

She kissed me gratefully again. "I know. Only God can help. I just wanted what you gave me. Thank you, dear. The strain was killing me. . . . You'll not mind, sometimes—when I can't stand the silence—you will let me speak to you?"

The sobs choked me.

She said consolingly: "There, dear. I feel so much better. Don't—It's all right." And, turning bravely to the city, she led me down the hillside, with her arm around me.

Blinded by my tears, I did not see her face till we came to a lighted house where the window blinds had not been drawn. The family were sitting at the dinner-table—a young father and mother with their little child—smiling. Ruth looked past me at them. I pray that I may never know for myself the pain of longing and regret that ached in her eyes.

She did not speak. I could not. We went in silence to her gate, and there I kissed her good-night. "Don't be too