

Knowing nothing of what had happened in the day to encourage its pastor and make him strong, his congregation was much better prepared to see him as Bessie had found him three hours before than as he now appeared.

There were glances also for the faithful Rose, pale and worn, but bearing herself with true Hampstead dignity; for aggressive, wizened Dick, and for Tayna, emotional and ready, as usual, for tears or laughter. But there were more than glances for the lady who walked at the pastor's side proudly, with a possessive air as if she owned him and were glad to own him. There was searching scrutiny and attempt at appraisal.

All People's had never seen this woman before. She looked young; yet bore herself like a person of consequence. She was beautiful, but the dignity of her beauty was detracted from by dimples. Yet with the dimples went a masterful self-possession and a chin that was a trifle square and to-night just a trifle thrust out, while her head was a little tilted back and her blue eyes were a little aglint with shafts of a light something like defiance, as if to say: "Hurt him at your peril. Take him from me if you can!"

Who was she? No one knew. Everybody asked; but no one answered.

After standing in the aisle before his family pew, while Rose, Dick, Tayna, and Bessie filed in before him, the minister stood for a moment surveying the scene. As he looked, the serenity upon his features gave way to pain. The situation saddened him inexpressibly. He was like a refugee who returns to find his home ruined by the ravages of war. How peaceful and how helpful had been the atmosphere of All People's! How happily he had seen its walls rise and its pews fill! How many good impulses had been started there! What a pity that the note of inquisition and of persecution should now be