

Company of the Com

rision of his own forlornness.
"It's a rum thing—luv," said he to him-"it's a rum thing—uv, said ne to nim-self... 'It's a sort o' complaint like, sum-mat arter the measels an' the hewpin' cuff, a sort o' thing as a man's got to have some day or another. I'n got it bad an' no mis-

Bowker pursued his way, and was en-eountered in the region of Scott's Hole by a certain retail bone-dealer and merchant in scrap-iron. The retail dealer had a

Before civilization stepped in and spoiled

things, there were few scenes in the world richer in picturesque and humorous ele-ments than that presented by an out-of-doors Saturday night in the Black Country. There were always shows and stalls on the day or another. I'n got it bad an' no mistake. I suppose I'n got it about as bad as a mon ever had it. But Lord bless thee, Willy-yum, it's a sickness as wo't kill nobody. But it wo't do for me to be a lyin' here all arternoon a doin' nothin'. I mote go whum empty-handed. I'll tak some flowers wi' me."

Therewere always shows and stalls on the waste ground at the upper end of the Highstreet on Saturday nights in my time. The market, an unroofed square spacesurrounded by a wall, and entered by great gates which were only opened on Saturdays, might have found astudentof Midland life a thousand themes for observation and discourse. Cheap Jack was outside the lower gate, hoarse, voluble, assured. There the second of June for May Day."

The way and the ment of the meanest observer that the meanest

Poor William regretted his holiday, and longed for the hour when work should begin again. He beguiled the heavy hours of the day by the composition of woe-begone verses, whereof fortune has preserved a fragment which I here embalm:

"The sun that shines so bright above, "The sun that shines so bright above, Knows naught about my wrongful love; The birds that sing in Wigmore Lane, Bring nothing to my heart but pain. It is a very dismal thing, That in my ears the birds do sing, While my Selina has gone off. To walk with Mr. Abraham Gough."

William's muse was in the right. It is

The love-lorn William had but little room in his heart for superfluous sentiment as he laid his hand upon the wire rope, and set his foot in the bowk again. Yet just a hope was there—that Selina should not grieve too greatly if this second venture tailed, and he should meet his death. He was not, as a rule, devotionally inclined, but he whispered inwardly, "God be good to her." And there, at that second, he saw her face before him—so set and fixed, that in its agony of fear and prayer it looked like marble. The rope grew taut, he passed the handkerchief about his face again, and with the memory of her eyes upon him, dropped out of sight. The man at the side of the shaft paid out the slender line again, and old hands watched it closely. Yard after yard ran out. The great coil at his feet snaked itself, ring by ring, through his coaly fingers. Still no warning message came from below. The engine stopped at last, and they knew that the foot of the shaft was reached. Had the explorer fainted by the way? He might, for all they knew above, be roasting down below that minute. Even then his soul, newly released, might be above them. ing down below that minute. Even then his soul, newly released, might be above

them.

Through the dead silence of the crowd the word flashed to the engine-room. The wheel went round, and the wire rope glided wheel went round, and the wire rope glided and quivered up again, over it. There was not aman or woman there who did not augur the same thing from the tenser quiver of the rope, and when, at last, through the thinner coris of smoke about the top of the shaft the rescuer's figure swung with the first of the rescued in his arms, there was heard one sound of infinite pathos—a sigh of relief from twenty thousand breasts—and dead silence fell again.

"Alive?" asked one, laying a hand on Bowker's arm. Bill nodded and pushed him by, and made his way toward that marble face, nursing his burden still.

"Seliner," he said quietly, "here's your sweetheart."

"No, no, no, Bill, she answered."

"There's on'y one man i' the world for me, Bill, it ever he forgives me an' my wicked

Bill, it ever he forgives me an' my wicked ways."

Cheer on cheer of triumph rang in their ears. The women fought for Bill Bowker, and kissed him and cried over him. Men shook hands with him and with each other. Strangers mingled their tears. The steel rope was gliding up and down at a rare rate now, and the half-suffocated prisoners of the fire were being carried up in batches. Selina and her lover stood side by side and watched the last skipful to the surface.

"That's the lot," yelled one coal-smeared giant as the skip swung up. Out broke the cheers again, peal on peal. William stood silent, with the tears in those brave eyes. The penitent stole a hand in his.

"Oh, Bill, she whispered, "you didn't think I wanted him?"

"What else did you think I fetched him

"What else did you think I fetched him out for?" queried William, a smile of comedy gleaming through the manly mois-ture of his eyes. She dropped her head upon his breast, and put both arms around him, and neither she nor he thought of the crowd in that blissful moment when Mr. Bowker's courtship ended, and soul was assured of soul.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB. arious Renderings of a Classic Ballad The following is the Chinese version of Mary and her lamb:—

Was gal named Moll had a lamb, Fleas all sames white snow, Evly place Moll gal walkee Ba ba hoppee long too.

"We heard a son of Erin," says the Council Bluffs (Is.) Globe, "trying to surround Mary and her lamb the other day, and this is the way he understood it:— "Begorry, Mary had a little shape, And the wool was white entoirely, an' wherever Mary would stir her sthumps The young shape would follow her comp

The story as told by a sophomore to his little sister:—Mary was the proprietress of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outer covering was as devoid of colour as concovering was as devoid of colour as con-gealed atmospheric vapour, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated her young southdown was morally sure to fol-low. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited cachination of the seminary attendants when they perseived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment of in-struction. Consequently, the precentor young mutton at the establishment of instruction. Consequently, the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued in the neighbourhood without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferated. "Because Mary reciprocated the woolproducer's esteem, you understand," the tutor answered back.

Glover's Lithographic Bird's-eye View of the city of Victoria—a beautiful picture of a handsome city. This magnificent view, showing the harbour, streets, and every Solver pursued his way, and was encountered in the region of Societ's Hole by My Joe's in."

Willy-yum," so carefair refail bons-clader and merchant in sergation. The reful delater had a merchant in sergation. The reful delater had a more possible and the proposition of the series of the serge of the series of the serge of the series of

arch-confraternity.

A Methodist Episcopal paper in New

Orleans claims that since the war over 200, 000 celoured members have joined that Church, 1,000 churches have been built, Church, 1,000 churches have been built, over 3,000 young coloured men and women are in the aid schools, and in what used to be slave territory nearly 200,000 white members have been gained. members have been gained.

Mr. Gladstone says that he long since

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and brilliant party assembled in full dress
in my honour. There I was in a plain car-

The annual report of the Scottish Reformation Society contains these words of warning and regret:—"It shall be written for generations to come that one of the darkest years which Scotland has ever passed through has been the year when her reformation from Popery was formally reversed by the re-establishment of the old Popish hierarchy in her land."

A Lutheran elergyman has figured out that, according to the measurements in the Apocalypse, heaven will be 1,500 miles long, broad and deep, and will contain precisely 39 quintillion, 541 quadrillion, 166 trillion, 666 billion, 666 million, 663 thousand and 6663 rooms of fair size, and that the was somewhat disappointed with terrapin soup when he came to America, and deems the English turtle superior; that he writes from early in the morning until night, when he get fairly at it, because any interruption breaks up his line of

there will remain over 240 quadrillions of mansions uneccupied, to be occupied by the angels. Many mansions, indeed.

The Pope has permitted a chapel to be arranged in a small building within the precincts of the Quirinal, called the Palazzina, built by Clement XIII. It was entirely restored by Victor Emmanuel, so that it may be considered a new building, and not properly a part of the Quirinal, which is still under the interdict. The negotiations leading to this concession are conducted in a very friendly tone.

The true Gregorian chant is soon to be

trem Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her house next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was de-ceived by the informality of the invitation and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbours or intimate friends of dozen neighbours or intimate friends of hers. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find members have been gained.

Mr. Gladstone says that he long since learned that no scheme of religion supplies a safe or invariable measure of religious character and conduct; and he adds:—

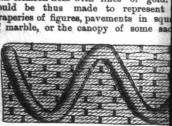
"I do not mean that belief and conduct are disconnected; but I take personal belief to be only one among a variety of influences which govern life."

Some six Polynesian teachers, who joined the mission of the London Society in New Guinea, have been poisoned to death by the natives by placing upas wood in their drinking water. Fever has been even more destructive, so that of twenty teachers landed in East New Guinea recently only about five are now left.

The General Synod of the Disestablished Church of Ireland has, by a vote of 146 to 86, refused to order that the "screen" in was a Protestant screen. A resolution was much as there was no rood on the screen it was a Protestant screen. A resolution was offered to prohibit the erection of screens.

The annual report of the Scottish Reformation Society contains these words of warning and regret —"" It shall be written.

The screen is a safe or invariable measure of religious in my honour. There I was in a plain carriage-dress, bonnet, black gloves. I went into the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress and to the loadies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence



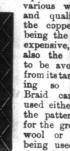
subject. If split very fine, floss was both for flesh and hair of figures. Croc

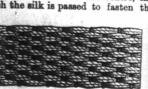
twist is a silk of three plies; it can used in the manner described above floss, and the perpendicular lines held did with fine sewing-silk. The name for among embroiders is "couching. Fig and 3 represent what is called "br couching," the lines being either of g twist or purse-silk. They can also be diagonally, which form an effective background for a large design. Purse-silks, having an extremely regular twist, are much used by modern embroiderers for such designs as are used on alms-bags, sermon-cases, and bookmarkers for large and mon-cases, and book-markers for large and Fig. 4 shows a method of sewing the whip-cord in a pattern under the couching. This and kin-dred designs were much

dred designs were much fig. 5. affected by the the workers of the fitteenth and sixteenth centuria background, and were most effective rendering effects of light and shade, es ally in gold and silver embroidery.

The letter "r," at fig. 5, is an illution of modern embroiders over







of damp air, wet, noxious gases, and so perfumes will invariably tarnish and colour every article exposed to them.

Armorial bearings and their accessors are almost a distinct branch of the The designs must be correct according the laws of Heralds' College, both as their colour and form. The figures raised by means of wool or cotton, is or to give them a rounded appearance. Co of-arms which have supporters are sin larly effective when worked; and on or ary ones the disposition of the



will require the utmost skill and tast the designer to render it graceful

pretty.

The different kinds of silk used The different kinds of silk used in ancient and modern work are called fi crochet-twist, purse-silk, Dacca, Ber three-cord, and sewings. Floss appear have been the silk usually employed in antique work; it was laid in long or sperpendicular lines of various shades colour, and kept down by rows of fine of the state o thread arranged in lines or patterns upor An example of this is seen in fig. 1, w was crimson floss with lines of gold. could be thus made to represent draperies of figures, pavements in squ of marble, or the canopy of some s