

Apostles, are the maker and the redeemer of our souls, we adore you. Oh wafer which wast before all worlds, we adore thee. Oh almighty wafer which did'st create the universe, we adore thee. Oh almighty and all-pitiful wafer, which did'st die for man, we adore thee." Over the occupants of the pew, as Father Skipton proceeded, his voice at each fresh adjective quivering with increased intensity, a feeling gradually stole scarcely less intense than his own. One after another they rose, and quietly left the Church, Glanville alone remaining, who waited to watch the end. "What will happen?" he thought. "Will he preach to the empty echoes?" His question was answered in a way which he had not looked for. Before Father Skipton had come to the close of his Litany, his voice failed him, and he seemed to collapse, sobbing. At the same instant the shadow before the chancel hastened forward, and placed itself at the Father's side. Glanville, as quickly as he could, made his way to the spot himself, where he found Mrs. Jeffries holding her pastor's hands. At Glanville's approach she rose; and Father Skipton at the same moment, hardly knowing yet where he was, pulled himself together with an effort. He stood up, and was led by the others into the vestry. Here, evidently by a strong exertion of will, in a very short time he recovered his normal condition; and with it came back a touch of his old mundane courtesy. "What a fellow I am," he exclaimed, as they helped him to take off his vestments, "to break down in that absurd manner. Upon my word, I must have overdone myself, walking. I'm dreadfully sorry. I should only have given you a little bit of a sermon; but I'm not up even to that."

"Never mind," said Glanville. "We'll consider your sermon preached—especially as, before you began, I did your collecting for you; and not to trouble you with a pocketful of silver and sovereigns, it's my privilege to hand you this ten-pound note for your Order." Father Skipton looked at him with eyes of amazed gratitude, and grasped his hand in a way which made thanks superfluous. Mrs. Jeffries thanked him