

onomic Mecca. Our clerical Nimrod too, who is not without trophies of his powers, despite his recent disappointment, brightens at the prospect of supper. The day has been a fatiguing one, and even A, the most indefatigable "pleasure exertionist," is content to lounge and listen to the lighthouse keeper's yarns—which, as an old sailor, he is very apt in spinning—until it shall be time to light the lamps. Our honest host, warm-hearted and rugged of physique and manner, and his alert, bustling, keen-eyed and enterprising wife, deserve a whole chapter to themselves. The latter, in the face of what seem to us enormous difficulties, has made herself a taxidermist of considerable repute. The small museum opening off the parlor, and filled with birds and animals of her own mounting, bears ample evidence to her skill and perseverance. A number of beautiful birds she points out as having flown to their death against the lighthouse windows. Poor birds! your testimony is born with a thousand similar ones to the fatal brilliancy, whose flash is warning; or, mayhap, to a tragedy more dreadful—death where the light seemed to open a way out of darkness. And yet—who dares say?—perhaps death were the better thing.

At lighting time we follow our host down the long walk to the lighthouse, up the almost endless winding stairs, and into the queer little room, all windows and reflectors and lamps. Something has gone wrong with the revolving apparatus, making it necessary to turn the lights by hand. The principle is explained to us and we are allowed to turn the lights, making them flash forth their warning twice every minute. I recall a tragic story connected with a similar breakage of the machinery at a lighthouse on Anticosti. In this instance brain fever resulted from the nervous tension due to the increased responsibility and monotony of revolving the lights by hand for a number of successive nights. Here in the queer little room, with my hand on the crank and

the revolving lights before me, I could easily understand the possible truth of the story. But our lighthouse keeper is relieved by his wife and sons if necessary, and as communication with the mainland is comparatively easy, repairs could at any time be made in a few days.

We bid our host a somewhat reluctant good-night. To us his seems such a lonely vigil, and his life here insufferably monotonous. And yet, may it not be a life worth infinitely more than ours? I think we all pay secret tribute to the unconsciously heroic old man who sits quietly sending forth that warning flash—flash—flash—throughout the long night, guiding his fellow-sailors safely past a dangerous point, while we go back to his home to sleep.

E. S. S.

The laws of attraction and repulsion between man and man work on the subtle, though often unconscious, mutual recognition of secret convictions.

E. S. S.

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