

CHAPTER VI

EXPERIENCES

"Let us sit round the table and talk," said Madame Riennes.

Thereon the whole party moved into the recess where was the flower-pot that has been mentioned, which Miss Ogilvy took away.

They seated themselves round the little table upon which it had stood. Godfrey, lingering behind, found, whether by design or accident, that the only place left for him was the arm-chair which he hesitated to occupy.

"Be seated, young Monsieur," said the formidable Madame in bell-like tones, whereon he collapsed into the chair. "Sister Helen," she went on, "draw the curtain, it is more private so; yes, and the blind that there may be no unholy glare."

Miss Ogilvy, who seemed to be entirely under Madame's thumb, obeyed. Now to all intents and purposes they were in a tiny, shadowed room cut off from the main apartment.

"Take that talisman from your neck and give it to young Monsieur Knight," commanded Madame.

"But I gave it to her, and do not want it back," ventured Godfrey, who was growing alarmed.

"Do what I say," she said sternly, and he found himself holding the relic.

"Now, young Monsieur, look me in the eyes a little and listen. I request of you that holding that black, engraved stone in your hand, you will be so good as to throw your soul, do you understand, your soul, back, back, back and tell us where it come from, who have it, what part it play in their life, and everything about it."

"How am I to know?" asked Godfrey, with indignation.

Then suddenly everything before him faded, and he saw himself standing in a desert by a lump of black rock, at which a brown man clad only in a waist cloth and a kind of peaked straw hat, was striking with an instrument that seemed to be half chisel and half hammer, fashioned apparently from bronze, or perhaps of greenish-coloured flint.

Presently the brown man, who had a squint in one eye and a hurt toe that was bound round with something, picked up a piece of the black rock that he had knocked off, and surveyed it with evident satisfaction. Then the scene vanished.

Godfrey told it with interest to the audience who were apparently also interested.

"The finding of the stone," said Madame. "Continue, young Monsieur."

Another vision rose before Godfrey's mind. He beheld a low room having a kind of verandah, roofed with reeds, and beyond it a little courtyard enclosed by a wall of grey-coloured mud bricks, out of some of which stuck pieces of straw. This courtyard opened onto a narrow street where many oddly-clothed people walked up and down, some of whom wore peaked caps. A little man, old and grey, sat with the fragment of black rock on a low table before him, which Godfrey knew to be the same stone that he had already seen. By him lay graving tools, and he was engaged in polishing the stone, now covered with figures and writing, by help of a stick, a piece of rough cloth and oil. A young man with a curly beard walked into the little courtyard, and to him the old fellow delivered the engraved stone with obeisances, receiving payment in some curious currency.

Then followed picture upon picture in all of which the talisman appeared in the hands of sundry of its owners. Some of these pictures had to do with love, some with religious ceremonies, and some with war. One, too, with its sale, perhaps in a time of siege or scarcity, for a small loaf of black-looking bread, by an aged woman who wept at parting with it.

After this he saw an Arab-looking man finding the stone amongst the crumbling remains of a brick wall that showed signs of having been

burnt, which wall he was knocking down with a pick-axe to allow water to flow down an irrigation channel on his garden. Presently a person who wore a turban and was girt about with a large scimitar, rode by, and to him the man showed, and finally presented the stone, which the Saracen placed in the folds of his turban.

The next scene was of this man engaged in battle with a knight clad in mail. The battle was a very fine one, which Godfrey described with much gusto. It ended in the knight killing the Eastern man and hacking off his head with a sword. This violent proceeding disarranged the turban out of which fell the black stone. The knight picked it up and hid it about him. Next Godfrey saw this same knight, grown into an old man and being borne on a bier to burial, clad in the same armour that he had worn in the battle. Upon his breast hung the black stone which had now a hole bored through the top of it.

Lastly there came a picture of the old sexton finding the talisman among the bones of the knight, and giving it to himself, Godfrey, then a small boy, after which everything passed away.

"I guess that either our young friend here has got the vision, or that he will make a first-class novelist," said Colonel Josiah Smith. "Anyway, if you care to part with that talisman, Miss Ogilvy, I will be glad to give you five hundred dollars for it on the chance of his integrity."

She smiled and shook her head, stretching out her hand to recover the Gnostic charm.

"Be silent, Brother Josiah Smith," exclaimed Madame Riennes, angrily. "If this were imposture, should I not have discovered it? It is good vision--psychometry is the right term--though of a humbler order such as might be expected from a beginner. Still, there is hope, there is hope. Let us see, now. Young gentleman, be so good as to look me in the eye."

Much against his will Godfrey found himself bound to obey, and looked her "in the eye." A few moments later he felt dizzy, and after that he remembered no more.

When Godfrey awoke again the curtain was drawn, the blinds were pulled up and the butler was bringing in tea. Miss Ogilvy sat by his side, looking at him rather anxiously, while the others were conversing together in a somewhat excited fashion.

"It is splendid, splendid!" Madame was saying. "We have discovered a pearl beyond price, a great treasure. Hush! he awakes."

Godfrey, who experienced a curious feeling of exhaustion and of emptiness of brain, yawned and apologized for having fallen asleep, whereon the professor and the colonel both assured him that it was quite natural on so warm a day. Only Madame Riennes smiled like a

sphinx, and asked him if his dreams were pleasant. To this he replied that he remembered none.

Miss Ogilvy, however, who looked rather anxious and guilty, did not speak at all, but busied herself with the tea which Godfrey thought very strong when he drank it. However, it refreshed him wonderfully, which, as it contained some invigorating essence, was not strange. So did the walk in the beautiful garden which he took afterwards, just before the carriage came to drive him back to Kleindorf.

Re-entering the drawing-room to say goodbye, he found the party engaged listening to the contents of a number of sheets of paper closely written in pencil, which were being read to them by Colonel Josiah Smith, who made corrections from time to time.

"Au revoir, my young brother," said Madame Riennes, making some mysterious sign before she took his hand in her fat, cold fingers, "you will come again next Sunday, will you not?"

"I don't know," he answered awkwardly, for he felt afraid of this lady, and did not wish to see her next Sunday.

"Oh! but I do, young brother. You will come, because it gives me so much pleasure to see you," she replied, staring at him with her strange eyes.

Then Godfrey knew that he would come because he must.

"Why does that lady call me 'young brother'?" he asked Miss Ogilvy, who accompanied him to the hall.

"Oh! because it is a way she has. You may have noticed that she called me 'sister'."

"I don't think that I shall call her sister," he remarked with decision. "She is too alarming."

"Not really when you come to know her, for she has the kindest heart and is wonderfully gifted."

"Gifts which make people tell others that they are going to die are not pleasant, Miss Ogilvy."

She shivered a little.

"If her spirit--I mean the truth--comes to her, she must speak it, I suppose. By the way, Godfrey, don't say anything about this talisman and the story you told of it, at Kleindorf, or in writing home."

"Why not?"

"Oh! because people like your dear old Pasteur, and clergymen

generally, are so apt to misunderstand. They think that there is only one way of learning things beyond, and that every other must be wrong. Also I am sure that your friend, Isobel Blake, would laugh at you."

"I don't write to Isobel," he exclaimed setting his lips.

"But you may later," she said smiling. "At any rate you will promise, won't you?"

"Yes, if you wish it, Miss Ogilvy, though I can't see what it matters. That kind of nonsense often comes into my head when I touch old things. Isobel says that it is because I have too much imagination."

"Imagination! Ah! what is imagination? Well, goodbye, Godfrey, the carriage will come for you at the same time next Sunday. Perhaps, too, I shall see you before then, as I am going to call upon Madame Boiset."

Then he went, feeling rather uncomfortable, and yet interested, though what it was that interested him he did not quite know. That night he dreamed that Madame Riennes stood by his bed watching him with her burning eyes. It was an unpleasant dream.

He kept his word. When the Boiset family, especially Madame, cross-examined him as to the details of his visit to Miss Ogilvy, he merely described the splendours of that opulent establishment and the intellectual character of its guests. Of their mystic attributes he

said nothing at all, only adding that Miss Ogilvy proposed to do herself the honour of calling at the Maison Blanche, as the Boisets' house was called.

About the middle of the week Miss Ogilvy arrived and, as Madame had taken care to be at home in expectation of her visit, was entertained to tea. Afterwards she visited the observatory, which interested her much, and had a long talk with the curious old Pasteur, who also interested her in his way, for as she afterwards remarked to Godfrey, one does not often meet an embodiment of human goodness and charity. When he replied that the latter quality was lacking to the Pasteur where Roman Catholics were concerned, she only smiled and said that every jewel had its flaw; nothing was quite perfect in the world.

In the end she asked Madame and Juliette to come to lunch with her, leaving out Godfrey, because, as she said, she knew that he would be engaged at his studies with the Pasteur. She explained also that she did not ask them to come with him on Sunday because they would be taken up with their religious duties, a remark at which Juliette made what the French call a "mouth," and Madame smiled faintly.

In due course she and her daughter went to lunch and returned delighted, having found themselves fellow-guests of some of the most notable people in Lucerne, though not those whom Miss Ogilvy entertained on Sundays. Needless to say from that time forward Godfrey's intimacy with this charming and wealthy hostess was in every

way encouraged by the Boiset family.

The course of this intimacy does not need any very long description. Every Sunday after church the well-appointed carriage and pair appeared and bore Godfrey away to luncheon at the Villa Ogilvy. Here he always met Madame Riennes, Colonel Josiah Smith, and Professor Petersen; also occasionally one or two others with whom these seemed to be sufficiently intimate to admit of their addressing them as "Brother" or "Sister."

Soon Godfrey came to understand that they were all members of some kind of semi-secret society, though what this might be he could not quite ascertain. All he made sure of was that it had to do with matters which were not of this world. Nothing concerning mundane affairs, however important or interesting, seemed to appeal to them; all their conversation was directed towards what might be called spiritual problems, reincarnations, Karmas (it took him a long time to understand what a Karma is), astral shapes, mediumship, telepathic influences, celestial guides, and the rest.

At first this talk with its jargon of words which he did not comprehend, bored him considerably, but by degrees he felt that he was being drawn into a vortex, and began to understand its drift. Even while it was enigmatic it acquired a kind of unholy attraction for him, and he began to seek out its secret meaning in which he found that company ready instructors.

"Young brother," said Madame Riennes, "we deal with the things not of the body, but of the soul. The body, what is it? In a few years it will be dust and ashes, but the soul--it is eternal--and all those stars you study are its inheritance, and you and I, if we cultivate our spiritual parts, shall rule in them."

Then she would roll her big eyes and become in a way magnificent, so that Godfrey forgot her ugliness and the repulsion with which she inspired him.

In the end his outlook on life and the world became different, and this not so much because of what he learned from his esoteric teachers, as through some change in his internal self. He grew to appreciate the vastness of things and the infinite possibilities of existence. Indeed, his spiritual education was a fitting pendant to his physical study of the heavens, peopled with unnumbered worlds, each of them the home, doubtless, of an infinite variety of life, and each of them keeping its awful secrets locked in its floating orb. He trembled in presence of the stupendous Whole, of which thus by degrees he became aware, and though it frightened him, thought with pity of the busy millions of mankind to whom such mysteries are nothing at all; who are lost in their business or idleness, in their eating, drinking, sleeping, love-making, and general satisfaction of the instincts which they possess in common with every other animal. The yearning for wisdom, the desire to know, entered his young heart and possessed it, as once these

did that of Solomon, to such a degree indeed, that standing on the threshold of his days, he would have paid them all away, and with them his share in this warm and breathing world, could he have been assured that in exchange he would receive the key of the treasure-house of the Infinite.

Such an attitude was neither healthy nor natural to a normal, vigorous lad just entering upon manhood, and, as will be seen, it did not endure. Like everything else, it had its causes. His astronomical studies were one of these, but a deeper reason was to be found in those Sunday séances at the Villa Ogilvy. For a long while Godfrey did not know what happened to him on these occasions. The party sat round the little table, talking of wonderful things; Madame Riennes looked at him and sometimes took his hand, which he did not like, and then he remembered no more until he woke up, feeling tired, and yet in a way exhilarated, for with the mysteries of hypnotic sleep he was not yet acquainted. Nor did it occur to him that he was being used a medium by certain of the most advanced spiritualists in the world.

By degrees, however, inklings of the truth began to come. Thus, one day his consciousness awoke while his body seemed still to be wrapt in trance, and he saw that there was a person present who had not been of the party when he went to sleep. A young woman, clad in a white robe, with lovely hair flowing down her back, stood by his side and held his supine fingers in her hand.

She was beautiful, and yet unearthly, she wore ornaments also, but as he watched, to his amazement these seemed to change. What had been a fillet of white stones, like diamonds, which bound her hair, turned to one of red stones, like rubies, and as it did so the colour of her eyes, which were large and very tranquil, altered.

She was speaking in a low, rich voice to Miss Ogilvy, who answered, addressing her as Sister Eleanor, but what she said Godfrey could not understand. Something of his inner shock and fear must have reflected itself upon his trance-bound features, for suddenly he heard Madame Riennes exclaim:

"Have done! the medium awakes, and I tell you it is dangerous while our Guide is here. Back to his breast, Eleanor! Thence to your place!"

The tall figure changed; it became misty, shapeless. It seemed to fall on him like a cloud of icy vapour, chilling him to the heart, and through that vapour he could see the ormolu clock which stood on a bracket in the recess, and even note the time, which was thirteen minutes past four. After this he became unconscious, and in due course woke up as usual. The first thing his eyes fell on was the clock, of which the hands now pointed to a quarter to five, and the sight of it brought everything back to him. Then he observed that all the circle seemed much agitated, and distinctly heard Madame Riennes say to Professor Petersen in English:--

"The thing was very near. Had it not been for that medicine of yours----! It was because that speerit do take his hand. She grow fond of him; it happen sometimes if the medium be of the other sex and attractive. She want to carry him away with her, that Control, and I expect she never quite leave him all his life, because, you see, she materialize out of him, and therefore belong to him. Next time she come, I give her my mind. Hush! Our wonderful little brother wake up--quite right this time."

Then Godfrey really opened his eyes; hitherto he had been feigning to be still in trance, but thought it wisest to say nothing. At this moment Miss Ogilvy turned very pale and went into a kind of light faint.

The Professor produced some kind of smelling-bottle from his pocket, which he held to her nostrils. She came to at once, and began to laugh at her own silliness, but begged them all to go away and leave her quiet, which they did. Godfrey was going too, but she stopped him, saying that the carriage would not be ready till after tea, and that it was too wet for him to walk in the garden, for now autumn had come in earnest. The tea arrived, a substantial tea, with poached eggs, of which she made him eat two, as she did always after these sittings. Then suddenly she asked him if he had seen anything. He told her all, adding:

"I am frightened. I do not like this business, Miss Ogilvy. Who and what was that lady in white, who stood by me and held my hand? My

fingers are still tingling, and a cold wind seems to blow upon me."

"It was a spirit, Godfrey, but there is no need to be afraid, she will not do you any harm."

"I don't know, and I don't think that you have any right to bring spirits to me, or out of me, as I heard that dreadful Madame say had happened. It is a great liberty."

"Oh! don't be angry with me," she said piteously. "If only you understood. You are a wonderful medium, the most wonderful that any of us has ever known, and through you we have learned things; holy, marvellous things, which till now have not been heard of in the world. Your fame is already great among leading spiritualists of the earth, though of course they do not know who you are."

"That does not better matters," said Godfrey, "you know it is not right."

"Perhaps not, but my dear boy, if only you guessed all it means to me! Listen; I will tell you; you will not betray me, will you? Once I was very fond of someone; he was all my life, and he died, and my heart broke. I only hope and pray that such a thing may never happen to you. Well, from that hour to this I have been trying to find him and failed, always failed, though once or twice I thought----. And now through you I have found him. Yes, he has spoken to me telling me much which proves

to me that he still lives elsewhere and awaits me. And oh! I am happy, and do not care how soon I go to join him. And it is all through you. So you will forgive me, will you not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Godfrey, "but all the same I don't want to have anything more to do with that white lady who is called Eleanor and changes her jewels so often; especially as Madame said she was growing fond of me and would never leave me. So please don't ask me here again on Sundays."

Miss Ogilvy tried to soothe him.

"You shouldn't be frightened of her," she said. "She is really a delightful spirit, and declares that she knew you very intimately indeed, when you were an early Egyptian, also much before that on the lost continent, which is called Atlantis, to say nothing of deep friendships which have existed between you in other planets."

"I say!" exclaimed Godfrey, "do you believe all this?"

"Well, if you ask me, I must say that I do. I am sure that we have all of us lived many lives, here and elsewhere, and if this is so, it is obvious that in the course of them we must have met an enormous number of people, with certain of whom we have been closely associated in the various relationships of life. Some of these, no doubt, come round with us again, but others do not, though we can get into touch with them

under exceptional circumstances. That is your case and Eleanor's. At present you are upon different spheres, but in the future, no doubt, you will find yourselves side by side again, as you have often been, in due course to be driven apart once more by the winds of Destiny, and perhaps, after ages, finally to be united. Meanwhile she plays the part of one of your guardian angels."

"Then I wish she wouldn't," said Godfrey, with vigour. "I don't care for a guardian angel of whom I have no memory, and who seems to fall on you like snow upon a hot day. If anybody does that kind of thing I should prefer a living woman."

"Which doubtless she has been, and will be again. For you see, where she is, she has memory and foreknowledge, which are lacking to the incarnated. Meanwhile, through you, and because of you, she can tell us much. You are the wire which connects us to her in the Unseen."

"Then I hope you will find another wire; I really do, for it upsets me and makes me feel ill. I know that I shall be afraid to go to bed to-night, and even for you, Miss Ogilvy, I won't come next Sunday."

Then, as the carriage was now at the door, he jumped into it and departed without waiting for an answer.

Moreover, on the next Sunday, when, as usual, it arrived to fetch him at Kleindorf, Godfrey kept his word, so that it went back empty. By the

coachman he sent an awkwardly worded note to Miss Ogilvy, saying that he was suffering from toothache which had prevented him from sleeping for several nights, and was not well enough to come out.

This note she answered by post, telling him that she had been disappointed not to see him as she was also ill. She added that she would send the carriage on the following Sunday on the chance of his toothache being better, but that if it was not, she would understand and trouble him no more.

During all that week Godfrey fought with himself. He did not wish to have anything more to do with the white and ghostly Eleanor, who changed her gems so constantly, and said that she had known him millenniums ago. Indeed, he felt already as though she were much too near him, especially at night, when he seemed to become aware of her bending over his bed, and generally making her presence known in other uncomfortable ways that caused his hair to stand up and frightened him.

At the same time he was really fond of Miss Ogilvy, and what she said about being ill touched him. Also there was something that drew him; it might be Eleanor, or it might be Madame Riennes. At any rate he felt a great longing to go. Putting everything else aside, these investigations had their delights. What other young fellow of his age could boast an Eleanor, who said she had been fond of him tens of thousands of years before?

Moreover, here was one of the gates to that knowledge which he desired so earnestly, and how could he find the strength to shut it in his own face?

Of course the end of the matter was that by the following Sunday, his toothache had departed, and the carriage did not return empty to the Villa Ogilvy.

He found his hostess looking white and ethereal, an appearance that she had acquired increasingly ever since their first meeting. Her delight at seeing him was obvious, as was that of the others. For this he soon discovered the reason. It appeared that the sitting on the previous Sunday, when he was overcome by toothache, had been an almost total failure. Professor Petersen had tried to fill his place as medium, with the result that when he fell under the influence, the only spirit that broke through his lips was one which discoursed interminably about lager beer and liqueurs of some celestial brew, which, as Madame Riennes, a lady not given to mince her words, told him to his face afterwards, was because he drank too much. Hence the joy of these enthusiasts at the re-appearance of Godfrey.

With considerable reluctance that youth consented to play his usual rôle, and to be put into a charmed sleep by Madame. This time he saw no Eleanor, and knew nothing of what happened until he awoke to be greeted by the horrific spectacle of Miss Ogilvy lying back in her chair bathed in blood. General confusion reigned in the midst of which Madame

Riennes alone was calm.

"It is hæmorrhage from the lungs," she said, "which is common among poitrinaires. Brother Petersen, do what you can, and you, Brother Smith, fly for Mademoiselle's doctor, and if he is not at home, bring another."

Later Godfrey heard what had chanced. It seemed that the wraith, or emanation, or the sprite, good or evil, or whatever it may have been, which called itself Eleanor, materialized in a very ugly temper. It complained that it had not been allowed to appear upon the previous Sunday and had been kept away from its brother, i.e. Godfrey. Then it proceeded to threaten all the circle, except Godfrey, who was the real culprit, with divers misfortunes, especially directing its wrath against Miss Ogilvy.

"You will die soon," it said, "and in the spirit world I will pay you back." Thrice it repeated this: "You will die," to which Miss Ogilvy answered with calm dignity:

"I am not afraid to die, nor am I at all afraid of you, Eleanor, who, as I now see, are not good but evil."

While she spoke a torrent of blood burst from her lips, Eleanor disappeared, and almost immediately Godfrey awoke.

In due course the doctor came and announced that the hæmorrhage had ceased, and that the patient was in no imminent danger. As to the future, he could say nothing, except that having been Miss Ogilvy's medical attendant for some years, he had expected something of this sort to happen, and known that her life could not be very long.

Then Godfrey went home very terrified and chastened, blaming himself also for this dreadful event, although in truth no one could have been more innocent. He had grown very fond of Miss Ogilvy, and shuddered to think that she must soon leave the world to seek a dim Unknown, where there were bad spirits as well as good.

He shuddered, too, at the thought of this Eleanor, who made use of him to appear in human form, and on his knees prayed God to protect him from her. This indeed happened, if she had any real existence and was not some mere creation of the brain of Madame Riennes, made visible by the working of laws whereof we have no knowledge. Never again, during all his life, did he actually see any more of Eleanor, and the probability is that he never will, either here or elsewhere.

Three days later Godfrey received a letter from the doctor, saying that Miss Ogilvy wished to see him, and that he recommended him not to delay his visit. Having obtained the permission of the Pasteur, he went in at once by the diligence, and on arrival at the villa, where evidently he was expected, was shown up to a bedroom which commanded a beautiful view of the lake and Mount Pilatus. Here a nurse met him and told him

that he must not stay long; a quarter of an hour at the outside. He asked how Mademoiselle was, whereon she answered with an expressive shrug:

"Soon she will be further from the earth than the top of that mountain."

Then she took him to another smaller room, and there upon the bed, looking whiter than the sheets, lay his friend. She smiled very sweetly when she caught sight of him.

"Dear Godfrey," she said, "it is kind of you to come. I wanted to see you very much, for three reasons. First, I wish to beg your pardon for having drawn you into this spiritualism without your knowing that I was doing so. I have told you what my motive was, and therefore I will not repeat it, as my strength is small. Secondly, I wish you to promise me that you will never go to another séance, since now I am quite sure that it is dangerous for the young. To me spiritualism has brought much good and joy, but with others it may be different, especially as among spirits, as on the earth, there are evil beings. Do you promise?"

"Yes, yes," answered Godfrey, "only I am afraid of Madame Riennes."

"You must stand up against her if she troubles you, and seek the help of religion; if necessary consult your old Pasteur, for he is a good man. There is no danger in the world that cannot be escaped if only one is bold enough, or so I think, though, alas! myself I have lacked

courage," she added with a gentle sigh.

"Now, dear boy," she went on after pausing to recover strength, "I have a third thing to say to you. I have left you some money, as I know that you will have little. It is not every much, but enough, allowing for accidents and the lessening of capital values, to give you £260 a year clear. I might have given you more, but did not, for two reasons. The first is, that I have observed that young men who have what is called a competence, say £500 or £600 a year, very often are content to try and live on it, and to do nothing for themselves, so that in the end it becomes, not a blessing, but a curse. The second is, that to do so I should be obliged to take away from certain charities and institutions which I wish to benefit. That is all I have to say about money. Oh! no, there is one more thing. I have also left you the talisman you gave me, and with it this house and grounds. Perhaps one day you might like to live here. I have a sort of feeling that it will be useful to you at some great crisis of your fate, and at least it will remind you of me, who have loved and tried to beautify the place. In any case it will always let, and if it becomes a white elephant, you can sell it and the furniture, which is worth something."

Godfrey began to stammer his thanks, but she cut him short with a wave of her hand, murmuring:

"Don't let us waste more time on such things, for soon you must go away. Already I see that nurse looking at me from the doorway of the

other room, and I have something more to say to you. You will come to think that all this spiritualism, as it is called, is nothing but a dangerous folly. Well, it is dangerous, like climbing the Alps, but one gets a great view from the top. And, oh! from there how small men look and how near are the heavens. I mean, my dear boy, that although I have asked you to abjure séances and so forth, I do pray of you to cultivate the spiritual. The physical, of course, is always with us, for that is Nature's law, without which it could not continue. But around and beyond it broods the spirit, as once it did upon the face of the waters, encircling all things; the beginning of all things, and the end. Only, as wine cannot be poured into a covered cup, so the spirit cannot flow into a world-sealed heart, and what is the cup without the wine? Open your heart, Godfrey, and receive the spirit, so that when the mortal perishes the immortal may remain and everlastingly increase. For you know, if we choose death we shall die, and if we choose life we shall live; we, and all that is dear to us."

Miss Ogilvy paused a little to get her breath, then went on: "Now, my boy, kiss me and go. But first--one word more. I have taken a strange affection for you, perhaps because we were associated in other existences, I do not know. Well, I want to say that from the land whither I am about to be borne, it shall be my great endeavour, if it is so allowed, to watch over you, to help you if there be need, and in the end to be among the first to greet you there, you, or any whom you may love in this journey of yours through life. Look, the sun is sinking. Now, goodbye till the dawn."

He bent down and kissed her and she kissed him back, throwing her thin and feeble arm about his neck, after which the nurse came and hurried him away weeping. At the door he turned back and saw her smile at him, and, oh! on her wasted face were peace and beauty.

Next day she died.

Forty-eight hours later Godfrey attended her funeral, to which the Pasteur Boiset was also bidden, and after it was over they were both summoned to the office of a notary where her will was read. She was a rich woman, who left behind her property to the value of quite £100,000, most of it in England. Indeed, this Swiss notary was only concerned with her possessions in Lucerne, namely the Villa Ogilvy, its grounds and furniture, and certain moneys that she had in local securities or at the bank. The house, its appurtenances and contents, were left absolutely to Godfrey, the Pasteur Boiset being appointed trustee of the property until the heir came of age, with a legacy of £200, and an annual allowance of £100 for his trouble.

Moreover, with tender care, except for certain bequests to servants, the testatrix devoted all her Swiss moneys to be applied to the upkeep of the place, with the proviso that if it were sold these capital sums should revert to her other heirs in certain proportions. The total of

such moneys as would pass with the property, was estimated by the notary to amount to about £4,000 sterling, after the payment of all State charges and legal expenses. The value of the property itself, with the fine old French furniture and pictures which it contained, was also considerable, but unascertained. For the rest it would appear that Godfrey inherited about £12,000 in England, together with a possible further sum of which the amount was not known, as residuary legatee. This bequest was vested in the English trustees of the testatrix who were instructed to apply the interest for his benefit until he reached the age of twenty-five, after which the capital was to be handed over to him absolutely.

Godfrey, whose knowledge of the French tongue was still limited, and who was overcome with grief moreover after the sad scene through which he had just passed, listened to all these details with bewilderment. He was not even elated when the grave notary shook his hand and congratulated him with the respect that is accorded to an heir, at the same time expressing a hope that he would be allowed to remain his legal representative in Switzerland. Indeed, the lad only muttered something and slipped away behind the servants whose sorrow was distracted by the exercise of mental arithmetic as to the amount of their legacies.

After his first stupefaction, however, the Pasteur could not conceal his innocent joy. A legacy of £200, a trusteeship "of the most important," as he called it, and an allowance of £100 for years to

come, were to him wonderful wealth and honour.

"Truly, dear young friend," he said to Godfrey, as they left the office, "it was a fortunate hour for me, and for you also, when you entered my humble house. Now I am not only your instructor, but the guardian of your magnificent Lucerne property. I assure you that I will care for it well. To-morrow I will interview those domestics and dismiss at least half of them, for there are far too many."