

its bands of silver braid falls in soft folds about the small feet that have slipped from the wooden sabots. In the distance can be heard the full impassioned tones of the organ responsive to the touch of Father Demouret. As the last notes of Gounod's *Miserere* sob out their being, and die away in echoless vibrations among the strong arches that span the lofty roof, the kneeling peasant rises, and, with eyes whose expression bespeaks her thoughts still before the throne of grace, murmurs a final prayer, her fingers reverently touching her rosary. Gathering her cloak about her shoulders and slipping her feet into the sabots, she steps from the flood of crimson and gold into the shadow, out of the radiance into the gloom, save for the light from the soul within that shines from her pure eyes. Turning her steps towards the main entrance of the sacred edifice she makes one more obeisance on passing the altar, and disappears behind the curtained portal.

The scene has not been lost upon two people who are standing in the shadow of one of the pillars. The beauty of the music and the unworldly surroundings have had their effect upon both. In one it produces a feeling of unreality, as if the noisy camp life in Egypt which has made up his experience for the past twelve months were only a dream. In the other it awakens a feeling of regret that her life among these old-world associations of pie-