

"It was not unanimous," replied the Elder, slightly nettled, "as you know, Brother Hinton. It is a majority resolution. The question is now upon its adoption."

Elder Burbeck swept a suggestive eye over his carefully organized majority, and this time his hint was taken. Calls of "question" arose.

But Hinton remained uncompromisingly upon his feet. He was a tall man and pale, with a high, bone-like brow, a long spiked chin, and gray moustaches that drooped placidly over a balanced mouth.

"I understand that the chair will not attempt to railroad this resolution," he ventured with mild sarcasm.

Elder Burbeck's habitual flush heightened as, after a premonitory rumble in his throat and an enormous effort at self-control, he replied emphatically: "Brother Hinton, the resolution will not be railroaded;" and then added warningly: "To avoid stirring up strife, however, I hope we may vote upon it with as little discussion as possible."

"Yes," admitted Brother Hinton dryly, but still standing his ground. "I think it is perfectly understood that debate where its outcome is pre-determined, is useless. Yet without having consulted the pastor of this church as to my course, I voice the sentiment of many around me in urging him to stand up here as its pastor, as he has a right to do, and as the congregation has a right to ask him to do, and tell us what he thinks should be our course in the premises."

Brother Hinton's was a well balanced mind, and it seemed for a moment that his own manner might inject some coolness into the situation. Indeed, the good Elder Burbeck trembled lest it might, for the fires of purification being up, he wished them to burn, undampened.

Certainly for John Hampstead to stand up there and tell that congregation what to do was the last thing the