

subsided, and the passenger more dead than alive ventured to put forth his head as he inquired in a feeble voice :

" Do you think we shall get there all right, now, Baptiste ? "

" I hope so, Monsieur ; but I can not say. The sea is nasty, and the weather may take an ugly turn again. It is a real miracle that we have gotten this far along," he continued with a cruel emphasis not lost on his hearer ; " we are in the hands of God, Monsieur, who does sometimes interfere in such little things as a sudden squall at sea, we Catholics believe. "

" Baptiste," said the other, after a moment's silence, " what do you usually do in such an emergency as this ? "

" You see very well, Monsieur. I govern my boat as best I can. It needs all one's energy and all one's senses, as you perceive. "

" Yes, I know. But, are you not accustomed, in time of danger, to promise some Masses ? Why did you not do that to-day ? "

" Mr. Smith, this is not the time to ridicule my superstitions," said Baptiste, in a tone in which indignation and reproach were mingled.

" Baptiste, I am not ridiculing your belief in the least. I asked the question seriously, and I now repeat it. "

" Very well, Monsieur, since you wish to know, I will tell you. When the sea behaves as it did just now I commend myself to God and make an act of contrition with the hope of saving myself, but also with the resignation to die — if it be the will of God. Where do you suppose a poor devil like myself would get the money to offer for Masses ? "

" It seems to me that if for no other reason than that your family needs you, it would be your first thought to make such a promise. " Baptiste said nothing ; he was too much occupied with his boat at that moment to give his attention to anything else. Smith moved uneasily, hemmed and hawed — and finally said : " Listen, Baptiste ; promise a Mass — two, a dozen if you wish, and I will pay for them. "