

for nine centuries, and the double row of little stone friars ascending in processions upon the arch of the great gate where Dom Clemente stood, lost in contemplation. The cloister and the tower stood out majestic and strong against the darkness. Was it indeed true that they were dying? In the starlight the monastery appeared more alive than in the sunlight, aggrandized by its mystic religious communing with the stars. It was alive, it was big with spiritual currents, all confused in one single being, like the differently hewn and sculptured stones, which united, formed its body; like different thoughts and sentiments in a human conscience. The ancient stones, blended with souls which loved had mingled with them, in holy longings and holy sorrows, with groans and prayers, glowed with something mysterious which penetrated his subconsciousness," &c. "No wonder that in such a mood he felt something akin to remorse for the thoughts he had **harboured** in the church about the decrepitude of the monastery, thoughts which had sprung from his own personal judgment, pleasing to his self-esteem, and therefore tainted by that arrogance of the spirit which his beloved mystics had taught him to discern and abhor." Now this comparatively calm soul finds peace again in submission, but for the moment he had harboured such thoughts as the following: "He felt that everything in the ancient monastery was dying, save Christ in the tabernacle. As the germ-cell of ecclesiastical organism, the centre from which Christian warmth irradiates upon the world, the monastery was becoming ossified by the action of inexorable age. Within its walls noble fires of faith and piety, enclosed—like the flames of the candles burning on the altars—in traditional forms, were consuming their human envelope their invisible vapours rising towards heaven, but sending no wave of heat or light to vibrate beyond the ancient walls. Currents of living air no longer swept through the monastery, and the monks no longer, as in the past centuries, went out in search of them, laboring in the woods and in the fields, co-operating with the vital energies of nature while they praised God in song. His talks with Giovanni Selva had brought him indirectly, and little by little, to feel this prejudice against the monastic life in its present form, although he was convinced that it had indestructable roots in the human soul." "The monastic laws had never before appeared to him in such fierce antagonism with his ideal of a modern saint."

Then there is Abbé Marinier, "the worldly Abbé" who is averse to enthusiasms and reform movements.

"You speak of saints?" said Marinier, drawing near. 'A few minutes ago I inquired whether you had a saint among you, and I expressed the hope that you might possess one. There were simply oratorical figures, for I know well enough that you have no saint. Had you one, he would immediately be cautioned by the police, or sent to China by the Church'

'Well' di Leynè replied 'what if he were cautioned?'

'Cautioned to-day, he would be imprisoned to-morrow.'

'And what of that?' the young man repeated "How about St. Paul, Monseur l'Abbe?"