

fore ever found us out in our deification of Jefferson and Son. I am sure our Superior will reward you by giving you an exceptional insight into our mysteries. Promise to stay; and I guarantee that you will leave us with no reproach for our adoption of clockmaking divinities." Thinking of the remark that has been made about Paley, I began to suspect that my guide *was* not quite a simpleton. At all events, I gave the promise. And thus it came to pass that I *was* late a casual guest in a Trappist monastery.

After the conversation arising out of the phenomenon of Jefferson and Son had closed, my cicerone continued his kindly office. I saw the chapel, the chapter-room, the cloisters, the library, the museum, the tailor's shop, the shoemaker's shop, the brewhouse, the bakery, the forge, and the kitchen; but it *was* in the refectory and sleeping-room that my interest *was* deepest. These I examined with a critical keenness which only long worship of the great trinity, Ceres, Bacchus, and Morpheus, can possibly impart. I shall try to describe them.

The refectory is on the ground-floor, and is a well-lighted, lofty room about seventy feet long by twenty broad. About half way up it and to its left side is a pulpit, whence a member of the community reads aloud during meals. Each monk has his own fixed place at his own fixed table; and all the tables (bare of cloths but scrupulously clean) are furnished in precisely the same fashion. At each place there are ranged a plain knife, wooden spoon, wooden fork, mug, and small napkin; a wooden label laid upon the napkin tells the name of the brother who takes his refection there. Each monk sits at table on a small, square stool. In the summer-time the monks take two meals each day, one at half-past eleven in the forenoon, the other at six in the evening. The first meal consists generally of a little boiled rice, three or four potatoes, about an ounce of cheese, some unutterable Trappist vegetable-soup, of which, fortunately, Trappists alone possess the recipe, and a solitary glass (which is a little brown mug) of *most indifferent beer*. The second meal is similar to the first, the sole difference being that the vegetable soup is absent, and milk is substituted for *beer*. No flesh meat, no fish, no butter, no eggs, no wine, no brandy, no whiskey, not a word of speech all the year round: nothing but what I have mentioned smoothes the Trappist's path to paradise. Pardon: there are some exceptions. The Trappists have several great festivals of their order, and these they celebrate in a special way. It is by rising two hours earlier than usual, and eating either one apple, six gooseberries, or eight hazel-nuts, additional at dinner. St. Ignatius's day is no great thing among the Jesuits, though the memory of the great Loyola is drunk in excellent wine. St. Dominic's is not much to boast of among the Friars Preachers, though they meditate upon his life over excellent whiskey toddy. But think of a Trappist carousal!

The dormitory lies immediately over the refectory, and is of the same dimensions; but it is not at all as cheerful a room. The sleeping-places are like small horse-boxes, or stalls in a pawnbroker's shop, with curtains before them; and the two lines of them, ranging on either side, from end to end, so fill the apartment as to make the central passage very narrow. "You must find this place rather hot in summer," I remarked to my conductor. "Well, perhaps, yes," *was* the reply; "but we have hardly time to think of the temperature when we come here. Besides," he went on, "our couches are constructed to keep us cool. Just examine one: which you please; they are all alike." He drew aside a curtain: I advanced, felt the—bed, I *was* going to say, but I will not desecrate the dear domestic name. The article upon which a Trappist takes his snatch of slumber may be a mattress, and may have been made by human hands; but it has no more notion of elasticity than if it had been hewn out of the heart of the everlasting hills. The pillow, I think, *was* worse than the mattress; for the mattress, though hard, *was* smooth, but the pillow *was* hard and lumpy. "How do you bear it?" I asked, in amaze. At first he found it somewhat strange, he said; but familiarity had bred forgetfulness. "For I might perceive," he said, "that when a man had, from day to day, and from year to year, just on the average about six hours for sleeping out of

each twenty-four; when besides he has to give the remaining eighteen either to formal manual labor, or to offices which, for the bodily man, are just as weakening, he thinks very little about the kind of place he has to sleep in. His only look-out is for the signal that gives him leave to close his eyes." And my companion looked very sad, but very resigned. In me, too, I think some sadness began to be apparent, as I began, in a more or less bungling way, to retract my promise to stop. "Wait a minute," he interrupted: "we are on the cloisters now, and we do not talk there, you will remember. Let me conduct you to the guests' quarters."

In two minutes we had traversed a corridor, crossed a square, and entered a modest parlor. Blue Spectacles—Trappists read nothing save what saints have written, and so my monastic friend can never be offended by seeing himself in print with this appellative—Blue Spectacles motioned me to a chair, laughingly observing that now speech *was* free. I apologized for having broken the silence of the cloister, and went on to express my sorrow that I could not accept his hospitality for the night: that since I had promised to do so, I had remembered an engagement, which would require me to leave Leicester for London by first train on the morrow; that I would otherwise gladly remain, but that my business *was* more pressing than even my curiosity about Jefferson and Son. "I am afraid," said the genial follower of the stern St. Bernard,—"I am afraid our poor house has frightened you. Be candid, now: do you not dread to give us even one night's trial?" "Well," I rejoined, "the arrangements of your refectory are no doubt *most* excellent; but I am of the world, and wish my dinner to be not all uncaral. Your beds, too, are safe and substantial to a degree; but they are the beds in which saints delight; and I—Jefferson and Son assist me!—am a sinful man." The monk laughed. "Do not fear, dear sir," he said, when he had recovered his gravity, "do not fear: you have fallen into a little mistake." He then explained to me that attached to the monastery there *was* a guest-house; and in it strangers were entertained,—entertained, too, not as the poor monks were entertained in the monastery, but after a fashion at least dimly suggestive of the nineteenth century. "Hospitality," he went on, "is one of our first duties; and we try to perform the duty in a manner at least approximately suited to the position of our guest. Nor do we ever inquire his race or religion. It is but little we can do, for our means are small; but that little we endeavor to do, not as the ministers of a sect, but as members of humanity." The result *was*, as may be easily anticipated, that I accepted the monk's offer. And although even the guests' apartments are very simply furnished, yet I have passed few pleasanter evenings than that which I spent in Mt. St. Bernard's.

The religious ceremonies of next day were not of any special interest. I hardly cared to see them at all, except as they gave me a chance of getting a good view of the monks. Overnight, I had been told a great deal about particular brothers, and I *was* exceedingly curious to see some of these. Do you notice that tall, thin, nonchalant monk, screwing his head down into his shoulders so as to make his neck disappear, and looking somewhat as if a "count-out" would not displease him? That is a former follower of Mr. Pusey, and brother to a noted English M.P. And that large, handsome, intelligent face with the strong, somewhat bulbous body that it crowns: they belong to one whom the world once knew as a painter of some promise, and who, even in his retirement, is still devoted to his art. I see a Frenchman, swart and resolute, with the vigor of three bigger men in his short, strong body; a French Canadian, French in complexion, English in figure; but with none of the Saxon's awkwardness, and none of the restlessness of the Gaul. Many English are there, as we all know them; many Irish, too, utterly and serenely ignorant of the wild work made with their soggarths by Justice Keogh; and all these men, so differing in race and manners and aspirations, have vowed a vow to live on vegetable soup, die on the naked floor, and sleep uncoffined in abbey graves!

Meanwhile, the mystery of Jefferson had been explained