

strength and filled the square. Everybody seemed to feel a sudden tension, and Grahame imagined that the superseded leader had only to give the signal for a counter revolution to begin; but he saw that Father Agustin wore a quiet smile.

Don Martin raised his hand.

"I thank you, and I know your loyalty; but it belongs to your country, of which I am a private citizen. I can give no orders, but I ask you to serve the new government as well as you have served me."

The officer went back to his men with a moody air, and Don Martin turned to the crowd.

"In a national crisis, it is a citizen's duty to devote himself to his country's service, and this I have done; but it is a duty that carries no claim for reward. Many of you have helped me with effort and money, and some have given their lives; but the rough work is done and the crisis is past. Now that I am no longer needed, I lay down my authority, and it is better in several ways that I should go. But you who remain have still much to do. It is harder to build than to pull down, and your task is to establish justice, freedom, and prosperity. The best foundation is obedience to the new leader the nation has chosen."

He moved back into the gloom, for darkness was gathering fast, and after a few words of grave advice Father Agustin blessed the people. Then the national guard marched away and the crowd broke up; but Grahame and his party waited, with Don Martin standing behind them by the door of the church. A smell of incense floated out, and dim lights twinkled in the building. No one spoke until the measured tramp of feet had died away.