

So the girls talked when the Dana sisters were married.

It was the lack of something money could not buy which half spoiled for Alice that first winter as Mrs. Ringold. How thoroughly she would have enjoyed the luxury, the homage paid to the wealthy bride, the magnificence of feasts and entertainments, the very roll of her carriage wheels, but for the constant fear that she would blunderingly betray how new it all was to her and so annoy that husband of whom she was yet shy, to whom she looked up with exceeding deference. But she set herself diligently to master unaccustomed conventionalities and succeeded, of course.

Meanwhile Helen Dana Lightbody and her husband went their happy way, enjoying to the full the glory of the sea, the novelty and inspiration of foreign lands and, above all, new revelations of each other. And more and more their common purpose of service to the unhappy, lifted all life into an atmosphere of joy and love. At last, the journey ended, face to face with the degradation and ignorance which they had come to lighten, they set themselves with zeal to study the strange language and people.

By and by, to both these sisters came the experience of motherhood. She whose purse could command the best of service had that, and *only* that, during a lonely convalescence, while the exiled sister found tender sympathy and almost mother-love in an older missionary.

The Ringold baby, conveyed by his nurse, went to many places unvisited by his parents, and when he died of typhus fever they little dreamed where he had contracted it. Helen's baby died, too, and the dusky women about her, seeing her grief and sweet submission, began to dimly understand what she had been trying to teach them about a "God of all comfort." And so, through her sorrow, she found a way to their joyless hearts.

Years came and went. Other children gladdened both homes. Life brimmed full to both sisters. Mrs. Ringold achieved social success; she tried to be intelligent in art, music, the drama, literature, architecture and current events, and knew she was superficial in all. Her garments were irreproachable; she travelled far; she presided well in city and country house, and felt there was little home life in either. As her calling list grew longer, real friendships grew rarer. Multiplied engagements left little chance for heart life with husband and children, and, underneath all the glitter, this rich woman felt painfully that she missed the best things of life; high ideals, moral earnestness, self-reliance and such mutual sacrifices as keep love alight in families where means and space are limited. She was sadly aware that her sons had more money than was good for them, her daughters but little knowledge that would serve in a day of calamity. But most of all she lamented a moral deterioration to which she could not be blind, both in herself and her husband. They were too comfortable to exert themselves.

When Helen and her poor missionary came home with the children, who must be left in America to be educated, Mrs. Ringold knew that Helen was right in saying, "My children must live in a plain home