

mont offered to guide them, and his offer was accepted.

"Take care of yourself," Wolfe said, kindly, as he saw him preparing to depart. "I shall feel myself to blame, if you fall. *But it is duty!* I shall probably die to-morrow. I am glad I can face it like a soldier!" And he turned away with a smile.

The boats were challenged in passing the headland of Samos, but succeeded in evading their sentinels, and the heights were soon scaled.

Just as they reached the top they were detected, and the guard hastily fired upon them, but was speedily overpowered. Vergor attempted to escape in his night-clothes, but was shot in the heel and captured.

The troops were soon landed and ranged in order of battle on the Plains of Abraham.

In the memorable fight that for ever ended French

power on this continent, the darling of the army—Wolfe—was slain. Beaumont, who had distinguished himself by his bravery during the battle, stood by him to the last. Before the General passed away, he took from his pocket a letter, saying "Captain Beaumont, give this to my mother; and tell her I died, as she would have her son die—doing his duty!"

Several officers, who were near, were witnesses of the promotion of Beaumont, who at once took rank as Captain. He returned to England, an honoured officer, on the same vessel in which, on the outward voyage, he had borne the stigma of "coward."

Admiral Saunders warmly congratulated him on his success.

"Stick to the land, my lad," he said. "You seem to have no difficulty in *climbing the heights, there!*"



PEBBLES FROM THE SHORES OF SCIENCE.

LET us draw the curtains—it looks so cosy inside; but not quite—it looks so cheerless outside; and we should think of the outsiders sometimes, most of all in winter. Frank will please set my lamp on my favourite table. You know I prefer it to gas. And Loo will put another log on the fire. There now. That is lovely. The evenings are so delightful—the most precious hour of the day."

The children swarmed to their own stools, drew them up close to Aunt Mamie, and packed themselves round her, pretty much as boys and girls can do when they expect something nice. It was Aunt Mamie they kept their questions for, she had such a fascinating way with her, they said; and when a poser was put she set it aside in her workbasket for the evening fireside. That morning Tom wondered why he felt so cold when the wind blew—Aunt Mamie was in a hurry. But she promised—to-night, this very night, and Tom's lessons went merry as a Christmas bell.

After a lot of settling down and nestling together, Aunt Mamie rubbed her spectacles and lifted her knitting, and said:—

"Heat and cold have a tendency to equalize themselves. That is, they go on borrowing from each other, the heat from the cold and the cold from the heat, until

both are equal. There is nothing left to lend or to borrow. We feel the cold not because of its actual pressure, but because of the escape of heat from our own bodies into the air. So long as the air is colder than we, it will go on borrowing; and so long as we have plenty to lend we will go on lending. The feeling is a pleasant one, so long as we can create fresh heat as fast as we are lending it. So soon, however, as we are being compelled to lend faster than we can create, the feeling of pleasure is gone. It is replaced by one of pain. In very cold weather, the air goes on borrowing from us. There is no satisfying it. It is a very Shylock, and begs, borrows, or steals, so long as we keep on making heat for it to cheat us out of. This is why we wear clothes—not to make us warm, but to keep us warm—to ward off the persistent attacks of the cold air. You observe how Nature in her tenderness helps those who cannot so well help themselves, by thickening up the coats of horses and dogs.

"When the wind blew on Tom this morning the air robbed him of a much greater amount of warmth than it would have done had there been no wind. It was force added to force. It was like two boys instead of one pushing against a door to get in, or like ten instead of two to get out.

"In this way Tom was like a thermometer, though in another he is more unlike. The thermometer has no store of heat in itself to create for the air. It simply can give what it got from the air an hour or a day before. It goes on lending until the two are equal, but no longer. No matter how close the fight may be, how long the contest, the selfish air gets all it can—the equally selfish thermometer gives as little as it can, and then there is a dead-lock. The wind begs, the thermometer refuses. The wind threatens, the thermometer smiles. The wind blows, the thermometer turns hard-hearted. Until the air itself first lends to the thermometer, it has nothing to say in the matter.

"But here's my knitting ball finished—my yarn is done."

AUNT MAMIE.