

sacrifice, the touching emblem of eternal prayer.

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While she was contemplating this chaste star, her mouth murmured a fervent prayer.

The prayer ! invisible vestal that watches unceasingly ; a star in front, in the temple, without blemish, of the pious soul.

The whole of her life seemed to have passed into her eyes, so much ardour was there in her glance ; and the mystical ray just running lightly over her eye-balls, with its golden wand, seemed like the glance of God concealed under the adorable masks, hearing favourably her petition, and casting forth a reflection of hope into her mournful mind.

Oh ! the poor woman, she had indeed great need of heavenly support, at the time of facing so many dangers among the ambushes of night !