

full upon the face and figure of an aged man who stood, sadly watching them. They sailed away.

The scene changed, and I beheld these two men, in company with an Indian walking through the dim aisles of a forest.

Again the scene changed. There was now a cluster of log houses before my vision and a stockade of trunks of trees surrounding them. Within the stockade were a number of persons. Two travellers were there and there was also a Priest. He embraced the younger of the two men and the other who was an Indian re-entered the forest.

The next scene showed me the interior of the Priest's rude log house. The traveller was there; he placed on the table the trinkets (or similar ones) that my mother had in the tin box.

The scene dissolved before my vision and I slept. I awoke to find my very soul slipping from my body, and in a dim way I realized that I was another person and that I was about to pass through experiences which had been those of that person.

"I had awakened to find myself lying on a rude bed in the log house of the Priest.

"Where am I?" I questioned.

"You have come to Port Royal," he said.

"But my father," I asked, "will you not try to rescue him? You know he is on that island I told you of. My Uncle Jules was murdered there, and when the malefactors return and find me gone, perhaps my father will also be killed."

"Patience, Gervaise," said the Priest, and in his full and tender voice he spoke to me of many things.

"This is a new land," he said, "where old-time rancors can be all forgotten, and a new life will unfold before you in which you may be happy. Remain here with me and we will see what can be done for your father?"

I lay upon that rude couch and stared into the darkness and thought strange thoughts. I do not know how many days I spent there for dreams count not time, but the moment came when I was to hear news of my father, for in my dream I had become that other Gervaise of long ago.