

milliners' stuffs below him. He was preaching of the Arisen, the greatness of God's love that could look benignly down, undoubtedly, and forgive a tired and hunted man . . . besides it was getting late and he must hurry through to dine.

"Here—here—" the usher whispered, shaking the snorer, who would not have awakened through twenty hours of such puling remonstrance. A choir boy laughed; the preacher hoisted his warm collar. The usher whispered again, appealingly: "Here—mustn't sleep in church—wake—up!"

He did not, and the little man beyond reached from his side and gave the tired man such a punch that his hat fell from his lap. And at that he did awake, whirling to his feet and about with such precise and deadly action that the usher dashed against the other pew. The man stood, his hand back to his pocket. He stared dazedly.

"Here, you!" pleaded the usher, recovering. "Come out of here!"

He held out the hat. The gray burned face before him swept him and the others, the hostile faces all about, and then, taking the hat, he followed the usher up the aisle. They stared at him, forgetting God, and even their new clothes, in fright at his bloodshot eyes, his heavy face. But when he had gone quite out in a pathetic, stilled obedience for so big a man, they smiled in amused triumph, all those of the perfumes concealing the smell of beasts' skins and birds' wings—at Sunday dinner they