

"I've never been able to talk about it—to any one. Every other trouble or worry I could carry to him—but not this. Even he can't help me."

She was talking in a strained, dead tone, her hands clinging together in her lap, controlling herself in a rigidity of body that was more agonized than a writhing. Whenever her voice choked, she waited stiffly till she could go on again; and she did not even raise her hand to wipe the tears from her cheeks.

"You know how happy our marriage was. You know we tried not to be selfish about it. The two years of George's mission meant a great sacrifice for us, but we made it. We made it as willingly and cheerfully as we could. When the little ones came we received them as sent from God, and resolved to try to better the world through our lives and theirs. And I felt that, so long as we didn't grow selfish or careless of our duty toward others there wasn't anything displeasing to Him in our being so happy.