

I hope for the prayers of every christian soul who passes this way. Let them pray also for him, for he is the cause of all ; but let them say nothing to my father."

As I read these simple wailings of a seared heart, the hostess and the female passengers showed by their sobs, how much they were affected ; even the men betrayed emotion. Madame Pinguet uttered a vehement philippic against male perfidy. She said, indeed, nothing new, but she repeated all that had been said before on the subject, and became much warmer because M. Maurice, who had recovered his presence of mind, was endeavouring to turn the whole into ridicule. The other man composing our party, sided with the kind-hearted Madame Pinguet, and although M. Maurice reproached the latter, all the honours of the discussion were won by the fair devotee.

"It is fortunate," exclaimed M. Maurice, that our lovely little fellow-traveller from Châlons is condemned to silence, for I should have her also for an antagonist ; and I confess, that such a face talking of love and romance, would have proved irresistible."

This recalled the little dead woman to our recollection, and we now for the first time remarked that she was not present at breakfast. The conductor informed us that she never sate at table, but contented herself with a crust of dry bread. I looked through the open door, and saw her distributing this bread to the goats, by which she was surrounded. Poor creature, the animals, after taking from her hand the good she offered them, hastily fled from her, as if frightened at her aspect.

The coach being repaired, we proceeded on our journey, during which we constantly felt a damp chill difficult to be accounted for, and experienced a physical and mental uneasiness, which spread sadness among us, and put a stop to all conversation. In spite of his efforts, M. Maurice was unable to resumé his appearance of unconcern, and his lively conversation of the preceding day.

We were delighted when we reached Lyons, and M. Maurice