



The Private Audience.



MISS Virginie Lamoignon was old and ungainly, with a complexion none of the best, a face deeply seamed with wrinkles, hair too thin and scant to be called her crowning glory, light grey eyes partly concealed by spectacles. Her general appearance was an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and shyness. She was evidently not made to please. It appears she was aware of her peculiarities and suffered acutely in consequence. Yet in spite of those apparent defects her soul was spotless and beautiful, she was a model of piety, constancy and fidelity.

Neither was she cross or ill tempered, yet when she returned from Church in the early morning conspicuously holding her big prayer-book in her work-worn hands, trotting through the streets in her nervous, anxious way, the small boys made fun of her, while their elders thought: "How cross those old devotees must be!" It was not her fault if they thought so and besides it certainly was not true. How could it be? since the greater