Samily Beading.

Farewell to the Old Year.

Farwell, old year, we walk no more together Leaten the sweetness of thy latest sigh, And crowned with yellow brake and withered heather.

I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky

Here in the dim light of a gray December, We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were

Un er the mists that veiled thy path from I knew not then that joy would come un

To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken, I only heard the plash of icy rain;

And in that winter gloom I found no token To tell me that the sun would shine again. O dear old year, I wronged a Father's

kindness. I would not trust Him with my load of

I stumbled on in weariness and blindness, And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-by, kind year; we walk no more together,

But here in quiet happiness we part: And from thy wreath of faded fern and

I take some sprays and wear them on my

Mem Seleck Sevial.

KATHLEEN

THE STORY OF A HOME.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MOTHERLY CARE.

Cleve came home on a Friday. On the Sunday morning following, in the course of the service, many in church | ish---' were electrified by the words, in Dr. Baring's impressive tones:

The prayers of the congregation are earnestly desired for Kathleen Joliffe, who is dangerously ill.'

'I should like to be prayed for in church,' she had said that morning to Mrs. Joliffe. 'I know I am in danger for I see it in Dr. Ritchie's face; and I down. But oh, I am thankful.' think I am ready either way, but still I want the prayers. Ask them, please, for Kathleen Joliffe,' I don't like prayers being only asked for somebody, my estimate the right one?' nobody knows who.'

So the prayers were requested, and many a head bowed low, and many a heart sent up an earnest appeal, which would scarcely have been so earnest had its object been merely 'a member of the congregation.' Few did not know of Kathleen's sudden illness, for the news of Cleve's return had spread fast; but few, as yet, were aware of her danger.

The prayers were answered, only not at once. Kathleen grew worse before the grave.

upon her with an iron grip. She was brought so low that at one time each moment was expected to be her last. Even the experienced Hardwicke twice thought she was actually gone, and Dr. Ritchie all but gave up hope

and night she was in almost ceaseless attendance. She seemed not to know what it was to be weary. For six consecutive nights and days she never took off her clothes, except for her morning and evening bath and her only rest was an hour at a time upon the soft in an lated in vain.

will, she said. At least she shall not want the care that a mother could was settled. give.'

But not many mothers however willing, could have given such care as this. It was 'magnificent nursing,' Dr. Ritchie said to his wife. Nothing wasforgotten, nothing neglected, nothing hurried. When it came to the worst, Kathleen | really getting on."

lay for two nights and days, just alive, just breathing and no more. She was not conscious, and those around believ ed that each breath she drew would be ber last. Then, in her u ter self-devotion, Mary Jolisse stood and sat beside the bed through thirty hours of unbroken watch, never yielding her place even to Hardwicke, that every ten minutes she might administer the spoonful of liquid, on the incessant giving of which Dr. R tchie grounded his only remaining hopes

Nor where the hopes vain. From knew I ss, I could say more perhaps.' that time Kathleen began steadily to amend. Still the same unwearied and devoted care went on,n , fatigue seeming too great, no watch ulness too intense. And already Mrs. J liffe was having a reward; for Kathleen, with the capriciousness of illnes-, cluig strangely to her stepmother, would take food from no other person's hand, and could scarcely endure her to remain a moment out of

'She will do now,' Dr. Ritchie said one day. 'There is nothing more to be wished than that she should go on as she has done the last few days. Thanks, under God, to your nursing, Mrs. Joliffe.

She looked up with a stirred and tremulous smile.

'Then I have not come here for nothing,' she said, 'I thought-I thought-it might be so-

Dr. Ritchie was not an impulsive man, yet words for once broke from him im pulsively 'If it had not been for you, Leena would have died,' he said. ' No ordinary care could have brought her through. I have done my share, but without such help as yours to second me, my efforts must have failed.'

. Thank you, -oh, thank you, and tears streamed. Forgive me, Dr. Ritchie, - but if you know what your words are to me,-I am very fool-

'No, you are overstrained,' he said kindly. 'You cannot go on like this Mrs. Joliffe, or I shall have you for a patient too. What you have done already is simply marvellous.'

'Oh, it has been joy to do it-to do anything for that dear child I know my own powers, and I shall not break

And when Dr. Ritchie told his wife of the little interview, she said smilingly, 'I will not triumph. But was not

Kenison Montgomerie had been summoned home by telegram, in an early stage of the illness, and he remained till Kathleen was fairly convalescent. He was able to make himself useful in many ways; especially in giving companionship to Mr. Joliffe, and in comforting Cleve, who bitterly reproached himself with being in some degree the the cause of his sister's illness. Moreover, having the standing of a son in the she began to show sign of improvement. house, he was able to set right certain Long weeks of pain and weakness were little matters with respect to Mrs. appointed her, and for many days she Joliffe's position, which had not yet been was hovering on the very borders of as they ought to have been. In those weeks of trouble he learnt thoroughly to It was an illness of desperate nature, estimate her fine qualities and high tone resulting in part from long strain and of mind; and he also saw and sympadistress of mind, and brought to a cli- thised with her past difficulties. He max by severe chill and by the shock even went so far one day, as gently but of Cleve's unexpected appearance. A firmly to point out to Miss Thorpe, in said one single word to me or to anycomplication of ills seemed to fasten confidential conversation, the evil of household divisions, and the danger of encouraging in Justinia a spirit of opposition. Miss Thorpe was greatly flurried, defended herself warmly, then relapsed into tears, and confessed that she certainly had not been quite right. But Mrs. Joliffe never did. Day Next day the offended air gained supremacy, and she told Kenison she believ ed she had better decide to leave Rock. lands-it might be happier for the children. Kenison did not combat the assertion as she perhaps expected, but referred her to Mrs. Joliffe, and Mrs. Joliffe acquiesced. 'I am sorry for it. adjoining room. Dr. Ritchie expostu- Miss Thorpe,' she said, 'but I have felt for some time past that it would 'I must winher through, if it is God's have to be so before long.' After this, from the trees, lay thickly about upon whatever Miss Thorpe felt, the thing the ground. The wind came in gusts

minutes alone together, 'do you ever children loved to wade.

write to your triend, Mr. Cor ie?" once in six months we exchange infor- made her way through a quiet avenue, fully, and the dead leaves no longer Day by day, and hour by hour, each mation. I have a letter in hand now, not far from Rocklands. She was sympt m was watched, each precaution but I could not resolve to send it till I counted fairly well again, but strength was taken, each command was obeyed. should be able to speak of Kathleen as came back slowly, and this was one of

'You think the news of her illness ing the middle of the avenue, she Life seemed all at once so bright, that would distress him?

K nison simply answered, 'Yes.'

'He was her brother's tutor, and their friend,' said Mrs. Joliffe musingly. 'Would it be that only, or anything beyound? I am not meddling in what doesn't concern me, without a reason.'

'No one could suspect you of doing so,' said Kenison. 'Bat I hardly know how far I am free to answer you. I am bound by no promises,—still, if I

'if you had used your eyes only, instead or being treated to a friend's confidence,' she suggested quickly. But sometimes one may use a friend's confidence for his good. I think you may trust me, so far as you are free. I know that I may trust you. Will you tell me if it is true that Mr. Corrie is engaged?"

'Corrie! Not he?'

'There was a report of such a thing, in Rockstone.'

' How long ago?'

'I heard something of it a good many months ago,-last autumn.'

'Then it is untrue. He was not engaged tour months ago. This I can vouch for.'

'Mr. Montgomerie, I don't know whether you ever heard,' said Mrs. Joinfie- but he had at one time a tancy for Kathleen.'

' Poor Corrie, yes. A good deal more than a laucy.

'My husband has told me something of it. Kathleen says nothing.'

'She would not have him,' said Kenison. 'You know that too, of course, -so no harm in my mentioning it to

'You don't think the fancy has died out by this time?"

'No. It was no mere fancy.' said Kenison. 'Corrie was as deeply in love with Kathleen as a man can well be. I think many suspected the fact, and I know it. I believe that he is the same now.

'Why does he not come home and try again?'

'What should bring him? Kathleen gave him no grain of hope that the thing could ever become possible?'

'She was very young,' said Mrs. Joliffe, 'and girls don't always know their own minds,-and people change sometimes. Besides, Kahleen did not see him herself-and messages sen; through a third person are apt to be given perhaps a little more strongly than is quite meant. But that's a small part of the matter. I don't think Kathleen would have had him then on any account. She would not have felt that she could leave her father. I don't poor boy,' said Kathleen. for a moment say she would have him now; still, I do see that things are different, and she is free now, in a way she could not be, when her father was never happy for an hour without her. All I wonder is that Mr. Corrie doesn't out of the evil.' just try once more.'

sat down again, 'I see! I see!' he Then you think that may have been

'I am tree to think, and so are you,' said Mrs. Joliffe. 'Mind, she has not body. But if Mr. Corrie is of the same mind still-well if I were you, I would just advise him not to be too him -some day.'

· Thank you, thank you a thousand times,' said Kenisou earnestly. 'Your confidence is sale with me, and I will take care what I say to Corrie. But I think a hint will be enough. If you had seen his last letter to me-poor

CHAPTER XXXIV .- DESIRE GRANTED. Summer had passed away, and autumn was far advanced, and yellow leaves, with curled edges, dropping I go at once?" to play pretty frolics, catching up the 'Mr. Monigomerie,' Mrs. Joliffe said scattered toliage, whirling it aloft, and one evening, when they were for a few sweeping it into drifts, through which

Kathleen found the wind something 'Periodically, said Kenison. 'About of a trouble, and the leaves too, as she her first walks to any distance. Reach-

Mrs. Joliffe spoke inquiringly, and leaning against the trunk of a tree, ever touch her again. She made no sinking into a dream.

repeated to her, during her tardy comfort now and then. And as she stood waiting for power to go on, with half hour fled. a nameless depression weighing upon her, these words came ringing softly through her mind, as if spoken by a human voice:

"Wait on the Lord for what he hath to

O rest ess heart: He knows the sorrows that beset thy way, He knows thy fretful weariness to day, O fainting heart.

When thou hast stilled thyself to rest in

O throbing heart, When thou hast learned to love Him first To love Him even better for thy grief, O weeping heart;

Then will He grant thee all thine own O longing heart, Sunlight of joy may even here be given, If so He will—if not, sunrise in heaven,

O waiting heart."

'I think I am learning,' Kathleen murmured. 'Yes, I think He is teaching me; and the comfort is, that He does know all. I don't think I would alter His will for me, no, not in anything. It has all been right, though I could not believe it to be so, before my illness. I see it now.'

She stood there still, resting, and now dearly.' not definitely thinking, but only feeling as if she had scarcely energy for the walk home.

All at once there came a strong quick step over the fallen leaves, whisking them aside. Kathleen looked up. and her heart gave one strong throb. For Marshall Corrie stood before her.

Kathleen's hand was outstretched silently, and he grasped it, examining her face with anxious eyes

'You have been ill indeed,' he said, Kath-Miss Joliffe.'

'Yes, but I am better now,' she said gently. 'You look strong, Mr.

'Australia has done wonders for me, But it is not home. It never could be. I have been longing to see England again. And when I heard of your illness-and of Cleve's return-'

'Ken wrote you word, I suppose.'

'Yes, and I came off at once almost -as soon as possible, I mean, leaving matters uncertain about my return, till I should know—' Mr. Corrie spoke hurriedly and almost incoherently. The encounter had taken him by surprise, and thrown him off his

· Cleve will be so glad to see you.

'As I shall be to see him. Kenison has told me about him-how much we have-how much there is to be thankful for."

' Ken always hoped good might come

'And has it not been so? But ought Kenison sprang to his feet, and then you to stand here, Kath - Miss Joliffe I mean, forgive me- said Mr. said. 'It never struck me before. Corrie, in some agitation. 'You are always in my mind with that name, and somehow, seeing you so suddenly

> rest,' said Kathleen, her voice as quiet in Kathleen's happiness. Dr Ritchie as his was tremulous.

'Then you will rest a few minutes longer, will you not? I should be so glad. sure that there isn't a little hope for I do not feel as if I could bear to wait. without putting one question. I do not ask for much in answer, only just to know that all is not quite hopeless. Kenison has told me of the changesyour tather marrying again. Kathleen, does it-does it make any difference? All the way home I have been indulging in the hope that perhaps-perhaps -this might alter things. I don't ask much-only-is there any hope that some day-by-and-by-Kathleen, may I stay in Rockstone and try-or must

Kathleen's deep blue eyes were lifted to his for one instant, and then dropped again.

'Is it true?-am I mistaken?' he exclaimed breathlessly. 'I could not leave papa then, Mr.

Corrie,' said Kathleen in a low voice. And the wind no longer blew mournspoke is a minor key, and Kathleen's weariness of body and spirit was gone, as she paced up and down bereath the trees with a strong arm for her support. same.'

enquires about the reported engage-The dream resolved itself into some meut. No mention of it had ever verses which Mrs. Joliffe had often passed her lips, since the receipt of Minnie Baring's letter, and now she convalescence. She had found them a simply forgot it. Neither of the two was in the least aware how the next

· Dosn't it seem wonderful,' Kathleen said, when they turned homewards, Marshall Corrie remembering that his companions streng h might not be overtaxed, 'isn't it wonderful that just the very thing which seemed such a terrible trouble to me, has been the thing which smoothes our way now?'

· Which, my darling?' he asked. ' Papa's marrying again. If he had

not married I could never have left

'I shall be grateful all my life to Mrs. Joliffe,' Marshall said joyously.

'Oh not only for that. If you knew all that I owe to ber? I don't suppose I should ever have lived through this illness, but for the care she gave me. And when I think how badly I treated | Joan, just try what a difference it makes her before-'

Mr. Corrie of course exclaimed incredulously.

, Yes, I mean it,' she said earnestly. And it is right that you should know the truth. I was not kind to her for a long long while; but I do love her

'I shall owe more to her than you can ever owe,' said Mr, Corrie, and he added seriously,- It is well that we cannot shape our own paths. God's choosing is the best."

softly. 'But I wish I had trusted human soul. Him all the while.

Suddenly there was an astonished shout, and Cleve dashed across the road. The hands of tutor and pupil met in a tight clench.

'Why-I didn't know---' gasped Nobody knew he was coming,' said

Kathleen. 'He's done you good, anyhow,' said

Cleve, with a glance at her bright cheeks. Then, his manner changing painfully: 'Mr. Corrie-I say-I can't tell you how awfully sorry I was-but

'I know all about it, my dear boy,' said Mr. Corrie affectionately. 'You and I shall only be closer friends than

'You're not going back to Australia

' No,' said Mr. Corrie, looking down at the little figure resting on his arm. 'I came home, feeling doubtful, but Kathleen has settled the question for me. I must look out for work in England now.'

' Leena !' said the boy, and he glanced from one to the other, comprehension dawning. 'Oh, I say that's first-rate. 'And you will have me for a brother?

asked Marshall Corrie smiling. Reaching home, the news became speedly known, and unbesitating gladness was expressed. Mr. Joliffe declared that Marshall Corrie was the only man living to whom he could have been content to give his sweet 'I was only waiting for a minute's Leena; and his wife heartily rejoised and Lady Catherine were the first to hear the tidings, and the first to call

> and congratulate. One only did not rejoice in Kathleen's prospects, and that one was Joan. The first thought with Joan was ever of her own comfort, and very pititul she grew over the thought of losing Kathleen.

'Plenty of time yet,' Mrs. Joliffe said cheerily, when Joan bemoaned herselt. 'Three months yet before the wedding.'

'Oh, they will be gone directly. Months always go fast, when one wants them to be slow, And if Marshall takes the curacy in Cumberland---'

'He will not do so. Dr. Ritchie fears the cold for Kathleen. I happen to know that another good opening has come this morning-a living, and not a curacy, between Rockston and London. So you need not fear Cumberland any

'It will be almost as bad. It is losing Kathleen either way.'

'If Kathleen's mother were living she would think of her child and not of herself. You and I must do the

'But you have other prople,' said paused to rally her forces, and remained she could scarcely believe trouble would Join. 'You have uncle, and Viola will be here-and everybody likes you. I don't care for anyone except Kath-

'That is pleasant hearing for all of us,' said Mrs. J liffe, smiling. 'Shall we invite Miss Jackson for a month when Kathleen goes?"

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Oh, I don't care,' said Joan.

'Shall I tell you what it is that is really wrong with you, Joan? asked Mrs. Joliffe. 'You are trying to satisfy your heart-thirst with anything and everything short of Christ, and you won' be able.'

'I am always happy with Leena, aunt Mary. That is all I want-just to have some one that I love with me.

· It's a want that means a deeper thirst-a heart longing that can never be met till you go to God Himself for what you need. My dear, you can't be always with Leena, or always with anybody hu nan. It is Jesus Himself that you want for a friend. No other can be like Him-always the same, and always at hand. I wish you would try

Joan made little response. Perhaps she thought the matter over, and the words in time may have borne fruit.

When Kathleen went to live in another home, Joan was very listless and unhappy for a while. Then she comforted herself with Viola Dodson.

No harm in this, if the Heavenly Friend had stood first in her heart. No evil in earthly love, if the Heavenly love reigns supreme. But Joan was long in learning the lesson that Water 'I see it now,' Kathleen answered of Life alone can satisfy the living

THE END.

LOOK out for our SPLENDID NEW SERIAL to commence the first week of the New

New Subscribers, please send on your names immediately!

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away-those sweet, swift

Like a leaf on the current cast: With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as one by one they go, Into the beautiful past. As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,

Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the languorous breezes hid, That lift the willow's long golden lid, And ripple the glassy stream. As light as the breath of the thistle down, As fond as a lover's dream;

As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note, So tender and sweet they seem. One after another we see them pass, Down the dim-lighted stair; We hear the sound of their steady tread In the steps of the centuries long since dead,

As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat,

As beautiful and as fair. There are only a few years left to love; Shall we waste them in idle strife? Shall we trample under our ruth ess feet Those ceautiful blossoms, rare and sweet, By the dusky way of life ?

There only a few swift years-ah, let No envious taunts be heard; Make life's fair pattern of rare design, And fill up the measure with love's sweetwine,

But never an angry word!

FOR THE BOYS .- The Wide Awake gives the following story, which is all the better for being true: Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was com plete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broad clotn suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man-what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workm in rich white leaving him poor. L-isure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.