

superfluously; "I have no new religion to produce, and you have done with the old."

"I have," she said; "but I do not cease to hope. Will the world never again have a prophet?"

"I have met many prophets," said I. "If I were looking for another I should not come here."

"I am not so foolish as to come to Monte Carlo in search of a religion," said Mrs. Cosmos. "I came here simply to forget about it."

"You are right, Mrs. Cosmos; there is no place where religion and prophets are less likely to confront one than here."

She looked down on the Casino with an eye full of disdain. "I cannot stand it," she said; "I come up here to read, where I am away from them all."

I glanced at the book. It was the memoirs of —, a well-known writer recently deceased—also a philosopher. We talked about him. She had not known him when living, neither had I; but I had friends who knew him, and was able to supplement the memoirs with a few interesting details not to be found therein. His opinions on religion and science were duly set forth in the book; but she found them only half satisfactory. "He tells one nothing new," she complained; "nothing that one did not know before."

"He had nothing new to tell," I suggested; "none of us have."

"You have not," said Mrs. Cosmos; "it does not follow that nobody has. The world is waiting for a new prophet; and one must come, sooner or later."