

THE HISTORY OF GLASS.

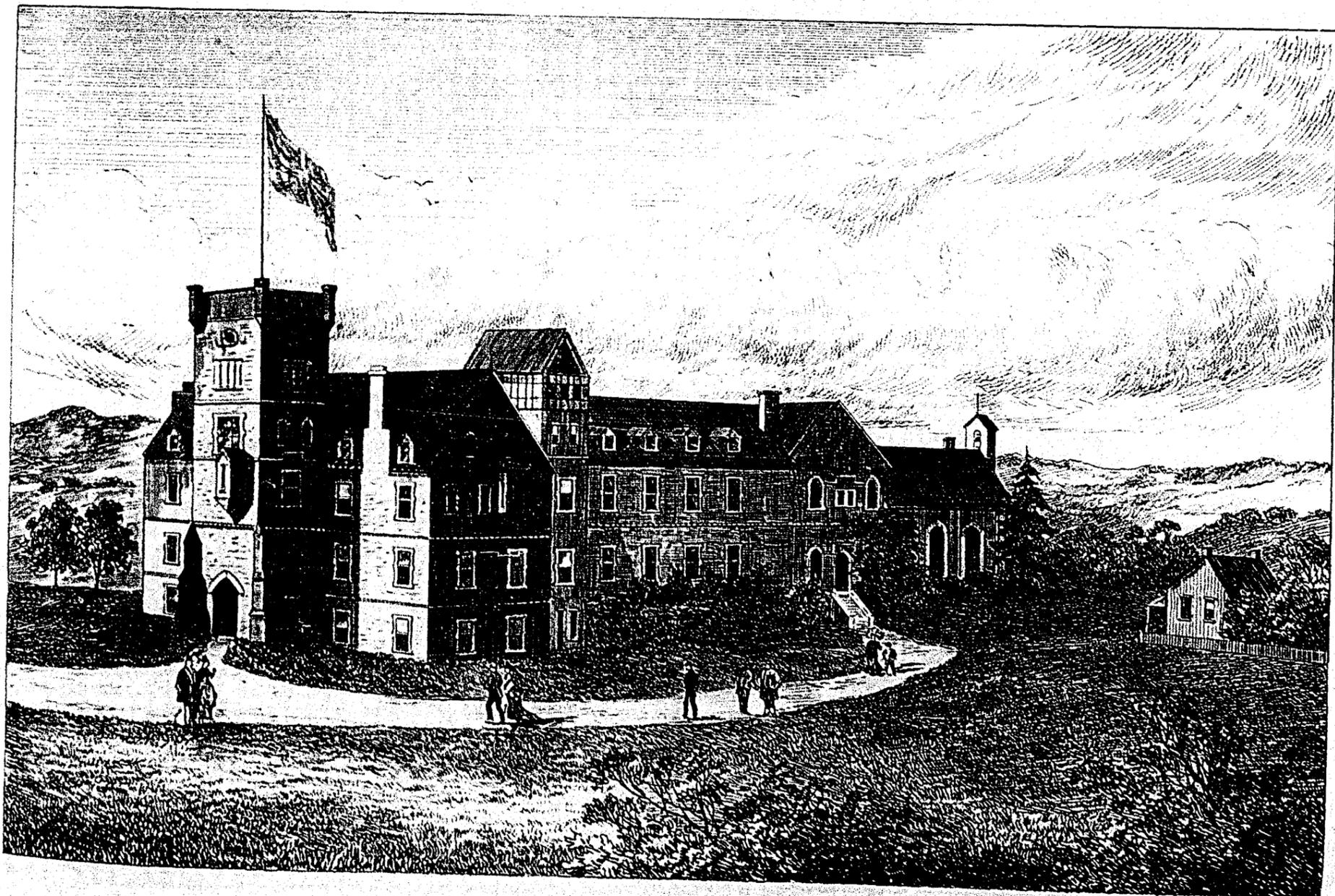
Taken in connection with the glass exhibited in Japan, and said to be over one thousand years old, an article by M. de Foville in the *Economiste Français* may be read with interest. That gentleman says that France long remained indebted to Italian art in the matter of glass, although in the sixth century drinking glasses were manufactured at Paris and Quinquengrogné. But in 1342 we find a Dauphin paying for a little glass service for his daughter Diana the price of an ox. Some of the most curious windows in the Gothic cathedrals date from the thirteenth, twelfth, and even eleventh centuries but it was only under Louis XIV. that France appropriated the secret of those exquisite productions which Venice sold her for their weight in gold. There are now in France 175 glass manufactories without counting seven manufactories of looking-glasses. Every year on an average 125,000,000 bottles are made, and 50,000,000 of these, filled with good wine, find their way abroad, together with 20,000,000 empty bottles. Forty years ago 100 bottles cost about 30 francs; now they cost half that price. According to M. de Foville, the invention of glass deserves to rank with printing and steam as an agent of civilization and refinement, for it rendered indoor life possible. There are proofs, he says, that glass existed in the early days of Christianity, but it was an exceptional luxury which did not survive the fall of the Roman Empire. The window-pane reappeared at a later period in the churches under the form of a small lozenge of equivocal transparency. At the castle of the Duke of Northumberland, in 1587, says the writer, there were a few glass windows, which used to be put in when his Grace was at home; and not a century ago there existed in France a corporation of "Chassiers," whose profession was to put in windows of oiled paper. It was only in 1710 that glass panes in wooden frames were used.



THE LATE ALEXANDER BERTRAM, CHIEF OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INGLIS.

HOME CONVERSATIONAL TRAINING.

The *Baltimore American* writes: There is no nation more fluent in conversation than the American. The French are more voluble, perhaps, their language permitting greater rapidity of pronunciation than the English. Our best conversationalists are not rapid talkers. One trouble with us is, each one likes to do all the talking; therefore Americans are not conversationalists. In almost all home circles there is much talking done during the day, but we fear there are few who do not reserve their most brilliant conversational powers for other assemblages than the home group. Many a father comes home tired; he has worked hard and talked a great deal, told amusing anecdotes and displayed much wit. He has come home to rest. He takes out his paper and is soon oblivious to everything around him. Wife would like to tell him many of the little harassing afflictions of the day, and would like to hear some of his interesting experiences, but if he were a deaf mute he could not be more silent, only an occasional grunt answering her many attempts at conversation; and the children, except the good-night kiss, and often not even that, are not noticed. Such a home, whether the abode of wealth or otherwise, cannot be a healthy and happy one. As a parallax, draw around the evening lamp of another home circle. The father tells the anecdotes from the paper as he reads them; the mother laughs her sweet, low laugh, and the children burst into merry ha! ha's! To watch them as they ask questions and listen to the answers and patient explanations, the wonderment, interest, and thought imprinted on their young faces is a picture for an artist. This home education is an heritage more valuable than land or money; and one beautiful recompense in life is that in making others happy we bring happiness to ourselves. Parents who practise self-denial and endeavor by cheerful conversation and playful wit to enliven home life will reap a rich reward in the better thoughts and nobler actions of their children, and will experience the truest and best contentment themselves.



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. M.