

of it, or praised her in any way, but was the same silent, grave man he had been for years.

Minnie longed to cheer and help him, and in all her home duties strove to make his comfort her chief aim. She had learned to know who is strength in weakness and comfort in trouble, and of Him she sought guidance. She had learned to carry all her little perplexities to her Saviour instead of an earthly friend, and it was her one source of happiness to have that Friend so near. Her father sneered at all holy things. She had heard him laugh and scoff when he stood chatting with some group of men gathered outside the door on a summer's evening. Whenever the subject was made the topic of conversation he never failed to laugh, and say religion was all nonsense, or that "them pious ones was no better than they should be." These things sank down deep in Minnie's heart and made it ache sorely. She longed above all that her father should know the truth and learn to love all good things. She knew that then, and not till then, would he be happy. "If I only could do something towards it!" she cried, and then, seeing no way, she went about her daily tasks with patient toil, waiting for she knew not what to change her father's heart. God all