Lamily Reading.

Only a Little Word.

'Twas only a little word, And a pleasant smile was given, Directing many a thought To our Father up in heaven. A kind word for the children, Making their little hearts glad, Or a word of sympathy To cheer the weary and sad.

'Twas only a little word, As from angry lips it fell, And the influence it had, Not one of us can tell. Driving perhaps a brother Out into the world so cold: Chilling perhaps a heart Seeking those riches untold.

'Twas only a little word, Very gently it was said, And another hungry soul Was thus easily fed. A sad and weary sister Went cheerfully on her way, Rejoicing in the glad news Of a bright eternal day.

If only a little word Can cheer us on our way; If only a little word Can drive in grief away; If only a little word Can bring a soul to God; Then let us speak it for Him, And we're sure of His reward.

Rem Select Serial.

Six Months of a Girl's Life.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE:

CHAPTER IV.

A FAMILY CIRCLE.

The worn-out traveller never wakens all night long. She might sleep until high noon to-day, were it not for the alarm clocks and the noisy bells down in the lower regions. The unwonted presence of the warm restless little body in bed with her, and the whispers and steps of her midnight callers, had not disturbed her in the least. Even now she turns over with a vague idea that it is the railway whistle, and the train bell ringing the approach of a station; but presently the Venetian blinds of the windows, and the soft fair chromoliths on the wall, and the rosy spread on the bed, begin to gain upon her sleepy eyes, and she remembers where she is.

'They must be home now-I do wonder if they found that I have come! I feel like-most uncomfortably like an intruder!'

Theo is nestling about, and she soon She sits up in bed and looks down upon Lois, winking and blinking. ' Now I fink I know,' she says. 'You ith the couthin, and I 'collect that I finked last night you wath jist as nithe ath could be.' And she draws her pillow along quite upon Lois' face, and down again so unreasonably the 'nithe couthin' can

door. Without any notice Lois, she reaches across and lifts Theo and carries her off to be dressed. But the little voice calls back assuringly: 'I will come back and thtay wid you pitty soon.

As Lois dresses she falls a prey to all sorts of uncomfortable thoughts. 'How then she falls to fancying various absurd things; a habit which young girls without sisters to talk with often form-that of imagining how things might be and was to come, and she should finally be Hurd is not quite herself. She is no bonnet or shawl on, but just like a member of the household, and everybody should look at her in surprise, wondering who she might be, and how she came to be in the house at all, so heartsickness of the night before comes back and she is seized with a fit of shrinking.

not even baby Theo. Lois gets more girls this morning.' nervous every moment.

Oh dear, I wish I knew what was proper! I may have to stay here all nobody is in any great hurry to see me.' nod and a more protracted glance. She falls again to fancying ridiculous 'Glad to see you, my girl, hope you'll things that might happen, quite forgetful that two of the servants know she is there-how she might slip from baby a couple of young ladies come in, the dining-room door again. 'I shall Theo's memory, live up there for weeks, 'Party dresses,' their ignorant cousin be busy a while in my own room, Lois.

down and going out and in after dark to buy herself some crackers or a loaf. In fancy she has come to a point where more than once she has swiftly passed members of the family on the stairs. There have been great wonderings over it, and finally, it has deepened into a mystery, and there are strange surmises concerning the dark small figure that flits at twilight, until, at last, there grows a vague whisper among the ser vants that the Hurd house is haunted. She is busy with a touching culmination, in which she has failed one evening, to elude the swift hand of some one she is passing in the dark, and has stood confessed-the half-starved frightened little cousin that has come into the house and never been remembered and sought out by anybody. At that point she suddenly stops and looks up at herself in the mirror. There she stands, winding her long braids around her head, and crying just as hard as she can cry, the tears dropping down her cheeks. She laughs outright, and mentally gives herself a good shaking. She sits down and com-

been rather different !' She wipes off the lonesome tears, and tries to read her morning chapter. Before she has finished, a bell rings down in the hall, and little cousin comes tapping on the door, and lets herself in. She looks more like a little blue flower than ever in her blue day-dress and ribbon knots. 'I am all wathshed and curled,' she says, 'and now I am going to thtay with you all the retht of the day, and there'll be time for thou-

poses her thoughts. 'Of course it is

all right,' she says; 'still, even at our

humble house, I guess it would have

sandth and thousandth of thtories.' Lois smiles, and asks why the bell is

'It ith the drething bell. In half an hour the breakfatht bell will ring, and then we will go down. Mamma thaid I could take you down wid me.'

Lois seizes upon the crumb-they knows she has arrived. She proposes that they go down to the breakfast room

As she follows her chattering guide past the rooms into which she glanced last night, she hears the light steps of slippered feet, a rustle and a stir,-just a door between her and those she so longs to see, so clings to, but so dreads, Just a few moments more and she shall see them face to face.

Below, Theo throws open the door of a lofty room frescoed in warm crimson and gold, and carpeted warmly to match. It is a bright picture, and Lois stands in the door and looks. With its glowing coal fire, its silken curtains, its paintings of game and fruit and flowers, and the breakfast table in the centre, glittering with the silver breakfast service, and the beautiful painted china-it is as much a picture as Theo's room up-stairs.

Standing on the rug by the fire, wondering if the house all through series of such pictures, she hears the heavy steps of slippered feet, pounding along the hall. The door opens, and admits a portly, bald-headed man in dressing-gown, newspaper in hand. Hello, baby !' to Theo, with a glance nd nod at herself. She bows decor ously to his back, -he is drawing a chair Just here Sampson comes knocking to the window where he pulls the curtain into a string, and retires from sight behind his paper. Theo is at the farther end of the room, feeding her birds; but Lois concludes it is her Uncle John, and a man who will not be likely to take much notice of girls.

Now come other steps down the stairs, and Lois falls trembling anew. This strange that they are so near, in these | time it is a very stately and handsome | the Shadow for the beloved mother who woman. She is not at all like her dear were sure they know I am here.' And mother-but Lois knows it must be Aunt Alice. The little gray figure waits on the rug, and leaves greetings to the aunt. Many chilling fancies have disciplined her to this extent. But it living a little drama in their fancy. is a very good sort of welcome, -a warm Supposing everybody has forgotten she | hand-shake, a couple of kisses. Mrs. obliged to make her way down stairs by trifle shaken by this sudden apparition herself and should open the door with of her only sister in her youth; for, now that she sees Lois' eyes, the girl is tell. very like her mother.

'So this is my niece Lois,' she says, 'I regret we were gone last night, but I trust you made yourself comfortable. early in the morning! Then the heavy How much you are like your mother. child, when you look up at one! Poor sister-I hope she is permitted to see that I am giving her daughter a good Half an hour passes. No one comes, home. John, we won't wait for the

Mr. Hurd comes to the table, still reading. As he throws the paper down, Mrs. Hurd, behind the coffee urn, speaks day, for I can't go down alone. Evidently to him. Little Lois receives another

find yourself at home with us.' The grace is said; and, shortly after house. She draws a most absurd and robes-there is such an abundance of me.

pathetic picture of herself stealing plaitings and frillings, together with exquisite lace at neck and throat.

'Your cousins, my dear-Elizabeth-

Lois and Elizabeth bow across the table; Elizabeth with indifference, Lois shyly, and with a look of admirationthis Elizabeth being a queenly girl.

But Saidee, passing behind her to a seat, stoops over Lois, and drawing her face backward, kisses beron either cheek. For, good Saidee she has seen the gray eyes fill as they drop from Elizabeth's face. 'You are the only cousin we have.' she says with a smile! therefore you musn't mind if I make much of you-you shy pretty, woodland creature,' she adds to nerself; for those are great, shy, soft, startled eyes that Lois lifts at this out? burst, like the eyes of a fawn in some painting that Saidee remembers.

This warmth is too sudden and unex pected. Lois becomes painfully conscious that a tear-drop is rolling down her cheek; and she is so embarrassed that she cannot coolly lift her band and wipe it away, -so there it stays for them

'Never mind, says her aunt kindly It is only natural that you are sad after parting with your friends. It was quite a trial for you, wasn't it?'

Lois tries to find her voice, which they have not heard as yet; what she has said to her aunt has been little more than an unintelligible whisper.

'I was very glad to come, Aunt Alice, since you were so kind as to send for me. I had no near friends at all. Papa's relatives were not near us, nor were they able to have me.'

'Oh, couthin, couthin!' interrupts Theo, bastily looking up from her bread and milk. 'Don't tell mamma wrong thtories. Mamma, athk her to tell abouth her Betht Friend, that we shall thee when the great morning comth. The Great God Dr. Guthrie tellth about ith couthin's Best Friend. And I fink it ith the nithe the way he did wiv little

Lois crimsons from brow to throat She raises her eyes to her uncle's face -there is a half smile upon it. He pats Theo's head. 'Little girls should be seen and not heard.'

Mrs. Hurd smiles too. 'Our little Theo is an odd child, my dear. will soon find she has a singular habit of understanding things litterally, and unless you consider what you say before her, she may often cause you embarras-

'I ought not to have been embarassed, I am sure,' Lois replies gravely. The silent Elizabeth lifts her eyes hope that I am duly grateful that her orbit will not come within mine.'

The younger daughter and mother are busy with the events of last evening; and under cover of the general indifference Lois is enabled to make her breakfast. At the conclusion of the meal, the family range themselves in comfortable attitudes in various lounging-chairs, the servants come up, and Mr. Hurd opens the magnificent Bible which rests upon the velvet cushioned elbow stand at his side. But the chapter is read too hastingly, too mechanically, for Lois to gather up the crumbs of comfort as they fall. Her thoughts go back to the last hours of family worship she has known-the morning of her mother's death-when she sat at the bedside and slowly pronounced, in dying ears, precious, precious words when, upon trembling knees, and with with breaking heart, she herself prayed for His presence through the Valley and was passing down.

As her uncle rises to pray, she too rises and kneels. In a reverent spirit she follows his words; but none the less she is aware that she only of the household has knelt. She cannot help the hot flush that is upon her face at the close of the service, it comes from no unworthy shame; but what the emotion may be that floods the cheeks of those around her, I am sure I cannot

Mr. Hurd follows his wife out into the hall. Lois hears only the general gruffness of his voice 'That's a girl of some character, Alice, and now see that you don't spoil her. Don't try to make her over into one of us. I wish you'd all follow her example-it's no more than decent in Christians. I saw you courtesying mighty low to Senator Gifford last night-I don't see why we mightn't condescend once a day to get | She protested that she did not curse the large doll family. down on our knees for five minutes seller, but only the article sold. For before the King of Heaven and Earth.'

His wife makes no audible reply. Soft-hearted old goose, is her mental comment. But as the 'soft-hearted old goose' insinuates himself into boots and overcoat, and departs, she opens

What a small Boy could do.

A lad in Boston rather small for his age, works in an office as errand boy for four gentleman who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little for being so small, and said to him .-

"You will never amount to much you can never do much, you are to

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, " as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you can do."

" Ah, what is that?" said they. " I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, an urged him to tell what he could do that neither of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four faces, and there seemed to be no anxiety

for further information.

A bright boy heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and then left a stain which could not be washod out by all the waters of this great round earth.

Do not allow yourself to think of growing, in connection with the Women's vile, stories or unclean words. There Silk-Culture Association of Philaare persons who seem to take an evil delphia, which buys cocoons, sells see delight in repeating such things. And an I eggs, and can be addressed for those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and bad books it is our duty to take care what we listen to and what we read. A bad story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory and inflames the

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous kisses" of the crocodiles seen in DeQuincy's opium dream. If by chance you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts as you would the black winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things Indeed! so she is that sort of person! he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.

> when he said in his sermon last Sunday -" Look at the way some young men shuffle through the academy and then double shuffle through college. They don't know enough Latin when they come out to read the Latin in the diploma they bring with them. Half the men that go through college couldn't turn around again and enter at the other end." Bass's great brewery in England in

Of course, Mr. Beecher had no inten

tion of including Canadian graduates

is estimated that the beer from it fi up, each year, about six acres of grave Dr. Newman Hall just before his departure for England on the 22nd ult., said: "I wish to express my pleasure

cludes six acres of beer barrels; and

at one phase of your social life. Not once have I sat down to a table in my entire American trip and seen wine on the table. It is remarkable, and would be unheard of in England." Dr. Hall had been in the United States since August 18th, and had travelled 4000 miles.

It seems that a poor woman in Hamilton, whose son had been led astray and sent to gaol by the whiskey supplied to him in the Ambitious City, knelt down a few days ago on the pavement before one of those whiskey stores and called down the curse of God on the traffic. in her little chair, surrounded by her Hamilton woman seems to have been. cause they ain't a men here.'

Silk Culture in the United States.

The United States is now the third silk-manufacturing country in the world and the quality of American silk is o acknowledged superiority. Our crop of 1883 is estimated at 60,000 pounds of cocoons. If the annual production were raised to 1,250,000 pounds, it would no more than meet the demands of the silk business; and this home production in place of importation would effect a yearly saving of many millions of dollars to the country, besides furnishing profitable employment to large numbers of men, women and children. It is partic ularly recommended as an auxiliary enployment in agricultural sections, where in a multitude of homes there are hands not fully occupied, where facilities for earning money are few, and an added income from a few weeks of light work would be appreciated. So purely artistic in its nature is this industry, that it receives the support of the most cultured classes. Little capital is required, except that which consists in knowing how. Of the varieties of mulberry the white has proved the best 5,000 trees can be had from one ounce of seed; 10,000 plants have been produced on a quarter of an acre of ground,

Nearly half the States in the Union are now practically interested in silkinformation. At the excellent exhibit of the Women's Silk-Culture Association in this season's Institute Fair in Boston, under management of Mrs. Marion McBride, reels were in operation, turning off four large skeins at once, each thread, fine as it was, being seven-stranded from the cocoons. Skeins of beautiful silk were shown that were raised in a neighboring town almost fifty years ago. The interest in this culture in Massachusetts dates back to 1831, when, in response to a request of the legislature and by order of Gov. Lincoln, a manual of general information and instruction was published. committee appointed to examine the subject, therein reported with every encouragement, confident that no difficulties in either soil or climate were to be encountered in the production of silk in this commonwealth to an immense extent. It is hoped that with favoring circumstances, as at present, the industry may be revived successfully. Mr. Porter, of the Nonotuck Silk Company, Florence, Mass., has presented the Woman's Department of the Institute with 5,000 mulberry trees, to be given to women desiring to start th culture in New England. Particulars can be obtained from Mrs. McBride a any time, as the work of the department will be carried through the year, the annual exhibitions demonstrating me thods and showing results. There more need and more promise for Amer ican silk-culture, because, in France particularly—as usually happens to any crop raised successively for a long period on the same soil-the industry has for some time been much impaired through the worms being attacked by blighting disease .- Watchman.

What a Dog did.

It all happened because mamma was trying to cut a Mother Hubbard dress for Bessie out of too small a piece of

You see they were five miles from town, and she didn't want it to look too narrow, so she had turned it upside down, and in every conceivable way,

and yet it would not come out. There was a worried pucker between her eyes that would not come out either. Bess and Edith were having a levely time in the corner, playing church, Edith was the minister, of course, else why was she two years older? While Bess, looking very solemn and sleepy, did the congregation to life, as she sat

· We will sing now, Bess, so stand this, however, she was fined \$2 and up, said Edith, after she had gone over costs, or ten days in gaol. Surely this all the verses she could remember, by was a most absurd and excessive punish- way of a sermon. And Bess, glad to ment for such an offence. Indeed, we change, rose up at once, and they piped little wonder at many poor women, up in shrill, high voices, and then Edith driven half crazy by the ruin caused to wound up with ' Amen' in her loudest their homes by this liquor traffic, be- voice, but after looking at Bess a m none of them knowing she was in the calls their trailing cashmere morning If you like you may come and sit with coming quite as demonstrative as this ment she changed it to 'A women, pretext is pompously placed in front of

Bess wanted to go on singing, so it grew louder and louder, and mamma looked up with the worried look still between her eyes.

'Ob children, what a racket you make ! Can't you play something nice

and quiet? 'No, mamma,' answered Edith. 'We feel all full of noise, and I wish you would let us go out doors, there's such lots room there. Please do, mamma.'

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And Bessie, Edith's echo, said, ' Pe'

It was almost train-time, and the track lay just outside the dooryard, But mamma had been out and shut the gates so securely that the little fingers could not open them, just before she commenced her sewing, though if it had not been for her bother over the little dress, she would have remembered that Bill the bired man, had been up for a jug of water a little while before, and nothing could ever make Bill remember to close the gates carefully. He was not used to the children's presence there yet, as they had come out to the farm only a short time before, to spend the summer at grandpa's. But all this slipped out of mamma's mind, and she said, 'Yes, go on, and be good girls'

And away they ran out into the pretty sunshine they loved so well.

It was very quiet now, in the big sunny room, with no sound to break the stillness, but the click of grandma's needles from the bright corner where dear grandma sat knifting, and dozing sometimes, and old Bose, the great yellow mastiff, snoring on the rug.

Presently, missing the babies, whom he had adopted at once as his especial charges, he stretched himself with a huge yawn, and slowly followed them out of doors. And mamma, looking up a moment, said-

'Mother, Bose is getting so old. He isn't good for anything now, but to lie around and sleep. I should almost think father would have put him out of the way.'

Grandma's needles stopped clicking, and she looked up in astonishment. "Wby, daughter, you surely don't think what you are saying. Why, I believe father would as soon think of putting me out of the way. Boset Why, what could we do without Bose?'

'Well, mother I know it, only I feel cross and worried this morning, and everything goes the wrong way. Don't mind what I say.'

' Are the gates all closed, daughter? It's almost train time.'

"Yes, mother, I closed them just before I sat down to sew. But, oh'with a sudden thought flashing through her mind- Bill has been up since

And just as mamma ran out, the train whistled. Her brain reeled at the picture before her. For there on the track, standing still, with her dear supply head bent forward in her bewilderment, and her little hands full of flowers - ' pitty fowers for mum '-was baby Bess. And Edith stood crying as loudly as she could on the bank.

All this was photographed on the mother's heart forever, as she ran, in the vain hope of reaching her baby in

But there was one before her, and Bose flew past her like a yellow flash. In great bounds he gained the track, caught the baby in his teeth, and they were safe on the meadow grass as the train thundered by.

In the mother's heart was a psalm of thanksgiving, as she crept down after them, for her strength had all gone, and everything grew very dim as she clasped the baby in her arms, and Bose stood looking on most anxiously as he saw the number of his patients thus in-

But mamma opened her eyes in a few moments, and seeing Bose standing over her, she took his honest old head in her arms and kissed him on the fore-

O Bose, dear Bose, how could I ever have said such things about you as I did, you who saved my baby's life? Oh, Bose, if you will forgive me, you shall have the best time all your life, and all the fresh meat you can possibly

Whereat Bose nearly wagged his tail off with delight .- Youth's Compan-

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are often concealed; while the gilded and hollow