

there was no if. Seven years more and she would go to Louis, a woman no longer young, no longer light hearted. And Louis, what had seven years made of him? The two last, at least, had aged him. His mother's increasing ill health, his anxiety, the postponement of their marriage. Josephine had noted the change. Another seven, and Louis would be an old man, not in years, but in spirit. And this must not be, not if she could prevent it. Louis must marry, she knew this, and eventually he would do so. He needed a wife; one who would share with him the care of his invalid mother, who would cheer him, make a home, who would. . . . Her raised arm sank suddenly, and she stood supporting herself by the edge of the table.

The short candle had burnt to an end, the flame shot up in a last brightness, then died out, leaving her in the dark.

It was after service the next evening, and the congregation came flocking out through the doors of the Cathedral, scattering to