

years seemed so cruel! It stretched before them like two centuries. But the habit of obedience to authority was strong; it was their duty to make this sacrifice for their religion; they prepared to make it as bravely and patiently as they could.

I wondered at their courage. That wonder grew when, seven months after George's departure, their child, a boy, was born. In those months of waiting, and in her final hours of agony, Ruth showed a heroism of soul of which even I had hardly believed her capable. I could see that every day, and every hour of every day, she yearned for her husband in her suffering; and when the pain was ended, and there came that moment of ecstasy when she held her son—their little son—on her breast, I knew how she longed to look into her husband's eyes and see them shining with joy and pride and tenderness.

The boy was a healthy, beautiful child, and Ruth lived for the day when his father should see him and rejoice in him