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## The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON  
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### IV. TODE MEETS THE BISHOP.

SUNDAYS were Tode's dreariest days. He found that it did not pay to keep his stand open later than ten o'clock, and then after he had spent an hour with Little Brother and Nan, the time hung heavy on his hands. Sometimes he pored over a newspaper for a while, sometimes over something even more objectionable than the Sunday newspaper, and for the rest, he loafed around street corners and wharves with other homeless boys like himself.

One Sunday morning he was listlessly reading over some play-bills pasted on a fence, when the word "bishop" caught his eye, and he spelled out the announcement that a well-known Bishop was to speak in St. Mark's Church that afternoon.

"Cracky! I'd like to see a live Bishop. B'lieve I'll go," he said to himself. Then, looking down at his ragged trousers and dirty jacket, he added with a grin, "Spect some o' them nob's 'll most have a fit to see me there."

Nevertheless, he determined to go. Old Mr. Carey had never called him anything but "bishop," and now the boy had a queer feeling as he read that word on the bill—a feeling that this Bishop whom he had never seen had yet in some way something to do with him—though in what way he could not imagine.

He thought over the matter through the hours that followed, sometimes deciding that he would go, and again that he wouldn't, but he found out where St. Mark's Church was, and at three o'clock he was there.

He gave a little start and a shadow fell upon his face as he saw the pillared porch and the stone stairway. He seemed to see himself running up those stairs and stuffing that stolen pocketbook into the pastor's box that he remembered so clearly. These thoughts were not pleasant ones to him now, and Tode stopped hesitatingly, undecided whether to go on or to go in. It was early yet and no one was entering, though the doors stood invitingly open.

While he hesitated, the sexton came out to the steps. Tode remembered him, too, and looked at him with a grin that exasperated the man.

"Get out 'o this!" he exclaimed, roughly. "We don't want any 'o your sort 'round here."

Of course, that settled the matter for Tode. He was determined to go in now anyhow, but he knew better than to attempt it just then.

"Who wants to go int' yer ol' church," he muttered as he turned away. The man growled a surly response, but Tode did not look back.

On the corner he stopped, wondering how he could best elude the unfriendly sexton and slip into the building without his knowledge. He dropped down on the curbstone and sat there thinking for some time. At last a voice above him said quietly:—

"Well, my boy, aren't you coming to church?"

Tode looked up, up a long way it seemed to him, into such a face as he had never before looked into. Instinctively he arose and stepped back that he might see more plainly those clear blue eyes and that strong, tender mouth. The boy gazed and gazed, forgetting utterly to answer.

"You are coming into church with me, aren't you?"

So the question was repeated, and Tode, still looking earnestly up into the man's face, nodded silently.

"That's right, my son—come," and a large, kindly hand was laid gently upon the boy's shoulder.

Without a word he walked on beside the stranger.

The sexton was standing in the vestibule as the two approached. A look of blank amazement swept across his face at sight of the boy in such company. He said no word, however, only stepped aside with a bow, but his eyes followed the two as they passed into the church together, and he muttered a few angry words under his breath.

As for Tode, some strange influence seemed to have taken possession of him, for he forgot to exult over the surly sexton. He passed him without a thought, indeed, feeling nothing but a strange, happy wonder at the companionship in which he found himself.

The stranger led him up the aisle to one of the best pews, and motioned him in. Silently the boy obeyed. Then the man, looking down with his rare, beautiful smile into the uplifted face, gently raised Tode's ragged cap from his rough hair and laid it on the cushioned seat beside him. Then he went away, and Tode felt as if the sunlight had been suddenly darkened. His eyes followed the tall, strong figure longingly until it disappeared—then he looked about him, at the beautiful interior of the church. The boy had never been in such a place before, and he gazed wonderingly at the frescoes, the rich colours in the windows, the dark, carved woodwork and the wide chancel and pulpit.

"Wats it all for, I wonder," he said, half aloud, and then started and flushed as his own voice broke the beautiful, solemn silence.

People were beginning to come in and filling the seats about him, and many curious and astonished glances fell upon the boy, but he did not notice them. Presently a soft, low strain of music stole out upon the stillness. Surely a master hand touched the keys that day, for the street boy sat like a statue listening eagerly to the sweet sounds, and suddenly he found his cheeks wet. He dashed his hand impatiently across them, wondering what was the matter with him, for tears were strangers to Tode's eyes, but in spite of himself they filled again, till he almost wished the music would cease—almost, but not quite, for that strange happiness thrilled his heart as he listened.

Then far-off voices began to sing, coming nearer and nearer, until a long line of white-robed men and boys appeared, singing as they walked, and last of all came the kingly stranger who had brought Tode into the church, and he went to the lectern and began to read.

"The—Bishop!" Tode breathed the words softly, in a mixture of wonder and delight, as he suddenly realized who this man must be.

He sat through the remainder of the service in a dreamy state of strange enjoyment. He did not understand why the people around him stood or knelt at intervals. He did not care. When the Bishop prayed, Tode looked around, wondering whom he was calling "Lord." He concluded that it must be the one who made the music.

He listened eagerly, breathlessly, to the sermon, understanding almost nothing of what was said, but simply drinking in the words spoken by that rich, sweet voice, that touched something within him, something that only Little Brother had ever touched before. Yet this was different from the feeling that the baby had awakened in the boy's heart. He loved the baby dearly, but to this great, grand man, who stood there above him wearing the strange dress that he had never before seen a man wear—to him the boy's whole heart seemed to go out in reverent admiration and desire. He knew that he would do anything



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that this man might ask of him. He could refuse him nothing.

"Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price."

These words, repeated again and again, fixed themselves in Tode's memory with no effort of his own. Buying and selling were matters quite in his line now, but he did not understand this. He puzzled over it awhile, then put it aside to be thought out at another time.

When the service was over, Tode watched the long line of choir boys pass slowly out, and his eyes followed the tall figure of the Bishop till it disappeared from his wistful gaze.

(To be continued.)

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