

Family Reading.

Farewell to the Old Year.

Farewell, old year, we walk no more together; I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh, And crowned with yellow brake and withered heather, I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

New Select Serial.

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 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.'

lay for two nights and days, just alive, just breathing and no more. She was not conscious, and those around believed that each breath she drew would be her last. Then, in her utter self-devotion, Mary Joliffe 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. Ritchie grounded his only remaining hopes.

'You think the news of her illness would distress him?' Mrs. Joliffe spoke inquiringly, and Kenison simply answered, 'Yes.' 'He was her brother's tutor, and their friend,' said Mrs. Joliffe musingly.

ing the middle of the avenue, she paused to rally her forces, and remained leaning against the trunk of a tree, sinking into a dream. The dream resolved itself into some verses which Mrs. Joliffe had often repeated to her, during her tardy convalescence.

Life seemed all at once so bright, that she could scarcely believe trouble would ever touch her again. She made no enquiries about the reported engagement. No mention of it had ever passed her lips, since the receipt of Minnie Baring's letter, and now she simply forgot it.

'Bat you have other people,' said Joan. 'You have uncle, and Viola will be here—and everybody likes you. I don't care for anyone except Kathleen.'