

sick.... are you.... and you will soon put on your lace again.... for you are a Sergeant I hear."

" Yes, Bishop, Sergeant Catel, 2nd of the 3rd in the 167th line infantry. But as for resuming my coat, I must'nt think of that. The good God is on the point of signing my discharge, and, unless the ink bottle be dry, He will do it."

" Oh you are very eager.... you rely on having good quarters up there, friend ? "

" I have earned them, Bishop."

" Have you really ? "

" Certainly. I've seen twenty years of service, am forty years of age, and ever since I can remember, well, I have asked for that retreat, twice a day, morning and night. When I was small our parish priest told me that God gives us what we ask for."

" You have prayed then, my brave son ? "

" Why yes, for I promised mother when I set out in life."

" Every day ? "

" Yes, even when I had taken too much, Bishop ! One gets thirsty at times, you know."

" What used you to say to God, my friend ? "

" Oh, a short and good prayer, Bishop. You know among us there is no time for long ones ! "

" Was it the Our Father ? "

" No, that was for Sunday, at mass."

" And on week days ? "

" In the morning : " Lord, your servant is getting up, have mercy on him." At night, " Lord your servant is going to bed, have mercy on him."

The bishop, greatly moved, pressed the old soldier in his arms. He desired to assist him in his last moments and closed his eyes with his own hands. When he had received his last sigh, he said to the assistants :

" Gentlemen : this was a true christian. De Profundis."

C. B.