

that in all the breadth and depth of all the Territories of the United States there was not another so deserving, so beautiful, nor so deeply

happy a couple as the one that sat on that golden and scarlet brodered knoll in the forest that mellow October afternoon.

PILLOW-LACE WORKING.

IN pleasant parts of Bedfordshire, Kent (England), and other southern counties, agreeable pictures are formed by the lace-makers in gardens, at cottage doors, and in neat apartments, where, although the furniture is homely, the cleanness of everything, and the tasteful display of flowers in their season give a bright and cheerful aspect to the place.

There are few hand-wrought fabrics which look more beautiful than the delicate and cunningly-wrought lace which was the pride of our ancestors of both sexes, and which seemed to have reached its greatest state of perfection in the reign of Charles I., when marvellous prices were paid for this elegant personal decoration. Portions of lace of this date, of fine design and wonderful execution, are still preserved in many families, and handed down as heir-looms from one generation to another. When looking at the intricate patterns of both old and modern lace, we have been puzzled to know by what magic it had been produced, and were glad to have the opportunity of witnessing the process.

The pillow-lace is so called in consequence of being made on a pillow, or cushion, in the man-



ner shown in the engraving. These cushions are generally of rich and harmonious colors, and form a foil to the "greenery" which is generally near. The neat dresses of the lace-makers, old and young, and the fanciful designs

and ornaments on the bobbins, are also pleasant to the eye.

On the pillow, which is stuffed with straw and raised to a convenient height on a wooden frame, the pattern of the lace is pounced through parchment, in the same way as the card-sheets formerly so much used for stencilling rooms. This pattern is generally about the third of a yard long, and on the quality of the design the beauty of the lace depends. The thread used is of remarkable fineness and strength. This material is wound in proper quantities by a simple machine on the upper part of fifty or sixty bobbins, which are about the thickness and length of uncut blacklead pencils. At the end opposite to that on which the thread is wound are rings strung with glass beads of various colors, and in some instances old silver coins and other simple keepsakes. These matters are needed to give weight to the bobbins, and to cause them to be moved with ease and precision. Great fancy is shown in the fitting of these lace-making tools. The bobbins used by one old lady had belonged to her grandmother, and were probably as old as the reign of Queen Anne. Some of these were elaborately carved, turned, and decorated with silver and gold. Some were of ivory; one was the gift of a "dear Robert" long since buried. Each of the numerous bobbins seemed to have attached to it some cherished memory of the past.

The bobbins being properly charged with thread, the ends are joined and fixed to the top of the cushion in the centre of the upper part of the parchment pattern. Here is also fixed a case thickly stuck with very small pins, which, as the work goes on, are placed in the interstices of the pattern cut in the parchment. Round the pins, when rightly fixed, the thread is thrown and woven together by the bobbins, which are moved by both hands with remarkable quickness.

Although hand-lace weaving does not, after the pattern is prepared, require much artistic or mental ability, it needs great care, patience, and much practice to follow up the pattern, and leave in the proper places the different degrees of thickness of thread. The process is very slow; and, during upwards of an hour

that we watched the progress of a worker, not more than three-quarters of an inch in length and an inch in breadth was completed. It would take about four days' close work to complete one yard in length. The sum paid for this is about 1s. 8d. a yard, and the thread has to be paid for out of it.

In the country, a number of those who practise lace-making do so as a means of occupying spare time, and do not depend upon it for a living, the young girls having in view the purchase of a new frock or bonnet. In those districts, however, where lace-working is made a trade of by large numbers, children are put to it at the early age of five years; and, as is the case with most other departments of labor which can be soon learnt by young persons, the prices have declined. Thirty or forty years ago, a young girl could earn a shilling a day by this employment; a similar person will now, with difficulty, earn four pence a day; and we are told that, notwithstanding the extraordinary demand which the present fashion of the ladies' dresses has caused for this material, and although the price of thread has increased, wages have not improved. The pillow-lace has a rich and artistic appearance and texture which are not to be equalled by other means; but the imitation is cheap, looks well at a distance, and is in progress of improvement, so that, in all probability, the operation of lace-making will, like the spinning-wheel and other matters once so familiar, soon become a thing of the past. To what unmarried female can we now, with propriety, apply the name *spinster*?

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HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger hearts can tell!"

WHAT a charm rests upon the endearing name—my home! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands. There a father welcomes with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus! and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path may be checkered by sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface

the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears; yet, when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it so delights to linger as the loved scene of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside; in imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow, as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather around him, and strive in vain to win a smile. Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home; of the loved ones assembled in his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she, too, had a happy home; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby which a mother only can sing, who, in girlhood days, taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to His name, has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to thread the weary path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world. The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away" is engraved on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no change, where separation never takes place, where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither; it is the recollection of home. In the visioned future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—of a heavenly home.