your ideas, I have wondered you did not go mad."

"I used to wonder that myself sometimes. But, you see, if I could not live a real dream, and find it true, I would not have a narcotic dream. There have been minds, seeking as I have sought, that have become unhinged ; but most of that was due to the fact that, not attaining an honest dream-