

She stood suddenly erect, her head to one side, listening to the faint roar of the distant crowd.

"There are enough people out there," she said, still standing, speaking straight ahead toward the window, "to tear this building down stone by stone, enough people to build a thousand buildings, enough people to do anything in the world—anything in the world. And they're singing! Did you hear them sing? A million voices, louder than big guns. They sang 'Draw Me Nearer.' Oh, they sang 'Draw Me Nearer'!"

She shuddered and sank back into the chair, her voice a little shrill. She addressed neither Elise nor Simpson. The words, like the sobs, were being wrung from her, as if she were telling her woe to all the world. She talked because she had to talk, and because she suffered. It frightened Elise into stillness.

"I tell you, they sang 'Draw Me Nearer.' They sang that when I was converted, oh, so long ago! And after that a boy in a white robe standing on the east steps—the boy sang. The sunlight was on him, and he was bareheaded, and he had a voice like a woman. It was a beautiful voice. I think it must have reached right straight up to the throne of God. Oh, God, I know it did! He sang, 'Come Unto Him.' He sang, 'Come unto Him, all ye who mourn, for He can hear.' All ye who mourn! And all