

'Is it true!' murmured Annette, who wept with terror; 'then you say I am lost—lost without mercy. Oh! it is impossible, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! you cannot be without pity. Holy Virgin! save me. Guardian angels! save me.' She raised her hands to heaven, clasped in despair; but love surmounted the selfishness of despair, and suddenly recovering herself, 'No,' cried she, 'I am very foolish. Do not listen to me, Mon Dieu! it is Louis that should escape; take me, if it is inevitable. Save yourself, Louis, I implore you! Do you understand—I entreat you. Oh! in pity let me not see you die. If you remain, I shall not have courage; I cannot resign myself to the will of God. Louis! leave me to die alone, for the sake of my eternal salvation.'

At this moment a wave overwhelmed the reef which defended the entrance of the grotto, advanced towards the young girl, and almost enveloped her; Marzou had but just time to seize her, drag her from the billow which would have carried her away, and to take her into the second inclosure: there the ground was a little more elevated, and still afforded some shelter from the sea, and where from the bottom of the cave, projected a portion of rock which was attached to the cliff by an inclined plane. Marzou climbed it with difficulty, and placed Annette upon the summit.

Resting there at some distance from the opening by which the grotto was lighted, she was revived by the sight of the stars which she perceived through the narrow cleft, and by the breeze which wafted the odours from the sea.

While the assault of the waves became every instant more violent, they saw them appear right and left in the midst of the obscurity of the cavern, and then retreat with a terrible noise. The circle of death was narrowing every instant round the *traineur de greves*, and the young girl. Stunned already by the terrible reverberations which the echos awakened, and breathing with difficulty, it seemed as if every thing was reeling around them. Sure of not being able to escape death, they pressed more closely together, as if both had lost the power and even the inclination to speak. All at once a sound made faint by the distance, came to them through the opening in the rock: it was the bell of Piriac, calling the faithful to evening prayers; this familiar and unexpected voice produced a reaction in these two benumbed hearts, and as if by one impulse Marzou recovered himself, while Annette clasped her hands.

'It is God who speaks to, and comforts us,' said Louis, with that fervency which the emergency called forth; 'let our last prayers, Niette, mingle with those of the friends we shall never see again.' And kneeling upon the damp rock, the *traineur de greves* began in a loud voice, that sublime prayer which has become the confession of the Christian Faith. In the midst of the furious roaring of the sea, the simple words of the creed rose like sacred incense from the creature whose faith seemed to elevate him above the mortal dangers that surrounded him.