

dark ones, pass through the ice without losing any of their heating power. When properly concentrated on combustible bodies, even after having passed through the ice, their burning power becomes manifest.

And the ice itself may be employed to concentrate them. With an ice-lens in the polar regions Dr. Scoresby has often concentrated the sun's rays so as to make them burn wood, fire gunpowder, and melt lead; thus proving that the heating power is retained by the rays, even after they have passed through so cold a substance.

By rendering the rays of the electric lamp parallel, and then sending them through a lens of ice, we obtain all the effects which Dr. Scoresby obtained with the rays of the sun.

AN IDYLL OF THE RHINE.

Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me.—WORDSWORTH.

THE thrushes were piping merrily, and it was to them that Lischen was listening, not to the three men and a boy who were puffing lustily at their instruments of music down below. For it was a feast day, and the people of Löwenberg were at the *Weinwirthschaft*, enjoying the fine evening and the music and the beer of their native land. The little circular dancing-ground was nicely sanded, the tables and chairs were set in rows beside it, and the German fathers and uncles were seated there, with their modest bottles of pale, jasper-coloured wine, or glasses of amber beer. And as the band puffed and blew with the sober steadfastness of Germans who knew their duty, and the young people went round and round in the waltz with the same sobriety, the men nodded gravely to the music and thought, "my Tracy or my Anna is the best dancer in the village."

Meanwhile, the mothers sat in an arbour and gossiped over their knitting, and sipped coffee from thick white cups, which might have served as shuttlecocks without injury to themselves. Those who had no beer and no coffee and no partner for the dance, sat on the edge of the road above and watched the fun. Lischen was one of these. Her sweet face, with its pure oval outline and clear thoughtful eyes, was framed in by a background of vine leaves, growing on a trellis. The sunlight flickered and fell across her light brown hair, smoothly braided in a round coil behind. She had none of the fine daggers or silver-headed pins with which the other girls ornamented their tresses. Her hands, brown with the sun, but smooth and finely formed, moved rapidly over her knitting; the pins twinkled as they moved; but her eyes roved with their calm, restful, thoughtful gaze on all the life around her.