

"Well, I think so; the 'church' teaches that all 'Catholic' usages are indispensable."

"If so, then how is it that I can't get a sniff of it?"

"Why, because you will persist in keeping to these old Protestant hiding-places of yours. Fancy your choosing such a place for a nest as that old 'Article number six.' Now, if you will take my advice, you will come out of that; it must be very cold for your feet and very hard to lie down upon; we should like to remove a part of that stone by chiselling it away, and substituting some 'wood, hay and stubble,' but of course as long as you stick *there* you frustrate our intentions."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but you know 'wood, hay, and stubble,' are all things that lie on the surface, and almost anybody can get them; but stone, precious stone, is not to be so easily got at. You have to seek and labor very diligently for that kind of material, and I rather like to feel my feet on the 'rock;' and if the church should one day be set on fire, you know my precious stone would abide, but your work would be burned, and you would suffer loss, and though very likely you might escape the fire, you would be horribly singed."

"Am I, then, to consider that you don't want kind offices in the church?"

"Exactly so. 'Incense is an abomination unto me.' I detest your unauthorized weapons of warfare, and I've done without you and your incense for more than three hundred years, so the sooner you go the better."

And he too disappeared from my sight as his predecessor had done.

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But I was not long to enjoy repose, for after awhile I was roused by a clanking noise. Whatever could it be? I looked, and, behold, *another* cat!—a black, sinister-looking fellow he was, though his *voice* was strangely soft and captivating. I can't very well remember how he was dressed, but he had a rope round his waist, to which was attached a huge bunch of keys and also a large crucifix. I suppose the clanking of the keys was the noise that awakened me from my dozing. I found out afterwards that they called this one the "Doctor," though why he should be considered a doctor I don't know, unless his office was to "minister to minds diseased."

"You little mouse," he said, "listen to me."

"I am all attention," said I; "but who are you?"