

self before she began to combat within her its still face, is anything more ominous and unreal than a silent clock? The voluntary silencing of its hours ticking away: six o'clock, the awaking to a new day, sun or rain or falling snow; noon, the breaking of bread at countless pleasant tables; four o'clock, the scampering of feet freed from school?

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"I must not look at that awful clock!" Emma Davis said to herself, while at that very instant she said brightly to Annie Tiddle, "It's unforgivable, my bursting in like this and interrupting you at your reading, but when I once tell you why I've come—"

Miss Tiddle interrupted Emma Davis politely, for she always was polite, but firmly. As she did so, Emma saw with pain the marks of strain in her brown eyes and the nervous twitching of her eyebrows.

"I'm afraid it doesn't matter to me why you've come," she said. "Nothing today can be allowed to come between me and my reading." She hesitated for the small fraction of a minute. "I'm reading St. Paul on death," she concluded. "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"I know," said Emma Davis. "Those are wonderful words, and true, too."