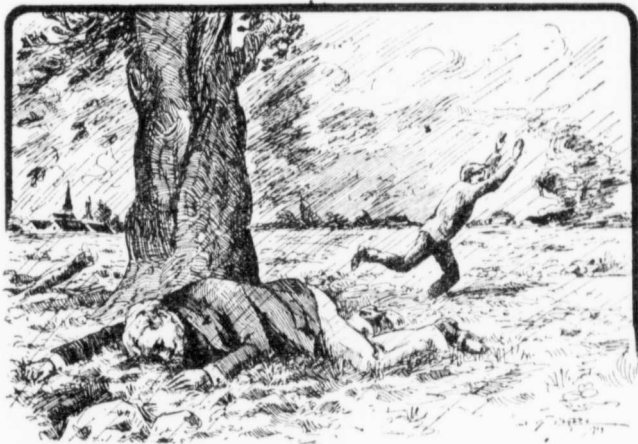


Not wishing to appear less audacious than his friend whose keen grey eyes were watching him so intently he answered.

"When one has a bountiful harvest in his barn, lots of money is his purse and every comfort in his home, he can easily defy God's anger." "Oh that's going too far", broke in the third; its terrible!"

"Coward, hissed the incensed man. You have to cross the lake to reach home, and you're afraid your boat will upset. Yes you're afraid, you Coward!"

The ugly taunt did its work: stifling the last remnant of faith and fear of God he swore though in a voice that showed his trepidation:



"Oh no, I'm not afraid! I belong to the clique alright! I'm not any more afraid than you are."

The deeply afflicted priest seeing he could do no good went away imploring God's mercy on them.

During this scene the procession had continued its way. Soon all vestige of it disappeared and the trio were left to themselves and their reflections.

Notwithstanding their apparent bravado, the vague uneasiness that follows wrong doing made them so uncomfortable that they spent the rest of the day trying to drown the disagreeable feeling in wine and song.