

sidered either as the result of a divine revelation or as deeply rooted in some general, necessary, and consequently infallible conviction of our intellectual nature. The universality of the belief is not denied by any serious writer, and it is therefore sufficient to quote the beautiful description of it given by Chateaubriand: 'Human nature proves itself superior to the rest of creation, and appears in all its high destinies. Does the brute know anything about a coffin, does he concern himself about his remains? What to him are the bones of his parent, or rather, can he distinguish his parent after the cares of infancy are past? Whence comes, then, the powerful impression that is made upon the tomb? Are a few grains of dust deserving of our veneration? Certainly not; we respect the ashes of our ancestors for this reason only—because a secret voice whispers to us that all is not extinguished in them. It is this that confers a sacred character on the funeral ceremony among all nations of the world; all are alike persuaded that the sleep even of the tomb is not everlasting, and that death is but a glorious transformation' (*Genius of Christianity*, p. 191). (b) The infinite holiness of God demands such a survival. On the one hand, God, Who by His very nature must love what is good and hate what is evil, is bound to set up sufficient sanctions for the observance of His laws, and on the other hand, the sanction attached in the present life to their observance is manifestly insufficient. Hence there must be another life, where the moral law will find adequate sanction. God is just, also, and therefore He must wish that, sooner or later, the good shall be rewarded in proportion to their merits and the guilty punished in proportion to their demerits. God, for reasons of His own, often allows Vice to go on its triumphant way to the end, and Virtue to bend under the burden of sorrow; but His government would be futile, were there to be no change at some time or other. We refuse to believe that God's Justice can allow death to be the end of all.

The Storyteller

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE FREE

When a fastidious bachelor, who lives alone in an apartment and keeps no valet, has his face all nicely lathered for shaving, the tinkle of the telephone bell is apt to ruffle a temper as habitually serene as mine.

I picked up the receiver, and even the charming voice of Helen Barret hardly carried its own forgiveness. Helen's voice is charming, and I am always gratified when its quality is recognised by the discerning, because I help to make it so. There was a time when she screeched and giggled and clipped her consonants in the thin unmodulated tones so common a few years ago even among girls who attended the best schools. Having spent a year in post-graduate work at Oxford, the music of the cultivated English voice has lingered in my ears like a benediction. When I went to Senator Barret, Helen's father, as his private secretary, I added to my other duties, quite of my own volition, Helen's voice, and manners and reading. I must say that now she is more than duly grateful, although there was a time—but let that go.

When I began my secretarial duties Helen was five years old. I was a youth of twenty-three, with a very good opinion of my own ability, and the tyranny she commenced to exercise at once, disguised even at that tender age by various feminine witcheries, she continued into her brilliant young ladyhood. I do not recall just when I became 'Bobby' to her, for her father said 'Mr. Hurde' at first, and after mutual confidence and liking had been established, I was just 'Robert.'

Naturally, I have always been devoted to Helen, as a brother might be to a sister much younger than himself who at once gratified his pride, his sense of exquisite womanhood, and gave him a generous measure of honest affection.

Helen at five was a dear little thing, compounded

of big, blue eyes, adorable lashes, dark curls and dimples. At twenty she still kept the eyes and the lashes, and her fair, refined face, slightly variant as to nose from the classic, was singularly winning and noble. At the period when girls put down their skirts and put up their hair—I heard some one use that phrase lately—she developed an unsuspected talent for dress, a very different quality from mere fondness for finery, and ever after she was apt to be the best-dressed girl in a city of well-dressed girls. Helen was an only child, and motherless, and to say that she was her father's idol would merely be to emphasise the obvious. I always told her that she would have been happier and better off with brothers and sisters.

'But not any nicer, Bobby,' she interrupted, 'surely you do not think that I could be improved!'

The Barrets were a notably detached family, and if they had any relatives none was ever visible in Washington. Miss Crook, who makes her bread and jam by a more or less veracious chronicle of social happenings, has hinted at a discreet suppression of undesirable kindred. That may have been a part of their cleverness, but I had no reason for thinking so, and I certainly knew them better than Miss Crook.

Is that you, Bobby?' said the voice.

'No. It's the Sultan of Sulu. Did you expect to find me here at half-past 8 in the morning?' I answered, with a feeling of sarcasm.

'Oh, weren't you up?' the voice sounded slightly hurt as well as reproachful.

'I was shaving,' I replied with dignity.

The sound-waves seemed to bring a giggle, but, perhaps, I did not hear rightly.

'Bobby, I want you to-morrow night for dinner without fail. "Without fail" is underscored three times. Lord Wharton—if you read the papers you know about him—is to be here.'

'I have an engagement. Thank you very—'

'Break it—I need you.'

'Humph!' I retorted.

'Don't be horrid; you know you are dying to come. Everybody is crazy about Lord Wharton!'

'Try to modulate your triumphant joy, my dear girl—it fairly sizzles over the wires!'

'Humph! Bobby, may I count on you?' The voice changed from scorn to a tone of appeal.

'I have an engage—'

'Good-bye. Come early,' said Helen, and rang off.

When I reached the Barret home the next evening—the big, stone mansion standing in the midst of a fascinating garden in Dupont Circle—I was rather surprised to find that the dinner was to be so small—for six only. If it was small it was none the less gorgeous. The flowers everywhere, great banks of roses on the mantel, roses in tall, crystal vases, overflowing into the library, climbing the stairs, hidden in corners, in an interior where rugs and tapestries and pictures and fine furniture were decorative enough in themselves, suggested a ball rather than the little dinner that Helen had named. And Helen herself, attired in what the unsophisticated would have described as a simple white frock, was wearing her famous pearls—the necklace that I had helped to select, and for which her father had paid 50,000 dollars.

I discovered later that the gold dinner service was on duty. It had not been used since Senator Barret's dinner to the President.

If the conquest of England were Helen's little game, plainly she was not losing any time.

But presently I began to understand through some subtle interplay of psychic currents, that it was not so much Helen's game as her father's.

Senator Barret was a good host, as big men—men who do things that count in the world—usually are, and to-night he was excelling his own record.

A great man is not always a hero to his private secretary, but at the end of my six years of service to Senator Barret I admired him, respected him, and liked him heartily. I was going to say loved, except that there is a certain grimness about his gray hair, determined jaw, and keen eyes that makes honest liking the truer word. The years that followed strengthened the