

"All in favor of this resolution which you have heard made and with the formal reading of which we will dispense, please stand," proclaimed Elder Burbeck.

There was an uncertain movement. By ones and twos and then in groups the persons sitting on the Hampstead side of the church rose to their feet, until with few exceptions all were standing.

"The clerk will count."

There was an awkward silence.

"One hundred and sixty-three," the colorless man announced presently.

"All opposed, same sign." Burbeck's adherents arose *en masse* at the motion of the Elder's arm, which was involuntary as it was injudicial.

The clerk did not count. It was unnecessary. "The motion is lost," he said to the presiding officer.

"The resolution is lost," announced Elder Burbeck loudly, in tones that quickened with eagerness. "The question now recurs upon the original resolution."

Erect, poised, feeling a sense of elation that he was now to let loose the wrath of God upon a recreant shepherd of the flock, the Elder stood for a moment with his eyes sweeping over the whole congregation, and taking in every detail of the picture; the disheartened, defeated group behind Hampstead, the flushed, determined face of the minister, the defiant blaze in the eyes of the rosy-faced young person by his side,—who was this strange woman anyway?—and then his own well-marshalled loyal forces who to-night played the part of the avenging hosts of Jehovah!

Up even into the gallery the Elder's eyes wandered with satisfaction. These galleries should see that A. People's would not suffer itself to be put to shame before the world. Something centered his eye for a moment upon Rollie. His son was gazing intently, leaning forward