

Songs broke out. For a time the people in the gallery were singing: "Blessed be the tie that binds." Those below sobbed through "My faith looks up to Thee", and presently all were singing "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee." This continued until the gathering seemed to sing itself somewhat out of its hysteria; and then, weaving to and fro, the tide began to ebb back up the aisles and into the pews again.

At first the people thought they had done this of their own accord, but later it appeared that it was Hampstead who was making them do it. He was a leader. In the temporary chaos, his will alone retained its poise, and it was the suggestion in the glance of his eye and finally in the gestures of his hands that sent them back to their seats.

When the singing stopped, and the audience sat somewhat composed and considering what should happen next, the minister remained master of the situation.

To protect himself somewhat from the surging waves of humanity, Hampstead had stepped upon the platform. He stood now with one hand resting easily upon the back of the chair beside the communion table. The chair was not empty, for it contained the huge, collapsed bulk of the Elder, the upper half of whose body had sunk sideways upon the end of the table, with his huge red face fenced off from view by one arm, as if to shroud the shame of his features. He was inert and still. The fragile human orchid in the chair had not been more motionless than he. The tip of an ear, one bald knob of his head, were all that showed to those in front; and the other arm was extended across the table, the fingers overhanging the edge of it.

The spectacle of the man lying crushed and broken upon the very table from which so often he had administered the communion, cast a deepening spell over all. But it also forced on all a thought of sympathy for this rashly