

trampled on by the "priest in valid orders," who, by the way, had written to a newspaper, boasting that he had "the God whom the ritualists worship" in his pocket!

Truly, there was need of penance and of reparation. His "Catholic" father in God, the bishop of Sherborne, had advised him to submit to the decrees of a State-appointed lay-chancellor, and to banish "the Eucharistic God," the rood, the images of the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and the saints from God's house, lest "superstitious reverence" should be paid to them, lest they should "offend" Protestant "gospellers" and "apostate priests" who, by a legal fiction, qualified as "parishioners" in order to accomplish the work of their master, "the accuser of the brethren."

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph: In these three names lie all our Christmas joys." So his friend had written, so they both had believed and taught. But his friend, like his bishop, had advised him to submit, and to "pray for better days;" only a "Romanist" had offered sympathy, truest and most sincere. Jesus, Mary and Joseph: the State had banished them from the "Catholic" church of Ditchley Saint Mary's, and the "Catholic bishop and priest" could only counsel — submission and patience! An "apostate priest" had outraged his God, in like manner as Pilate, Herod and the Jews had outraged Him; yet, if that "priest" presented himself at the "altar rails" to-morrow, he, to whom this outrage was pain and grief unspeakable would be constrained — by bishop and by law — once more to place "his Lord" in his unworthy hands to be exposed to fresh insults, fresh outrages; and the bishop had not excommunicated the wretched man, had not so much as even reproved him.

Truly, his burden was greater than he could bear. "Rome" might be, as he had felt and spoken "the coward's refuge," but to him, that night, there came the Voice of God, as to so many others in that "city of confusion" in which he and they had dwelt so long, believing it to be the City of