

my mother had locked them away in my father's sea-chest, which stood in the little store room off our kitchen. I went whistling gaily homeward. I did not return by the road which skirted the shore, because the spring rain had washed away the outer-edge of the road which lay across the cliff. The soft darkness of the spring night had fallen, and the chirping of the frogs in all the swampy places could be plainly heard. I had a much longer walk, but I was afraid that, should I have ventured to take the short cut across the cliffs, I might lose my footing in the darkness, and go crashing down to death on the jagged rocks of the beach, thirty feet below.

When I reached home, I went to my chimney closet, and brought forth the old cutlass. Mr. Desmond had asked to see it, and he found it very curious indeed. He told us that he had seen other cutlasses, but that this was a different specimen from those others, because of its lightness.

I returned the cutlass to its place in the closet in my bed chamber, and that night I dreamed once more. And strange as it may seem, never since have I been troubled with those ghostly visions of a forgotten life in the dim and distant days of the past. Only those who may have had similar experiences can imagine the groping way in which the subconscious mind seems to be turning backward as it were, over a familiar path, to scenes which, like a landscape, once seen and half forgotten, seem but revealing themselves once more.

I slept and once more my spirit seemed carried along by an invisible force, and I came again to that unknown portal, but I was not alone. A pale spectre of the past accompanied me, and when the portal was reached, he stretched forth a hand, and the curtain that obscured the past was rolled away. "Hearken, Gervaise!" he said, "do not fear, you will see to-night, scenes from the past life of many of your family. The golden key, which you will see ere long is the talisman which gives you this power." He said no more, and I beheld, as upon a dissolving screen, the first scene of this strange vision.

Two men were embarking in a rude boat upon the shore at Chetigne Island. The moon was bright, and its light shone