

also with eyes that had real tears in them; and presently, with reverent solicitude helping the Father to walk, she left behind her in the vestry a strong smell of parma violets. Glanville meanwhile peeped surreptitiously into the church, and saw two footmen removing the dining-room candlesticks.

Of all the exponents of the Mind of the Church of England, Father Skipton, though he had not preached, had made the deepest impression—an impression of contemptuous melancholy.

“Has our good old Church,” said Miss Hagley, “really come to this? I’d very much sooner be a holy Roman at once.”

Canon Morgan, indeed, was disposed to treat him lightly, saying merely with a grave smile, “Poor fellow—he’s a queer customer.” But over the rest of the company at dinner there still hung a cloud of sadness, the meaning of which was not ill-expressed by Lord Restormel, who quoted to Mrs. Vernon, with a somewhat vice-regal loudness:

Can such things be,
And overawe us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder.

Glanville, however, took the bull by the horns; and applying to the Father, who sat by him, the best restorative possible, questioned him gently with regard to the opinions of himself and his party. “Then what,” he said at last, “prevents you from joining Rome? You adhere to all her doctrines.”

“They are ours by right,” said the Father, “just as much as hers. Still, if you like to put it so, we do adhere to her doctrines; but what we protest against to the death is the authority on which she claims to base them. Next to this so-called authority of the Pope of Rome himself, the most despicable is that of many of our own bishops. Ah,” he said, indulging himself in a half-glass of champagne, “this reminds me of the old days at Trinity.”

(*To be continued.*)

ERRATUM

In the April Number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, p. 70, last line should read: “is concerned, or rather a *Macedo-Roumanian* and Greek one, when we consider the”