

my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless of coquettes, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, a moment when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was for a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley said, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful and with his face averted. Then touching the bell, he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Laura I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Laura was just going out; and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her like cloud wreaths, her lips red, her cheeks aglow, and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened somewhat at the sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small, and white, and glittering with rings. He put his finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Laura shrank a little, and looked as though she were going to cry.

Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid colour out of Laura's brilliant face, and left it white and scared.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and clung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left London with his mother, and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash, and though every body supposed Lyle and Co. to be established on too firm a basis to be shaken, they were not able to outlive the storm.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything, made no effort to save so much as Laura's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that last night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You didn't think," she added with an attempt at gaiety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow at this time we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Laura—I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better—"

"Nobody, Laura?"

The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody now," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly.

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Laura exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of counsel or comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that he was a stranger, said: "You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed, and said,—"I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to him that his home was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Laura in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does he mean, Laura?"

Laura had come forward breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa," she cried, running to him and sobbing upon his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Laura," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "and he wishes fervently that he had come sooner. I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you, for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing, sir, that is not yours also."

"Don't Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Laura had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked gently:—"Have you no welcome for me, Laura?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up suddenly.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you—"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Laura"—with sudden heat and eagerness,—"I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The new firm is Lyle and Thorley. Frank would have it so.

In a lecture on the chemistry of gas-lighting, delivered a short time since at Birmingham, Mr. Letheby explained a process for washing gas while on its way from the condensers to the purifiers, whereby its illuminating power is increased, and a considerable profit is made by the sale of ammoniacal liquor thus obtained. The gas passes through large chambers in which water falls in showers of spray, and is so thoroughly washed that, as the lecturer remarked, "it is absolutely free from ammonia, naphthaline, and carbonic acid, and the amount of sulphur in any form does not exceed sixteen grains in one hundred cubic feet." In this way the gas is improved, and the water becomes converted into ammoniacal liquor, an important article of commerce.

Cosmos states that a new method of destroying the insects which injure old trees has been employed with success by M. Robert, who it appears has thus saved the old elms of the Boulevard d'Enfer from decortication. M. Robert's first shave off a little of the bark, in order to facilitate the operation; he then impregnates the whole of the trunk of the tree with a concentrated solution of camphor in alcohol; this not only destroyed all the insects then in them, but since not a single insect has attempted to penetrate the bark.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JESUITES

The captain and his people were greatly perplexed when they saw themselves near the Azores; the cause was, that these islands were inhabited by Portuguese Roman Catholics; and the English were of opinion that, in coming to anchor, their vessel would be visited by the authorities, and, if the Jesuits were discovered, every thing was lost, for they would be hanged, or at least put in irons, as pirate stealers. The remedy for this apprehended evil was at hand—namely, to throw the Jesuits overboard; but the captain resolved to hide them in the hold of the ship, hoping this would suffice for security; and it did suffice, the good faith of the Jesuits aiding the design.

They arrived at the island of Tayal, one of the Azores, intending only to anchor beside the town, and send their boat for a load of water, and to purchase some little biscuits and other things, of which they stood in urgent need. But the captain found it necessary to enter the harbour, and remain in view of the town and the other ships. By an unfortunate mishap, the English vessel came into collision with a Spanish caravel, laden with sugar, and carried away the bowsprit of the latter. The Spaniard thought it was done on purpose, in order to surprise his ship, and run away with her, as a French vessel had done in the same port five weeks before. The captain of the Spanish craft at once raised the cry of "pirate!" There was a great uproar in the town, and great alarm among all the ships. The English captain had to go ashore, and remain there as a hostage; his ship was visited and revisited, and the Jesuits had to hide themselves in holes and corners, in order to avoid being seen. At length the English ship was released, and, in requital of their good faith, the two Jesuits were loaded with favours. The English remained three weeks at Tayal, during which time the two ecclesiastics never saw the sun.

The English being short of funds, determined to return home. A tempest overtook them in the channel, and forced them to take refuge in Milford, in Wales. Here once more all the provisions failed, and Captain Turnel was compelled to proceed to Pembroke, the seat of the vice-admiralty. At this town he was made prisoner, on suspicion of being a pirate. The suspicion arose from the fact that he and his people were English, while their ship was of French build. The captain justified himself as well as he was able, but was not believed, inasmuch as he had no commission, and could have none, because being only a lieutenant he followed his captain, and he was only separated from him by accident of bad weather.

He was forced to produce in evidence of his good faith the two Jesuits whom he had in his ship, and who were, as he said, persons of irreproachable character.

The Jesuits, by command of the magistrate, were soon called ashore, and questioned in a very respectful manner. They made known the true state of the case, and their testimony had its effect of causing the captain to be taken for a gentleman of honour and worth. It was necessary, nevertheless, to sojourn a very long time at Pembroke, waiting a reply from London, for they had to send thither, as well to procure a supply of money, as to notify, by this business, the Lord High Admiral, and the company of merchants, who had control over Virginia. This summoning of the Jesuits, for the purpose of giving evidence, turned out to be a fortunate thing for them, for as much as if they had remained in the ship, being then in want of everything, and this in the depth of winter, for it was now February, there was every likelihood that they would have died of cold and hunger. But on account of having been called upon to give testimony, they became known to the judge, who, very worthy and grave personage as he was, having learnt how wretched were their condition in the ship, caused them to be lodged with the mayor of the city, and paid their expenses. He said it would be a matter of great reproach if persons so deserving and learned as the Jesuits did not meet with