

Now, Emborough—known to many as the new Glastonbury—is not many miles from Bath, where, at the time of my uncle's "going over to Rome," I was curate of a very "Catholic" church, indeed, St. Jude's, Lansdown. So Catholic were we, in fact, that only Saint Michael's, Shoreditch—lately famous—could be said to excel our "Catholicity." But that—for me, at least, and for those most likely to be interested—is ancient history.

One other piece of topographical information—though I love "Saint Aldhelm's country," and could write about it till the end of time—and I will get to my story, which, I can safely promise you, will be neither as long—nor as interesting—as that of Brother Cedric the Cellarer or of Prior Patrick, late of Waterford in Ireland, and of Duns in "the Low Countries."

My uncle—Dom Hilary Robinson, to give him his name—was not long a monk before he—with the Abbot's sanction—set out to discover all that could be learned concerning Prior Oswald, whom the Abbot, also, had seen and heard on the occasion already referred to. It was the Abbot who suggested that some trace of him might be found at Steenbrugge Abbey, near Bruges, whither the Community at Duns had migrated, after the troubles of the French Revolution. "Some of the Glastonbury monks went to Duns," he said, "as did some of our brethren from Waterford."

With this information to guide him, and a letter from his own Abbot to the Abbot of Steenbrugge, Dom Hilary started on his quest, which, at first, did not hold out much promise of success. The records of Duns, he was told, had been destroyed when the Republicans destroyed the abbey. There were traditions as to the Irish and British refugees, in the sixteenth century, yes: more they knew not. Perhaps Monseigneur Béthune—Chanoine of Bruges—might know more. He was "antiquaire," and familiar with all kinds of ancient legends.

To Monseigneur Felix de Béthune—justly beloved by all English visitors to Bruges—Dom Hilary betook him, without loss of time. Monseigneur listened; Monseigneur smiled—as one who knows. Briefly, he did know. His uncle, dead these seventy years and more, had been chaplain to the Beguines of Bruges and had left diaries—copious diaries, in Latin, fortunately, not in