

A JOURNEY

And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire!

“And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever.”

Hawthorn drew in its breath and shivered with that sermon. They said that it was the greatest that Master Clement had ever preached, and he had preached a-many great ones! Some of the simpler folk almost looked for fire to come down from heaven and consume the wicked leech and that vilest witch where they stood. It would have been a wonderful sight and lesson! But doubtless God wanted the forms of the law carried out — though they could not but still think how wonderful would have been a visible sign. . . .

Joan and Aderhold were an hour in Hawthorn. . . . It passed; all hours passed, though some, and this among them, went on wounded feet.

It passed. They were in motion again. The Hawthorn folk that cried bitter words behind them, the narrow street, the small, familiar houses with dooryards where the flowers were fading, the ale-house, the green, the sexton's house, other houses, the elms and willows that marked the village end — all were overpassed, left behind. Here at last was the open road, and they had six miles to ride together. . . . Hawthorn faded from the mind.

It was afternoon. The gold light lay softly over