

when he fell, in hopes of hiding her from the sight of those devouring monsters who were bent on the attack of the sleigh.

Suddenly he heard in the distance a noise.

"No doubt, these are human voices. Resinous torches threw a bright light, hasty steps resounding. God be praised! It is help, it is safety. The wolves, frightened at the noises and sudden lights, drew back; a general discharge put them all to route; they fled into the steppe and disappeared. Paul is in the arms of the servants and vassals of his father, who, to the number of more than a hundred, flew to arms at the sound of the shots. Paul ordered them first to attend to his sister, whom emotion, cold and fatigue, had deprived of sense. They laid her on a litter, covered with furs, and in a few moments arrived at the château.

Count Belorouki, whose last moments drew near, and who had learnt in a few words what was passing, desired to see his children at once. The countess entered with his daughter, who had revived, but, still weak, leant on her one side, and Paul supported her on the other, on whom she looked with gratitude and admiration.

He, with his hair in disorder and still covered with blood, excused himself to his father for appearing thus before him. "Make no excuses," said the count to him, "your appearance consoles me at this last moment. I am dying, but I die happy. I leave a son; I know now my race will not perish."

"Paul, yesterday, in dying, I should have confided you to your mother and sister.—Count Belorouki, I to-day leave your noble mother and your sister, my well-beloved Nastasia, under your protection."

The count, exhausted by the effort that he had made, stopped a moment. Then turning towards an old soldier who had made with him all his campaigns, and whom he had taken into his service. "Nicholas Iranavitch," said he to him, "take the sabre which hangs over the trophies of war, and give it to my son."

"My father," said the young man, with eagerness, "is it that you bore at Borordini?"

"Yes, my son, but why this question?"

"My father, it is because the flame which warmed my heart I felt kindle at your recital of that battle, and when I was brought face to face with danger, I remembered that I bore your name."

"Ah, I mistrusted it," said the countess, with an accent of triumph

"I thank thee, O my God," said the dying man, "for having reserved this consolation for my dying hour. Adieu, all you whom I love! My daughter, my wife; adieu, my son; adieu, holy Russia. Let another war come, and my sword of Borordini will be borne by a man worthy of you, worthy of me, and of our ancestors."