

The fury of the storm king was soon over, the wind grew calm, the sky brightened, the snow ceased falling, the dark clouds disappeared, disclosing a corner of azure studded with brilliant stars.

"It is paradise!" murmured the Curé, opening his eyes. "Anthony, in pity, give me a little water—water, melted snow."

"Better drink poison, Father."

"You do not realize how I suffer. A glass of water!—I would give my life gladly to be in time to save the sick man."

"Father," asked Antony in a trembling voice: "have you a pen-knife?"

"Yes, take it out of my pocket."

Anthony took the knife. About twenty seconds afterwards he continued sighing, "Open your mouth, Father, and drink. I give you my blood pure and warm."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Curé in shocked dissent. And then to rise to the sublimity of the poor peasant's sacrifice, he put his lips to the opening in his arm and drank as do the goat-hunters overtaken by fatigue and thirst in the glaciers. The draught revived him. He sprang up crying, "saved! Anthony, you have saved my life. May God Almighty bless and reward you."

With mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration, he gently and carefully bound up the wounded arm which had been his salvation.

To their great relief, they heard voices calling and saw torches glimmering. Nearer and nearer came the voices calling loudly, "Father," quickly followed by seven or eight mountaineers who had been searching for the Curé for over two hours.

The Curé had the consolation of being in time to hear Demetrius Blanc's confession and prepare him for a Christian death.

The next day he returned to his presbytery bearing no trace of the manifold dangers through which he had passed, blessing and thanking God that he had been instrumental in bringing a lost sheep back to its Shepherd.

Anthony's heroic conduct spread like wildfire, his praise was in every mouth; but nothing could ever convince him that he had done an act worthy of renown.