

"The resolution is carried," said the clerk to the Elder.

"The resolution—" echoed Burbeck, his voice beginning to gather enormous volume. But when he had gone this far, his utterance was arrested by the sudden action of his son, who remained standing in the aisle, with one hand grasping his mother's, and the other outstretched in some sort of appeal to him.

"Father!" the boy whispered hoarsely; "don't announce that vote! Don't announce it!"

This startling interruption appeared to freeze the whole scene fast. The throaty, excited tones of the young man floated to the far corners of the auditorium, and again the sense of some impending terror forced itself deeper into the crowd-consciousness.

"Don't announce it? What do you mean?" ejaculated the father in an irritated and widely audible whisper.

The suddenness of this outbreak and the astounding fact that it should come from his own flesh, had thrown the Elder completely off his stride.

"Because," the young man faltered, his face white, his eyes wild and staring, "because it's wrong!"

The huge dominating figure of a man stood for a moment nonplussed, wondering what hysteria could have overtaken his son; but annoyance and stubborn determination to proceed quickly manifested themselves upon his face.

"Don't, father!" pleaded the young man, advancing down the aisle, "Don't! I've got something I must say!"

By this time, Hampstead, quickly apprehensive, had stepped out from his pew and was seeking to grasp Rollic's arm; but the excited young man avoided him, and standing with one hand still appealing toward his father, and with the other pointing backward toward the minister, he