

and his silence was his benediction upon them.

The audience moved out quietly. It was now dark. The lights in the chapel had been noiselessly lighted. The jets of the illuminated words above the door were blazing.

The Professor and the clergymen and Helen's mother stepped apart and out into the street; none of them spoke to Bayard, for his look forbade them. The Professor of Theology was greatly moved. Signs of tears were on his aged face. Bayard, lingering but a moment, came down the aisle with his wife upon his arm.

"Love," she whispered, "it is over, and all is well."

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "it is over, and it is well."

They came down and out upon the steps. Bayard stood uncovered beneath the white and scarlet lights, which spelled the words—

"The Love of Christ."

He gave one glance down Angel Alley. It was packed; his people were massed to protect him. Beyond them, marshalled into the darkness and scarcely distinguishable from it, hovered certain sullen groups of frowning men. Not a hand was raised. Not a cry was heard. No. There was to be no mob. He had to meet, not violence, but mute and serried Hate.

She clung to his arm with a start. She looked up into his face. Its more than earthly radiance hushed the cry upon her lips. He was transfigured before her. For that moment, all the people—they who loved and they who loved him not—saw him glorified, there, beneath the sacred words whose pure and blazing fires seemed to them the symbol of his soul.

Then, from the darkest dark of Angel Alley a terrible oath split the air. Something struck him; and he fell.

(To be continued.)

THE WORKERS.

BY ANNA T. LAW.

I stood all day in the market-place,
But no one said to me, "Come!"
I lifted to God an anguished face,
As I thought of the work to be done.
I heard the glad song of the reapers,
As they passed with their garnered
sheaves;
I saw the walls where the masons worked,
And I cried as one who grieves.

To some came the call in the dawning,
Ere the shadows went away;
To some came the call in the morning,
To some in the heat of day;
Some were not called till the evening,
Almost at set of sun,
But the Master gave a penny
To each when his work was done.

I stood all day, and I waited;
The sky above me was white,
The market was crowded and dusty,
I longed for the shadows of night.
But just as the light was failing,
A messenger came, and said:
"The workers are worn and weary,
The day is almost sped.

The Master is calling for workers,
To finish his temple fair,
But no one has strength for the lift-
ing,
Or to set the keystone there."
So I came where the stones were lying,
And lifted them one by one,
And the Master gave a whole penny,
To me when the work was done.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson.