

"Don't you pray?"

"Alas! not so often, and not so well as you, kind Sister. I used not to believe in any other God than the God of Mercy. How could I believe in the God of Wrath—I, who have been forgiven so much and so often? Now I have lived to learn to believe that there is and must be a God of Vengeance as well. I feel as if I could not live on if I were to lose my faith in Him. Sœur Marthe, if I were to pray to-day it is to Him I would pray:

*"Stern God of Israel, whose voice amongst the thunders and lightnings upon the Mount made all the people that was in the camp tremble! Why do you tarry? There is not one of Your Commandments they have not trodden under their feet, there is not one of the gentle messages of pity Your Son gave to the world that they have not scorned. Is there not enough broken faith in their torn pledges to You and to Man, is there not enough blood on their hands? Are there not enough homeless children calling out to their fathers, are there not enough tears in the women's eyes? You used to strike hard in the days of old, avenging God of Judah, at the false prophets who said their words were Your words! Why do You remain silent now while they are calling out that they are the Chosen People of*