

not to say on a fiction. For when all came to all, wasn't it far less probable that any moral taint, left in the library atmosphere by that high-coloured Israelite's unbridled animality, set the poor babe so fearfully crying, than some obscure perception of precisely what had put the said Israelite and his animality so ingloriously to flight? The baby, so she reasoned, though a perfectly sweet and clean one, was hardly more, at this stage of its development, than a dear little animal itself. Therefore, as she took it, he wailed in remonstrant terror, not over the delinquencies of any living fellow animal; but—here on the threshold of earthly life, fronting its joyous welcome and promise of multiple merry adventure—over the former presence and passage of a being for whom all earth has to give was finished and done with, of a being discarnate, unnaturally returning hither though dead.

In this last connection, Franccs owned herself guilty of prevarication, of seeking and nurturing a white lie—she refused to label it a black one. Owned she had, of set purpose, mystified Lucia and played on her adoring son-worship, in encouraging her to believe moral prescience, rather than blind