

The Porcelain Tower.

This celebrated tower in Nanking, China, was first built about two thousand eight hundred years ago. It was rebuilt in the fourth century of our era, and having again been destroyed, was again rebuilt in the early part of the fifteenth century. It was finally destroyed in 1853. Bishop Wile, in his work on "China and Japan," thus describes it:

"Its form was octagonal, divided into nine equal stories, the circumference of the lower one being one hundred and twenty feet, and decreasing gradually to the top. Its base rested upon a solid foundation of brick-work ten feet high, up which a flight of twelve steps led into the tower, whence a spiral staircase of one hundred and ninety steps carried the visitor to the summit, two hundred and sixty-one feet from the ground. The outer surface was covered with tiles of glazed porcelain of various colours, principally green, red, yellow, and white. The body of the edifice was of brick. At every story there was a projecting roof covered with green tiles, and a ball suspended from each corner. The interior divisions were filled with a great number of little gilded images,



THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

There is no Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the air with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all destitute;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the trees of life.

And when he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead.

AMONG the regulations of a newly-formed Church among the Zulus in South Africa was the following: "No member of this Church shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog, or native beer, nor touch it with his lips." No need of prohibitory amendment to that Church constitution.

Do you know any one who ought to be in your Sunday-school? You will do good work for the Master by inducing that one to join you. Try. Keep on trying until you succeed. There are schools that could be doubled in numbers and interest in this way. Perhaps yours is one of them.

placed in niches." At each angle of the roofs was a bell, making seventy-two in all. Besides these, there were seventy-two bells suspended on eight chains about the spire. Thus 100 bells sent forth their music at the touch of the breeze. The cost of the beautiful edifice is said to have been between thirty-five and forty millions of dollars.

The Engine-Maker.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal-mine, being fireman of the pumping engine that kept the mine dry. He was a steady and industrious man, and by hard labour managed to support his family after a manner, though he was not able to send his children to school.

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine. He was a good boy, too; ready to lend a helping hand to the large family when he was the merest lad. Five brothers and sisters sat with him around the family board, and he was the oldest but one. Just food and clothing enough to keep soul and body together was the most that his father could provide; no books, no schooling, no luxuries.

"Not a very bright prospect for Georgie," my reader will say. And yet there was a *bright side* for that poor family. There was real worth under Father Stephenson's old coat, of more value than wealth to the household. If his actual value had been in his clothes, as is the case with dandies, the family would have been poor indeed. But since "worth makes the man," the family was rich in everything but money.

When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build wall, but he could watch the cows while they grazed, and that was his business. He received *two pence* a day for his labour, less than some boys of his age pay for candy now-a-days. It was quite a sum to George, however, who had never owned five coppers in

his life, and he entered upon his new business with a zeal that would quite eclipse some of the prim-looking clerks who strut in great warehouses now.

As he grew older, he was promoted to other farm-work, such as milking the cows, driving the horse, hoeing corn and digging potatoes, in all of which he did the best he could. He never thought that milking the cows or digging potatoes was small business; he would as soon have thought it was small business to be a baby or a boy, when he must be both before he could be a man.

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm. He made little engines, too, as near like that which his father tended in the coal-mine as he could. Indeed, he had quite a passion for miniature engines, and he grew ambitious to tend a real, working engine like his father's. He meant to have one of his own by-and-by.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in another coal mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman. He was glad to quit the farm, because he wanted to be an engineer; and he took hold of his new business as one who was determined to do well in it. By the time he was eighteen years of age, he was well acquainted with every part of an engine. He could take one to pieces, and put it together again as readily as the most accomplished engineer. And still, he could not read nor write; indeed, he did not know a single letter of the alphabet. He had a strong desire, however, to gain knowledge.

A night-school for the collier's children was opened about this time, and he attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger. His leisure moments he employed in studying, and in two years he could read, write, and cipher very well. The more knowledge he acquired the more he wanted to acquire. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know. He was determined to make a *man* in the true sense of the word. Among his fellow-labourers he became "a jack at all trades." He mended their clocks and shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything that he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine, in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth railway. About the same time, also, he invented a safety-lamp, to be used in the coal-mines. He knew that he could make a much better engine than the one he had already completed, and he did. He kept at work, until, in 1829, he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles per hour, its average rate being fourteen miles. He named it "The Rocket," because it shot over the ground at such speed. It was the wonder of those times, and Stephenson became renowned at once throughout Europe and the world, as the author of the great English railway system. Within forty years from the time he went to watch the farmer's cows, at two pence per day, he became one of the most useful and renowned men of Europe, and the reader can see how it was done.

A high aim, doing things well,

patience, perseverance, and all those other good qualities that are found with them, made them successful. Money did not help him, for he had none. A distinguished father did not lift him into favour, for his father was obscure—only a collier. It was not *luck* that achieved his fortune, for *luck* never brings success to any one. He made himself, just as other poor boys now can, rise, by dint of perseverance.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner; Zwingli was the son of an obscure shepherd; John Bunyan's father was a travelling tinker; Columbus was the son of a weaver, and Henry Kirke White, of a butcher; Bloomfield, Gibbon, Dr. Carey and Roger Sherman began life as shoemakers; Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber, Scott of a glazier, and John Hunter of a carpenter; Cowley's father was a grocer, and Collins' was a hatter. Thus all useful and honourable pursuits open the way to success and true fame.

Anecdote of Gordon.

WHILE everybody was discussing his fate the other day I heard a story of Gen. Gordon which shows the peculiar religious nature of the man who held Khartoum for nearly a year against the Mahdi. Gordon was dining in London one day with several club men, one of whom, when the wine had circulated freely and the party had reached the stage of extreme good-fellowship and familiarity, accused the General of looting a bottle of wine, and in proof of his assertion he pointed to the bulging side of the warrior's coat. Others were quick to seize the idea, and, without even questioning the General, began to bet on the brand of the wine he was supposed to have secreted. The wagers were freely made, and soon the referee in a half tipsy, wholly jocular way, clapped the General on the shoulder and ordered him to produce the bottle. "Chinese" Gordon rose to his feet, and, putting his hand into his bosom, drew out a Church of England prayer book.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a tone of undisguised indignation, "this little book has been my companion for years, and I sincerely trust that you all may find a comforter and supporter in the trials of life that will prove as true to you as this has been to me," and with these words left the room. A collection of apologies went to him next day.—*N. Y. Times.*

Vote Right.

WITH the close of this quarter some of the young people who study these lessons will be required to vote upon a very serious question. It is this: "Shall we close our Sunday-school for the winter?" We suggest the matter now so that the subject may be talked over and prayed over before the vote is taken. We have no right to do anything that God will not approve. Never vote to close your school as long as you believe God would have it kept open. You may be sure He will never approve the closing of a Bible-school in any place where a grammar school is kept open. If the winter is the best season for the "every-day school," it is also the best for the Sunday-school. The reason why many do not see it this way is because they do not want to see it. Do not vote to close God's school until you are sure God would have it closed. This is the only safe rule.—*S. S. Quarterly.*