

was wounded by a shell, and on the 4th he died. And so, amid the darkness of impending ruin, he, whose career had hitherto been so brilliant and successful, passed away. Brave and generous, gentle, yet stern when duty bade, Sir Henry Lawrence attained a renown which very few have achieved and far fewer have surpassed.

(*To be continued.*)

AEROLITES.

THOSE who have had the good fortune to witness the converting of molten iron into steel by the "Bessemer" method, will not easily forget the ravishing colors which glow and flicker above the furnace during one period of the process—colors innumerable, and new, and evanescent almost as the lightning's flash; but which the retina holds long enough to communicate to consciousness both surprise and delight. What lovely shades of orange! what tones of red! and at rare intervals occurs a flash of radiance altogether indescribable, as if a gem were cremated, and all it held of beauty etherialized into color. Now, when an aerolite of any magnitude plunges into the atmosphere which surrounds our earth, the same colors are produced, and the causes of both are nearly identical. In the production of steel, it is the atmosphere which moves, a blast of air being driven through the metal mechanically. In the case of the aerolite, it is the metal which is in motion, and rushes through the air; but in both instances combustion frees the various foreign substances, which expire in brilliance—leaving a homogeneous base, or a residue of scoria, which said scoria is found pretty equally distributed all over the world, from the floor of the ocean where the deepest soundings have been made, to the peaks of the highest mountains where, in sheltered nooks and crannies, it lies secure from the disturbing violence of storms.

Our earth must have had a tremendous peppering from these cosmic particles, in number altogether inconceivable. Most of them are small, ranging from the size of a marble to that of a cricket ball. The former perish in feeble light at the moment of impact with the atmosphere; others endure for a second or two, and during their transient blaze and extinction, leave a trail of exquisite colors, only seen under like conditions, and which, alas, very few of us witness. It is the solitary watcher of the sea coast on the look out for suspicious craft, or other guardians of the night, who behold these glories perhaps with indifference. It is almost exasperating to read among the items in the morning paper an account of the advent of one of these vagrant beauties, and to remember by how little we missed an interview; and how we envy the person so favored; the only consolation for our disappointment is when the writer discloses enough of himself as