

might have married any one. She's beautiful—and you say she's good. Oh, why couldn't it have been some one else than Ruth's husband!"

I felt brutal when I saw her tears, and I thought that she would turn from me in anger; but she had been schooled to endurance. "Dearie! Dearie," she wept, patting my hand, "you don't understand. I've suffered, and I've seen others suffer, for what we believed to be right. Esther is suffering now—for conscience' sake—like all those others. Your own grandfather went to prison because he believed in polygamy and practised it, and you think he was a hero. Dearie, it was your grandfather who brought my family into the church. I've always cared for people of your name. That's one reason why I don't want *you* to wrong Esther in your heart. You love Ruth. Yes, yes. But you must be just to Esther. I want you to see her. I want you to hear the truth about her."