

armed men presented themselves at this peaceful retreat and threateningly demanded to see the Superior: She came and stood before them calm, dignified and fearlessly said: 'Gentlemen, may I ask the object of this untimely visit.'

"You have the sacred vessels belonging to Saint Augustine's church here and we want them."

"You cannot have them. They are a valuable deposit confided to me; I can not part with them."

After a long unavailing discussion they sought to enter the chapel. The Superior was powerless to prevent them especially as it adjoined the room in which they were. Seeing resistance worse than useless the valiant woman opened the chapel door entered first and took up her position on the altar step.

"We want the articles" imperiously repeated the emissaries of the Commune.

"You can not have them."

"We must! Open that tabernacle door?"

"Never! You shall not touch them!"

One of them fixed her with his bayonet. The intrepid Nun only drew closer to the tabernacle.

"I will run you through if you persist in your refusal," hissed this monster beside himself with baffled rage.

"Do it!" she answered without a tremor in her voice. "Your lance shall indeed go through me before you touch that tabernacle door."

So much courage disconcerted these wicked men.

One of them less brutal than the others turned away his comrades bayonet saying:

"Leave her alone. It would be a pity to hurt her, she has such splendid pluck."

"Well, then," expostulated another, "let her take out what there is in those vessels if that is why she will not give them to us."

"No," was the quiet rejoinder. "I cannot. I have no right to touch them."

"At least, promise to hand them over to us when you get their contents taken out."

The heroic faith of a brave Nun had disarmed them.