

lifting his muddy boots from the foot-rest and turned his full face with its inimitable grimace on the two. The respectables swept him with a ponderable hate; his gray upper lip lifted back at them, his eyes grew it-wise, he appeared an animal, a thing of the outdoors, earning hate and requiting fear.

And from their stare the worshipers cringed; the little gentleman in the baggy-fronted white waistcoat and his rotund wife now looked straight ahead at the altar with its enrobing lilies, ravishing with their purity the dim recess beyond the chancel. She slid to the cushioned rest with her knees and muttered, her left hand before her head gleaming with diamonds, the gold Book of Prayer set to this jewel flashing.

The hunted man seemed seized with humor; a great slow smile was on his face, turned now back to the doors, reading each comer down the main aisle with the alert judging of the open-bred. He saw a confusing crush of Easter people blocking the vestibule and spreading within under the loft where the organ overlaid its throbbing sweetness. Beyond this a vast window, a glowing picture of women about a well with Christ haloed above, poured the sun's diffused magic, so that, from the garments of the Lord and from the simple women of Palestine, millions of jewels filtered down upon the beautiful moderns of the far-spreading auditorium—from the whiteness of the God's robe to the inordinate splendor of the women, the plumes, furs, satins, gems,