

can be lasting. Therefore the soul will not be for ever without the body. Thus the immortality of the soul seems to require the resurrection of the body.

(2) The natural desire of man tends to happiness, or final perfection. Whoever is wanting in any point proper to his perfect well-being has not yet attained to perfect happiness; his desire is not yet perfectly laid to rest. Now the soul separate from the body is in a sense imperfect, as is every part away from its whole, for the soul is part of human nature. Man, therefore, cannot attain to his final happiness, unless the soul is again united to the body.

(3) Reward and punishment are due to men both in soul and in body. But in this life they cannot attain to the reward of final happiness; and sins often go unpunished in this life; nay, here 'the wicked live, and are comforted and set up with riches' (Job xxi, 7). There must then be a second union of soul and body, that man may be rewarded and punished in body and in soul. (*Summa contra Gentiles*, iv, 59; Rickaby's translation).

The Storyteller

THE WEAVER BY THE ROADSIDE

They came up the road at a lagging pace, though neither seemed meant by nature to move except with a swinging enjoyment of healthy and perfectly controlled muscles. Both were young, he being, perhaps, three years under thirty, and she three years above twenty. Her face was flushed—a pretty face—and she held her head defiantly high, at once denying by its poise that she longed to cry, and keeping the tears back by tilting it upward so they could not fall.

He struck viciously at the daisy heads as he moved along swinging his walking-stick, freshly cut from a willowy birch tree that morning. Sometimes he seemed to repent of making the innocent blossoms suffer, and stooped to pick up a white head which he had laid low, smoothing it out in the palm of his left hand with a gloomy expression that did not keep him from switching off another head later.

'It is not fair to make the daisies scapegoats for your ill-humor,' said the girl scornfully. 'It would be better not to decapitate them than to pity them afterward.'

'They are to blame for encouraging lovers, with their "loves-me-and-loves-me-not,"' he retorted. 'Though that isn't why I flick them. Why shouldn't they be glad to die before they find out that sunshine and June-time doesn't last?'

'It lasts all their life; they never have anything to darken their happiness,' she said.

'Or anyone,' he amended. 'See here, Lucy, I don't care about trying to talk like a fellow in a story, straining to be cleverly significant and succeeding in being an idiotic idiot—'

'Is there another sort of idiot?' she murmured.

'And it's particularly out of place now,' he ended. 'Here we've been engaged two months—'

'One month and three weeks since the thirtieth of April,' she corrected him.

'It's the same thing—'

'It really isn't,' she insisted. 'If you had known what love really is you would feel that one week more or less of our belonging to each other mattered a lot.'

'Oh, there you go again! "If I had known what love is!" Viewed by the light of yesterday and to-day, I should say I knew more about it than you did,' he growled. 'What's a miserable little week when you felt that a girl filled the want of all your previous life and was going to be yours eternally—your wife! I feel that there had never been a beginning of our belonging to each other—and I thought there would not be an end!'

'Oh, dear!' she groaned, catching her breath sobbingly.

'As I started to say,' he went on relentlessly, 'here we are engaged almost two months, and you are proving

to me at every step what a fool I was to believe that you loved me. There's no use, Lucy; I can't say or do anything more to explain this misunderstanding. If you won't make up—well, then!' he ended lamely, decapitating four daisies at a stroke.

'Jim, I positively will not let you put the blame of this upon me!' she cried. To herself she added: 'There may be nothing more you can say, but, oh, there's a lot more you can do! Why don't you stop talking and being reasonable and just gather me up and let me cry on your shoulder?' But naturally, being proud and hurt, she did not say this audibly.

'Well, Lucy,' he returned with a sort of exasperated patience, 'if you can see where else the blame lies except on the person who does not accept an explanation, then I'd be glad to have you point it out.'

'There are ways and ways of explaining. There are explanations that make the offence worse,' she said. But if he had eyes to see it was plain that the retort was made without spirit, with utter weariness of longing to be released from her self-imposed task of maintaining her position.

'I've explained to the best of my ability,' he said curtly. And silence fell between them as they walked on, she fighting back her tears, he beheading daisies without recurrent compunction.

Up the road, near the top of the hill, stood a small house. It had two rooms on the lower, two on the upper floor, with a small shed obstructing the view, placed, apparently, to that end, in true country obliquity to there being a view to obstruct.

At the door of this little house stood a tall woman, remarkably thin and stooped, shading her eyes, unnecessarily, with her gnarled hand as she stood under the trees watching these unhappy young people as they approached up the hill, every movement eloquent of their disunion.

'As though it wasn't hard enough to git through life without putting chain-brakes on your own wheels!' she muttered. 'Good-morning, my dears,' she added, as the pair came up with her. 'This is the kind o' day that makes even a lonely old woman like me glad she's alive, let alone two young folks that don't need anyone but themselves, ain't it?'

'It is a lovely day,' agreed Lucy with a smile that proved how much Jim lost when she was offended. 'Do you live here alone?'

'Weaving,' explained the old woman. 'I've saved enough to build me this little house, and here I live alone, winter and summer. Folks far and near bring me their rags, so I git along.'

'Bring you rags?' inquired Lucy, mystified, and Jim looked up interrogatively.

'Certain; didn't I say I weaved? Rags for rag carpets. I'm busier in winter than from now on, but there's always some work goin' on. Want to come in and see my loom? I've got a piece of carpet on now; maybe you haven't seen how we weave 'em?'

'No, I never have,' said Lucy, glancing hesitatingly at Jim. He gave her no response; the old woman did not seem to question that her invitation would not be accepted, so Lucy followed her into the little house, and, because he also saw nothing else to do, Jim followed Lucy.

Over in the corner, a corner that seemed to include two-thirds of the small room, stood a lumbering rocker, to which the hostess invited Lucy, leaving the carpet loom enlivened by the gay stripes of a rag carpet which was resplendent with much red and orange of domestic dye. Piled on the floor beside the loom were several hanks of brown warp. The room was scrupulously neat, but furnished only with the bare necessities of daily use. There were three chairs—one a rocker, to which the hostess invited Lucy, leaving the two straight for Jim and herself.

'Do you live here alone in winter?' asked Lucy, and her voice said for her: 'How dreadful!'

'Winter and summer,' assented the old weaver. 'There's some neighbors near enough to visit 'em when it don't drift too much between here and there. I've plenty thoughts for company, and when a body works hard all day the light hours ain't so lonesome, and you're good and ready to go to sleep when the dark ones come—I'm in bed by half-past eight most nights.'