

II

A BISHOP in his robes stood catechizing a hundred children in a vestry. He was a stalwart man of ruddy countenance and unascetic lips, but a child in one of the younger classes watched him with unswerving gaze, for this was the Anointed of the Lord, and could do no wrong thing. Noting her eager eyes, he turned to her with a question which she answered. Because she was little and seemed alert and older children had mumbled, it pleased the great man to continue to question her and to lead her gradually into ecclesiastical fields beyond the limits assigned to those of her tender years. But being a child of facile memory, and rather liking the sound of long words she did not understand, and having heard reluctant brothers and cousins droning their catechism and older classes declaiming it in unison, it happened that she knew it all.

Her heart beating high, her dilated eyes fixed upon the Anointed of the Lord, her voice clear and confident, she rattled off bravely that portion of the twentieth chapter of Ex-