

perhaps her husband will not let her come back to Besançon any more, to go on compromising her honour."

"That is what makes me lonely, and not the absence of a God who is just, good and omnipotent, devoid of malice, and in no wise greedy of vengeance."

"Oh, if He did exist. Alas I should fall at His feet. I have deserved death, I should say to Him, but oh Thou great God, good God, indulgent God, give me back her whom I love!"

By this time the night was far advanced. After an hour or two of peaceful sleep, Fouqué arrived.

Julien felt strongly resolute, like a man who sees to the bottom of his soul.