

tions beforehand, Mori drove the chair straight across the neutral ground to the end of the Hampstead pew.

The church, seeing this act, grasped instantly its solemn meaning. The house of Burbeck was divided against itself. Mrs. Burbeck had often disapproved of her husband's course in church leadership, but she had never taken sides against him. To-night she did so. The issue was too great, too fundamental, to do otherwise. That it hurt her painfully was evident. Her face had lost its smile. The pallor of her cheeks was more wax-like than ever, and there was a droop in the corners of her mouth that no physical suffering had effected. But the lips were tightly compressed, and the valiant spirit of the woman looked resolutely out of her eyes. Those near and watching the face of her husband saw that this look affected him; saw him start as if he had hardly expected such action, hardly realized what it would be to find her thus opposing him. They even noted that a fleeting expression of doubt, of sudden loss of faith in his own course, came into the eyes of the man.

Nevertheless, although with a sigh at the burdens his faithfulness to the Lord so often compelled him to bear, Elder Burbeck set his spirit sternly upon its task. He was the Nemesis of God. He would not shrink though the flame scorched him, the innocent, while it consumed the guilty.

Yet from the moment that this glance had passed between the husband and the wife, it appeared that a gloom of tragedy settled upon the gathering. Again the congregation sank of itself to awed silence, so intense that a cough, the clearing of a throat, the dropping of a hymn-book into a rack, echoed hollowly. Slight movements took on augmented significance. Thoughts boomed out like words, and looks had all the force of blows.

The polity of All People's was ultra-congregational.