

NESTIE'S TALENT—HOW SHE USED IT.

In the cool, pleasant parlor Nestie sat alone singing softly to herself. Suddenly she broke off, while tears filled her eyes.

"It's no use pretending to be cheerful, I'm too utterly miserable. If I could only do something, some little thing; but to sit here day after day just a useless, helpless burden, it is too much."

Yet the girl's surroundings did not look as if others thought her of little consequence or regarded her in the light of a useless burden. The wheel chair in which she sat was beautified and softened to her suffering body by gay cushions. A lovely embroidered "couvre pied" concealed the tiny, useless feet. On one arm of the chair a pretty carved frame had been fastened to hold a book so that she could read at her ease. Leaning against the other arm was a pretty mandolin with its bright ribbon, a recent gift from a sympathizing friend who took great delight in her wonderful talent for music.

"Well, well, what's this, little one?"

"O, Dr. Saunders. I didn't hear you come in."

"No, you were sunk too many fathoms deep in blue melancholy. Any new trouble overwhelming my little friend to-day?"

"Nothing new, Doctor, only the same old story. I'm so anxious to be doing something for somebody for the Master's sake."

"You can manage that wheel-chair pretty cleverly now, can't you?"

"Yes sir," in a surprised tone. "I can go anywhere on level ground."

The Doctor stepped into the hall, took down Nestie's pretty shade hat from the rack, placed it on her head, laid her mandolin in her lap and then coolly pushed her chair to the front door.

"Where are you taking that child, Dr. Saunders?" cried out Mrs. Trent as they passed the dining-room door.

"I did not know you were here."

"O, Mrs. Trent I beg your pardon: I am simply about to try the effect of a new prescription. I will take good care of her."

"That is all right Doctor. I only hope you won't give yourself too much trouble; I know you have no time to waste."

"Well we'll hope this time won't be wasted."

Nestie said nothing. She was surprised of course but she had perfect confidence in her beloved Dr. Saunders. His buggy stood before the door but he did not turn towards it. Nor did he say any thing more

although he looked at her quizzically once or twice as they went down one street and up another until they reached a small house tucked in between two tall tenements which looked down loweringly upon it. As he opened the door and pushed her into the tiny, old-fashioned hall, the Doctor said:

"Mrs. Miller has just buried her two children, see if you can cheer her up a little. Nothing seems to rouse the poor woman!"

Before Nestie could answer a door on the right side of the hall opened, and a buxom, pleasant faced woman came out, quickly shutting it behind her.

"Well, Mary, how is your sister to-day?"

"O, Doctor, she's just the same, sitting there like a dead person except that she's breathing. I'm sorry to leave her but my husband is waiting for me at home and the children need me."

"Never mind for this time. I have brought a visitor you see. Miss Nestie is going to sing for Mrs. Miller."

"I doubt if she'll listen Miss, but it's very kind of you all the same."

"Is she so sad all the time?"

"Yes she hasn't spoken once, except to answer a question put a half dozen times over, since the baby died."

Nestie's eyes were full of tears as Dr. Saunders opened the door and pushed her chair in a low-ceiled, darkened room, where, in a large arm-chair, a white, wan-faced woman was rocking to and fro, her eyes fixed on the floor. She did not raise them when the Doctor spoke to her nor give any sign of having heard, except that when he asked for the third time if she felt better to-day she shook her head slightly.

"I've brought a little friend of mine to see you, perhaps you would like to hear her sing." There was no answer so he continued: "This room is so dark Miss Nestie can't see what she is doing so I'm going to open the window-shutters."

Mrs. Miller shivered as if in sudden pain when the cheerful sunshine entered the room but she did not make any objection.

"Now child do your best: this is the Lord's own work binding up the bleeding heart."

Nestie could hardly control her voice at first but it grew stronger presently while the silvery notes of the mandolin tinkled softly in accompaniment. She sang hymn after hymn and when she was beginning to feel a little tired from the unaccustomed excitement and exertion Dr. Saunders whispered to her: