

WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.

as frost-nipped fingers would do it. That completed, and a hurried—alas! too hurried—prayer said, she ran quickly down to the only warm place to be found at that early hour in the house, the hall-stove, and, taking up a satchel of books, was soon deep in the study of “Magnall’s Questions” and “Pinnock’s Catechism.” Before the earnest revisal was completed—it was a monthly examination-day—the one domestic of the household, a hard-featured, but kindly-looking woman, appeared with turned-up sleeves, bringing a little tray, on which were coffee and bread and butter for the young student.

“You’d better have your breakfast here, Miss Katie ; for it’s dreadful cold yet in the sitting-room, and no one stirrin’ yet but yourself.”

It was nearly the same speech which almost always accompanied Katie’s breakfast, for there was not much family life in her home ; and the little girl, having to start early for school, was accustomed to have no company but her books at the morning meal. She could remember when it had been otherwise ; but her mother was often ailing now, ever since Hughie had been laid in his little grave under the pine-trees ; and “papa—well, papa was often very strange now ;” and her dear brother Ned, Katie’s especial hero and idol, was far away at college, and would not be back till the grass was growing green again. So Katie hastily swallowed her solitary breakfast, and rushed up-stairs to put on her wraps for school. Some one was stirring then, however, and as she passed a half-closed door on her way down again, a sweet, though careworn, face looked out, and a gentle voice said, “Katie, darling,