

## A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Paupers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less;  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,  
May beclothe the golden ore  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Satin vests could do no more.  
There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While he values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellows then;  
Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
That your meanest hind are men;  
Men by honour, men by feeling,  
Men by thought and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,  
In a man's ennobling name.  
There are foam embroidered oceans,  
There are little weed-clad rills;  
There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills,  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
For to him all famed distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth or fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of others' foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice;  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifteth up its voice.  
Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right;  
God, whose word-heard voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Sinks oppression with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea.

## My Dead Scholar.

He was a bright eyed, merry little fellow, and in spite of his mischievous ways, every one loved him. He had a keen eye for the humorous side of things, and was known occasionally to upset the gravity of the class by some comic utterance that he did not appear able to repress. When he was thirteen years of age he was taken away from day school and put in a situation as errand boy at a cheese-monger's shop in the neighbourhood. He still came as regular as ever to Sunday-school, and though at times his pranks were sadly perplexing to me, it was impossible to withhold forgiveness when he was so evidently sorry that he had hurt my feelings. It was about six months after his first appearance as shop boy that, as I took my seat one Sunday afternoon, I saw by the solemn looks on the faces of several lads in my class that something unusual had happened.

"Teacher, do you know G— is dead?" was the first question that greeted me, and it was asked in a half-puzzled kind of way, as though the speaker himself could scarcely believe the words he was uttering. "Dead!" I exclaimed, "why, he was at the school last Sunday." "Yes, he was aken ill on Tuesday and died on Friday," was the answer. "Something

the matter with his head," added one of the boys. Just then G—'s brother, who was a teacher in our school, came in and explained to me in a few words the cause of his brother's death. "He complained of pains in his head, and was treated for sick headache. The doctor did not discover the mistake until the pains became so intense as to produce insensibility. It was then ascertained by the symptoms that G— was suffering from acute inflammation of the brain tissues. He lingered in great agony for two days, and then passed away while in an unconscious state."

Dead! I pressed my hand to my temples, and sat like one bewildered. Last Sunday, full of health and spirits, for he did not appear to be ailing—today, the merry voice silent, the loving heart cold and still. There was a very solemn feeling in the class that afternoon, but it was not easy work to teach, with the ever present remembrance that, in a little house hard by, there lay wrapped in a shroud the merry little fellow, whose curly hair and laughing eyes made him a prominent member of the class. When the school was over, several of the boys went round to the house to look for the last time on the loved features of our young friend. There was one thought that oppressed me then, and it has haunted me ever since. I did not know for certain that G— had given his heart to Christ. His brother could not tell me, and we had to comfort ourselves as best we might with the remembrance that he had always been a good natured little fellow, that he displayed an intelligent interest in the Sunday-school lessons, and that he was willing to do anything for anybody. For my own part, as we stood by that little coffin and looked with tearful eyes at the pale face with its pain curved lips, I felt self-condemned. Though years have passed since then, I can never recall the scene without a choking feeling of remorse. It might be that God in his mercy had taken him home, we could not tell, we could only hope for the best. No sermon that I have ever heard has affected me so powerfully as the voice that seemed to sound from the lips of the dead. It was true that he was very fond of me, and I of him, but it seemed to me then that in seeking to gain his affection for myself, I had forgotten to make sure that his love was given to Christ. It was a bitter cup to drink, but as I looked at the living I tried then and there to fix the thought of my heart in their young minds, while inwardly I prayed for grace to help me to work more earnestly than I had ever done before to secure the conversion of my scholars.

"It is a solemn fact that, of every three persons walking on this vast globe we have never heard of the Saviour, have never seen a Bible, know nothing of heaven or hell."

## The Last Walk in Autumn.

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go;  
What splendours fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow!  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates;  
A dream alone to me in Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

At times I long for gentler skies,  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the eyes,  
That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm,  
The north-wind break the tropic calm;  
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

Home of my heart I to me more fair  
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,  
The painted, shingly town-house, where  
The freeman's vote for freedom falls!  
The simple roof where prayer is made,  
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;  
The living temple of the heart of man,  
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan.

More dear thy equal village schools,  
Where rich and poor the Bible read,  
Than classic halls where priest-craft rules,  
And learning wears the chains of Creed;  
Thy glad thanksgiving, gathering in  
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,  
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
And perch along these wooded swells;  
And blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
Nor woman winged before her time,  
But with the faults and follies of the race,  
Old home-bred virtues hold their not un-honoured place.

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
The trumpets of the coming storm;  
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow;  
Yon slanting lines of rain transform,  
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
As gaily as I did of old;  
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,  
Unequivocal, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

And I will trust that he who heeds  
The life that hides in mead and wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains these mosses green and gold,  
Will still, as he hath done, incline  
His gracious ear to me and mine;  
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

—J. G. Whittier.

## Caoutchouc.

BY MARY LOUISA BUTLER.

THERE were gossamers large and small, rubber boots large enough to fit a giant, and small ones just right for three-year-old Ernest; overshoes of all sizes, some heavy and thick, others thin enough to be rolled up and put in your pocket. There were tiny ones too, just right for Miss Dolly, who stood in the corner dressed in a small gossamer with the hood over her head.

There were rubber dolls, rubber rattles, rubber rings, rubber balls, belts, bags for hot water, air-cushions, tubes, hose for firemen's use, crasers,

pencil-tops, suits for divers, tires for wheels, and—well, it did seem to Mamie Kennedy, as she stopped at the rubber department of the Exposition, there was no end to things made of rubber.

The gentleman in charge of this department had such a kind face that Mamie ventured to ask a few questions. Seeing something marked "Caoutchouc," she wanted to know what it was. "That," he said, "is another name for India-rubber, out of which all these things are made. This sample came from South America and is there called 'koo-chook.'"

"Does it grow hard and dry like this?" asked Mamie.

"No," said the gentleman; "there are certain trees in Africa and the East Indies, as well as South America, that yield a liquid caoutchouc from which this is made.

"Basins made of clay and leaves are placed near the lower part of the trees. A hole is cut in the tree a little higher up, out of which the juice flows into the basin. In a few hours the basin is filled, and the yellow-coloured juice is poured into larger vessels where it soon thickens.

"As the liquid part evaporates, it becomes solid but not entirely dry. To be thoroughly dried, it is suspended over a fire in such a way as to receive the smoke, as well as the heat, and this gives it a blackish colour.

"When thus dried, it is ready for market, and large quantities are sent to England and America. When it reaches the manufactories it must be mixed with different kinds of chemicals and pass through many processes before it is ready to be made into all these things you see. For instance, these overshoes. After the rubber is made into sheets the right thickness for both uppers and soles, it is passed, with cloth for lining, through heavy rollers heated with steam. After the heat and pressure have fastened the cloth to the rubber, it is passed through the cutting machines. In these are fitted sharp moulds of many sizes and shapes that cut out the different parts of the shoe. These parts are then taken to the makers, who in about five minutes cement them together and a pair of overshoes is made. After being varnished, they are placed in heating-ovens to harden the cement in the seams. When taken from these ovens they are ready for all the merchants who want to buy them.

"These cups, combs, chains, bracelets, boxes, pen-holders, paper-knives, buttons, and knife-handles are made of vulcanized rubber, and"—Just then a crowd of boys from the High School pushed Mamie out of the way and she could hear no more, although she was anxious to know what vulcanized meant. However, when she reached home, with dictionary and encyclopedia, she learned all about it and read many other things about caoutchouc that the kind gentleman had not time to tell her.