

"Well," answered the nun, "as you are kind enough to offer, you may do so ; and I thank you for helping me."

On the evening of the feast the nuns and pupils assembled in the concert hall, the choral class forming themselves into an artistically arranged group in front of a large statue of our Blessed Lady. Various hymns were recited and sung, each receiving its well-merited meed of applause ; and then the child of an alien faith stood and held her audience in breathless attention by her reverent and enthusiastic rendering of a hymn of thanksgiving after Holy Communion :

The Lord of glory.
 (O wondrous story !)
 Hath made His home within my breast.
 Bowed down before Him,
 My soul, adore Him
 Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
 Good angels, aid me !
 The God who made me,
 Who died to save me, is now my guest.
 Ah, softly sing Him
 Sweet songs, and bring Him
 Your burning love, your worship blest !
 The Lord of Glory
 (O wondrous story !)
 Now gracious dwells within my breast.
 My Jesus, never
 Shall creatures sever
 My happy heart from love of Thee.
 Ah, do not let me,
 My King, forget Thee !
 And, O do Thou remember me !
 My only Treasure
 My Rest and Pleasure,
 My Rock and Fortress, forever be ;
 In strife defend me,
 In sickness tend me,
 And come in death to set me free.
 Ah, do not let me,
 My King, forget Thee !
 And Thou, dear Lord, remember me !

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It was already past midnight. The inhabitants of a great city were hushed in sleep ; even the suffering inmates of the hospital were comparatively at rest, when suddenly the stillness of the wards was broken by a shriek of terror. The patient night-watchers left the bedsides of