

in a kind of rapid chaunt, "First join with me, then, in the Litany of the Seven Sacraments." Having said this, he dropped on his knees where he was, and ejaculated the names of the Sacraments in quick succession, beginning with "Sacrament of the Font, save us"; and ending with "Sacrament of Extreme Unction, save us." Then, rising to his feet, "Join with me," he said, "now, in the Litany of Mary of England." "What Mary is that?" whispered Captain Jeffries in bewilderment. "The wife of William, or t'other one?" Meanwhile Father Skipton had turned, and kneeling at one side of the altar, was already exclaiming, "Oh vase overflowing with luscious spiritual honey, pray for us—pray for our country—pray for our country's Church, and may the tongues of all be moistened with thine ineffable sweetness." Father Skipton had a genius for the concrete, and presently, with increased fervour, he was exclaiming, "Beautiful lips of the Queen of Heaven, smile on us!" when a sudden response was made for the first time in the pew, though its words—to say the truth—were more devotional than its manner. It consisted of two simultaneous exclamations of "God, God!" accompanied by a stamp from two simultaneous feet. Lord Restormel and Mr. Hancock had both risen from their seats; and muttering, "I could hardly have believed it," prepared to make their exit. "In the hour of death, hands of Mary, fondle us!" These were the last words which they heard as the door closed on them. "It's Rome," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, "pure, unadulterated Rome." "It's Rome," replied Lord Restormel, "minus one thing—minus every trace of the thought, which has made Rome the intellectual wonder of the world." Meanwhile, Father Skipton, within, had reached another stage of his proceedings. "And, lastly," he was saying, "join with me in the adoration of the absent Host—absent from our altars now, but not to be absent long. Let us make," he proceeded, "a monst'rance in our minds, and let us place it on the high altar." Here he turned, and sinking before the embroidered medallion of the altar-cloth, began "Oh creatures of flower and water, which, consecrated by the powers truly transmitted to us from the