

together for the happy death of the one and the escape of the other. Night began to fall and they went back to their cells. Cunibert intoned the Psalms, as was his wont, and as he was singing the words: "Happy is he who dies the death of just," the chieftain's soldiers broke into his cell and soon had finished their brutal work. Helier, having heard the noise made by the murderers, left his cell and found his saintly guide dead in his chair, his finger pointing to the words in the Psalm book, "Happy is he who dies the death of the just." No time was to be lost. So hastily covering the body with earth, he turned away from his happy home.

At the dead of night Helier fled, whither he knew not. He would have been warmly welcomed at his father's castle, but he preferred to share the poverty of Christ. On he hurriedly sped, dreading at every moment lest his father's horsemen might pursue him, and take him back to live among the ungodly. No guide, save the Holy Spirit, directed him as to whither he should turn his steps. Still, he was not disheartened, but, trusting in God, he went on for six days, until he reached a city, named Terousenne. A poor widow, taking pity on the travel stained youth, carefully attended to him until he recovered from his fatigue. But Helier yearned after the life he had led with Cunibert, and asked his hostess to direct him to a secluded spot where he might in secret speak with God. The widow guided him beyond the village to a church dedica-