

might be in the tree, the second stanza particularly may be pleasing to heaven's ears.

When through the woods
And forest glades I wander
And hear the birds
Sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down
From loftly mountain splendor,
And hear the brook
And feel the ~~mountain~~^{gentle} breeze,
Then sings my soul,
My Savior God to thee,
How great Thou art.
How great Thou art.

This exclamation in song was raised, dear Fr. Flavian by some forty voices in the first familiar stanza and fewer in the second. By the 3rd and 4th I thought I were perhaps accompanied by eight voices perhaps a few more in the chorus

I kept my poor eyes straining on the patch of light during the song and gradually began to think I made out a veil, but so dimly that, out of respect to the divine and diverse agencies of Heaven, I took care to know that I am equally susceptible to the power of suggestion as any child of God, and did not congratulate myself with becoming yet a full visionary. As I sang & watched I thought the upper part which I was trying to identify as a veil turned, as it would be if the lady wearing it turned her head to Her right.

Some people saw two angels with the Madonna. My wife would not talk. Later she said she saw two smaller