

they were not here, and even if they had been it is likely they would have shown but poorly with the graily Dissenter. She made a movement to rise and leave him as she had left Marvell when she did not choose to speak to him any more ; but Tobiah had thoughtfully set his chair against the door. Hotly her rage boiled up, but there was something of fear with it, there was about the man something of moral power which abashed even while it angered her.

"Pray," said she sharply breaking in on his discourse, "do you hold commission from Dick Marvell in this matter ? A pretty man is he to fear to come himself !"

"Nay," Tobiah returned, "I do not take Marvell into consultation in my business, my commission is from on High."

"Then I shall tell you nothing," Dulcina snapped.

The good man nodded : "Possibly not yet," he said. "Conviction is not to be expected at once, I have not yet opened to you the mind of the Lord."

And he proceeded to do so with great force and plainness of speech. Dulcina grew more angry and even more afraid, fear almost dwarfing anger, for the words cut sharp, even if they brought small conviction of sin to her shallow soul. The Dissenter grew terrible to her, he towered grimly before her mind ; it is doubtful if, had she five strong men servants with her, she would have dared to order them, to force him from the room. Such is the power of the Spirit. In sheer terror she clasped her hands over her ears. But Tobiah raised his voice so that still she heard the exhortation and reproof and the picture of damnation to come ; this for one hour all but a quarter.

"Stop, stop," she screamed at last on the verge of hysterics. "What is it you want to know ?"