

the Lord, while they are bringing down Your temples in the name of their God who is not our God, while they are wrecking Your altars with the name of another Messiah on their lips, a Messiah who cannot be Your Son who taught us to love and to forgive!

"King of Kings! Why do not You let the thunder of Your voice be heard once more! Why do not You send down once more upon our bleeding earth that Angel of Yours 'who went out at night and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand, and when they arose early in the morning behold they were all dead corpses'?"

"God chooses His time," said the nun.

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The Doctor went back into the sacristy and sat down on the bench beside the Curé, waiting for the hour to start. All was still, and the silence was only broken by the never-ceasing moan from the church.

"I feel as if I ought not to leave these poor dying men," he said.

A roar of laughter rang through the night.

"Do you hear them?" whispered Anatole under the window. "They are having their supper in your dining-room. They are all