

punished like this?" and she answers herself, saying: "Yes, I did wrong, although not so wrong as others, and therefore am I punished". No other answer ever occurs to her, and all she knows is that she must work out her fate as best she can and try and be kinder to the child.

And Ringfield—is he happy, behind his high wall, listening for the solemn bell, kneeling on the cold floor, sleeping on the hard bed, working in the quiet garden? No one knows, for where he entered we do not enter, and if we did we should not be able to distinguish him from his brother monks, all clad alike, all silent, all concentrated on the duty of the moment.

The Church of Rome has him and she will keep him—we may be sure of that. *Ainsi soit-il.*