

"They are only blown, Mademoiselle ; give them time."

"Time ? Who will give Gaspard de Helville time ? God of Love ! Is there nothing—nothing to drive them on ?"

I have never ceased to count it a miracle, and a proof how, out of evil, the Almighty can bring good. But two things can stop us, Lesellè had said, wolves or accident. Of the two, I feared the last more than the first, and even as I spoke there came the howl of a wolf through the silence, a howl caught up and answered again and again from right and left till the vast wood seemed full of howls. As he heard the baying, the beast under me stopped dead still, his skin creeping with fear till the shudder shook me in the saddle ; then with a scream he bolted forward, and on we dashed as if the hounds of hell were loose coursing a soul.

"Lower, stoop lower !" cried Lesellè as the horses swerved, still holding the road. "Keep a drag on the right rein, Mademoiselle !"

Instinctively, but without comprehension, I obeyed, and the rasp of a low-hung bough along my back taught me the lad's wisdom. To the left was the river, and at all hazards we must keep the road. Let such a branch catch me across the breast, and my dawn would break more redly than Gaspard's, and sooner by an hour. Such a thing as that I dreaded, but not the wolves. The wolves ? Their howl was salvation, and with my face buried in the drifting mane, I thanked God for the wolves.

Jesu ! what a race it was ! Men have said, Were you not afraid ? But with that wild rush of wind in the face, with the swelled veins throbbing