

I was weak; I was a coward. Yet the spectacle of seeing this man stand here day after day while his reputation was torn to pieces, unwavering and unyielding whether for the sake of my mother or such a worthless wretch as I am, for the sake of his priestly vow, made me stronger and stronger. Yet I was not strong enough to speak. Not until to-night. Not until I saw my mother's hand tremble when she held it up to vote for him. I only came down here to stand beside her. But one touch of hers compelled me to speak. I am prepared to assume my guilt before this church and before the world. I was a defaulter, and John Hampstead saved me. I was a thief, and he saved me. I was a coward, and he made me brave enough at least for this. I tell you, the man is innocent, absolutely innocent. He is so good that you should fall down and worship him."

Rollie's confession in detail was addressed to the congregation as a whole, and he finished with his arms extended and chest thrown forward like a man who had bared his soul.

After standing for a moment motionless, his eyes turned to his mother, and with a low cry he dashed where Hampstead was bending over her. She lay chalk-white and motionless, one hand in her lap, the other swinging pendant, the hand that had just been raised to vote. The eyes were closed; the lips half parted; the expression of her face, if expression it might be termed, one of utter exhaustion of vital forces.

For a moment the young man stood transfixed by the spectacle of what he had done. How shadow thin she looked! This was not the figure of a woman, but some exquisite pattern of the spiritual draped limply in the chair.

And yet, as if affected by his appealing gaze, the features moved, some of the looseness departed from the