

Flemish, which diaries,—all of them,—were very much at Dom Hilary's service.

It took my uncle a month's solid hard work to read them through, but he read them, word by word. Nor was his labor unrewarded. The Abbe Van Haecke was diffuse, given, as Dom Patrick Desmond would say, to much prolixity, but he forgot nothing, however seemingly trivial or irrelevant. Among which he noted the fact that his predecessor—and tutor—as chaplain to the Beguines had been an Irish monk—from the Abbey of Maredsous.

Now Maredsous, more fortunate than Duns, had escaped destruction at the Revolution. Its records would, therefore, most probably, be intact. So, at least, Monseigneur de Béthune was of opinion, who gave Dom Hilary a letter of introduction to his—Monseigneur's—particular friend the librarian, Dom Gregorius DeVriendt. Armed with this, and a letter from the Abbot at Steenbrugge, Dom Hilary set out for Maredsous.

From the day of his arrival—so he told me, afterwards—he felt certain of success. Dom Gregorius was just such another as Monseigneur de Béthune—or my uncle, himself, for that matter—an antiquarian who really deserved the name. In virtue of his office as librarian, he could do much; as one who could, literally, lay his hand on any book or manuscript in the library, he could do more—and did it.

"Irish monk," said he, with a queer little bird-like motion of his head peculiar to him; "date about 1785. Dom Michael O'Connor; must be."

"How do you know?" enquired my uncle in amazement.

"Because my memory is better than your Lord Macaulay's," returned Dom Gregorius, with a vanity pardonable under the circumstances. "He knew all the Popes and Chancellors; I know all the Abbots, Priors and Sub-Priors of the principal Benedictine Abbeys. I have made it my life-study, mon cher," the old librarian continued. "Dom Michael O'Connor was Sub-Prior of Maredsous from 1780 to 1785. He died in 1785."

"Have you any diaries of his?" asked Dom Hilary, anxiously. Of what use to know the name, death year of this