

past eleven, nearer twelve, in fact, when we began the "Benedictus."

Then the mitred Abbot, laying aside his cope, vested for Mass, in vestments which the monks had brought with them; not modern Roman or French "fiddleback" atrocities, these, or Pugin-esque "adaptations," but genuine Gothic, full, flowing, perfect symbols of "the beauty of holiness." The Abbot's assistants, duly vested, went with him to—our altar.

But, first they sprinkled it with holy water, by way of removing all taint of heresy and schism, and, once more, none of us felt any such resentment as we might have been supposed to feel. Then, on it, they laid a duly-consecrated altar stone, covered with fair, white linen cloths, and, on these the sacred vessels.

By this, it was midnight, for we heard the hour strike in the tower of the parish church, hard by; but none of us, I am sure, took any count of passing time. The Abbot began the Mass, with its appropriate Introit: "Sacerdotes Dei induantur iustitiam," and we—"Romans" and "Anglicans"—joined, heart and soul, in the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice.

Believe me, once more, that this is a simple narrative of facts, and can be witnessed to by many others besides myself. Note, then, that when the Abbot turned to take the Chalice, after he had poured into it the wine and water, the same wonder happened as has been described by Dom Patrick Desmond. The Chalice vanished—borne away, I doubt not, by the hands of angels—and, in its place, surrounded by a radiance such as shone on Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, stood the True Chalice of our Master, Christ, the Holy Grail. And, with it, the finished Mass.

But, when the Mass was ended, the Holy Grail stood yet upon the altar—God's altar now, in very deed. Then came a voice—whose, we could only guess, but, for my part, I took it to be Aldhelm's—"Brother, thy task is finished. Take, then, the Chalice of the Lord, and go thy way, until the time of his appearing." Whereat, the Prior, whom I knew to be Oswald, drew near the altar; worshipped, fittingly, the Chalice of the Christ, then cast his cowl about it, and the glory vanished. With it, too,