

his duty to show his brother Christian how to do so. The other's answer came as a surprise, a shock, well-prepared as he might have been for it, knowing, as he knew, the stricter traditions of his "school." It was short, sharp and decisive: "Devil's lies, my Lord," exclaimed the minister, hotly; "lies whereby he would fain deceive the very elect."

To such an outburst there was only one answer possible — silence. That the man was in utter earnest, there could be no doubt at all; but the bishop doubted still less, that is, he was absolutely convinced that such a spirit was not the spirit of Christ. The faith, love, devotion, of Isidore, Bernard, Thomas of Aquin, were, as he realized, too near akin to the faith, love, and devotion of Peter, John, Paul, not to be the same. It only remained for him to ascertain whether "Romish priests" were all like his brother, or whether Wilfred were an exception, differing, as, in some sense, he felt that he differed himself from this pious bigot who had but just now condemned, as servants of Satan, so many of the Master's faithful, loving brethren.

That all priests should be as pious, as consistent, as his brother, he did not, of course, expect for a moment. But the Catholic bishop; how closely did he conform to the rules laid down by Paul of Tarsus and by Isidore of Seville?

He had watched his "brother bishop" as closely as was possible under the circumstances, ever since he had come to Onybygamba; now, he determined, not merely to watch him, but to know him, and, if it might be, to make a friend of him. That he would, thereby, lay himself open to misconstruction, he was fully aware; that he must study this man who professed to follow the same rule of faith and conduct as Isidore, Leo, Augustine, and Thomas of Aquin, he felt to be a spiritual necessity.

The Catholic bishop who, on his side, had not failed to watch, with kindly, brotherly interest the life and work of this Protestant shepherd of souls, was gladly willing to enter