

speaking in that calm, cold tone. He hesitated just what to say; but, as Mr. Masters did not gather his wits for speech, he turned to Frances with a grave smile.

"People do not understand," he said. "If they could all be made to realize that even such a formidable enemy as the grave had no power over our Leader, save for the brief length of time that he chose to have it so, and that he lives to-day, and shall live forever, and lead his followers to final victory, the knowledge would take hold of them with such power that it would revolutionize their lives." He could not tell how his father would listen to such words; but he had been summoned here, and he was a witness.

Mr. Masters found his voice.

"I beg your pardon," he said hurriedly; "but can it indeed be possible that you are in collusion with this unparalleled piece of knavery? Of course you do not actually *believe* that the man whom the authorities caused to be executed in accordance with the law, and who was laid in the grave by some of his own followers, really came to life, and appeared again on earth!"

David looked at his questioner with steady, quiet eyes. "What do you believe?" he asked. "Did you visit that empty grave, Mr. Masters, and note the useless grave-clothes folded there, and consult that panic-stricken guard of soldiers? What do you believe about it?"