

valued, and more than they would ever know. Of his own struggles and troubles, of the bitter years that he had toiled among them, he said no word. He spoke of the kindness of Windover, not of its neglect. He spoke of the strength and the goodness of the city, rather than of its weakness and its error. He spoke of the warm heart of the people, of their readiness to help any need which they understood, and in whose claim they believed. He told how generous they were in emergencies. "You give money," he said, "more lavishly than any town I have ever known. When the gales have struck, and the fleets gone down, and when, with widows and orphans starving on my heart and hands, I have asked for bread, Windover has never given them a stone. Your poor have spent themselves utterly upon your poorest, and your rich have not refused. Windover gives gloriously," said Bayard, "and I am glad and proud to say so."

Their faults, he told them, they had, and he was not there to condone what he had never overlooked. One, above the rest, they had to answer for; and what that was—did he need to name?

"It is not your sin alone," he said firmly. "It is the sin of seaport towns; it is the sin of cities; it is the sin of New England; it is the sin of the Nation;—but it is the sin of Windover, and my business is with Windover sins. I have fought it since I came among you, without an hour's wavering of purpose, and without an hour's fear of the result; and at all costs, at any cost, I shall fight it till I go from you."

Bayard paused here, and regarded his people with a long look. Their faces blurred before him for a moment, for his heart was full. He saw them all, in the distinctness with which the public speaker perceives familiar sights; every trifle upon the map of his audience started out.

He saw Captain Hap, anxious and wrinkled, doing usher's duty by the door—Captain Hap, ready to live for the parson or to die for him, and caring little which; the good fellow, true with the allegiance of age and a loyal nature—dear Captain Hap!

Bayard saw Job Slip, pale with the chronic pallor of the reformed drunkard—poor Job, who drank not now, neither did he taste; but bore the thirst of his terrible desert, trusting

in the minister and God Almighty,—in the succession of the phrase.

Mari was there, incapable and patient, her face and figure stamped with the indefinable something that marks the drunkard's wife. And Joey, serious and old—little Joey! Bob was there, and Jean, and Tony, and all the familiar faces from the wharves. Mrs. Granite, in her rusty black, sat tearfully in a front settee, with Jane beside her. Jane looked at the minister, before all the people, as she never ventured to look at home. But nobody noticed Jane. Bayard did not glance at her pinched adoring face; he dared not dwell upon it.

Ben Trawl was not to be seen in the audience. But Lena was. She stood the service through, for she had come in too late to find a seat; she stood behind Johnny's mother, who wore Helen's crape bonnet and veil, poor old lady, with a brown bombazine dress. Lena had a worried look. She did not remove her eyes from the preacher. Lena sang that day, when the people started "the minister's hymn,"—

I need Thee every hour,  
Stay Thou near by.

Her fine voice rose like a solo; it had a certain solitariness about it which was touching to hear.

Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

The melody of the hymn died away into the hush in which Bayard rose again, for it came to his heart to bless his people and his chapel in one of his rare prayers.

"Lord," he said, "Thou art the God of the sea and its perils; of the land and its sorrow. Draw near to these sea-people who tread upon the shore of Thy mercy. I dedicate them to Thee. Father, take them from my hands! Lift them up! Hold them, that they fall not. Comfort their troubles. Forgive their sins. Take them! Take my people from my heart! . . . Lord, I consecrate this house of worship, for their sakes, and in Christ's name, and for Christ's love, to Thee, and to Thy service. . . . Father! Thou knowest how I have loved this people." . . .

Bayard's voice broke. It was the only time—in all those years. His prayer remained unfinished. The sobs of his people answered him;