

see the happiness which comes to us and yet are blind to all our woes. And Hester, she is royal and queenly; she might have taken the title and worn it well. I wonder if she ever thinks of those dark days when I alone could see her? Now she is courted, petted, rich, beautiful and learned, but not proud, except with pride I like to see; a certain stately step, a kind of easy grace with just a touch of haughtiness which keeps her to herself. She little knows how long I have loved her, from her cradle up, in all her plays, her dangers, my distress; and yet she would not, could not love me, I am sure. It's something to be near her, much to find her valued, more to hear her voice. How prettily she said: 'Here, uncle, is the one who saved my life and thought a witch worth saving.'

"The old man truly wept and hugged me, but her eyes were dry. Poor Hester, she learned to hide her feelings in that prison. It was like her to thank me for my care of her father; she forgets that he has cared for me through all these years. When she returns to keep his house I shall remain in Boston; he will not miss me then, and I should miss the more all I have longed and prayed for."

Captain Hepworth and his brother-in-law slept soundly.