

THE ANGEL AND THE STAR

Wilt Thou be angry for ever? How long wilt Thou hear the bitter cry of Thy people? Pour out Thine indignation upon them. Let Thy burning anger take hold upon them. Let their habitation be desolate. Let them be blotted out of the book of the living." His voice rose and fell in the terrible chant of the Hebrew poet-king of old.

"Why didst thou cease?" she chided gently. "Doth not the words follow, 'For Jehovah heareth the poor. God will save Jerusalem and will build the cities of Zion'? And again, 'He shall judge the poor, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.'"

"Will He, indeed, break Herod and his might in pieces, with great Rome behind him?" he asked, rising to take his staff and his cloak as well, for the nights were chill.

"Yea, verily, for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it. The Angel of the Covenant is mighty," she replied.

"Angel?" he questioned. "Priest Ezra says there are none, and I confess I never saw any."

A quick anger flashed in her face. "It is written, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of thy rulers,' but the Sadducee I believe not. Did not the Angel speak with Abraham our father, and with Jacob at Bethel, and with Moses the man of God at the Bush, and with Gideon, and with the holy prophets?"

"That is all far away from us to-day," he replied gloomily.

"But Jehovah is near us," she answered quickly. "Nay, do not yield to unbelief. See," with a swift