

to their chins. They sat in order of their trades, the skilled artisans nearest the pulpit, the silversmiths, the tailors, and sandalmakers. Farther back sat the bakers, the cheese-makers and dyers, and along the walls where Daniel and Simon had taken their places, stood the lower tradesmen and the farmers. Still others crowded the doorway, and many, he saw, would have to stand outside in the road. By the rustle and murmur behind the grilled screen that separated the women's section, many of the men had brought their wives with them.

"Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord, and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might-"

The great words of the Shema rolled through the synagogue. For a moment Daniel was caught up by them as he had been in his childhood. But as the long passage of the Law was read aloud in Hebrew and then carefully translated into Aramaic, the language which the people spoke and understood, his attention began to wander. Though the throng of men sat respectfully, he could feel their restlessness also, and the anticipation that mounted, moment by moment. They knew that by custom a visiting rabbi would be invited to come forward and read from the Torah. When the long-awaited moment came, every man turned to watch the stranger who made his way to the platform.

The man's figure was not in any way arresting. He was slight, with the knotted arms and shoulders of one who has done hard labor from childhood. He was not regal or commanding. He was dressed simply in a plain white tallith that reached to his feet. His white head covering, drawn closely over his forehead and hanging to his shoulders, hid his profile. Yet when he turned and stood before

the congregation, Daniel was startled. All at once nothing in the room was distinct to him but this man's face. A thin face, strongly cut. A vital, radiant face, lighted from within by a burning intensity of spirit.

Yes! Daniel thought, his own spirit leaping up. This man is a fighter! He is one of us!

Jesus received the scroll and stood unrolling it with reverence, as though he were seeking for some passage already determined in his own mind. Then he raised his eyes and spoke from memory.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

A shock ran through Daniel at the first words. A gentle voice, barely raised, it carried to every corner of the room, warm, vibrant, with a promise of unlimited power. It was as though only a fraction of that voice were being used, as though if the full force of it were unstopped it would roll like thunder.

Jesus closed the book and gave it back to the attendant.

The waiting congregation seemed to surge forward and to hold its breath. Again that voice made the blood leap in Daniel's veins.

"I say to you, the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand. Repent, and believe."

Now! Daniel leaned forward. Tell us that the moment has come! Tell us what we are to do! Longing swelled unbearably in his throat.

But Jesus went on speaking quietly. A rippling murmur passed across the crowd. Others too waited for the word that was not spoken. What had the man meant? He had

"No."

"You should then. It's worth being late for work."

"What teacher?" he asked.

"The carpenter. Ah, there he is now." She called over her shoulder to another woman. "Come! He's about to begin."

Daniel turned curiously. A short way from them on the shore a cluster of fishermen had gathered, and from all sides others were leaving their nets. A few workers broke from the lines that labored on the barges. Through the shifting bodies Daniel caught a glimpse of the man in their midst. It was the man who had spoken in the synagogue. He stood on the beach among the fishing boats, in his plain white robe, smiling and greeting the men by name. Out here in the sun he did not look solemn as in the synagogue. He looked vigorous and confident and happy. Something he was saying drew a burst of laughter from the men. Daniel pushed his way nearer till he could get a good look.

How strong he is, he thought. Yet bodily the man was no match for the sturdy fishermen who surrounded him. The impression of strength came from an extraordinary vitality that seemed to pulse in the very air around him. Once more, as on that day in the synagogue, Daniel felt a spark leap up in his own body. Looking about him he could see the same spark reflected in the eyes of the men and women who jostled him.

Someone shouted a question that Daniel could not catch, and Jesus held up a hand to ask their silence.

"What is the kingdom of heaven?" he answered. "It is like a merchant in search of fine pearls, who, on finding one pearl of great value, went and sold all that he had and bought it. Or the kingdom of heaven is like a net which