

" was given away to a youth years ago, a youth whom she should never see more
 " in this life, but she desired to meet him in the next, and often fancying him to
 " be dead, besought me with many tears for masses for his soul! I thought it a
 " pity to see one so fair shut up all her life in the dull walls, and as I had con-
 " ceived a strong passion for her, I determined to take her and to fly from the
 " convent. Yes, I conceived a strong passion for her, although she ever designated
 " me to the other nuns under the sinful title of a 'silly old monkey,'—and what
 " was my surprise when she gave me a blow in my face, as I made known my
 " plan, one day at the confessional. The last words I ever heard her say were :
 " you foolish old monk, go and tell your wickedness to some old woman, who
 " will pay you for your trouble with a sound thrashing !

" 'I will,' quoth I, and to the Abbess I went, intending to cover the affair with
 " an innocent covering much to my own honor, but the evil novice had preceded
 " me, and worst of all, her story was credited by the Lady, who quietly informed
 " me that I was Father Confessor to the convent no more. That sister Resur-
 " rection had revealed to her much of my villainy, that she had long suspected,
 " and what was more, she wished never to see my ugly, hypocritical face again !
 " I believed that I alone had saved sister Resurrection's life years before, and
 " that she should return me so ill, so ungrateful a return for my kindness, and
 " for allowing myself to be captivated by her beauty, I say that I have written
 " this brief that all may see how I was abused by her, and that they may all say
 " —who behold this paper—with me, 'Anathema Mara——.' "

A portion of the manuscript was here so much soiled as to render it unintelli-
 gible. On the other side of the paper he found this additional note : "The
 name of the Convent is SAINT JESU. The name of the nun is Annetta de
 Balboa, and my name is Pedro del Serchio."

The paper fell from his grasp, and he struggled for breath ; but he could not
 obtain it. No living being was near him. He tried to cry aloud, but he could
 utter no sound, and once more he went into a swoon, though now thinking of her
 for whom he had searched all Spain for six long years—whom he had not seen
 for ten, not since his old guardian was consigned to his eternal rest. But now
 he had a clue, by mere chance he found that she for whom he had searched all
 Spain to no purpose, was living in a Convent at Madrid, and that she was prob-
 ably a nun !

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEPARTURE.

Through several days in succession did Vallandano watch over his master.
 It was certain that he noticed an undefined expression about the Knight's coun-
 tenance, which evidently bespoke a determination to accomplish something,
 which so far as he was able to judge of his master's affairs, might then lie in the