

where the sleeping man had sunk, the pew-owners looked composedly ahead. But a quicker note—they could not dissemble their panic, they opened wide their eyes, the lady fanning herself hurriedly that none might think she slept in the house of God on Easter when there was so much to see and hear. But the nasal sound came again; near ones saw him now, a lone, tired man in a blue miner's shirt, grotesque, unlovely, his face burned by sun and unclean from the earth.

And now that deceit was useless, the couple with him glowered; the lady in black and lavender, indeed, quivered with it. But the priest went ponderously on. At the next snore the littlest boy of the white-robed crew tittered. And at the next, two more tittered; one could look across the sea of silks and tails of animals and dead birds' wings and tell by the expression of the devout that God, indeed, must be disturbed. The little gentleman by the sleeping man was purple even without the splendid light from a memorial window across his face, the great artistry in the wall showing to all the thousands of the temple that the dead man whose name was written thereon must have had much money.

An usher was approaching. He bent, and the rotund woman spoke to him, the golden Book of Prayer trembling with wrath in her hand. The usher bent again and touched the sleeper's arm. The preacher in his ornate box went on unwinkingly, superior to the trouble down in the cauldron of