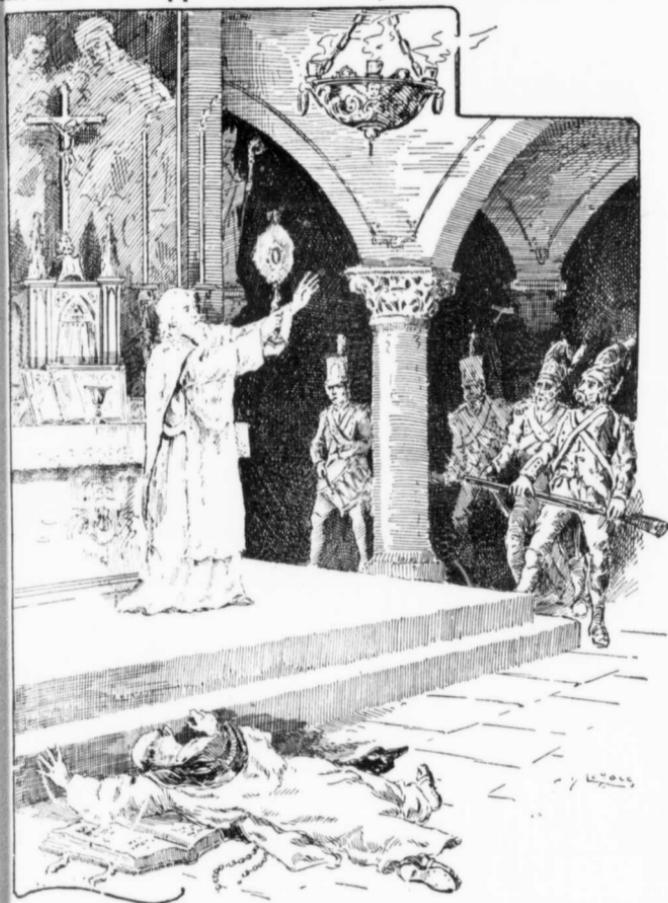


finished the sign of the cross. A slight streak of blood empurpled the sacred vestments, the monk leaned against the altar for support, the cowardly assassin fired a second



shot. The monk fell, blessing us again. In a feeble voice but which we distinctly heard, he repeated with closed eyes, "*Et Spiritus Sanctus.*" Then, he slept the sleep of the just, the ostensorium resting on his heart.

