

*WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.*

it's a cold morning—are you sure you are well wrapped up?"

The little girl warmly returned her mother's kiss and embrace, and assured her "she had put on everything she could think of." "And I must be quick, mamma, dear,—for it's examination-day, and I've a lesson to look over yet when I get to school, and you know I want to get marks for the Easter prize!"

"Well, don't set your heart too much on it, Katie. Good-by, my own darling." And the mother, with, perhaps, that strange prevision of coming ill which sometimes weighs down our hearts without apparent reason, clasped her bright, happy Katie,—her only comfort, as she unconsciously called her,—to her heart, and again kissing her, let her go. We will not linger over her morning's work, her persevering, loving efforts to soothe the capricious fretfulness of a gloomy, dispirited man, sunk into morning misery in the reaction resulting from the excitement of evening dissipation, but who had been the loving husband of her youth, and whose sins her woman's love still sought to cover. Such scenes are of too frequent occurrence, but they are too sad to chronicle; and it is Katie—not Katie's mother—with whom our story has most to do.

It was with light and bounding steps—for she was a joyous-hearted child—that Katie Johnstone hastened along the village street. Few could notice her that morning without looking again at the bright, gentle face, with much of her mother's sweetness in it, the rosy colour heightened by the frosty air, the sparkling gray eyes, and the clustering chestnut hair that escaped from the gray