

to Layton's filth, to Cromwell's plotting ; and to the cries of the oppressed.

The nostrils ; the lips that had lied and stormed and accused against God's people, compressed now in his father's fingers—they seemed to sneer even now, and to writhe under the soft oil ; the hands that had been laid on God's portion, that had torn the vessels from the altar and the cloth of gold from the treasury—those too were signed now, and lay twitching on the coverlet.

The bed clothes at the foot of the wooden framework were lifted and laid back as Chris passed round to the end, and the long feet, icy cold, were lying exposed side by side.

*Per Istam sanctam Uncionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Domine quidquid peccasti per incessum pedum. Amen.*

Then they too were sealed with pardon, the feet that had been so swift and unwearied in the war with God, that had trodden the sanctuary in His despite, and trampled down the hearts of His saints—they too were signed now with the mark of Redemption and lay again under the folded coverlet at the end of their last journey.

A convulsion tore at the priest's heart.

Then suddenly in the profound silence outside there broke out an indescribable clamour, drowning in an instant the murmur of prayers within. It seemed as if the whole world of men were there, and roaring. The sound poured up through the window, across the moat ; the boards of the flooring vibrated with the sound. There was the throb of drums pulsating through the long-drawn yell, the screams of women, the barking of dogs ; and a moment later, like some devilish benediction, the bells of Barking Church pealed out, mellow and jangling, in an exultation of blood.