

Irish chaplain of the Beguines, if that were all the information to be obtained?

"Diaries? Ciel!" Dom Gregorius threw out his hands with a gesture that spoke volumes. "Tiens! I will show you." Which he proceeded to do.

Followed another month or five weeks study of crabbed Latin which pained my uncle's classical soul as a bagpipe march might be supposed to pain Palestrina. But he found that of which he was in search, and the "Latin" was forgotten. Dom Michael O'Connor, dead at 90, spoke of a certain manuscript which he had seen, when a very young novice; in the year 1718, to be exact. "A tale passing my credence" was his comment.

"That must be our manuscript," said my uncle, on reporting his discovery to Dom Gregorius; "but I wish Dom Michael had given more details."

"Patience, mon cher," returned the librarian; "What date does the good Sub-Prior mention?"

"1718," answered Dom Hilary. "Any further clue," he enquired anxiously.

"Plenty, plenty," was the confident answer. "1718," Dom Gregorius continued, thoughtfully. "Yes"—suddenly, "Abbot Van den Steen de Jehay died in 1720. He is the man to tell us about this manuscript and its author."

As, indeed—to cut a long story short—it proved. The good Abbot spoke of a certain manuscript, left in his charge by "one of our brethren, Dom Patricius Desmond, to wit, late Prior of Waterford, in Ireland, and now Prior of our neighboring abbey of Duns, which manuscript," his lordship added, "you shall find in our muniment room in the oak chest that beareth mine initials and mine escutcheon."

And that is where and how my uncle Dom Hilary Robinson found the "Strange Tale of Prior Oswald," which it has been my privilege to edit, under the pseudonym of "Thomas the Rymer." The Abbot of Maredsous, on being appealed to, gladly consented to its transfer to Emborough Abbey, as to "the new Glastonbury." How proud and pleased a man was my uncle, you may imagine—if you can.

That, you may be inclined to think, is the end of Prior Os-