

and foamed and smoked one after another, moving in ranks toward the little rock like some terrible army. As each one struck it flung up its arms of cold, white spray, as if grabbing at the tower, then it recoiled backward, like a runner who retreats before making a spring, and reared up again each time going higher and drawing nearer to the top of the tower. Hour after hour she sat there, spell-bound with terror, and the raving ocean seemed constantly to rise higher and draw nearer to her. Birds driven from their nook by the gale rose upon the murky tempest, flying head-long toward the streaming light, striking the lantern with sharp blows and falling backward stunned or dead. Other birds flew more cautiously toward the lantern and came peering through the pane with wild, affrighted eyes, gently fluttering their wings.

She had not now the courage to go down to the basement, but remained there on the trimming path actually fascinated by the rampant sea. Higher and higher rose the waves till now they began to surge against the waist of the tower, and hogheads of water were flung against the lantern. Under some of the onsets the building quivered from top to bottom, and sometimes fairly reeled. The machinery of steel and brass clattered under a heavy shock, and under the smaller ones rang like a number of little bells. She stood there with her face white as one of the foamy waves, her hands against the heavy steel bars, looking seaward, and not moving except when she turned to trim a lamp or empty the burnt oil from a brimming save-all. She remained in the lantern till probably an hour before dawn; then the gale swelled into greater fury, and the storm went howling and bellowing past, as if ten thousand condemned spirits had burst loose and went floating by on the hurricane.

The swells grew longer and seemed to roll from the very bottom, and then ran nimbly and noiselessly up the rock, up the tower, and flung their cold, white arms with a swishy yet thunderous sound completely around the lantern, almost throwing the heavy machinery from its place at every sally. Then as she still gazed to windward out into the gray drift she uttered a great cry, "Oh, God, deliver me", for she saw a mighty wave towering nearly twice as high as any of the rest, rolling, foaming, and storming at its crest, moving toward the rock. As it drew nearer it grew larger, and when it had reached within twenty feet of the lighthouse it seemed as if the whole lake had gathered itself up for one onslaught upon the rock. She had very little time to wait, for the awful invader combed and curled several feet above her head, and then fell with a crash of terrible thunder upon the tower. Then the light seemed to go out of her eyes, and she felt as one does in some turbulent dream; she could not tell how anything happened; but the cold lake water gurgling at her lips brought her to consciousness. The Tower was in the sea.

It had broken away close at the base, the posts breaking off short, and leaving part of the floor still fastened to the

rock. The upper part of the tower being heavy—owing to the machinery and the heavy metalwork of the lantern—when it fell over into the sea the top sank perpendicularly into the water, the base remaining uppermost, and two of the floor beams still lay across it with some of the flooring.

As for the brave girl, she never knew how it came to pass, but in some providential way she floated upward from the lantern to the base, and when consciousness returned, found herself in the midst of the wild sea with a large beam at her elbow. This she at once seized with both arms, holding firmly and stooping her head when a great wave came breaking over the top of the wreck. At the base of the tower there happened to be a coil of weight rope, such as is usually kept in these lighthouses, and when the tower tumbled over this remained upon its hook upon the wall. The girl espied it, and putting a coil of it around her waist she fastened it with two half-hitches, and then secured the hight to a stout broken timber above her. Then she lay across the beam smitten by the cruel billows, praying for the dawn. The constant pounding of the waters upon her body began to stupefy her and make her insensible to pain. Then she lay scarcely caring what fate befel her; but through her numb senses she knew the storm was abating.

The tower drifted far out into the lake and when the sun rose touching the subsiding waves with yellow gold her father and the anxious folk on the shore saw the base of the tower holding up and down in the waves. Just as soon as it was smooth enough they launched a couple of boats and went out to tow the wreck to shore, the father broken-hearted at what he naturally believed to be the destruction of his daughter; the fishermen sorrowing over the fate of the brave young girl; but think of their joy as they neared the wreck to see her lying fastened to the timber at the base of the tower, her hair floating in the water and feebly raising her arm as she espied them. They unlashed her, took her into the boat and rowed swiftly to shore again. She could not speak on the way and was partly unconscious, but after they had swathed her in blankets and forced a draught of brandy down her throat she revived and told them the terrible story of her experience.

The government did not build another lighthouse upon the rock, and it remains to this day a menace to ships, while Gypsy has developed into a beautiful woman, admired and beloved by everyone for her heroism.

The Dominion Government, in recognition of the brave conduct of the young girl, settled upon her a pension of \$1,000 a year for life.

THE meeting of the Electrical Convention in Montreal brings before us very prominently the remarkable advances that have been made in recent years in the use of electricity. The utilising of steam revolutionized the world; the rapid succession of discoveries of new ways of turning to our use the mighty powers of electricity promises to revolutionize the world still more wonderfully. We have our telegraphs, our telephones, our electric lights, our electric smelters; we may soon see electricity taking the place of steam in everything where great power is required.