

more : it was, in truth, the same answer that he had, long since, learned to give to the questionings which might otherwise have marked the peace of his soul ; it was God's solution of the problem which he had left to Him as insoluble. And, since he was, in this, at least, at one with them all, akin to them ; at variance with those in whose " school " he had been trained, an alien from those he had, hitherto, striven to regard as brethren, this must be the one fold of which his dear Master Christ was the One Shepherd. And he? No longer a shepherd of sheep " not of this fold," but a straying wanderer, come, like many another, to " enter in by the Door " that he, too, might " go in and out and find pasture."

So it came to pass, that, not long after, Father Wilfrid, in London, received a beautifully bound Breviary from his brother in New South Wales, and, with it, a letter, ending thus : " It is your prayer that has been answered, not mine, and yet mine as well, though, till now, I knew it not." And Father Wilfred understood that God's Church, by the lives and writings of Her sainted children, had been Her own witness ; that one more lost sheep had returned to " the Shepherd and Bishop of our Souls."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

ILLUMINATION.

I saw the sunset fling its scarlet light
 Across a broad expanse of hill and vale :
 Far lakes, like crystal flames of Holy Grail,
 Flashed out, resplendent ; every crag shone bright
 With scintillant reflections ; every height
 Bore fiery masses up of foliage frail.
 My artist friend stood raptured, hushed and pale,
 Lost in the glory of the wondrous sight.

I knew he felt that all-pervasive power,
 The trail of Deity, itself unseen,
 Unconscious that the crimson of each flower
 Fell on himself the while, in might serene.
 " Alas," I cried, " Sir Doubter ! Wherefore plod
 Through life thus groping ? — Lo, the light of God ! "

C. D. Swan in Sacred Heart Review.