

what held us from interference, for the man was blindly tottering on toward a precipice, clumsily ignorant of the condition he must face; and every fatuous word grated like sand between the teeth. One had a desire to lay physical hands upon him.

"Doctor," Reid broke out, "for God's sake—"

Doctor Paulus never turned his head. "Be still, young man," he said quietly, and Reid's voice died into a stammer as he went steadily on.

"If it was cruel, this way to show you wholly the truth, so we must hurt once not to have to hurt more. But it is better to have the truth now, is it not so? For you have all these that are living, and you will be well again. Oh, there is no miracle; all does not in a moment change. Now and then still you will hear the voices and see these things which are not. But you will know now that they are only of yourself, and so they will go away. This we understand in the good old story of casting out devils. And it is good to be sure that the daughter is at rest, from the beginning. I want you to understand it all very clearly. You have been sick, but you are going to be well, not well all at once, remember, but better day by day, and when discouraging days come I want you to remember this: that even when things seem