

ward with a hand reached out until it rested on the balcony rail. Then the Elder's eye returned to the lower floor and to the mission now about to be accomplished.

"Are you ready for the question?" he inquired, with forced deliberation, enjoying the suspense before its inevitable outcome of satisfied justice.

"Question! Question!" came the insistent calls.

But now there was something like a movement in the gallery. The old Elder's eye, noting everything, noted that; looking up, he saw that Rollie's seat was empty; but higher up the gallery aisle the young man was visible, making his way quickly toward the stairs. That was right, he was coming down to vote; but he would be too late.

"All in favor of the resolution severing the pastoral relation between All People's Church and John Hampstead will signify by standing."

The Elder rolled the words out sonorously. In his mind they stood for the thunder of divine judgment!

The solid phalanxes upon his left arose as one man and stood while their impressive numbers were this time carefully counted by the clerk. The tally took some time.

"Opposed, the same sign!" The Elder barked out the words like a challenge. Again the straggling group behind Hampstead arose. The minister himself stood up. As a member of the congregation, he had a right to vote, and he would protest to the last this injustice to him, this slander of All People's upon itself.

Mrs. Burbeck could not stand, but raised her hand, so thin and shell-like that it trembled while she held the white palm up to view.

Elder Burbeck saw this and noted with a slight additional sense of shock that Rollie was now beside his mother and standing also to be counted with the Hampstead adherents.