

are ingeniously threaded on two thinner wires, which go through the eyes; the space between the eyes is then bent thin, and by bending the whole row backwards and forwards they are separated in the centre, leaving an eye at the end of each, which is the head of the needle. Many processes are now required for the purpose of straightening those that are bent, hardening, tempering, cleaning, drilling, point polishing, and sometimes grade-eyeing, as it is called, which is effected by dipping the eye end in a solution of gold in ether, which gives them a smarter appearance, makes them more expensive, but adds not a jot to their utility. After finishing the points they go to the polisher, and then are ready for papering. It is said that in and around Resditch as many as 70,000,000 needles are manufactured weekly.

In its manufacture the needle passes through many hands, to whom we believe it affords a tolerably remunerative employment; when fit for use it becomes the little home instrument so well prized by those we love and honor. But, perhaps, no article in daily use, had it the power of speech, could tell of the misery, starvation, and heart-breaking, consequent upon a day and night application to the toil of the needle. Can nothing be suggested for the amelioration of that most deplorable of all the daughters of man—the poor needle-woman?

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself
 If thou the truth would'st teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul would'st reach;
 It needs the overflow of hearts
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

The Wreck AND ITS LESSON.

The sun rose on the small island of Bergh (one of the Carolinas in the South Seas,) and shone upon the ocean, yet agitated by a recent tempest. The wild waves broke over the coral reefs which defended these islands, raised one above the other like the artificial terraces of a park.

Against one of the least elevated leant the mast of a sunken vessel, fragments of which were swept away by every wave. The vessel was the "Oceana," which had been overtaken on the previous night by the storm, and striking against these formidable barriers, had become a total wreck.

The passengers and crew had hoped to escape from death by taking to the boats, but these had shared the fate of the ship, and had been in a few minutes staved on the rocks. Four persons only, among all who were in the ship when she struck, were fortunate enough to reach the neighboring island; and when our story opens, they were grouped on a narrow promontory, from whence they contemplated the remains of the vessel, already nearly demolished by the waves.

They had been in fact saved by one of those chances which seem to disconcert all plans; for, excepting George Kilder, from whose courage and skill one might have predicted his escape, these persons seemed likely to be the first victims of the disaster which had caused the destruction of the "Oceana" and her crew. The first, Arthur Tarling, belonged to the peaceable and careful class of students, better adapted for classifying a plant than for struggling with the waves; the second, William Trot, had till then principally distinguished himself as a juggler and rope dancer; and the third was a poor invalid, Mrs. Keppel, who was almost deprived of the use of