

he vanished from our sight ; the monks and abbot, chanting as they went, passed out into the night, and we saw them no more.

There was no "function" in Saint Aldhelm's Church, the next day, though there have been many Masses said there since, by me and others, and the Divine Office, as our Holy Father Benedict enjoins. But, in the church at Emborough Abbey, there took place a ceremony which none who saw it will ever forget. An Anglican bishop, three priests—for we were all in valid Orders, though schismatical, jansenist, in fact—and some twenty lay-folk were, that day, received into the One Fold of Christ. The bishop and priests are monks of Emborough Abbey, the lay-folk worship in Saint Aldhelm's Church, of which it is my privilege to be the pastor.

So, with the accomplishment of his appointed task—for such, I cannot doubt, it was,—ends the Strange Tale of Prior Oswald. As for those other monks, their task, I am convinced, is not yet done. But I am equally convinced that, at no distant date, they shall sing Mass and Office, each in his own Abbey, in a Merry England, once more, as of old, the Dowry of our Lady Mary.

And so—as our old chroniclers were wont to say—God have you in His holy keeping.

BEATUS ROBINSON, O.S.B.,

Monk of Emborough Abbey, England.

(F. W. G.)



So many books there are to read,
Their names one can't recall,
And, ignorant which one to choose
I do not read at all.
The new books and the old I leave
Untouched upon the shelf,
The whole world now is writing books—
I'm writing one myself.

—*The Herald*.