



The Family Circle.

THE TURNED LESSON.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
 "I thought I had learnt it quite!"
 But the gentle teacher shook her head,
 With a grave, yet loving light
 In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
 As she gave the book
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said,
 And a heavy tear fell down,
 As she turned away with bending head;
 Yet not for reproof or frown,
 And not for the lesson to learn again,
 Or the play hour lost;
 It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
 But her teacher understood,
 As God understands the chirp of the birds
 In the depths of an autumn wood;
 And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
 Was quite enough;
 No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 "Now, I will try you again,"
 And the lesson was mastered, every word.
 Was it not worth the pain?
 Was it not kinder the task to turn
 Than to let it pass
 As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
 That we only learn in part,
 And that the Master's testing-time may show
 That it was not quite "by heart?"
 Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace
 The lesson again,
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by His side
 Till the page is really known;
 It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone,
 And now that He would not let us lose
 One lesson of love
 (For He knows the loss), can we refuse?

Then let our hearts be still,
 Though our task be turned to-day,
 O! let Him teach us what He will,
 In His most gracious way,
 Till sitting only at Jesus' feet,
 As we learn each line,
 The hardest is found all clear and sweet.
 —Good Words.

WHAT MISS BARBARA KNEW.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

The ladies of the Park St. Church had met with Mrs. Dr. Bruce to sew for the missionary box, but any one coming into the room would speedily discover that they were much agitated over something beside the work which had called them together. "I think that it is dreadful," exclaimed one lady in horror-stricken tones.

"I pity his poor mother from the depths of my heart," said another.

"What is it, Mrs. Morgan? Has anything dreadful happened?" asked Helen Russell, who came into the house just in time to catch the last words. She put her question from no motives of idle curiosity or desire to gossip over any one's affairs. There was nothing of that nature about Helen, but as her father was pastor of the Park St. Church, and her mother was not present at the meeting, she felt it her duty to inquire if any one stood in need of ministerial help or comfort.

"Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed two or three at once. "Mr. Clark has missed money two or three times lately from his money drawer, and he has every reason to suspect that Will Morris took it."

"Oh, Mrs. Morgan, I cannot believe it!" exclaimed Helen impulsively, the quick tears springing to her eyes. Will was a bright young fellow, just her brother Tom's age, and his most intimate friend; they all thought so much of him at the parsonage; he was quite one of the family, in fact.

Miss Barbara Hollister gave a little contemptuous sniff.

"It may be true for all that," she said rather sharply, in a tone that would lead one to suppose that she had hoped it was. Somehow Miss Barbara always did seem to delight in evil tidings, though she would have resented it had anyone told her so.

"I happen to know some things about the young man's family which I do not choose to tell, that prevent my feeling any surprise at his turning out in this manner. I felt it my duty to warn Mr. Clark some time ago;

he laughed in my face then, but I guess he sings another tune now. It was a great mistake taking him into the church as we did, a great mistake."

No amount of persuasion would tempt Miss Barbara to tell what she knew; she would only shake her head ominously, and say that she was not suspicious in the least.

Helen excused herself early and went sorrowfully home. She found her mother by the fire in the study, and Tom in an easy-chair, pencil and paper in hand, "collecting his thoughts," he said, preparatory to writing an essay.

"Oh mamma," said Helen sitting down by her mother's side, "I heard something dreadful at the meeting. They said that Mr. Clark suspected Will of taking money from him."

"Helen Russel!" said Tom, dropping his pencil and crumpling his paper in his hand; "What are you talking about? Who on earth has started any such story? I hope to goodness' sake you told them that there wasn't a word of truth of it."

"Of course I did, Tom, but it did not do any good. Miss Barbara Hollister knows the family. They live near her brother, and though she won't tell what she knows, it evidently isn't very good; and, besides, Mr. Clark missed some money when he knew positively that no one but Will had been to the drawer."

"I don't care. Will didn't touch it," said Tom, positively.

"But Miss Barbara says"—began Helen. "Miss Barbara be—blest!" interrupted Tom, more vigorously than affectionately. "She always knows a sight, but the trouble is, as Artemus Ward says, she knows lots of things that ain't so. I don't suppose that Will is perfect any more than the rest of us, but I do know that he is true to the backbone, and tries hard to be an earnest Christian."

The days came and went; the missing money was not accounted for in any way, and Mr. Clark, who had laughed at Miss Barbara's insinuations at first, began, in spite of himself, to be a little suspicious, and to wonder if after all she was right for once.

Will's face grew thinner and paler every day, but Miss Barbara's almost glowed with triumph, until Tom said that he hated the sight of her. Then came a day when there was a five-dollar bill missing, and Mr. Clark told Will that he could not keep him any longer unless he would confess. "I will forgive you if you will," he said. "I know that you are working hard for your education, and may have been sorely tempted to help yourself along a little faster, but if you will frankly confess your sin, I will forgive you, and give you another chance."

But all that Will would say was that he had not touched a cent but what was his own; and there was such a true, unflinching manliness in his face, that Mr. Clark almost believed him.

Almost! The comforting words of trust trembled on his lips; then came the memory of Miss Barbara's hints and positive assertions of guilt of some sort in the family. He would never have suspected Will any more than he would himself, if it had not been for these insinuations; and then who could have taken the money?

"I am sorry," he said hesitatingly. "I hoped that you would be willing to confess. Perhaps it would be better for us to part unless you are willing to do so."

But Will without a word took his cap and went out of the store, with a look in his face that brought the tears to Mr. Clark's eyes in spite of himself, it was so white and hopeless.

It haunted him all the afternoon; it came between him and his ledger; it stared at him from every nook and corner of the store; and finally he, too, took up his hat.

"I will find out just what Miss Barbara knows about the family, as I ought to have done before," he said to himself.

But Mr. Clark found the accomplishment of his purpose more difficult than he anticipated. Miss Barbara did not wish to tell. "The family were respected; she would not bring up old scores to injure them; she had no wish to hurt the young man."

"But you have already hurt his character the worst way," persisted Mr. Clark. "And I want to know what cause you had. I shall stay until you tell me what you know," he said; settling back in his chair.

Miss Barbara looked dismayed; she moved about uneasily in her chair, she grew red in the face; but Mr. Clark waited calm-

ly and patiently. Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour went by, Mr. Clark still waited, and Miss Barbara grew more and more uneasy.

"I don't know—really—perhaps you won't think it much; but after all—it's against him, though I presume maybe he is all right," she said at length.

Mr. Clark was not to be put off that way.

"I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," he said sternly. "This has come to be a very serious matter, Miss Hollister. I hope, for your sake at least, that you have not injured this boy's character without just cause; but if you have, if you have any particle of compassion, I beg of you confess it now."

"The family live near my brother's—and my nephew told me the boys were full of mischief, and were caught a year or two ago, with some other boys, stealing a watermelon."

Miss Barbara's face was crimson long before she finished, and oh, how fervently she wished that she had never opened her mouth about the unlucky occurrence—to think she had made all this fuss over such a little story!

"A watermelon? Was that all?"

"Y—es," answered Miss Barbara, wishing devoutly that it had been acres of them, to say the least.

"You know something else against the family; this surely cannot be all," persisted Mr. Clark.

But Miss Barbara knew absolutely nothing more on the subject.

"And I have suspected a boy's honesty because his brother was one of a party that stole a watermelon! If he is innocent, as my heart tells me that he is, you and I have a great deal to answer for, Miss Hollister, a great deal."

Then Mr. Clark went back to his store, strangely humbled, and resolved to clear the boy, if possible. High and low, in possible and impossible corners, he searched, in hopes that the money had been mislaid, but not a trace of it could he find until just as he was about to give up in despair, he discovered in the back of the money drawer a tiny little mouse hole.

He had no idea of finding anything, but he would not leave a stone unturned, and suddenly his heart seemed to stand still, for out of the depths of Miss Mousie's abode he drew up the missing five-dollar bill!

"My poor, innocent boy!" he said, as he hastily placed the drawer back, and put on his hat again. Will should be righted directly; but oh, why had he not made thorough search before, instead of letting any insinuations influence him? He would do all in his power to atone for the pain he had caused.

But alas for his good intentions! Will was not to be found, neither that night nor the next day. He had gone out from them in his misery, and not a trace of him was to be discovered.

It would be hard to tell which felt the worse as the days went by, and there was no trace of the one they had so cruelly wronged—Mr. Clark or Miss Barbara. Every day she came down to the store to see if there was no word from him, and every day she wrote to his sorrowing mother, in hopes that she had heard, if no one else had. Now, when it was too late, she realized what she had done. She had kindled a fire that was beyond her control, and that perhaps had hopelessly blackened a young life full of hope and promise. She wondered in a horror-stricken way how many other such fires she had kindled and fanned into life!

And still there was no word from Will. "My punishment is greater than I can bear," she said to Mrs. Russel. "What can I do?"

"Pray," replied Mrs. Russel. "We are all praying that he may be led to come back, and I think that he will be."

So Miss Barbara went home and prayed as never before in her life; she wrestled with God, even as did the patriarch of old, and would not let the angel go without the blessing she sought.

As for Will, he had gone out that miserable day with but one thought in his mind, and that was to get as far as possible away from the scene of his disgrace. He had been so glad to be alive; he had exulted in his youth and health and strength; he had meant to make such a grand thing of his life; and now—oh, if he could only die! He had hoped that some time, when he had gotten the education that he coveted so

much, that he might preach the glad tidings of Christ's salvation; and with these hopes in his heart, he was suspected of being a thief. He grew cold with horror as he said the dreadful word to himself.

He went on and on without a thought except to get away; he felt as though he were relentlessly pursued. He could never go home again; he wanted only to get away from everybody he had ever known, and to die as soon as possible. There was nothing left to live for now.

Sometimes he worked a day or two in a place, then, fearful lest his story was following him, he would push on again. At last one day there came a sudden, irresistible change over him. He would go back; he felt that he must go; something impelled him to go whether he would or not.

"I am innocent, and I will prove to them that I am," he said to himself.

Mr. Clark was alone in his office when Will walked in, but for a moment he could not speak; he could only put out his hand.

"I have come back," said Will, choking a little, but with the same true, fearless look as of old; "I have come back to beg you to believe me, for I am innocent."

"I know it, my boy. I know it, and I want you to forgive me for doubting you," said Mr. Clark, as soon as he could speak; and then, to Will's surprise, he told him what had happened.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "do you go to Miss Barbara the very first thing that you do, for she is almost broken-hearted."

Will never forgot the welcome that he received from her; he could never speak of it without tears coming to his eyes.

He never went back into the store, but in the fall he entered college with Tom, and his expenses were all paid by Mr. Clark and Miss Barbara.

And ever after, the ladies of the Park St. Church were noted for their unflinching charity of speech.

"It was a good lesson to us all," said Mrs. Russel. "We never, any of us, realized before what a power there was in our words and insinuations, but we shall never forget, I think."—*Zion's Herald.*

NAMES OF THE FABRICS.

Every thing connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. These may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the names of the following goods: Damask is from Damascus; satins, from Zaytown, in China; calico, from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mesul, in Asia; alpaca, from an animal of Peru of the llama species from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Bokhara. Fustian comes from Fostate, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended; taffeta and tabby, from a street in Bagdad; cambric, from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajac; dimity, from Damietta; and jeans from Jean. Druggett is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blankett, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woollens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian velluto, woolly, (Latin, vellus, a hide or pelt.) Shawl is the Sanskrit sala, floor; for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz comes from the Hindu word chett. Delaine is the French of "wool."

Writing to a young collegian many years ago, Ruskin said: "To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."