

death's. It's harder to see a child suffer—suffer every day—than it is to give them up to our Heavenly Father—to peace and rest.”

I knew what she meant, and I must have shrunk a little from her, for she reached up her worn, thin hand and caught my fingers. “It’s my Esther—my poor girl. You don’t know how she’s suffering. She’s proud. She would never ask for it—but she needs—she needs pity. She told me once that you wouldn’t even speak to her, and it hurt her, though she tried not to show it—even to me. She’s a good girl, Martha. She’s a good girl—You did all you could for my dead child. Can’t you——”

All my loyalty to my friend Ruth had swelled in my heart. I looked away from the pleading of those dim, eager eyes. “Sister Woodward,” I said, “I wouldn’t hurt you for the world, but you know how I love Ruth. *She’s* the injured one. They might both have been happy. Esther