

By the Right Way.

The Record of a Soul's Pilgrimage.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.—THE BEGINNING OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE Rector of Eastbury, All Saints, was a leader of the extreme "Catholic" party; his nearest neighbor, the Vicar of Meadowbrook, was an ultra-Evangelical, of the old, uncompromising school. To the Reverend John Huntley, Rector of Eastbury, his "brother-priest" of Meadowbrook was little, if anything, better than a dissenting minister, and Meadowbrook church a hot-bed of "heresy"; to the Reverend Henry Green, Vicar of Meadowbrook, his "fellow-minister" of Eastbury was certainly no better than "a Jesuit in disguise." And yet, thanks to the elastic "comprehensiveness" of the state church, they could each claim to represent her teaching and authority, and their respective parishioners could assist at High Mass at Eastbury, or at The Lord's Supper at Meadowbrook, or *vice versa*, according to individual predilection. In the one case, they would be taught Transubstantiation, pure and simple, and could visit the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the Tabernacle; in the other, they could be taught the barest Zwinglianism. And both priests would appeal, confidently, to Prayer-book and to Holy Writ, in support of their respective dogmas.

An impossible situation? Rather, I maintain, one that could be paralleled by a thousand similar ones. Certain parishioners of Meadowbrook, having Catholic convictions, walked the two miles to Eastbury, every Sunday, in

order to assist at High Mass; certain parishioners of Eastbury, of strong Protestant leanings, walked or drove to Meadowbrook, with equal regularity, in order to listen to "pure Gospel preaching" from the lips of the Reverend Henry Green. They would bow politely, cordially, in many cases, as they met on the road; what had theological views to do with social amenities? Bigotry is, surely, incompatible with good breeding; and "the right of private judgment" belongs to Catholics and Protestants alike—within the all-embracing fold of the "Church of England."

It was a condition of affairs that might have continued indefinitely, as it had continued for many years but for certain events which, suddenly, accentuated, not to say, embittered it to a degree which made its further continuance a moral impossibility. The Rector of Battleminster, three miles distant, had recently "apostatized"—"gone over to Rome"; the curate of Eastbury had followed his example. That was bad enough, in all conscience, but when Sir Robert Wainwright, the Squire of Meadowbrook Manor, a Protestant of even more uncompromising principles, if possible, than the Vicar himself, forbade his daughter to marry Colonel Ashby, because the Colonel was a member of the English Church Union, and had taken a prominent part in certain proceedings of that "obnoxious" body,—the match being, otherwise, unexceptionable—"Society" took sides, ac-