

"No, not at *the first*."

"That means that bad times came afterwards?"

"Yes," she answers slowly, and a faint red comes up in her cheek as if from shame. "After the first six months I found it pretty hard."

I wait, not sure what thoughts I have brought to her, and then she goes on:

"It was hard to see my mother tired with the work, and Jean could not get to school," and she could go no farther.

"But that all passed away?" I asked, after a pause.

"Oh, yes!" and her smile says much. It was the memory of her triumph that brought her smile, and it illumined her face.

My words came slowly. I could not comfort where comfort was not needed. I could not pity, facing a smile like that, and it seemed hard to rejoice over one whose days were often full of pain. But it came to me to say:

"He has done much for you; and you are doing much for Him."

"Yes. He has done much for me." But she would go no further. Her service seemed small to her; but to me it seemed great and high. We, in our full blood and unbroken life, have our work, our common work, but this high work is not for us—