

living; had, possibly, thought his brother-in-law "rather inconsiderate" in accepting a bishopric, without offering him "suitable work" in his new diocese; was now more than satisfied. Eastbury Saint Simon's was better than anything at Sefton's disposal, and, no doubt, it would have been difficult for Sefton to give a connection "anything worth having," for some years to come, at all events. No: things were better so, after all.

As for "John Middlehampton," his mind was at rest,—or nearly so. Here, surely, was a "safe" man in every sense of the word; a man of "views," to be sure, but then "no views" had proved no safeguard in James Carman's case, against the "allurements of Rome," so that the new Rector's "views," which seemed to amount to "convictions," were to be regarded rather favorably than otherwise—under the circumstances. The Rev. Thomas Huntley's convictions had, "of course," been "Roman" from the outset. So, at least, the bishop concluded from the form those convictions had ultimately assumed.

All this, if you so please to consider it, is by way of introduction. Also, by way of a little sketch of what does happen, now and then, within the pale of that "comprehensive" Anglican communion which our friends would fain have us believe, is "the Catholic Church in the Provinces of Canterbury and York." Now, for my story.

Mr. and Mrs. Duvernet, at the time of their visit to Middlehampton, had no children, nor had they been asked whether they had any. Somehow, the bishop had taken it for granted that there were none, as the new rector of Eastbury Saint Simon's had not alluded to them. Somehow, too, "Mrs. Bishop" had been shy of ask-

ing a woman whom she instinctively recognized as "stronger" than herself, any such personal question. The truth is, the Bishop and his wife were childless, to the great and lasting grief of both; Mr. and Mrs. Duvernet might be, too, or might have lost some dear little one. In any case, it seemed kinder, and more considerate, not to enquire.

As a matter-of-fact, they were childless, through the death of their only little one, a bright, merry winsome girl, who, after making their lives brighter for three all-too-brief years, had passed from their lives into God's Paradise of Peace. They never spoke of her to others, seldom, each to each: but, to both, she was a living presence, so near, that, at times, they seemed to feel the touch of her tiny hands, to hear the music of her baby prattle. She was "beyond the veil," indeed, but the veil hung close to their daily life, and "beyond" was, in truth, almost within their reach. Almost, not quite.

Now, at Eastbury Saint Simon's, as you may remember, there was a very beautiful carved oak screen, surmounted by a Rood, with attendant figures of Our Lady and St. John, placed there by the Rev. Thomas Huntley, and left there by his successor of "no views," the Rev. James Carman, with results to his soul, for other than, at one time, he could have deemed possible. To the new rector of "moderate" views it was a work of art, such as he and his wife had seen in the Lutheran churches of Sweden and Denmark, where they were not "put to superstitious uses," but were, certainly, helpful to devotion. He could he felt sure, easily "cure" his people of any "excesses" in this direction, into which they might have been