

I found that Esther was away from home, and I was glad; but if Sister Woodward suspected my relief she did not show it. She was bearing her sorrow bravely, uncomplainingly, as she had borne so much in her long life. She was grateful for what I did. I was surprised and touched by her dependence and reliance on me, and I wished truly that I might be able to do something to comfort and console her. She sat so patiently by her window, with her poor old gray head only bowed a little, and her dear wrinkled face so mutely enduring!

I put my arm about her shoulders and bent down to ask: "Isn't there *something*—isn't there *anything*—that I can do?"

She was silent, but I felt a little tremor as if she were about to speak, and her clasped hands in her lap moved nervously, and tightened. She said at last: "Martha, if you would— There's one thing I've wanted to speak about, but I couldn't. You know, there are sorrows worse than