

unfrocking was beginning here. She was attaining her high hope as he was losing his. He had meant to telegraph her his congratulations, but he had forgotten it. That was just as well now. All this hissing of the poisoned tongues must have poured into her ears. The old doubts would be revived. She would feel herself shamed, humiliated, all but compromised by these disclosures, and she would never see — never communicate with him again. No letter had come in that last week, no telegram from the ship's side. That proved it clearly. She was lost to him.

Yet now his church — his liberty — his reputation — nothing else that he had lost or might lose seemed worth while. He wanted only her, cared only about her. His duty had melted into mist. He could not see its outlines. But there was a face in the mist, her face; and a form, her form. And he would never see her in any other way but this way — a vision to haunt and mock and torture him.

Thinking these thoughts over and over again, the man walked steadily from gable's end to gable's end and back again, until his legs lost all sense of feeling; but still he walked, and occasionally his fists were clenched and beat upon his chest, while an expression of agony looked out of his eyes.

The Reverend John Hampstead, pastor of All People's, a man of some victories and of some defeats, a man of some strength and of some weaknesses, was fighting his most important and his hardest battle, and he knew it. And he was no longer fit. The preliminary days of battling in the lower spurs and ranges had exhausted him. The summit was still above. The higher he toiled, the weaker he grew; the greater need for strength, the less he had to offer. He felt his purpose sag, his courage breaking. He had faced too much, and faced it too long and