

But, Madam, it is only the Jewish soldiers, who have a right to the twelve days, for their paschal duties. That is what is written in the very paper you bring me. Look read it."

"Then the Catholics ought to have twenty-four at least for they are more numerous and they did not put Jesus Christ to death.

"The Catholic soldiers have no rights."

Ah ! none — none ! —

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Poor old mother Belletaille was stunned. What she had just heard had destroyed all her projects. All the ideas, she had in that old head and in that old heart. She had misunderstood that permission, it was not for her grandson. — Therefore there were monstrous injustices in the army. Religious liberty was for a handful of the cursed race and refused to the true sons of the soil, to the innumerable multitude of Catholics.

The interior conflict raging in that poor old woman's breast was frightful. She could not articulate a word, her face became purple with rage and she brandished her stick at an unseen foe.

There was something tragically grand in that simple gesture. The colonel trembled as he thought of the terrible catastrophe that must shake all France when mothers and grandmothers will demand for their sons the right that is not refused to the lowliest of mortals the right to save their souls and serve their God.

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### RESIGNATION.

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*Lord Host ! Thine instruments are we ;  
Under Thy hands we wait alone !  
And if Thy touch bring loss or gain,  
And if it lead through joy or pain,  
With still small voice or trumpet tone,  
We may not care to ask or know,  
Nor heed if sad or glad it be,  
If, in the end, Thy thought may roll  
Through every chord of heart and soul,  
And bear its harmony to Thee*