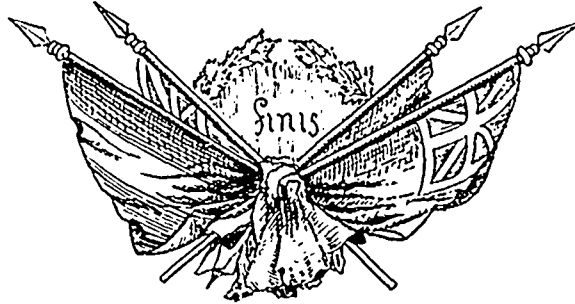


had finally been sent to this station which, when first established, was in the midst of an unexplored wilderness of forest. Settlements and civilization gradually approaching, she desired to go yet further to prepare a light in the dark places, when she died, just before her jubilee, and was buried as Monsieur sees. Her history

is, in brief, as Monsieur has heard. Her past? Oh! that was buried when she pronounced her vows fifty years ago. Her name? Ah! perhaps Monsieur may know some of her friends, and it may be well for them to know—her name was

EVELYN GORDON.

"When our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all the scutcheons on our tomb, or silken banners over us."—SHIRLEY.



SPARKS AND PRICKLES.

BY JOSEPHINE H. GRAHAM, B. A., WHITBY, ONT., PUPIL OF DR. EUGENE HAANEL, LEIPSIC.

WHEN Miss Murray came up the hall and caught us girls making "sparks and prickles" by scraping up and down the carpet, without lifting our feet from the floor, and then touching the corner of the table, the door knob, or some one of the girls who wasn't on the alert,—instead of scolding us roundly for our noise she just smiled and said,—“So you are making electrical experiments, girls? Would you like to come to my room after eight o'clock and see some of my experiments?” You may depend upon it we said “yes, indeed” and “thank you, Miss Murray” in the same breath, and all the rest of study-hour we were as still as mice. Lou told us we had better take our note-books along, and we were ever so glad we did. I know that I learned more about electricity in that half hour than I did in the whole twelve lectures in the Institute last year. And now I'm going to tell you just as much as I can remember—with the help of my note-book—of what Miss Murray told us that evening.

First of all she showed us a little glass rod, about five inches long and half-an-inch thick. Then she asked us how we *knew* that it was glass. Of course you think we said, “because of properties peculiar to itself, such as definite specific gravity, definite density, insolubility, chemical composition, non-resistance to passage of light and heat, inflexibility, power of developing electricity, etc., etc.”

Well we didn't.

Not one of us four girls could give a sensible reason. But I know *one* girl who, if anybody so much as says “glass” to her after this will fairly bristle with information.

But to return to my note-book.

The next thing Miss Murray did was to show us a piece of chamois about six inches square. It was quite black on one side; she told us that was because it had been treated with Keimier's Amalgam. This amalgam is particularly valuable as it invariably produces *positive* electricity. She told us how to make it too, and we went to the laboratory this morning and took,—

3 parts	by weight of mercury
1 part	“ “ “ zinc
1 “	“ “ “ tin

and there we had it.

Then Miss Murray gave me the glass rod and told me to rub it briskly with the piece of chamois while she tore a sheet of paper into little bits. I hadn't rubbed it more than half a minute when she said,—“There Annie, that will do; now hold the rod about two inches above these bits of paper.” How they did hop, to be sure! You would have thought each little scrap was alive. While we were looking at this, Miss Murray took a long rubber knitting needle and rubbed it briskly with a bit of flannel, then held the needle over the scraps of paper and they all began to dance again. “Now girls,” she said, “I wish you would look at this with that fine curiosity which approaches all phenomena with the