

Looking at the frame, you see the figure as it was painted on the pattern; look at the other frame, twenty feet off, and you will see the same; cut the long bundle of worsteds in any place, and, of course, you will still see the same pattern.

But cutting into it would let the worsteds shrink up, and spoil the pattern; yet they want to cut it into thin slices, with a perfect picture in each slice—as your stick of candy that has “no” in white letters on the end has the same useful word through its whole length, wherever you choose to break it. This is how they manage that curious feat. While the worsteds are stretched tightly between the frames, making a solid square bundle or block, as they call it, they bind it up so tightly that every thread is in its own place and can't get out of it. Then taking the ends from the steel embroidery-frame, with a sharp knife they cut the long bundle into lengths of twenty-inches each.

But rugs are more than a foot square, you know; so while these four girls have been embroidering one square foot of the pattern, other sets of four girls, at other frames, have been preparing other square feet. When all are done and cut into blocks and set upon ends together, they form the whole picture of the rug, whether it be a lion, natural enough to roar, a tiger in his native jungle, or a view in the Alps.

If the rug is to be two feet wide and eight feet long, which is a very common size, there are sixteen of these worsted blocks; and they are set up together in a box, just the size of the future rug. The box is on wheels and has a movable bottom, so it can be made as deep or as shallow as desired.

The blocks are arranged. The box is rolled on to an elevator and takes a journey to the basement, where there is a steam-chest filled with a steaming, disagreeable smelling mass, about as thick and as black as glue. This, I must tell you, is a sort of glue, made of India rubber and turpentine, and its greatest merit is its power of holding on. Glue is nothing to it.

With this black unpleasant mixture the whole bright face of the rug in its box is covered. Ruined forever you think. And the part touched by the rubber is ruined as to looks, of course. But that isn't the show side of the rug. You must remember the picture goes all through the block; and to hold on for dear life is all that is asked for this side of the picture. The first coat of rubber glue is allowed to dry, a second coat is put on and dried, and a third one is given. Before this dries a piece of heavy carpet canvas is laid on to the sticky mass and pressed carefully and evenly down, rubbed and scraped till every bubble of air is out and every thread of the worsted picture firmly glued to the canvas.

But a rug isn't twenty inches thick, you know, and the canvass back is glued to the whole block. It must be sliced off. This is a curious operation, performed by an immense knife, as sharp as a razor and in the shape of a wheel twelve feet in diameter. It turns very rapidly, by steam, and is like a circular saw, only the edge is smooth like a knife and it does not work standing up, like a carriage-wheel, but horizontally as if the wheel lay on its side.

The rug-box, with the canvass glued on to the top, is first screwed up at the bottom till enough of the worsted is above the edge of the box to make the thickness of a rug, and then attached to machinery and drawn up to the whirling knife, which slices off a rug as you would slice a bit of apple. As it cuts in, the rug is drawn up over the knife by hooks, and in a moment there is a bright rug, with its strong canvass back and an equally bright-faced picture on the top of the rug-box.

Then, of course, the box goes back to the rubber-glue, and the same thing is done over—glue on another back and slice of another rug. And so they go on screwing up the bottom and slicing off rugs till the boxes are empty, and the whole twenty feet of worsted embroidery has become a thousand rugs.

Now you can see why rugs are made in this way are so much cheaper than the raised worsted embroidery they imitate and which our grandmothers made. You have, no doubt, seen bits of this old-fashioned work carefully preserved on faded floor-stools or chair-backs. The process was exactly the same—copying a colored pattern in threads of wool; but our patient ancestors worked months over one small pattern, and had but one copy when done, while these girls, though perhaps working as long, made a thousand copies of their pattern.

The originals of these rugs are made by the best English artist, painted in oils, when inferior workmen copy them, inch for inch, rule them into small squares, and finally reduce them to foot-square patterns. When done, they are wonderfully good copies of the original oil painting.

This lately-invented work is called wool mosaic, and it is quite as wonderful in its way as the marble and stone and glass mosaics that we bring so carefully across the ocean and keep among our treasures.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### “CAUSE I'M HAPPY!”

When walking up Yarborough-road the other day, my attention was arrested by a boy, singing, or rather shouting, “Glory to God!” &c. He was apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age; his dress was poor; his pale face bore the appearance of his having suffered want, and a pair of bleared eyes completed a picture such as one often sees in the back-slums of our great cities.

I quickened my steps, and soon overtook him. I felt interested in the poor lad; it was such a strange sound to hear a street Arab shouting “Glory to God,” and I determined to test him and see if his note of praise was real.

Accosting him I said, “Hallo, boy! what are you shouting ‘Glory’ for?”

He at once looked up at me with a happy smile on his poor, thin, pale face, and said, “‘Cause I'm happy, sir!”

“Happy!” I said; “what do you mean?”

“I gave my heart to God, sir, and I'm happy.”

“Gave your heart to God!” I repeated.

“What do you mean by that?”

“I gave myself up to God, sir, and He made me happy.”

“But, boy,” I objected, “you are a sinner; are you not?”

“Yes, sir,” he said, “I was a great sinner,”—and now a shade passed over his face.

“Well,” I continued, “and God is holy and just, and cannot look upon sin; how, then, could you give yourself up to Him?”

“Oh!” he said,—and his happy smile came back, “Jesus died on the cross for me; his blood washed away all my sin, and now I'm happy.”

His earnest, simple faith was very touching, and as I thanked the Lord, in my heart, for what He had done for the poor boy, I felt my eyes getting moist. I asked him how long he had been happy.

“Only a month,” he said.

“Where were you converted?” I asked.

“In the Lake-road Mission Hall.”

“That is where Mrs. Booth preaches?” I suggested, enquiringly.

“Yes; I gave myself up to God there one night, and I am happy since, and I don't want for anything now. I pray to God, and He sends me jobs.”

“What line are you in, my boy?” I asked.

“I aint in no line,” he said; “I'm an errand-boy; I have no regular work, but I pray to God, and He sends me jobs, and I never want now. I have no job to-day, but God will send me one. I never want now.”

It was very touching to hear his simple but strong faith and trust in God; his decided testimony of God's goodness to him since he had known Him; the reiterated “I never want now.” The emphasis he laid on the word “now” implied that when he was serving Satan he wanted often enough! And so it was, doubtless; the devil is a hard master. “The hucks that the swine do eat” are the best he can give. But the dear boy had changed masters. Happy change! and he soon felt it and knew it. “Bread enough and to spare” was his testimony of the Father's house.—*The Christian.*

### “AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH.”

BY MRS. W. V. MORRISON.

A little boy came to his mother one day, and with quivering lips and tearful eyes said, “Mamma, need I go to school this afternoon? I don't want to go. I can't go!”

“Why! what has happened?” asked the mother. “I hope you have not been a naughty boy.”

“No, mamma, I was not naughty. I just turned around in my seat a little minute, and the teacher came up and struck me with her ruler, and I don't want to go to school ever again. She is a horrid teacher,” and the little breast heaved with mingled wrath and indignation.

His mother knew that although the blow might have caused him pain, it had fallen heaviest on the little sensitive heart; so she drew him into her lap and laid his head upon her bosom, where he sobbed out his grief. Then, putting back the hair from his heated brow and kissing him, she murmured words of tender affection.

When he lay quietly in her arms, she said, “Little boys do have trials, and sometimes they are almost as much as such little hearts can well endure; but, Allie, everybody has trials, and sometimes they give up to them when they ought not. Now,” she continued, “I want my boys to be good men by and by. If you stop going to school, you would stop learning, and that would not do, for you must learn a great deal in order to be a good strong, Christian man.”

“But it is hard sometimes, isn't it, mamma?” he asked, finding comfort in her sympathy.

“Indeed it is,” was the reply.

“He patted her on the cheek, smiled, and said, “You are a good mother.”

“Now,” said she, “go bathe your face, and we will go to dinner.”

When the hour for school came, he threw

his arms around his mother's neck for a moment and whispered, as though desiring assurance of her sympathy, “It is hard, isn't it?” She assured him again that it was, but that he was her brave boy and must not permit trials to discourage him.

With a light heart he went whistling on his way to school, comforted in the thought that his mother knew and appreciated the difficulty.

The petty cares and vexations of life sometimes weigh heavily upon older hearts, and we go onward bending beneath their weight, and perhaps longing for one in whom we may confide and be sure of sympathy and comfort. It may be that the annoyance which disturbs our peace is so petty and trivial, that we fear to speak lest we should not be understood, and it may be we are not sure our troubles will be appreciated by another. So we go with heavy hearts, forgetting we have, so near that if we speak He will be sure to hear us, a most tender, most loving and compassionate Friend, whose sweet promise is, “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”—*Watchman.*

### GIFT-MAKING.

There is nobody in the world who feels incompetent to make a gift to any body to whom it is desirable a gift should be made. And yet there are few things that really require more care and consideration, more taste and skill and delicacy, than this simple act. The giver may think he has only to enter a shop, pull out his purse, and order to the desired address an article that strikes his eye, and, in the slang of the day, he has done “the correct thing.” In reality, it is ten to one that he has done exactly the wrong thing, that he has blundered awkwardly, given the unwished-for article, given it in a rude way, and made his whole gift as unwelcome as he wished it to be welcome.

He may have given a duplicate of something already possessed; he may, out of his abundance, have sent something that too plainly marked the distance in power of giving between him and the receiver; he may have sent something totally uncared for, especially disliked, something out of harmony with the other possessions of the receiver, perhaps too common to be given honorable place, perhaps so splendid as to put to shame its surroundings. He has given his money: his thought would have been of more value.

He should have paused and weighed whether any thing of the sort was likely to be in the house where he wished it sent, have endeavored to recall whether he had ever seen or heard of anything similar there; he should have delayed, and exercised a little of the detective's art in making sure of the absence of a duplicate, even if he had never seen it.

Then he should have lingered yet to reflect as to whether or not he was offending a prejudice by the gift; whether he was hurting feelings rather than delighting them whether he was entailing additional expense by the means of a gift which could force the recipient to procure corresponding articles in order that no contrast might be pointed; whether the size and value of the gift did not make an obligation that he had no right to impose—in short, should have lingered to take up a score of considerations, and balance them every one.

In fact, no present is truly valuable, or is worthy of being considered so, that does not express the individuality of the person that gives it and the recollection of the idiosyncrasies of the person that receives it. That done, the gift becomes far more than any wrought-work of goldsmiths or lapidaries, than any result of gold or silver, of satin or vellum; it becomes a little more than the mere dead matter of an inanimate object then, for it takes on a certain relation to humanity that enhances it a thousandfold, and makes it still precious when silver will be tarnished and vellum moth-eaten. And it is nothing strange in a world of feelings delicate as harp-strings that the cup of cold water, the widow's mite, and the broken box of ointment should be more memorable gifts than any Greek vases, or begemmed cups, or antique casts that monarch ever gave to monarch, or that have been cast by the hand of wealth into the lap of luxury.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

—The value of prompt visitation to the home of an absent pupil is forcibly illustrated by a case recently occurring in Brooklyn. A boy persuaded his mother to permit his absence, as he said, “only for this one Sunday.” He had not missed a session for many months before. The day after his absence he asked his mother: “Has my teacher been here to-day?” Unfortunately, the teacher had not been. The next day came the same enquiry; and the same answer had to be given. Another day or two passed, with the same experience; and then the boy said: “I think I am not much missed up there. I guess they can get along without me.” He fell into bad company and was lost to the school and perhaps, may be lost forever.

### SELECTIONS.

—A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house, and my heritage.—*Dr. Lucas.*

—A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief he prayed, saying: “Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou hast not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray Thee give them back.” The same day a messenger brought a money-letter, which Gossner, his assistant, reached over to Feneberg, saying: “Here, father, is what you expended.” The letter contained 200 thalers (about \$160), which the poor traveller had begged from a rich man for the vicar, and the child-like old man, in joyful amazement, cried out: “Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so ashamed.”

THE POWER OF PRAYER.—A lady prayed for her daughter thirty-nine years without receiving any answer. At length she came to die. Her death was the means used for her daughter's conversion. The daughter became a most eminent Christian, much used in the turning of sinners to Christ. One hundred American students who were converted met together to speak of their conversion. Ninety of them traced their blessings to their mothers' prayers. At another meeting in England, nearly one hundred who had been blessed of God said they had praying parents. We trace every blessing to God's fathomless grace. Still he is pleased to use means, and he says, “For all these things I will be enquired of.” Christian mothers, pray on—God answers prayer.—*Christian Intelligence.*

LESSONS FROM MR. STEWART'S LIFE.—On the whole, if we read aright the lessons of Mr. Stewart's life, they are three: *First*, that absolute integrity is the condition of permanent business success; *second*, that a life so consecrated to accumulation that the sympathies are smothered and deadened in making a fortune, is a failure, not a success; and *third*, that the young man who desires to leave behind him, as his monument, something better than a fortune of \$50,000,000, must practice the art of giving while exercising the art of acquiring, and learn to bestow while he accumulates. If Joseph devotes all the best years of his life to filling his granaries, and tearing down and building greater, the end will simply be that after his death others will distribute what he never learned how to use for God and his fellow-men.—*Christian Weekly.*

ORIGIN OF CHURCH PEWS.—There is a speck of history connected with the origin of church pews which cannot help but prove interesting. In the early days of the Anglo-Saxon and some of the Norman churches, a stone bench afforded the only sitting accommodations for members or visitors. In the year 1319 the people are spoken of as sitting on the ground or standing. At a later period the people introduced lop, three-legged stools, and they were placed in no order in the church. Directly after the Norman conquest seats came in fashion. In 1387 a decree was issued that none should call any seat his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the first one he found. From 1530 to 1630 seats were more appropriated, a crowbar guarded the entrance, bearing the initial of the owner. It was in 1598 that galleries were thought of. And as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officer, who reported those who did not bow when the name of Jesus was announced.—*Selected.*

