

distressing to him to find that a brief return to the world, such as he had this day experienced, should still be able to cast a cloud across the serenity of his ascetic life.

He arose from his chair, and having shut the door of his room, knelt down by his bedside, and buried his face in his thin hands. For some moments no thoughts formed themselves in his brain; but at length the oft-repeated prayer of the sainted Thomas à Kempis entered the domain of his memory, and with passionate fervour he repeated the beautiful words:

"Grant me, O most loving Lord, to rest in Thee above all creatures, above all health and beauty, above all glory and honour, above all power and dignity, above all knowledge and subtilty, above all riches and art, above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and comfort, above all hope and promise, above all gifts and favours, above all jubilee that the mind of man can receive and feel, above all that Thou art not, O my God. For surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee."

There was silence in the room, save for the twittering of the sparrows in the palms outside the window and the distant song of a goatherd driving his flock home for the night. At length he arose from his knees, and, with a more quiet mind, turned his attention to the unwrapping of the parcels which he had brought back from Luxor.

There was a knock at the door, and his native servant entered the room.

"Sir," he said, "there is a leddy, she wish to see you. She wait on her donkey outside. She say, 'Go, tell your master I must see him.' She wanty varry much to speak to you."

An expression of tired resignation crossed Father Gregory's face. Again, then, he was to be disturbed