

"O how thirsty I am!" murmured he plaintively.

Anthony gave a cry of despair and shouted, "Help! help! Here is a saint of God dying for the want of a little water." His voice dominated the wind and the storm, but in that awful solitude, who could hear or respond?



The old priest feebly repeated :

*"In manus tuas, Domine..."*

Anthony's tears of anger and sorrow fell like rain drops on the numb face of his dear Pastor as, no longer able to hold him in his arms, he gently laid him down in the shelter of a massive rock forming a kind of excavation, where he remained in a stupor, hearing nothing, seeing nothing. —