

esteemed not only for their beauty, but for some mysterious charm which they were thought to possess.

When Napoleon went to battle he wore a shirt made of amianthus, which he easily cleansed by throwing it into the fire. In France and Bohemia firemen's clothes and gloves for handling hot iron were made from it. The Russians have also attempted the manufacture of incombustible paper. At one time it was hoped that an important branch of industry might be established for the manufacture of this delicate and useful fabric; but the rarity of amianthus and the difficulty of carding it into durable thread, in consequence of its brittleness, have caused them now to be regarded only as curiosities.

Asbestos, besides being of a coarser texture than amianthus, differs from it in colour. The latter is a creamy white, while the former is brown, green and grayish white. It sometimes occurs in thin interlaced sheets between the cracks and fissures of rocks, and feels something like kid. It is then known as mountain leather; when in thicker masses, it is called mountain cork, referring to its elasticity. It is also found very hard and compact, and then receives the name of ligniform asbestos, from its resemblance to petrified wood.

Asbestos is found in many parts of Europe and various localities in the United States, Staten Island, N.Y., especially yielding large quantities. It is now mined and transported to factories, where it is assorted, cleaned and prepared for the various purposes for which it is used.

It is made into paints of different colours, which are used to protect surfaces exposed to heat or water. Steam pipes and boilers are covered with some preparation of it that prevents the escape of steam; it is also very valuable as packing in the joints of machinery, and is extensively used in the manufacture of fire-proof roofing and flooring.

Chemists find it very useful as a medium for straining acids, which do not affect this substance.

Asbestos steps aside from its useful career to surprise us by its appearance in one of the precious stones. The peculiar floating light in the gem known as cat-eye is due to filaments of asbestos passing through a greenish-gray chalcidony. In the east it is much worn as an amulet, because it is imagined to have the power of enriching the wearer.

This is a slight illustration of the manner in which the apparently useless objects in nature may become of service and ornament to man.

DOING GOOD.

EMMA GRAY, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railings of a gentleman's front garden, trying to pick a flower.

"O little boy!" said Emma kindly, "are you not taking that without leave?"

"Nobody sees me," answered the little boy.

"Somebody sees you from the blue sky," answered Emma. "God says we must not take what does not belong to us without leave; and you will grieve Him if you do so."

"Shall I?" said he; "then I won't."

He drew back his hand and went away. One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong.

CHRIST PLEADING WITH THE SOUL.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. III. 20.

"Lo! I am waiting, waiting,
And patient evermore;
I knock, and still I suppliant stand
Before thy fast-closed door;
Knocking with a wounded hand,
Hands wounded by thy sin.
Child of My unchanging love,
Fain would I enter in."

"No room, no room have I for Thee,
My soul is full of care:
A weary life of toil and strife
Is mine—no rest, no prayer,
There is no silence in my heart;
Amid its strife and din
I could not hear Thy gentle voice,
Thou canst not enter in."

"O weary one! dost thou not know
The soul that harbours Me
Hath rest in toil and peace in strife,
From care not wholly free?
It still can feel the burden light,
And washed from guilt and sin,
The heart hath joy. Child of My love,
Wilt thou not let Me in?"

"I will, and will not: doubts and fears
Are struggling in my heart;
I cannot bid Thee welcome yet,
I will not say depart.
The shades of night are deepening round,
But darker yet within
My sinful soul. All fair and pure,
How canst Thou enter in?"

"O doubting heart! I am 'the Light,'
Where'er I enter in,
My presence makes it pure and bright,
Though red as blood thy sin;
Though stain'd with deepest guilt thy soul,
Pure as the drifted snow
My blood can wash it. Child of My love,
Thou wilt not let Me go?"

A HAPPY SEASON.

AN intelligent, pious teacher, is a great blessing. Young people and children so favored, should resolve to make the best of their special advantages, and improve them, ere they pass away. Study the lesson at home, and, provided there are many points in which you feel interested, but which have not been brought out by your teacher, call attention thereto. Your teacher will be pleased and greatly encouraged, and the class will be benefited by the answers to your questions. Every scholar should strive to make the school session a good, happy season. The following will be a great help:

1. Be sure you are in your place before the exercises commence.

2. Heartily join in the singing exercises, and conduct yourself with all seriousness during prayer.

3. Be ready to recite your verses correctly.

4. During the time allowed for the study of the lesson, show constant attention, and promptly answer any questions proposed.

5. By your example, teach others the good and the right way.

Thus doing, you will show that you appreciate the kindness of your teacher and the officers of the school, and you will also have the testimony of an approving conscience, without which there can be no real happiness.

WHO WAS HE?

WHAT man was guilty of arrogance and presumption, and punished in a most unusual manner?

2. He complained of a servant of God.

3. He led many into sin and two others perished with him.

4. They came suddenly to their end; but neither by fire, flood, nor the sword, nor by famine nor pestilence. They were neither hung nor shot. How did they die?

5. His children were spared, but most of his confederates punished, though in a way different from himself.

6. His fate is cited as a warning, in the New Testament.

7. A whole chapter is given to this narration.

A BEAUTIFUL answer was once given by a little girl in one of the London Homes for the Destitute. The question was asked, why Jesus is called an "unspeakable gift." There was silence for awhile, and then, with trembling voice, this dear child said, "Because He is so precious that no one can tell all His preciousness."

A GENTLEMAN visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and to do all evil. O, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

A LITTLE boy, the son of an artisan, who resides in one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Halifax, was one day amusing himself with bowling a round stone—a very common mode of amusement among the juveniles in that locality—when it chanced to strike against the edge of a slightly elevated flag in front of some cottage, bounded against a window and broke a pane of glass. The tenant, a labouring man, who happened to be then in the house, immediately ran out, and seeing no one near but the boy, asked him who had broken the window. "I did," answered the little fellow, "and I will pay for it," and then he told how it happened. The man was, for a short time, speechless with astonishment at the fearless honesty of the boy, and recovering himself, he said, "but you shall not pay for the window, for, as you have neither run away nor told me a lie to save yourself, I will pay one half of the expenses;" and so he did. Boys, always be truthful.