

Abbé. Seeing but the one figure now, many a pitying thought came into their hearts for the lonely lad, for all knew that the kind priest lay dying in the hospital. How little they guessed what a deeper loneliness would come to him, how little they knew of the struggle in his heart!

With no show of it in his face he walked on and struck the Parade. The great square was deserted and desolate, and he quickly crossed it and entered the garrison chapel. There, wild with excitement, people of all classes had thronged, the rich and the poor crowded indiscriminately in the pews and aisles, all bowed with the common anguish of leaving their homes and losing their dear ones.

Close beside the door knelt a woman rich in laces and silk, who had lost husband and son during the siege. Throwing her arms up and covering her face with her hands she moaned in agony of prayer, "Ah, Blessed Mother, make me strong, make me strong!"