

pretty brown servants of yours when they cried out to you for rest, but goaded them to their utmost limit of endurance. Now you must get along without them for a time, or——' he paused.

Katherine turned the brown orbs under discussion inquiringly toward him.

'Lose your sight, perhaps forever!' said the great oculist, impressively.

'Then I suppose I must do as you say,' returned Katherine. 'But it is very hard for me to give up all my plans and be idle for a whole year.'

'Did I prescribe idleness?' smiled the oculist.

'I think you did,' answered Katherine. 'If I am to give up reading and study, there is very little left for me to do.'

'There is a great deal left for you. Your other senses are all intact. Learn to use your mind's eye, my dear Katherine.'

'It is easy to——' began Katherine with trembling lips.

'Give advice—is that what you were going to say? So it is. Yet I always try to make it as easy for my patients as possible. Some I have to order into close confinement in dark rooms for indefinite periods of time. You should be very grateful that that sentence is not yours.'

'I am,' said Katherine, 'but still it is a very hard one for me.'

'Of course it is,' said the great oculist, taking her hand in a friendly good-by clasp. 'But the only remedy. Remember that and obey, like a good child.'

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'I will not be pitied,' cried Katherine, her head pressed against her mother's shoulder.

'My dear daughter! One would think you six instead of sixteen! I am sure it only shows how sincere is the sympathy of your school-girl friends.'

'But I don't want it, mamma! It drives me wild! It does, indeed! I wish I didn't need to see and listen to them, for then I am always thinking of the long year ahead of which they will have the full benefit while I lose it altogether.'

Mrs. Waybrough pressed the brown head closer.

'Is it very wrong to feel hard and bitter when I think of the year I am to lose?'

'It is a very natural feeling just at first, darling, but one which it is wrong not to try to overcome.'

There was a long silence. Then Mrs. Waybrough said:

'Kathy, what do you say to paying Aunt Eunice a visit now? She has asked you so often and is so lonely all by herself in that big house of hers down in Wesleyborough. And no one knows you there but herself, so there will be no one to pity you.'

'Then I'll go,' said Katherine.

A long letter from Mrs. Waybrough preceded Katherine to Wesleyborough. When Miss Eunice Waybrough read it, her eyes filled with tears.

'Dear child!' she said, as she bustled about, giving directions and making preparations for the reception of her young niece. 'No! she shall not be pitied! And more than that, she shall cease to pity herself.'

#### CHAPTER II.

'If beset by doubts and fears,  
And no ray of light appears,

Wait a little,

Wait a little,

You may see;

If your burden seems so great,  
That you scarce can bear the weight,

Wait a little,

Wait a little,

You may see.'

The fresh young soprano voice leading the

Wesleyborough Sunday-school choir rose and fell above the other voices. It was the opening of the session and Katherine thrilled with the music.

She was no singer herself, but an ardent admirer of a sweet voice. At first she heeded not the words of the song, then found herself following them with growing interest.

'If your burden seems so great  
That you scarce can bear the weight—  
If your hope that seemed so bright,  
All are doomed to suffer blight,

Wait a little,

Wait a little,

Might bring only wretchedness;

Wait a little,

You may see.'

What your heart would fain possess,

Wait a little,

You may see.'

All through the session the words haunted Katherine.

'Wait a little, wait a little, you may see——' What? thought Katherine. 'Perhaps why I am to lose this year of study.'

Trust the Lord and do the right,  
Till your faith shall turn to sight,

Wait a little,

Wait a little,

You may see.'

'That girl sang the words as if she believed them,' thought Katherine. 'I should like to know her.'

After Sunday-school they were joined in the vestibule by the young singer herself, who was warmly greeted by Miss Eunice.

'My niece, Katherine Waybrough, Nellie,' she said, 'Katherine, this is Nellie Dean, who dines with me on Sunday because we are both lonely.'

'Miss Eunice always puts it that way to spare my feelings,' smiled Nellie, as they walked along three abreast, 'because she knows I appreciate her standing invitation. I live at a boarding-house and the quiet hours spent at her house are delightful to me. So she is pleased to say she enjoys my society.'

'She is pleased to say the truth,' said Aunt Eunice.

'You are the girl who sang so sweetly,' said Katherine. 'You cannot know how I enjoyed it. I hope you will sing again tonight, and sing the same song.'

'Which song?' asked Nellie, a little puzzled at the singular number.

'The one with the refrain "Wait a little, wait a little, you may see."'

'Ah!' said Nellie with a quick glance at Katherine's face. 'You liked that best did you? That is a great favorite of mine.'

'It impressed me very much,' returned Katherine.

After dinner while Miss Eunice took her 'forty winks,' Katherine and Nellie exchanged confidences on the sofa, and almost before she knew it, Katherine found herself telling Nellie of her great trial.

And in return, Nellie told Katherine of the dreadful fever that had left her fatherless and motherless, and the bank failure that swallowed up her father's hard earnings that were to have bought the little home.

'My aunt gave my younger sister and brother a home,' concluded Nellie, 'and I work in the factory here and support myself and help them a little, too. Then the church pays for the vocal lessons which I take in the evenings. And I am very happy, though I miss the dear home folk, greatly.'

'But the future,' said Katherine. 'Have you no ambition?'

'I should like to be a great church singer,' said Nellie. 'Perhaps some day I may be. In the meantime I will,

'Trust the Lord and do the right,  
Till my faith shall turn to sight,  
Wait a little, Wait a little,  
You may see.'

Nellie sang the words softly.

'Nellie,' said Katherine, after a little silence, 'I wonder why God gives us such hard lessons?'

'I think it must be lest we should forget Him else, or grow careless in His service,' said Nellie. 'And then, you know, "My ways are not thy ways." All those things are for our greatest good, if we could but see them as He does.'

'I am glad I heard that song,' said Katherine. 'I have felt so much happier since. Before, it seemed my cross was the heaviest ever given to mortal. It is ever so much lighter now. I am going to do as you are doing, Nellie.'

'Trust the Lord, and do the right,  
Till my faith shall turn to sight,  
Wait a little, wait a little,  
You shall see.'

sang Nellie, softly.

### Christmas Eve.

(Mary A. Goodman, in New York 'Observer'.)

No stockings to-night by the fender are hanging,

From feet that are treading on life's weary way.

No tokens of love from each interchanging,  
Anxiously waiting the dawning of day.

The fire burns so brightly, the room is so neat,

'Tis painfully still to our oft-listening ear;  
We list for the sound of fast running feet,  
That in memory, alas! the sweet echo we hear.

I muse o'er the shadowy forms of the past;  
My heart fills the stockings the same as of yore;

I heed not the sound of the fierce wintry blast,

As it sweeps on so rudely past my own cottage door.

The soft treading feet that made home life so dear

Are foot-sore and blending with thorns by the way,

Carrying life's burdens with trembling and fear,

The crosses and sorrows that no hand can stay.

O, God! at the end, when life's journey is o'er,

May the pilgrim find rest—sweet rest so secure,

Where flowers grace the paths on the bright shining shore,

Where joys for the ransomed forever endure.

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