

then I knew that the loss of that small ray of hope meant utter darkness. I was only twenty-five when my ship went down, and now I am past seventy. Alain was very handsome, *mignonne*, he had the Breton's blue eyes and fair hair and tall stature."

"But how—how was it? Did you wait long?"

"Two years on the ramparts; two years in spite of all they said, for they could not prove it, so why should I go when any day, any hour of the day or night the *Cygne* might come home. But at last we knew. They brought home a sealed bottle, some homeward-bound ship had picked it up and opened it. There was a message in it—a paper headed by the name—the *Cygne* and the latitude and longitude in which she foundered; then—'We are sinking fast. God help us. If this reaches the hands of any Christian, for the love of God let him convey the news to Brest. We sailed the 1st of February, 1848, for St. Pierre in the *Terre-neuve*.'"

"It was signed by all the boat's crew, and just under the signatures I found what was meant for me, a few words roughly traced of an old Breton song he loved and used to sing to me:

"'Mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à toi.'"

"And that was all? all you ever heard or saw?" murmured Génie.

"That was all? Surely it was a most perfect will—'Mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à toi!' And some day, *mignonne*, some day—"

"But life is so long!"

"It will not seem long when we look back from the further shore. It does not seem long to Alain, *ma chérie*.

Come, dry your eyes, Génie. See, we are almost at the door. My child, I did not mean to upset you thus. Sit down on this low grey wall and compose yourself."

Génie sat down and fought hard to recover her self-command. The pathos of the simple story had gone into her very heart. When she could look up she saw that Madame Féraudy's face was quite calm and had resumed the rather stern expression which her firm features habitually wore.

The village of Poinville was built on the side of a hill which sloped down in rocky terraces to the sands. It was very picturesque, with narrow stony streets and over-hanging eaves. The little Protestant temple stood back from the street in a rough bit of ground where heather and gorse and coarse grass made a pleasant tangle of colour. Some pious hand had planted *noisettes* and briar roses against the rough-hewn walls, and these clambered over the plain un-ornamented building in profusion.

Inside all was rigidly plain and stony; strong as the strong faith which in this handful of men had survived the persecutions of ages.

Madame Féraudy and Génie seated themselves on a hard bench without cushion or back, and the worshippers strolled in; they were mostly fishermen, many of whom had curiously illustrious names, half forgotten under the universal habit of the use of *sobriquets*, but nevertheless a subject of pride, for men of their race had perished in the St. Bartholomew, and were written in golden letters in the book of martyrs.

The service was taken by a stranger,

a young Pasteur Lamotte, who had exchanged with the old pastor of Poinville for the sake of the change and holiday. He was a good preacher, and the sight of the rugged faces of the hard-living fisher-folk touched him.

He preached on the "Light of the world," and with vivid heart-stirring words he described the storm on the lake, the danger, the terror as "they began to sink," while throughout the Saviour slept.

Génie listened with rapt attention. Those words brought back to her the vivid picture that her old friend's story had called up. The ship with its living freight of young, eager happy lives going down, down fast. The gurgling sound of the cruel water as she settled. She covered her face with her hands.

But the Saviour was in the boat. When the deep voice of the preacher thrilled through the temple uttering the "Peace, be still!" a profound sigh broke from many of the listeners.

Presently it was over, and the *pasteur* gave out the glorious old hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past!" and began to sing it himself in a great bass voice which rolled through the narrow windows and which gave them courage to sing their very best and loudest.

After the service was over the *pasteur* came up to Madame Féraudy and Génie and introduced himself. He had brought his wife and little children to Poinville with him, and promised to bring them all over to Féraudy the following day, at Madame Féraudy's hospitable invitation.

(To be continued.)



ALL ABOUT WATER.

WATER for domestic purposes is obtained from the following sources—rain, springs, wells, streams and rivers. In mountainous countries it is also obtained by melting snow.

Waters may be divided into hard and soft. If you have ever tried to wash with soap in sea-water you will have noticed that the soap will not lather, but as soon as it is dissolved it floats to the top as a greasy scum. It is a typically hard water. When washing in rain-water the soap lathers beautifully, therefore rain-water is a soft water. The degree of hardness of water is estimated by the amount of soap which is required to make a fine lather.

The hardness of water is of two kinds, temporary and permanent. Temporary hardness is removed by boiling and is due to the presence of bicarbonate of lime and magnesia. When water containing these ingredients is boiled, the soluble bicarbonates are changed into the insoluble carbonates, which deposit as the "fur" in kettles and boilers.

Permanent hardness of water is not removed by boiling. It is due to the presence of either sulphates and chlorides of lime (which are precipitated by adding washing soda to the

water) or of chloride of soda (common salt), in which case nothing short of distillation will render the water soft. Such water is only found near the sea.

For drinking purposes a hard is preferable to a soft water, because it is more sparkling; soft water is very flat and unpalatable. If the water has to flow through lead pipes it will take up less lead if it be hard than if it is soft.

As I have said, boiling destroys the hardness of water, and in consequence boiled water has a very flat taste. In times of epidemics it is better to boil all water used for drinking, however much it may spoil its taste; but in cities it is usually unnecessary to boil water used for drinking when no diseases are epidemic.

If you live in the country and take your water-supply from wells or springs, always boil it, as you cannot be certain of its purity. This is really important—boil your water in the country, have nothing to do with filters.

For washing purposes a soft water is most desirable, as it very materially saves the soap. A large factory in the north used formerly to use a hard water, but for some years it has been supplied with soft water. I forget what

was the exact number of pounds saved per annum in soap since the change, but I know that it ran into thousands.

Rain-water is a very soft water, and though pre-eminently suitable for washing in is totally unsuitable for drinking.

Do not think that because a water is sparkling, clear, and has a pleasant taste that it is necessarily free from disease germs; a minute admixture of sewage with drinking water is said by some to improve its flavour! Whether this is true or not I do not know, as I hope that I have never partaken of such water; but sewage certainly does not give any unpleasant odour or taste if mixed in minute quantities with water.

As regards the cistern I will only say that it should be made of earthenware if possible. If this is impracticable, owing to its enormous weight or to any other reason, galvanised iron is the best substitute, not lead or zinc, and above all not wood.

The cistern must have a cover. London cisterns usually promptly lose their lids and become the watery graves of defunct cats, not to mention mice, birds and other such trifles.

T. N. D.