

that almost hurt her, as if to ease his pain—held her till bedtime came, and then carried her to her room, and left her there with a long, sad, silent kiss.

Once alone, the passion of his agony clutched him in its grasp; but he suffered no sound to escape him which should reach her ears. Rigid as stone he sat before the fire, and never heeded when the room grew cold, and the last brand burned out and fell into grey ashes.

After that night he never returned again to the subject. He saw that she failed every day, but he could not talk about it, and she understood him too well to urge him. Every day he went to his work; now was not the time to fail, when she needed unwonted luxuries, and might need them no one knew how long. Every night he came home to her, his face pallid with apprehension. At last she grew too weak to sit up any more, and lay patiently all day on her little bed, bearing without a moan her torturing pain, and never forgetting at night to have the lamp put in the window—the beacon-light for the father coming home.

Just at the last there was a time when all knew that the end was near. That week her father did not go to his work. There was money enough for all she would ever need in this life, and more. So motionless, except when he could do something for her comfort, he sat all day long by her pillow and watched her, save when sometimes his agony grew too mighty to be borne, and he had to rush away from her, out under the desolate grey sky, where the winter winds were blowing, and shriek out the madness of his woe to the pitiless heavens. Eunice watched him, too, in her turn, with loving, anxious, searching gaze, but she saw no hope



in his face. She knew that he was hardening his heart. There came a night, at length, when he was with her alone. A woman who had come to watch had fallen asleep in the other room. Dan would not waken her; he was greedy of every moment in which he could have his girl all to himself. So he sat as usual, looking at her silently, and she as silently gazed back into his face with her great, far-seeing blue eyes. At last she said,—

'Then I must not wait for you there, father? You won't come?'

He looked at her with startled gaze. He had never thought of the matter in that light before. She waited a moment, and then went on,—

'I thought you'd want to come, father. I thought you'd see how God meant to draw you to him by taking me first. And I thought I could die easy, feelin' sure of your comin,' and then wait for you there a little while. But you won't see God's love, and you won't feel that I'm waitin'."

Something touched his heart at last—her look, perhaps, or her words, or her tone of piteous pleading, or all these combined. He sank sobbing on his knees beside her.

'God, pity me!' he gasped; 'God, forgive me! Wait for me there, lamb, I'll come, surely. I'll walk in, his way.'

Does not my story fitly end here, where Eunice's work ended? Her life went out, after that, painlessly and quietly. Her hand was in her father's to the very last, and he murmured, in answer to the appeal in her dying eyes, 'I'll come, lamb, surely!'

He buried his girl beside her mother. But to him she is not dead. He believes, simple, literal soul, that God's love has given him one of the many mansions, and that she waits for him there, at its window, her face illumined by a light that will never grow dim or fade away.—'Children's Treasury.'

'I Know Thy Patience.'

(By Irene Winter.)

Poor Grace! It was hard, certainly. She had been getting on so well with her music lately, and her master really seemed pleased. How was it that she had failed so dreadfully this afternoon?

She had started for the lesson with a smiling face, her sonata hugged lovingly under her arm, happy and confident—perhaps too confident—in the memory of last week's commendation.

And now, two hours afterwards, she was sitting in her own room again, elbows resting on the table, and a flushed, disappointed face leaning on her clasped hands. Grace's blue eyes, usually shining with fun, were bright now with tears, and there was, to tell the truth, a little bitterness at the bottom of her heart. Herr Brune had called her lazy and careless! Was it true? She had meant to work so hard for him, and it was not her fault that Carrie had asked her to go to the library yesterday just when she meant to practise that difficult passage.

To be sure, she had just looked through the new books when she came back—and on Tuesday evening, perhaps she had been a little longer trimming her new hat than was necessary, and perhaps she might have begun practising a little earlier on Monday morning.—Oh! why was Schumann so provokingly difficult to understand? and Grace gave a vicious little push to the sonata lying beside her.

Poor Schumann, he fell off the table with a crash, and his owner was too angry just then to pick him up. Herr Brune really was unkind; he had scolded, been sarcastic, and then—most terrible stage of all—had leaned back in his chair with a sigh, stonily silent to the end of the movement. And Grace, getting more nervous all the time, had gone on stumbling through the hard passages, till, as she reached the last line, he had closed the book and dismissed his pupil with the coldly significant words, 'Yes; a sonata like that of course requires studying!'

And with the memory of it all, there came a heart-broken little sob, and Grace's arms went down on the table, her face was buried in her hands, and the tears came in earnest.

It is hard, when you think you have done your best, to have someone prove conclusively that you might have done better, and that was what Herr Brune had done for Grace. He had, as one of his pupils termed it, 'a genius for making one feel small;' perhaps, putting it in other words, she might have said 'a genius for teaching,' for does not realization of one's littleness create a desire for growth?

It was a very subdued Grace that went to bed that night, and the sonata still lay where it had fallen. But to tired seventeen sleep is not far off, and it has a wonderful effect in healing the wounds of the day.

When the sun's bright beams shone into

the room next morning, and Grace jumped up to look at her watch, she was, on the whole, rather surprised to find that her heart was not quite broken, after all, and that life really wore a comparatively cheerful aspect this morning.

Schumann was picked up and placed on the piano, and deep in Grace's heart was a firm resolve to study him. Then, as she knelt to ask for help during the day, it flashed into her mind that she had forgotten to take her trouble to her best Friend, last night. She might have had comfort and help if she had but gone for it. But might she pray about a Schumann sonata? 'Whatsoever ye shall ask'—the words shone down from an illuminated card on the wall, and Grace bowed her head and prayed.

This week's work was different from the last. New books and hats took a secondary place. Grace was really in earnest, and determined to conquer the difficulties in technique and phrasing which had overcome her before.

It was not an easy task: everyone knows how difficult it is to undo careless work, and then build up afresh over the ruins. But honest, whole-hearted endeavor will accomplish a great deal, and before next lesson day came round the sonata showed signs of grave improvement. Herr Brune was a trifle grave and cold at first, he had not forgotten last week, and was anxious that his really talented pupil should not grow careless; but as the music progressed, he gave vent to several satisfied little nods, and when Grace played one of the most difficult phrases in a manner which showed intelligent thought, he turned the page with an encouraging 'So!'

He did not know of the storm which his sharp words had produced last week, nor of the swift earnest prayer for help which his pupil had sent up as she seated herself at the piano, but he heard the difference in the music, and knew that this difference could only have been produced by earnest work.

'So!' said he, as Grace played the final chord, 'that is much better than last week's performance; don't you feel it to be so yourself?'

Grace smiled happily. This meant a good deal from Herr Brune, and was appreciated accordingly.

'It did take a lot of patience, though,' she said as she rose from the piano.

'Oh!' said the master, with an amused little laugh, 'I know all about the patience.'

'I suppose he does "know all about it,"' thought Grace, as she sat by her open window in the twilight. 'I never saw it in that light before, but it will seem easier to practise now, if I remember that he has been through all the drudgery himself.' She took up her bible, and, leaning forward to catch the fading light on the page, began to read her evening Scripture portion. It was the second chapter of the Revelation, the message to the church of Ephesus, and Grace read, 'These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks: I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience—'

Patience—the word struck her—'I know . . . thy patience!' Just what her master had said to her that afternoon; just what had made her so happy, so ready to work hard in the future.

And now here was another Master who 'knew all about the patience,' a Master who would be with her for ever, and who could not only set the tasks, but give the necessary patience for their fulfillment.

He knew just how hard it was for Grace to let her light shine amongst some of her careless fellow-students, how hard it was to give