

pretty as ever—slim and girlish, graceful and sweet and fresh.—And she will not change. This is how she will be always,—because he will see her always with eyes that cannot record a change. It is a thought that he never analyses, refuses to understand, will never test to his dying day. The wife he sees is the woman that others see. This is an indisputable, unassailable truth, not a poet's foolish fancy. The years have not touched her: outwardly as well as inwardly, she cannot change.