

the door, and, to our unutterable surprise, we find it a hive of busy workmen. The three-inch pieces of straightened wire look very uncouth and ungainly as they leave the first workshop; but no sooner are they within the sound of the water-mill, than they take rapid strides in their educational course. They are at first roughly sharpened at both ends by means of the water-turned grindstone. They are now taken to the stamping-room, where they are stamped exactly in the centre with the impression of two eyes and gutters; and thence to the punching-room, where the eyes indicated by the stamping process are punched out. They now present the appearance of twin-needles. We follow them into another room, where a batch of urchins seize them, and adroitly and swiftly break them into two. The process of filing is next resorted to in order to remove the burr, when the crude form of the needle may be said to be complete, and the first stage of its progressive existence to be passed.

Like young people who have finished school, it remains to be seen what they will severally turn out to be. The ordeal is at hand. They may yield to the touch of the master spirit, and give promise of a long and useful career in social life: perchance they may turn out ill, so that the searching eye, by which all of them must pass, may discern some flaw or other imperfection that shall condemn them to pass their days in everlasting ignominy, as part of that huge heap of waste and useless needles that we see pushed in the out-of-the-way places, a veritable eyesore and encumbrance.

We now pass into another room, where the needles enter upon their second course. Here they are heated to a dull red, and then quenched with oil. The next object is to give them the proper temper. This is done by placing them on a heated plate, and turning them about with a little hatchet till the true temper is acquired, when the heat is withdrawn. We are now taken to witness the final, but not least important, process of the manufacture, which purposes to give them the smooth and bright appearance which is their characteristic. This is done by folding about fourteen pounds' weight of them, with a due admixture of soap, oil, and emery powder, in a thick cloth, in the shape of a roller. When several of these are prepared, they are placed under a huge machine very much resembling the body of a mangle. The rolls of needles act as the rollers, and the machine is worked by water-power. We inquired how long this terrible grinding will last, and we find that for eight weary hours of eight long days the machine will unfeelingly go to and fro; and, in spite of the groaning and writhing underneath, we are persuaded that it is all for the ultimate good of the slim little wires packed up into rollers. At the end of this time they are released, all the smoother and more servicable for the ordeal they have undergone. It only remains now for them to be cleaned and dried, and "ragged," sorted, and packed, to make them fit for the market.—*English Sunday School Teachers' Magazine.*

X. Miscellaneous.

AUTUMN WOODS.

Ever in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone
The woods of autumn all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round.
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west at play
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends the gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile.—

O Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

BRYANT.

2. THE AUTUMN WOODS OF CANADA.

There is something indescribably beautiful in the appearance of Canadian woods at this season of the year, especially when the light of the rising or setting sun falls upon them. Almost every imaginable shade of green, brown, red and yellow, may be found in the foliage of our forest trees, shrubs and creeping vines, as the autumn advances; and it may truly be said that every backwoods home in Canada, is surrounded by more gorgeous colorings and richer beauties than the finest mansion of the nobility of England. Have our readers ever remarked the peculiarly beautiful appearance of the pines at this season of the year? When other trees manifest symptoms of weathering, they appear to put forth a richer and fresher foliage. The interior of the tree, when shaded from the sun, is a deep invisible green, approaching to black, whilst the outer boughs, basking in the sunlight, show the richest dark green that can be imagined. A few pine and spruce trees scattered among the more brightly colored oaks, maples, elms and beeches, which are the chief denizens of our forests, give the whole an exceedingly rich appearance. Among the latter, every here and there strange sports of nature attract attention. A tree that is still green will have a single branch covered with red or orange leaves, like a gigantic bouquet of flowers. Another will have one side of rich maroon, whilst the other side remains green. A third will present a flounce or ruffle of bright buff or orange leaves round the middle, whilst the branches above and below continue green. Then, again, some trees which have turned to a rich brown, will be seen intertwined and festooned by the wild vine or red root, still beautifully green; or, a tree that is still green, will be mantled over by the Canadian ivy, whose leaves have turned to a deep reddish brown. In fact, every hue that painters love, or could almost imagine, is found standing out boldly or hid away in some recess, in one part or another of a forest scene at this season, and all so delicately mingled and blended that human art must despair of making even a tolerable imitation. And these are beauties which not even the sun can portray; the photographer's art has not yet enabled him to seize and fix them on the mirror which he holds up to nature. He can give the limbs and outward flourishes, but not the soul of such a scene. His representation bears the same relation to the reality that a beautiful corpse does to the flashing eye and glowing cheek of a living beauty. An eloquent American writer scouts the idea of leaves withering. He says when they have attained maturity they change color, just as fruits do when they are ripe, and when the ripening process is complete they, like the fruit, fall off. In this process, he adds the leaves are as lovely as flowers, and much may be added to the beauty of our cities and villages by planting in their streets, gardens, and outskirts, the trees which show the finest tints in Autumn. This is an idea that is well worthy of attention, for the trees and shrubs which put on the richest coloring in the fall are probably also the most beautiful in spring and summer. The same writer has another idea which should be attentively considered. He says one man will daily pass unheeding scenes of beauty which fill another with intense delight, simply because he has never cultivated habits of observation and comparison; and yet it is obvious that the latter enjoys without expense or labor the most abundant and varied source of pleasure from which the former is shut out. Let all, then, and especially the young, cultivate habits of observing, admiring, and loving nature.—*Montreal Witness.*

3. THE AUTUMN AND ITS LESSONS.

All that is earthly must fade. This is an annual lesson, taught by the falling leaf, the withering frost, the silence which pervades the air, and the wreck and decay of vegetation, as each recurring Autumn assumes her reign. Another autumn is upon us now. The tassels of corn are dead and the husks of the standing ears have lost their green. The scythe is shearing the hay-fields of their burden. Small, yellow leaves, that have exhausted their vitality before the advent of the frost, are dropping one by one from the trees. Flower stalks that but a few short weeks since stood green and glowing, bearing proudly up their wealth and floral beauty, now stand stark and dead. The first intimation of approaching dissolution rests upon all vegetation, yet amid these scenes the fruits of Autumn are spread up-