

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THEREFORE WILL NOT WE FEAR."

"THE end seems inadequate to the means, doesn't it? A few months spent in the neighborhood by a poor stranger who gathered a handful of followers, most of them from the ranks of what are called the common people, and inoffensive as he was, doing only kindnesses wherever he went, he somehow secured the hatred of those in power, and was speedily put out of the way. Yet with what result. The fanaticism has suddenly spread until the entire city is roused, and the followers of this man are counted by thousands instead of by dozens! And many of them are substantial people, I am told, — by no means to be counted among the 'rabble,' which has been such a favorite word to apply to them heretofore. I wonder how it is all to be accounted for? And I wonder what you officials are going to do about it? You fancied that you had disposed of the leader, and here are his followers increasing in a single day a hundred-fold."

David was almost as much astonished as was their guest. He had never before heard Frances