

I asked no questions when she ceased again to come. I remembered that when I had last seen her she had looked ill; but there was no calamity that could have overtaken her which I should not have thought deserved.

A few months later a fatal accident brought death into her mother's house, and it became my duty as a neighbor to help in the friendly offices of aid and consolation. I went almost reluctantly. Sister Woodward was a real mother in Israel, and I admired and loved her. She had known much sorrow and many hardships in her life, and she had grown only more patient and sweet and kindly under them. She had devoted herself to charitable work within the church, in a largeness of sympathy that had made her dear to us all. We were eager to help her now, if any help were possible, but I was afraid that if she knew my feeling for Esther, I could be of small comfort to her.