

" Let us pray, my children, for those who are in peril at sea. We will recite the Our Father, that Our Lord may deliver them from shipwreck.

Facing the altar once more he began the Pater Noster. Not a single voice replied to his own. The wind and rain beat violently against the windows of the church. The clamor of the waves seemed to re-echo through the shadows of the vaulted aisles. He thought the women were all grouped about the altar of St Anne in the corner of the church, hidden by the pillars ; and he repeated in a louder tone : " Our Father, who art in heaven ! " But from the chapel, where the little candles burned themselves out one after the other, no answer came. The priest wondered whether the Angel of Death had not carried away his entire parish. For the third time he cried out, in a voice of anguish that resounded through the deserted church : " Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name—."

Suddenly from the depth of the blackness and silence came the clear, sweet voice of the little orphan, straining to make itself heard above that of the winds and waves : Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—The prayers ended in a sob.

The supplications of the saintly priest and the innocent child ascended far above the voice of the storm, higher than the roaring of the waves, louder than the plaintive sighing of the wind, to the feet of our Father who is in heaven. The ocean receded little by little, and as evening approached, the seven barques, welcomed by the rector, the women and young children with tears and prayers of thanksgiving, came in, one after the other, to the harbor of Kermaror. The masts were broken, the sails torn, the net and fish gone : but no one, either man or boy, was one whit the worse for the perilous voyage. And never was the Festival of Our Lady of the Rosary celebrated with greater joy and greater solemnity than that year in the parish of Kermaror.