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Family Reading.

The Golden-rod and the Aster.

" You are so beautiful, Golden-rod!" Said a purple Aster, with loving pride; "And I am so happy to think that God Has deemed me worthy to be your bride You look so grand with your yellow plumes While I am so plain, and so poorly drest Yet you pass the loveliest wayside blooms, To tell me dear, that you love me best."

"Hush, hush, my darling! No fairer flower E'er lifted its face to brighten the sod : And you grow more beautiful every hour, And dearer to me," said the Golden-rod. Your dress is the grandest of any I see,-

The co'or, you know, is a royal hue,-I think it as pretty as it can be. And purple is very becoming to you."

"How many blemishes love doth cover!" Said the Aster, and lifted her grateful eyes To the happy face of her handsome lover; "And how love transfigures the plainest guise!

Since you love me, dear, for myself alone. I am quite content with my purple gown I would not exchange it for royal throne, Or to be a queen with a golden crown." "And I would not give you up, my sweet

Though he lay his kingdom and crown at With his royal robes," said the Golder

To the proudest monarch that ever irod;

"Though the summer blossoms and birds

have flown, How happy we'll be through this autumn weather!

And we never, dear, can be quite alone,-For we'll live, and love, and die together !" I passed that way where a shelving rock

Half hid, as they lay on the rain-soaked The poor little Aster's purple frock. And the yellow plumes of the Golden-rod!

And I sighed, "you will never sway and Again in the light of this autumn weather." Alas! for the Aster and Golden-rod!

They have "lived, and loved, and died together !" -Good Cheer.

Select Sevial.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE: Six Months of a Girl's Life.

CHAPTER I.

HER WELCOME.

Lois is at her journey's end. The train slows and moves jarring along the lighted streets, but instead of being in a little bustle about leaving, like everybody else, Lois drops her veil over her face, and leans her head on the seat in front. She trembles from head to foot. But as they stop She trembles to her very heart; for in face with her Future.

the ground, she seems, as in reality she does, to leave home and the sweet and simple Past behind her. And it is the Future alone that she faces-there is no one here to meet her.

She stands there, waiting bewildered by the track, until the train goes out. Poor Lois-she is, as you will see, what one may call a various sort of girl; and with the rest, she is a very how it should be were she the wealthy blocks, massive public buildings; she Mrs. Hurd with a poor little waif of continent. She has pictured the scene warm motherly arms, the home, and the loving girl-cousins at the end of it all.

Lois Gladstone is sixteen, yet this is her first railway journey; and though quite a superior girl in many respects, she is unsophisticated in the ways of the great, noisy selfish world. In some respects she is not a modern girl at all. Reared in a little village, off the lines of travel, living in a little cottage simply and humbly with her mother-she is motherless now-it is no wonder that she is bewildered in this great depot, with its carriages, its hurrying throngs, its shricking trains its net-work of tracks, its great empty spaces. Oblivious of hotel runners and hackmen, she lingers, waiting to hear some kindly wrice at her elbow ask, 'Is this neice Lois?' She looks doors. Here and there as they pass sharply into every passing face.

At last she turns into the waiting of the many tricks that Lois' imagin- sipking heart.

ation has played her. Common sense, another one of her " familiars," taunts her with it.

'I told you so! I told you all the time that her letter was not a nice auntie's letter at all !'

'I wonder,' she says at last, 'If I ought not to have taken an omnibus and gone straight there.' She is a most plain little figure. Crowds come and go, nobody notices her. In the crowds she might stay there forever, and nobody would stop to enquire, nobody give her advice.

She goes to the door. Omnibuses and hacks are gone. She can see the lamps of the last carriage turning down a distant street. She looks about, anxiously. She turns from group after group, face after face. But, at last, in the door of the men's waiting room, valise in hand, her eyes rest upon a gentleman, whose face strikes her at once as eminently kind--kindly and refined. He is talking with a knot of men. Their words are quite audible. They seem to be, Lois thinks, discussing church matters; and the gentleman with the valise settles the fact for her by saying as he moves to 2016 West days to the Language of the Park

'Never mind, Brother Harkness! It's not so very bad if you're only a few hundreds behind hand. We are in no danger of starvation-and our people are sure if they are slow-don't let it vex you thus, brother !'

And he beams on 'brother,' who is evidently a 'steward,' with a smile that warms even the listening stranger's

upon that especial word, uttered in all its native New Testament meaning and warmth; a soft moisture springs in her eyes. A sense of safety steals over her. Oh, God bless the churches that still retain that old-fashioned greeting of Christian fellowship!

Near her is a member of the great Household of Faith to which she belongs. As he comes down past her door, she inpulsively steps out.

· I wish to speak to you, sir. I am a stranger, and my friends are not here to meet me as I expected. Could you direct me to Mr. John Hurd's? Mrs. Hurd is my aunt,"

'Oh yes.' He glances aroundnot a hack in sight-and then at her with the trained eye of one acquainted with the world. He perceives at once it is not absolutely necessary to call a carriage, even though she be Mrs. the depot with a final spiteful jerk, John Hurd's niece. This trim, alert she rises with the rest, reaches up for little body, clad in plain grey, with but ber a sket and makes her way out. two modest ruffles to her skirts, the plainest edge of linen encircling her a moment more she is to stand face to throat, neither feather nor flower upon her little grey hat, is very evidently As she leaves the cars, alights upon not one of the dainty, helpless daughters

> 'My way lies past the house,' he says, - if you can walk there-it is a mile-I can leave you at the very

The expression of unspeakable relief answers and thanks him. He takes her shawl and basket, and they set off

Lois gets long glimpses of her future imaginative one. While packing her home. It is a large town, a large, trunk for this journey, she had fancied prosperous place. They pass great sees street upon street stretching away neice coming to her half across the on either hand, glimmeringly lighted. They cross long arched bridges over at the depot, the waiting aunt, the gleaming rivers. Here and there towers a church with its holy stillness, and its silent, pointing spire. At last they come out upon a broad, quiet

> This is Grammercy Place,' says her guide, the avenue upon which your relatives live. It is thought to be the finest portion of the town.'

> It is as beautiful as a park. Lois looks around more keenly than ever. She is half heart-sick, half in a rapture of delight. The silvery air is drenched with balsamic odors, and the sweet breath of flower gardens. Over her head, everywhere, is the soft, forestlike rustle of leaves. On either hand is the dreamy splash of fountains. Lighted carriages roll softly past and among the trees gleam the lights from balconied windows and open they hear music and bursts of song.

'I have no place here!' the simply rooms. The friendly voice is but one bred young girl cries to herse!t with a

'Do my uncle's people attend your church?' she finally asks, abruptly.

'Oh, no, my dear!' There is a very curious intonation of voice. Lois looking up at him catches the slight smile.

'Are not my relatives church-going people, then?' she asks abruptly again-'Certainly, my dear child,' he answers. This time it is with all due gravity. 'Both your uncle and aunt are among the very pillars of Dr. Guthrie's church. We just came past their place of worship-back there on the last corner, Mr. and Mrs. Hurd are most excellent people."

. Do church people seek out strangers here?' she asks after awhile.

'I think so - I trust so,' the gentleman answers gravely as he pauses to open a tall ornamental gate. You will doubtless, my good girl, find pleasant triends. Your relatives have a wide circle.

This is Aunt's Alice's home! Her heart sinks as she gives the place hasty glance. She turns back to her guide impulsively-there is only moment in which she may grasp after the shadow of a future friend; and in need of a future friend she prophetically feels. She looks up, almost beseechingly. I hope you will not forget me, sir.'

He is about to ring the bell, but at this appeal he pauses. He looks her, keenly, perhaps gets a glimpse of the truth.

'My good little sister, I will remem ber you,' he says, earnestly. 'Your way and mine will probably stretch far enough part,' he slips a card within Brother Harkness," - she seizes her hand as he speaks, 'but should you be in trouble at any time, or at any time need advice, come to my house. I will speak of you to Mrs. Nelson, and you will find us both glad to see you. I read your name upon your shawl strap here. I will keep you in mind, sister Lois. I shall also Lois feels no longer quite alone. ask the Protector of the stranger and the fatherless to remember you with his especial care.'

> She steals a glance at the card-he is a minister, as she thought.

> There are no lights in front of the house. It is a tall, imposing stone mansion. It has peak, and turret, and balcony, and pointed windows, and much ivied at the corners, Lois, who has read far more than she has seen fancies it must be built after some o the old world models.

After the bell is rung the secon time footsteps approach. The key i turned, a servant opens the door.

" Is Mrs. Hurd at bome?" Mrs. Hurd is not at home. 'Any of the family?'

The family are out. The door closing, but the gentleman prevents: 'I have in charge here a niece of Mrs. Hurd.

At this, the face of the servant suddenly gives signs of interest.

'Oh, yes, sir, if it be Miss Gladstone, Mistress Hurd spoke about as she might come. They be all hout, but if the young lady come, I was to show her her room. I will send Brown out about the luggage. Oh, you walked up, Miss?

The gentleman turns to his silent

'I'm sorry there is no one here to receive you, but truly, it is not at all strange-your friends are quite important fractions of our fashionable society. I dare say you will now find that your troubles are at an end.'

He speaks cheeringly; and making his adieu cordial enough to almost serve in place of the missing welcome, he leaves her following the servant in.

The Peacock and the Turkey.

'Look at me,' said the Peacock. spreading his tail and strutting grandly about, 'am I not handsome?'

'Yes,' replied the turkey, 'in your own eyes; but I put up a perpetual thanksgiving that I was not batched so

. I should think thanksgiving was rather a tender subject for you,' rejoined the Peacock, pluming himself, ' Not at all,' said the Farmer, who had been listening to this interchange of civilities; he is a tender subject for Thanksgiving!' And so saying,

he caught up the Tuckey, and carried him off to market. . Well, well! said the peacock, 'I'm glad I'm too handsome to eat, and that fine feathers don't always make fine birds according to the cook .- ST. NICHOLAS Almanac.

Something about Corkwood.

At present we depend for cork upon the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In these countries actual market value of cork is times what it was at the beginning of the century, and it is likely to go still higher. In Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples, extensive cork plantations are being destroyed for the purpose of obtaining the tannin of superior quality yielded by the bark and carbonate of soda from the sshes of the wood. This destruction has been going on for years, while planting has not even replaced the trees destroyed, except in France and its African dependency. As long ago as 1822, the French government appropriated forty-five bundred francs, which were to be divided among those who planting in 1823, should possess at the expiration of ten years, plantations of ten thousand vigorous saplings. In 1834 only three persons had been entitled to the reward. But France has now over five hundred thousand you patterns, and you can get along acres of cork plantations in Algiers, yielding a considerable revenue in the State. About fifty years ago the Spanish began to encourage the planting of the cork oak, and the number The increase would have been greater Mrs. Mason liked nice things very, very but for the fact that, while in some provinces oak has become the chief source of wealth, in others many of the proprietors have destroyed their trees in order to clear their ground for the purpose of planting more valuable productions.

The cork oak grows to the height of about fifty feet. In Algeria and in the Spanish province of Estremadura the development of the tree is something greater. The tree reaches a great age. It continues to grow for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, and after its growth it still yields cork, though of an inferior quality. In some parts of Spain it is customary to destroy the tree when the quality of its cork begins to deteriorate. In Europe the tree is met with as far as forty-five degrees north, but it needs a warm climate. In France and in Spain it is found sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, while in Algeria in occurs at double that altitude. The tree can bear a minimum average annual temperature of forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. It prefers land sloping to the southward and near the sea. Granite lands and slatey, sandy, and silicious soils are very unsuitable, and it does not take kindly to damp soils. It grows spontaneously in virgin soils where silica or silico-argillaceous compounds abound. Lands suitable for the vine are suitable for the cork

Joining the Church.

How soon should I join the church? The best answer we can give to that question is-Just as soon as your heart has joined the Saviour, When God gives conversion be demands confession. Make the most of your early love. If your heart goes out to Jesus in loving trust, then stand up for him, and with him joining your hands to his, take the blessed vow of spiritual wedlock. The whole drift of the Bible is in tavor of prompt trust in Christ, prompt confession of Christ, and prompt obedience to his every call of duty. The teaching of the word is " Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." But the Devil's version that she is in trouble." reads, "Whatsoever he saith to you, delay it."-T. L. Cuyler.

The Southern World prints a bit of " weather wisdom" which just about covers tse case. To those who contingally croak about the weather, it says. whether 'wet' or 'dry' we commend the following utterance of Colone Richard Peters : We all complain the weather, and can't see the wisdon of it, but I confess, in the light of forty years' experience, that if I could turn on the rain as I do a sprinkler at home I couldn't have managed it so well for this one farm, year in and year out, a it has been managed. So I take the weather without complaining. I know it will come all right in the end."

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

Mrs. Mason's Economy.

'It is lovely ; do take it, Maria. am sure I do not see why you hesitate a moment, for it is a regular bargain.' Yes, I know that it is very nice for the price, but then you see Lizzie, that is just exactly twice as much as I intended to pay. I really cannot afford it,' and with a little sigh Mrs. Mason put aside the soft fabric, and turned to another, which though pleasing at first, seemed now, in comparison with the other, very coarse and unsatisfactory. 'I wish that I had waited and come alone, she thought to herself. Lizzie always induces me to get something that I cannot afford, or else makes me dissatisfied."

' But, Maria, if you must economize, as you tell about, why don't you do in some other way? I'm sure I should like for once to see you dressed in some sort of style. Didn't you say that you were going to hire it made? Now, why not make it yourself? I will lend nicely; now do!

Mrs. Mason hesitated, then she compared again the two pieces of goods. She imagined herself in a dainty, stylish suit. She fingered the goods caressof trees in that country has increased. ingly, it was so soft and nice looking,

· You would save a clear ten dollars, not more,' whispered her sister. And as I say if you must economize, I think that you might have some regard for the feelings of your friends in your choice of ways. It is not very pleasant for me to have my only sister look as poverty-stricken as you make out to most of the time."

Mrs. Mason was only half convinced of the soundness of her sister's reasoning, but obeying her inclination, she haven't bought the chair yet, you know, tried hard to feel that it was really her duty to consult the feelings of her friends, her sister in particular.

"I suppose that I do seem shabby to Lizzie,' she thought, glancing at her sister's heavy silk. 'I am not sure but that I ought to please her.'

. Come, come, Maria, don't think any longer over this little matter. You will take it of course ; now let us decide about the trimmings.

And Mrs. Mason allowed the clerk to measure off the dress, but somehow she felt anything but comfortable. Do her very best, she could not put out of her mind a sad, pale face that she had seen in church last Sabbath.

. I do not believe that Miss West gets much work,' she had said to her husband on their way home. She looked positively hungry this morning, or else it was my imagination. I've half mind to give her my spring suit to

What a thoughtful little woman she is,' he added, looking down lovingly to her. How could she tell him now that she had selfishly put her money all into her dress! She was heartily sick of it and two-thirds below, the upper par

Have you seen that Miss West about your dress yet? asked Mr. Mason a day or two after.

confusedly, Somehow she had not brought herself yet to tell her husband how she had been over-persuaded out thousands of cartloads, came floating of her good intentions.

'I would go there to-day, then, if were in your place, for I met her this morning, and I am sure from her looks

'Oh, I wish, I wish that I had never bought that dress, sobbed Mrs. Masor as her husband left her, 'If poor Miss West is in trouble or want, what shall I as an aquaria, and that when a vessel

For a long time it seemed to Mrs, Mason that she could not go to her, but just at night she went.

" Do people really call this living?" she thought to herself as she climbed the narrow, rickety stairs, and caught glimpses through open doors of desolate, poverty-stricken rooms. Somehow dainty spring suits seemed of far less importance here than in the store by her sister's side.

At first there was no answer to her knock, but just as she was about to try the door, it opened, and one glance only was sufficient to assure Mrs. Mason that her husband was right in his surmise. Miss West was in trouble. It needed only a few kind, sympathizing words to win her confidence.

I have not been able to find as I expected and hoped." she said 'It costs something to live, do one very best; and one lady owes me three day's work. It was not qui convenient for her to pay just then she said. I could come again in week. Sunday I cooked my last potato and Monday I spent my last cent for bread. I have tasted nothing sir yesterday morning. If I cannot no the rent, I must leave here to-morrow and of course I shall have to go, for have not been able to get any work though I have tried my best. I a alone in the world. What is there left for me but-to drown myself, perhaps Places? Yes, of course, there are place enough, and work, too, but if I cannot find them, what good do they do me

Mrs. Mason never forgot the misen of that moment. 'I have been a selfish, thoughtles woman, she said, but you shall com home with me now, and I think that can find work for you."

· Oh, Robert, how can I ever forgive myself?' she said to her husband after she had told him all. 'It seems to me that I can never wear that dress in the world. Suppose that you had not noticed her this morning?'

There, there, little wife, don't moun over imaginary woes. I did notice her our Almighty Father had her in char and he has lovingly given my little wi another chance to help her.'

'And then, Robert,' pursued Mr. Mason, 'I've been wondering. You know I have tried to save, by doing my own fine ironing, enough to get a new easy-chair for the parlor, and since I've found out this about Miss West, I have been worried lest Mrs. McClintock has missed that. Why, Robert,' and Mr. Mason's face suddenly lighted up, and I can go without, and hire the dress made, after all, can't I? But hope, oh, I do hope, that I shall re member this lesson, and never lose at opportunity to do good by selfish eco omy.'-Zion's Herald.

The Home of the Codfish.

What a marvellous influence upor civilization and human progress th humble but nutritious codfish has had He has been a mine of wealth to a var population. It seems that good mother nature, foreseeing the needs of humanity has made special preparations for a good supply of this very neccessary article of food for body and brain; she floated her icebergs, which were filled with the sandy bottom of the Northern seas, down to the Gulf Stream, where they 'I would, dear," was his reply. melted and deposited their debris forming the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. It was the work the slow and toilsome work of ages. Every spring, thousands of the bergs, one-third above the water clear, sparkling and translucent, reflecting the sunshine, and giving it back to the enraptured eye with that prodi gality and brilliancy of coloring which ' N-o, not yet,' replied Mrs. Mason only nature can afford, the lower pe mixed with the coast-bottoms of Green land and Labrador, to the extent of down majestically through Davis Straits, and, meeting the warm air and warm waters of the Gulf Stream, melted and deposited their contributions until those immense shools were formed where the cod and haddock swarm. And it is said that there, sand-banks have huge depressions like vast valleys, which serve is lucky enough to anchor over one d them, it can fill its hold and deck with as many as it can carry. For generations, the inhabitants of Newfoundland and the venturesome folk who live all along the New England coast, get their daily bread, or lay by a competency from this never failing source of wealth. What a vast number of people on the globe get their living out of, and subsist principally on, the invaluable cod, and what vast quantities have been landed by the fishing fleet of Gloucester since her fishermen first engaged in the busi-

> A New York man advertises for "2 thousand bushels of old rubber over shoes, fancy prices paid." It is said he is in the chewing-gum business.