

At last the darkness invading the weak ridge of light, from all parts, extinguished it under a sheet of obscurity.

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—"Oh! it is very dark," the child says to his mother, in an undertone, after a long silence, "I cannot even see your face."

"If I was not so near you, my dear little mamma, I believe that I should be afraid."

"Why did we set out so promptly?"

"I was sleeping so comfortably in my bed, when you came to awaken me."

"Shall we soon arrive?"

And the child, seized with an involuntary trembling, instinctively drew near to his mother, as if to seek shelter from the phantoms which night caused to dance before the imagination of childhood.