

Harry smiled: "You would not understand."

"Too deep for us, eh? Well, let us have the opportunity of trying. But," he hesitated, "of course, if you have any reason don't let our chaff worry you."

"Lest you imagine all kinds of mysteries," said Harry, "it was simply because we passed the church. Naturally I raised my hat. That was all."

Norris looked hard at him. "Didn't know you were a Catholic, Watson; and, besides, you have only been here three days, and how—" He stopped—

"Oh, there is nothing strange in that," said Harry. "You can generally tell a Catholic church, and besides, I enquired when I came here."

"But, anyway, even if you did pass your church, why did you lift your hat?" queried Richardson, inquisitively. "I know I pass the church of England every day as I go to the office and never dream of lifting my hat. And I've never seen anyone else do it."

"Watson," said Norris, with mock solemnity; "you have been found guilty of deliberately inflaming our curiosity; and sentence of the court is that you explain forthwith—and without the option."

"I hardly think you will understand," repeated Harry, slightly embarrassed: "but if you wish it, I will give you the reason. It is very simple, at least to a Catholic. In our churches we reserve the Blessed Sacrament or Holy Eucharist; that is to say, the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ is there present under the form of bread. The Blessed Sacrament is kept in a little tabernacle on our altars, and as is only fitting, when a Catholic passes the church he raises his hat in reverence to the God made Man, present through love on the altar." He stopped and exclaimed: "But I seem to be preaching as though I were all I should be."

Norris seemed thoughtful and Harry spoke a few more words on the Blessed Sacrament, in response to a remark of Richardson's. Then there was a lull and the conversation flagged, all being more or less occupied with their own thoughts. Soon they separated, going their various ways. A few days after Harry Watson, in response to a telegram, returned to his own