

*1st Child.* Well, if that ain't beautiful? I wonder whether we could play at that, or whether it could be only for gentle-folks.

*2d Child.* Why shouldn't us? If us can sing in the church, us has as good a right as they any how and anywhere.

*Angel to Agnes.* Love the poor and welcome them everywhere.

*Agnes.* Perhaps this may be a flower for the altar.

She runs to her mother, who is sitting reading on one of the garden-seats, and asks permission for the village children to join their procession. This being granted, AGNES tells the children where to find the bundle of palms, and again takes her place behind HELEN. They walk on, singing, "*Virgo, singularis, inter omnes mitis,*" &c., &c. KITTY OLIVER, who is weeding a flower bed, looks up when she hears their voices, and calls to the gardener.

*Kitty.* John, John, come here and hearken. You have heard me tell about Miss Agnes' singing. Come and listen to it yourself, and you will say with me that there is not one of them to be compared with her. Bless her little heart! she sings like an angel, as she is.

AGNES, who hears this, blushes.

*Agnes to her Angel guardian.* If it will be a flower for the altar to shun human praise, let me sing in my heart only, and do you sing for me.

The Angel sings, and AGNES keeps silence. They walk along the bank of the river, singing the Litany of Loretto, when the village children arrive carrying their mock palms: they follow the procession, and join in the litany.

*Oswald.* [turning sharply round]. Who is that roaring the *Ora pro nobis*, spoiling our singing?

*1st Child.* [slinking back]. 'Twasn't me, sir.

*2d Child.* [pulling his forelock, and scraping a rustic bow]. I humbly ax your pardon, sir.

*3d Child* [grumbling]. I don't see what harm there is, when missis gave us leave.

*4th Child.* [sturdily]. Mother says that the day may come when the quality of the gentlefolks will be glad enough to have the prayers of the poor.