

God would not permit them to suffer from exposure or cold.

"Heard you no of Joshua, yes?" asked Konkin. "Sunlight stand still for Him. Cannot the good God stand still the summer, yes?"

"But the women," urged Mr. Speers, "the women and the little children. How can they walk so far? And the sick, too, what will you do with them?"

these eyes. And we go to tell the peoples to be ready. And better it is to be telling the peoples till we die, than not to hear the Inner Voice. Is not it so, my brothers?"

Out of the darkness came a deep boom of approbation, and a hundred voices said "dobre" (good).

The conference ended as it was bound to end. Till the stern discipline of destiny had shaken the faith of the



SOME OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT YORKTON

Over Konkin's face there came a light, as of an inner irradiation, making the expressionless Muscovite features almost beautiful. "We walk to Jesus," he said. "Some of us—the little ones, the sick ones—they not walk till He come. But if *I not able to walk* to Him—Him, He come to me, and I live with Him overground (in Heaven). Yes, that is so. We think we shall see Him—see Him with

pilgrims—until they realized that the rotation of the seasons would continue, despite the Crusade of Evangelization, any attempt at restraint would but transform fanatics to martyrs.

Next day, in an impressive silence, the procession marched into Yorkton. The citizens lined the sidewalks as, ten or twelve abreast, and preceded by a gigantic Doukhobor—a blacksmith—who believed himself to be the second