

tarily, the two women arose. Bishop Lawson was an old man. Seventy-five years, however, had hardly dimmed the brilliancy of the dark eyes or bent the upright, wiry figure of the man. Below the remarkable thickness of the white hair the smooth face still glowed with health and vigor.

'Oh!' murmured Priscilla, her mirth suppressed. Cynthia bowed stiffly.

'Be seated, ladies!' The Bishop spoke with a delightful Southern accent.

For the first time in many years, Miss Minters could not express herself. Priscilla waited a moment and then—plunged.

'I didn't know you were so old,' she began; and then, horrified, looked frantically toward her sister.

Bishop Lawson laughed heartily.

'That's good!' he replied. 'Still, I really think you mean something more,' he went on encouragingly.

'You act young!' desperately swam Priscilla.

But Cynthia had recovered.

'It is not a question of age that we have come to discuss, Priscilla.' She turned to the Bishop: 'I asked to meet you on business, sir-Bishop.'

A twinkle appeared in the Bishop's kindly eyes.

'Can't one combine business and pleasure?'

'It depends upon the parties,' replied Cynthia.

Priscilla drew a sharp breath. It was not nice of Cynthia to be so short.

'I agree with you,' said Bishop Lawson, still smiling. 'What can I do to accommodate you?'

'We the the Misses Minters, of Shelbyville.'

His Lordship's white brows came together.

'Minters? Your father'

'We are the Misses Minters, of Shelbyville.'

'And one of my best friends!'

The older sister fell back against the high back of the chair in which she was seated. The other leaned forward, her hands folded tightly across her heaving breast.

'I knew, Cynthia, that father spoke of a priest friend of his.'

The right hand of the Bishop shaded his eyes.

'John Minters was a good friend and a good man, God rest his soul!' There was a slight break in the soft voice. 'I am very glad to meet his daughters.'

Priscilla was crying now.

'Cynthia--'

'We are--are glad to know you,' the other replied.

'I think,' said the Bishop, becoming reminiscent, 'that your father and I understood each other as thoroughly as two men can ever understand each other. We first met at college, and from that day we were almost as brothers. It is unnecessary to tell you what your father was: but I can say that, were I to choose a companion for any ward of mine to-day, I should select a young man with a character as similar as possible to his. Our creeds were different, but if in God's great mercy I reach heaven, I expect to meet again this good friend of mine. John Minters served his God well.'

Cynthia's eyes were moist.

'We never saw each other again after graduation,' continued the Bishop. 'He entered an Episcopalian seminary, and I began my studies for the priesthood. Every month, however, until his death I had a letter from him. There was no one that knew more of your father's hopes and joys than myself. I heard of his marriage and that two daughters were born to him. My appointment to the Bishopric came too late for him to rejoice with me. How near together we might have been! I have never yet visited Shelbyville. Your father spoke delightfully of his rectory. I should like very much to see this house of my friend. I often felt as if I had been there, so often did he tell me about it. It is still standing?'

'Yes,' sobbed Priscilla.

Cynthia's thin figure straightened.

'It is concerning the rectory that we have come to you.'

The Bishop glanced at her in surprise. Perhaps these daughters of his old friend were in need of pecuniary assistance? Every dollar of his own was in circulation, but he must find some way of helping them, he thought.

'The Catholic Church has leased it,' went on Miss Minters.

'Cynthia, don't say any more!' pleaded her sister.

'But I should like to be informed,' Bishop Lawson said.

'I am sure that you must know, Bishop, that father disliked everything Catholic. If he were to know that his beloved rectory is to be used as the home of a Catholic priest, I think he would turn over in his grave. We are here to ask you to seek another residence for your minister. Idolaters--'

'Cynthia!'

'Never mind!' smiled the Bishop. 'We are often called that. I didn't know of this leasing, Miss Minters. My secretary has good judgment in such things, and I allow him to follow it. However, the first of the month report would have enlightened me. I see that you cannot reconcile yourself to the fact that I, a priest, was a friend of your father's. You think he would wish me to veto the lease?'

The older woman nodded her head.

'If I thought he did, I should do so. Even if, as you say, he disliked everything Catholic, don't you think, since the Episcopal Church has ceased worshipping in Shelbyville, your father would have been too unselfish to wish to have untenanted a rectory evidently most suitable for any denomination?'

Father was not selfish, but he hated the Catholic Church.

The Bishop ceased to smile. 'Your father, I must tell you, hated no fellow-creature and opposed no denomination of Christians, least of all Catholics. It is too bad that this quality is not to be found in his daughter.'

Miss Minters sat stunned. Her sister listened in wide-eyed amazement.

'Why do you say your father disliked everything Catholic?' asked the Bishop. 'Did he ever tell you so?'

'No,' confessed Miss Minters. 'But it is the duty of all good Christians to--dislike idolaters. Father must have hated them. I felt that he did.'

The twinkle was again shining in the Bishop's eyes.

'He pitied idolaters. So do I. You think we worship images?'

'I have heard so all my life.'

'I wish you would come to my study,' the Bishop answered.

He showed them into a large room walled on two sides with bookcases. A simple desk, three chairs, some ferns and a statue of the Sacred Heart were its furnishings. But on the desk, among several other framed photographs, the sisters saw one of their father.

'Oh!' breathed Priscilla.

The Bishop watched them.

'He was my friend. That reminds me of him. You cannot suppose I adore his picture? You would not want me to destroy it?'

He turned to the statue. On the pedestal below it a dozen roses filled the room with their fragrance.

'He is my best friend. That reminds me of Him. The roses tell Him and others that I am thinking of Him. This is not idolatry?'

'I ask your pardon!' Cynthia extended a hand which shook nervously. 'I wish that you would consider my request unsaid.'

'God bless you!' the Bishop answered. 'I have something else to show you,' he continued. From his desk he took a tin safety-box. In it were packages of faded letters. 'This' (handing the envelope to Miss Minters) 'was the last from your father. I found it only yesterday while searching for something else. I will ask you to read it.'

The woman gazed with tear-veiled eyes on the

# Dr. J. J. GRESHAM

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

GE

GE

MAIN STREET, GORE.

Present this Coupon and get  
5 per cent. discount.

N.Z. TABLET

F