

They were two poor women to look at. Baby Lant wore a veil, but the open, summer-tanned look on Patricia's face did as well. They walked purposefully, and so no one spoke to them. For, of course, that is the secret.

As of yore, the British Imperial Palace was glittering with lights. It was after the hour of public meeting, but they entered a smaller hall where there were women with bowed heads, and men who sat looking straight in front of them with that stony stare which tells of a suddenly smitten conscience—that is, among such as dwell in the Cowgate.

As Atalanta foretold, Mr. Molesay was alone on the platform. He was reading slowly a chapter out of the Gospel of Matthew. But he turned hither and thither, searching for this text and that other. His hair had changed from silver to something like the radiance of frosty starlight. His face, turned to the little book in his hand, had upon it a glow warm and kindly as firelight.

He was reciting his text a second time before "speaking a few words upon it"—Mr. Molesay's words were always few and excellently ordered.

"And everyone" (he began slowly, spacing the words) "that hath forsaken . . . houses, or brethren, or sisters, . . . or father, or mother,

He lifted his eyes and, under the plain dress and poor woman's disguise, he knew Patricia at the first glance. But his voice, though it checked, did not falter. He went on:

"Or wife, or children, . . . or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold . . ."

Then the voice of the reader broke away in a kind of gust, or gale of the spirit.

"An hundredfold they shall receive!" he cried.

"Ah, it would need to be—it would need to be! For how hard is that giving up—O Lord, Thou alone knowest!"

Cowgate.