

"In Alban Butler, or in the Bollandists," answered the priest; "but," he added, "there are many more 'bits' in the Breviary which, I am sure, would interest and please you. May I give you mine as a good-bye gift?"

"Will you? I can't tell you how I should prize it."

That was all that was said, but each understood, without further speech, what were the other's thoughts. Presently, they parted, quietly, yet as men not likely to meet again for many years, possibly not in this world. And each, I doubt not, was praying that Good Master whom they both loved so well to lead the other "into all truth." And how those prayers were answered I have yet to tell.

It was certainly a strange book to be found in the hands of a Protestant, but during the six weeks' voyage to New South Wales, the Bishop of Onybygamba may be safely said to have read little, if anything else. And, the more he read and studied it, from the prayer at the beginning which offers up "these Hours" in union with that Divine intention wherewith our Blessed Lord Himself, while on earth, offered up His praises to His Father in Heaven, to that exquisite meditation-prayer of Saint Bernard's on our dear Lord's bitter passion to be said before Holy Communion, the more was the "Evangelical" prelate impressed with the conviction that no man, possessed of one spark of faith, one spark of love to Christ, could fail to grow in faith and love by the reverent daily recital of these sublime offices. But what most impressed him was, I think, the hymn of Saint Thomas of Aquin to the Blessed Sacrament, beginning; "Thee I adore, oh Hidden Deity." Till now, the "Angelical Doctor" had been, in his estimation, simply a type of the mediæval "schoolmen," who measured the immeasurable by the rule and line of Aristotle's philosophy. Moreover the "Romish doctrine" of Transubstantiation had always seemed to him "materialistic" as compared with the "spirituality" of that particular Protestant negation which he was convinced he believed as "the truth."