

place and holds him with a tenacity and reality truly appalling. Try as he will, he cannot take his eyes off that blood-stained field strewn with lifeless bodies of numberless little children... and pitiable beyond expression was the sight of those mutilated corpses, weltering in their blood shed by Herod's minions.

Suddenly, — and he shivers as he notes this new feature in the Gospel story, — all those dead children rise up and threateningly and angrily shake their finger at him while a most formidable wail escapes their discolored lips...

What does it mean? What do they mean? He is not a saint, nor yet is he Herod... bewildered... surrounded by those hideous spectres that seem about to fall upon him... terrified by the awful sight — he cries out.

* * *

That cry awakens him... To his great relief he is still in his comfortable chair near the grate, where no outward sign marks the fierce struggle from which he has just emerged. Somewhat reassured, he tries to think the matter over calmly and see why even in a dream those children should menace and upbraid him.

Just then, his eyes fall upon his partly finished report and like a flash he understands. Is there not a striking resemblance between these two things: The massacred Innocents and this bill of secularization, that in its turn will wound and slay innocent young souls? And Jesus who rules over all is it not He again — and on that point he now has no doubts — that the bill aims to suppress; that King who today as centuries ago can so easily thwart the best laid plans?

Long and seriously he ponders the matter... His colleagues' arguments seem less forcible. He is less sure of doing even a material good work. Finally he makes up his mind to have nothing whatever to do with the matter. If it must be done, let some one else attend to it — he never will.

* * *

When his wife and daughter... or rather... daughter and wife re-enter his office on their return from midnight