

after the ordination. Poor, poor Louis, and she had not told him yet. So kind, so good, so faithful, during their long waiting. Another seven years and she would be thirty-one, Louis thirty-four; not so old after all no. She turned from the window and taking up the guttering candle, held it above her head, and gazed at her own reflection in the mirror. Alas! She knew too well that it is not years alone that bring age into the heart. She was of the people—she knew life as she saw it every day around her in the streets, neither did she lack the practical common-sense of her class.

The face which gazed out at her from the glass was haggard. Anxiety had drawn lines, of which there were no signs when Louis first kissed it. Only twenty-four and yet she could trace the grey, visible here and there amidst her hair! Then her figure—she raised herself on tip-toe that she might see it better. She had grown somewhat round-shouldered in the last months, she was thinner, more angular. After all, that might be changed, if—ut