

was futile and Mrs. Linford, secluded in her country home at Edom, had steadfastly refused, so said the public prints, to give any reason whatsoever.

His soup finished, the Reverend Mr. Whittaker unfolded the early edition of an evening paper to a page which bore an excellent likeness of Dr. Linford.

"I'll read you some things from his letter," he said, "though I'll confess I don't wholly approve his taste in giving it to the press. However—here's one bit:

"When I was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church I dreamed of wielding an influence that would tend to harmonise the conflicting schools of churchmanship. It seemed to me that my little life might be of value, as I comprehended the essentials of church citizenship. I will not dwell upon my difficulties. The present is no time to murmur. Suffice it to say, I have long held, I have taught, nearly every Catholic doctrine not actually denied by the Anglican formularies; and I have accepted and revived in St. Antipas every Catholic practice not positively forbidden.

"But I have lately become convinced that the Anglican orders of the ministry are invalid. I am persuaded that a priest ordained into the Episcopal Church cannot consecrate the elements of the Eucharist in a sacrificial sense. Could I be less than true to my inner faith in a matter touching the sacred verity of the Real Presence—the actual body and blood of our Saviour?

"After conflict and prayer I have gone trustingly whither God has been pleased to lead me. In my humble sight the only spiritual body that actually claims to teach truth upon authority, the only body divinely protected from teaching error, is the Holy, Catholic and Roman Church.