

himself to Him courteously. "Pardon me if this seems an intrusion, or if I have come at an inconvenient moment, but I have received such extraordinary accounts of your proceedings that, as head of the English Church, I felt bound to take them, to some extent, under my official cognisance."

The Stranger, looking at him, inquired: "In your churches whom do you worship?"

"My dear sir! What an extraordinary question."

"What idol have you fashioned that you call after My Name?"

"Idol! Really, really!"

"Why do you cry continually: 'Come quickly!' when you would not I should come?"

"What very peculiar questions, betraying a complete ignorance of the merest rudiments of common knowledge! Is it possible that you are unaware that I am the head of the Christian hierarchy?"

Said the Cardinal: "Of the English branch of the Protestant hierarchy, I think, Archbishop, you should rather put it. You are hardly the undisputed head of even that. Do your Nonconformist friends admit your primacy? They form a not inconsiderable section of English Protestantism. When informing ignorance let us endeavour to be accurate!"

Later on the Archbishop says to the Stranger: "The public mind appears to be in a state of most lamentable excitement. The exact cause I do not pretend to understand. But if your intentions are what I hope they are, you can scarcely fail to perceive that you owe it to yourself to remedy a condition of affairs which already promises to be serious. I am told that there is a notion abroad that you have advanced pretensions which I am almost convinced you have not done. I wish you to inform me, and to give me authority to inform the public, who and what you are, and what is the purport of your presence here?"

"I am He that you know not of."

"That, my dear sir, is the very point. I am advised that you are possessed of some singular powers. I wish to know who the

person is who has these powers, and how he comes to have them!"

"There is one of you that knows!"

The young priest advanced saying, "I know you, Lord!"

Presently the young priest says to the cardinal: "But, Eminence, it is so strange! so wonderful! Your vocation is for Christ; you point always to His cross; you keep your eyes upon His face; and yet—and yet you do not know Him now He is here! Oh, it is past believing! and you, sir, you are also a religious. Surely you know this is the Lord?" This was to the archbishop, who began to stammer.

"I—I know, my dear young friend, that you—you are saying some very extraordinary things—things which you—you ought to carefully consider before you—you utter them. Especially when I consider your—your almost tender years!"

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It is so rarely that a master in one art successfully ventures into the wide dominion of another that one hails him with nearly as much enthusiasm as Mr. Seddon would have us bestow upon his New Zealanders returned from South Africa. Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., F.S.A., one of England's foremost architects, and certainly one of her most artistic designers of things in bricks and mortar, has published a book of poems through Messrs. George Bell and Sons, of London. Mr. Bodley has shewn in architecture that he possesses the poet's mind and the artist's eye. I quote the following to shew that he can write poetry:

#### BY THE RIVER.

Love, my light,

The moon has risen red, the restless stream  
Has changed its pallor into running gold;  
The river flows by darkened trees that seem  
To wrap a glory in a sable fold.

My love is like a light that goldens all  
The moving stream of Life. Amid the gloom  
Of lengthening, darkening shadows that enthrall,  
O, Love, thou art a light to lead me home.