PETER

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Peter by Arthur Sherburne Hardy

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ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

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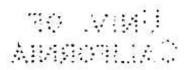
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"And thou shall live as long as we,
And after that — thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee."

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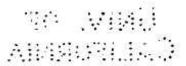
PETER

WHAT are you thinking of,

At the sound of the voice the tip of Peter's tail moved slightly. Peter's meditations were not to be disturbed by idle questions; they were too profound—far profounder than the speaker imagined. They had nothing to do with material things.

Like his Master, Peter was a philosopher. There the likeness ceased. The Master's philosophy ended in perplexity, Peter's in serenity. For he was the only liv-

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ing creature who had seen its

There was not the slightest doubt about it. Every earthly pleasure, every material satisfaction, was traceable to that strange being sitting hour after hour in the leather chair with the big folio open on its knees. Nothing had ever thrown the faintest shadow of doubt on Peter's conviction. Nothing the Being in the chair might do in the future could invalidate its divinity, and in this knowledge was supreme content.

Peter made no pretence of understanding his God. Long since he had acknowledged its ways were

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past finding out. He was under no obligation to explain the amazing futility of its actions. It was enough for Peter that the Master was the dispenser of good and evil, that he was asleep by his fire, would presently walk with him in the wood and sup with him on their return.

Nor did it matter to Peter that he was misunderstood. He was not bothered by what he did not know. He took life and God as they were given him. It was well that he had not mastered all the accents of language, the pity and the vanity of the question addressed to him; for Peter, in the belief of the Master, was a rank mate-