

*Angel.* Courage to suffer for justice' sake is a flower worthy of the altar.

*Agnes.* Oswald, you shall not touch one of those flowers. They are neither yours nor mine; they were given to our Blessed Lady, and she shall have them.

*Oswald [sarcastically].* Oh, ho! Agnes turned vixen, and daring to dictate to me: that is capital! It is very remarkable that I don't feel more frightened. Never was cooler in my life, ha, ha, ha! [*He holds the basket over his head and laughs.*]

*Angel.* To bear affronts and mockery is a choice flower, and very dear to our Lord.

*Agnes [meekly].* Oswald, I forgive you from my heart; but pray give me those flowers.

The poor children surround her.

*Omnes.* Never mind, Miss Agnes, you shall have plenty of flowers for our Lady's altar; we will all go and gather the very best we have, and will be back again in ten minutes.

They run in different directions to gather flowers for Agnes.

*Oswald.* There! do you hear? you will have twice as many as these in ten minutes, so don't be bothering me any more, for I mean to have them, and have them I will.

*Angel to Agnes.* Zeal for the house of our Lord is beautiful and fragrant to him.

*Agnes.* No, Oswald, no: you shall not even touch them. What is given to the Church is already holy, and I will pray that you may not have one of them.

*Helen.* For shame, Oswald! What a coward you are to take advantage of a child like Agnes! Put down the basket this instant, or I will go and tell mamma.

*Oswald [angrily].* Go along with you then, and tell tales, and see what you will get by them. There is no use in holding out your hands, Agnes; they are tied fast enough.

He runs across the bridge pursued by HELEN. When he has reached the other side, he throws the basket into the mill-stream, and laughs scornfully. AGNES bursts into tears.

*Angel.* Pray for Oswald.

*Agnes.* And do you also pray for him as I do.