

monks unwilling to conform to his severe regulations, he permitted such as were refractory, to retire into other houses, and commenced his new system with such only as were equally zealous with himself. At first he forbade the use of wine and fish, prescribed manual labour, and enjoined unbroken silence; but in later years, he materially increased the austerities of the order. Prayer, reading the sacred authors, and severe labour divided every moment of their time. Every species of recreation—even that of study was prohibited, and the fathers were forbidden to speak to each other, or even to disclose their countenances one to another. So great was the isolation of each individual, that a monk might live for years with the most cherished friend of his youth, might eat from the same board, and kneel at the same altar, yet never learn his identity, 'till death had sealed the bodily eye and lips for ever. The Abbot alone, together with a few lay brethren, were obliged to retain the privilege of speech for purposes of business, but it was only exercised in cases of absolute necessity. The hospitality, however, which had originally been enjoined by the founder of the order, still characterized La Trappe; and amid the silent, solitary, self-denying beings, who glided like ghosts about the noiseless corridors, the spirit of benevolence was ever present. But the health of the melancholy Abbot sunk under the severe penances to which he subjected himself; and even the Pope, unwilling to lose so zealous a son of the church, advised him to relax the severe discipline of his monastery. Inflexible in his purpose, he listened to the advice of none, and having partially regained his health, the only relaxation he allowed himself, was the substitution of *intellectual* in the place of *manual* labour.

Years rolled on, and amid the destruction of armies, and the convulsion of empires, the name of De Rance had faded from the remembrance of those whom he had left behind him in the busy world. Absorbed in the desire of reforming the abuses of monastic life, and the wish to expiate, by daily pe-

nance, the sins of his youth, the Abbot of La Trappe continued to divide his time between writing treatises for the religious world, and practicing the most rigid austerities. All knowledge of political affairs was prohibited in the abbey, and even the stranger who shared their hospitality, was desired to withhold all tidings of the external world from the inmates of the living tomb.—Even the Abbot knew little of the changes which society was undergoing at that momentous period, and, if the convulsion, which shook to its very foundation, one of the mightiest nations upon earth, when the consecrated head of majesty fell beneath the blow of the headsmen, was felt within the sullen walls of La Trappe, it was but as a blow inflicted on a palsied and scarce sentient body.

On the evening of a mild November day, in the year 1690, a stranger, of sad deportment and careworn mien, attended by a few domestics, claimed the well known hospitality of La Trappe. As he alighted, the Abbot prostrated himself at his feet—an act of humiliation which he always performed to a visitant, and then led the way to the chapel. After the usual religious ceremonies, a supper of roots, eggs, and vegetables was placed before him, and he was conducted to his straw pallet by the lowly Abbot. With the dawn of day, the stranger was astir, and applied himself to the severe duties of the place, with the most fervent devotion. The abbot knew not, and cared not for his name or station; it was enough for him that he was a stranger and a man of sorrow. But even the holy father was moved to tears when he learned that the grief-stricken man, who knelt so humbly to implore his benediction, was an exiled monarch, the misguided, the bigoted, but unfortunate James the Second of England.

The king's visit seemed to awaken a faint glimmer of early recollection in the breast of the Abbot of La Trappe. The things of the world—the stirring scenes of cities and courts—the dreams of ambition, the realities of destiny, once more aroused his long dormant interest,