

the relentless fire. Their dear city's best section of business life was gone, but the merciful Lord, as they learned later on, had spared the lives of the people, and in the largest and most destructive fire of the age, no one was sacrificed, but then they knew nothing.

How could they tell, alone as they were in the burning regions, who or what had gone from them for ever? Mrs. Blake could only hold her children closer as the two youngest nestled against her, and Lillie stood at her side. The dreary hours passed, and the dreadful night was over. The wind had taken the cruel fire into another part of the city, there to do its deadly work until late the next afternoon, but they were saved! Then with tired eyes and voice choked with sobs, Lillie threw herself into her mother's arms and whispered, 'Oh, dear mamma, thank God for our lives and our home. Never again will I hate it. I love it and every old fashioned thing in it. I love it for the past, and because it belonged to our family ages ago, and because it is ours still saved from the awful flames.'

And as Mrs. Blake kissed her young penitent daughter, she felt indeed that a lesson of content had been taught that would never be forgotten as long as life remained.

### The Name Upon the Window-pane.

In the old Scottish inn we met.  
A motley group from every land.  
Scholar and artist, peer and priest,  
And many a traveller browned and tanned,  
All pilgrims waiting for an hour,  
Chatting in idle courtesy,  
And yet amid the drifting talk  
A little message came to me.  
It happened thus: a restless boy  
Unto the dripping window went,  
Whose glass, scarred with a thousand names,  
His mind to the same fancy bent.  
He sought and found a vacant spot,  
And took the diamond from his hand,  
But 'ere a letter had been formed,  
A voice accustomed to command  
Cried, 'Philip, stop; before you write,  
Consider well what you're about.'  
Father, why should I hesitate?  
'Because you cannot rub it out.'  
These words fell on my idle ear;  
I said them o'er and o'er again,  
And asked myself, O who would choose  
All they have written to remain?  
Unto a loving mother oft  
We all have sent, without a doubt,  
Full many a hard and careless word  
That now we never can rub out;  
For cruel words cut deeper far,  
Than diamond on the window-pane;  
And oft recalled in after years,  
They wound her o'er and o'er again.  
So in our daily work and life,  
We write and do and say the thing,  
We never can undo nor say  
With any future sorrowing.  
We carve ourselves on beating hearts,  
Ah, then how wise to pause and doubt,  
To blend with love and thought our words,  
Because we cannot rub them out.  
—Harper's Weekly.

### The Rubber Tree.

When you put on a pair of overshoes, or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber-tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber-trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish Government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is

the juice, sap, or milk of the rubber-tree, which ever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, as we have our forests, and did not think of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap. Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber-trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber-trees, the trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike Americans gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled as our sap is to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed in bags, and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters. The milk or sap of the rubber tree is white.—The Christian Register.

### Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'

When Carlyle had finished the second volume of 'The French Revolution,' he lent the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, who, in turn, lent it to another friend. This friend, after reading it far into the night, left it lying on his study table. The next morning the housemaid, hunting around for something to start the fire with, found the loose mass of paper, and so it went up in flames, like the French Revolution itself. When the fatal news was told to Carlyle, he was staggered by the heavy blow, and sat in despair for many days. One day, while sitting by his open window, brooding over the terrible misfortune, he happened to see across acres of roofs a man building a brick wall. Patiently the man laid brick after brick, tapping each one with his trowel as if to give it his benediction and farewell, and all the while singing as gaily as a lark. 'And in my spleen,' says Carlyle, 'I said within myself, "Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the region of the insane?" and then I bethought me, and I said to myself, "Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining. The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home, perhaps, for generations. Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful." So he arose and washed his face, and felt his head anointed, and went to work, and presently 'The French Revolution' got finished again. Thus the world is indebted for that powerful book to the unconscious influence of an unknown bricklayer.

### A Trifle Close.

'Did I understand you to state your opinion that Cousin Peltiah Johnson was a "trifle close," Mr. Smith?'

'So I said,' answered Mr. Smith.

'Well, now, I have your idea of what a "trifle" means. But I can tell you a story that will illustrate Peltiah's generosity.'

'He and his wife hadn't made their daughter Abigail any Christmas present for a number of years after she was married, and Mrs. Johnson, she couldn't stand it any longer. She begged Peltiah to get something, but the most she could prevail on him to buy was a white cup and saucer.'

'It wasn't much of a cup and saucer, but Mrs. Johnson put it up and sent it over to Abigail's by Peltiah himself. He got home about ten o'clock, and his wife helped him off with his overcoat. There was something in one of the inside pockets that stuck out a little, and said she:

"What's this, Peltiah?"

'Peltiah kind of chuckled a little, and said he, "That's the sasser."

"Sasser?" Mrs. Johnson cried out. "You don't mean to say that you've brought that sasser of Abigail's back again?"

"That's just what I've done," said he.

"And what for?"

"Wal, the cup's a pretty good present for once, I guess, an' I give 'em to understand that they'd git the sasser next year. An' that'll give 'em, ye see, somethin' to look forward to durin' a whole twelvemonth!"—Selected.

'They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think.  
They are slaves, who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.'  
—James Russell Lowell.

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Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

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The Game of Billiards—After Seeing John Roberts—By P.W.W., in the 'Daily News,' London.  
Work as Food and Medicine—By Newell Dwight Hillis, in the 'World,' New York.  
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