

what a father suffers at the sight of a deformed son,—deformed from childhood!”

“M. Letourneur,” I responded, “in the misfortune that has visited your boy, and you, too, you do not make the burden an equal one to each of you. Andre is to be pitied, no doubt; but is it nothing to be loved by you, as he is? A physical infirmity may be more easily borne than a moral grief, and the moral grief of this misfortune is yours. I have carefully observed your son; and if anything particularly affects him, I think I can declare that it is your own sorrow.”

“I do not let him see it!” replied M. Letourneur, eagerly. “I have but one solicitude,—to distract and amuse every moment of his life. I have found out that, despite his infirmity, my son is passionately fond of travelling. His spirit has limbs and even wings, and for several years we have travelled together. We first went all over Europe, and we have just made the tour of the principal States of the Union. I have myself conducted Andre’s education, and I am completing it by our travels. Andre is endowed with a quick intelligence and an ardent imagination. He is sensible; and sometimes I comfort myself by fancying that he forgets his misfortune in gazing at the glorious sights of nature.”

“Yes—no doubt,” said I.

“But if he forgets,” resumed M. Letourneur,