

one of these numerous rocks seemed quite miraculous. She drifted thus to the west of Iona, and when I saw her first she appeared to be lying to about four miles due west from this, surrounded by a perfect labyrinth of shoals and sunk rocks. While in that position she fired one gun. On examining her through a glass she seemed to be a large barque of very handsome appearance, and deeply laden. While I was looking at her, she hoisted her lower sails and bore away southward again, apparently lying as close to the wind as she could. That was the last seen of her here, but on Thursday night firing was again heard in the same direction. Some little alarm, or rather excitement, was felt in the island; for, to say the least of it, the movements of this stranger were very unusual and mysterious. A boat was being manned on purpose to visit her at the time she left. Had this project succeeded, we might have learned something more definite regarding her; but the impression here is that the barque will be heard of again."

Very likely she will be heard of again, manned by such a set of "duffers" as she seems to have on board. Her Majesty's revenue cutter in those regions will probably give a good account of her, if she be anything more substantial than the "Flying Dutchman."

Under the head of "A New Philanthropic Society" the *Morning Star* gives an account of a Franco-Belgian association for the promotion of universal peace. Admirable objects,—but we remember something of the kind before the Orimean war, about the time of our first great exhibition, when every body thought that swords were really about to be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks. Since then wars than which none have ever been more terrible, have desolated both hemispheres, while the smoke of the greatest battle of modern times has hardly yet cleared away. Therefore we look upon this new society as a harmless but valueless ebullition of good feeling. Nevertheless it proposes to hold a Congress at Brussels this year at which, we are told:

"Deputies from committees formed in France, Holland, Spain, Belgium, and Switzerland will attend, and one of the first questions discussed will be that of the formation of an International Tribunal, consisting of representatives of the leading States, for the pacific settlement of the various questions that from time to time arise among European Powers. In view of recent events on the Continent, it may seem too much to hope that the decisions of such a tribunal would be respected, yet it must not be forgotten that the strongest Continental power has already given its assent to the principle of a Congress, and that however feeble might be the first efforts of a tribunal so constituted, its power would necessarily increase with the number of its members, and a nucleus once formed of a few earnest men would gradually attract towards itself all the friends of peace and progress in Europe."

Hoping against hope, let us wish success to the Congress, and a speedy realization of their most sanguine desires.

The cholera is still declining here. *Laus Deo.* I suppose you have a "fire" now and then in Canada, as everywhere else. What do you say then to a little machine which a man can carry single handed, and which extinguishes the most furious blaze as soon as it looks at it. This friend to the insurance offices is named, appropriately enough, L'Extincteur, and here is an account of what L'Extincteur can do:

"The powers of the engine were first tested in extinguishing a fire which was supposed to have burst out on a staircase, a board covered with shavings and having a quantity of tar upon it having been so placed as to represent a flight of stairs. When the flames had spread over the whole of the structure, one of Mr. Casper's assistants, with the engine slung on his back, approached the flames, and turning the hose towards the burning mass, in the course of a very few seconds completely succeeded in putting out the fire. After this, a shed or room constructed entirely of wood, in which was placed several tarred barrels, a quantity of shavings, and splintered wood was set fire to. The

flames were allowed to spread over the whole of the building before any attempt was made to extinguish them. So powerful, however, was the effect of the fluid which was poured upon them from the engine, that in rather less than a minute the fire was completely subdued, about two quarts of the fluid only having been used in the operation. A tank filled with tar, over which several pints of naphtha had been thrown, was next set fire to. After burning furiously for some time the engine was brought into play, and in exactly fifteen seconds the fire was extinguished, a feat which was performed amidst the loud cheers of the assembled people. At the conclusion of these performances Mr. Casper was highly complimented by several gentlemen, and a general feeling of satisfaction was expressed at the result of the experiments."

While hoping that all this is true, we must bear in mind that at this season of the year *canards* are fearfully numerous. Still the science of these days grapples hard with nature in every sphere of her operations, as has been gloriously proved by the news that arrived this morning of the picking up of the Atlantic cable lost last year. There was quite an excitement about town when the report spread, more than was caused by the success of the cable of 1866. And truly the picking up from so enormous a depth of that frail rope is an achievement to be proud of. While on matters of science I may as well note down one or two facts of interest. There is now a boat on one of the lakes in the Parisian Bois de Boulogne which moves without steam, oars, sails, or any other visible means of propulsion. The motive power lies in an application of electricity which sets in action the paddles. The invention, however, is a mere toy and must remain so, since the cost of its working is some thirty times more than that of steam. The other fact is that on the 27th of June last, two men were struck by lightning in France, who, on recovery were found to have imprinted on their backs and thighs exact facsimiles of the leaves and branches of the trees, under which they were standing. The phenomenon is no new one, having been observed on previous occasions, but its recurrence is always an interesting scientific event.

Mr. Editor, it is very late, and the train starts very early. Allow me to close, smile graciously on this brief letter, and say to me benignly "Pax vobiscum."

*Humani est errare,
Divinum condonare.*

'Tis easy to cry "Raca" from within
Cold, passionless morality's strong tower,
To those who struggle fiercely, hour by hour,
'Gainst grim Goliaths of unconquered sin.

'Tis easy, safely far from battle's din,
To wave a sword or raise a banner high
To those who have to fight each inch, or—die;
Who must be wounded, even if they win.

'Tis easy to point clean, weak hands of scorn
When some much-tempted brother falls or flies;
Or some sweet Eve has strayed from Paradise
Into the outer world of briar and thorn.

But from the great, high council of the skies
The Judge reads human hearts with milder eyes,
JOHN BRADY.

The dome of the Invalides is about to be reformed—an operation which has not been performed since the first empire—when Napoleon thought it necessary, in order to distract public attention from the disasters of the Russian campaign. A contractor has undertaken to do the work for eight thousand pounds.

Such is the want of penetrating force of the Prussian needle-gun bullet that a Polish Lancer told one of the correspondents of an English paper that at Königgrätz he had a bundle of cigars in a belt under his tunic, and he found a rifle ball screwed into the middle of them after the action.

* Mat. v. 22.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

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CHAPTER XV.—ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Three weeks had passed since the return of Mrs. Winch to Normanford, and John English's polite dismissal from Belair. The young photographer had kept his word, as far as his stay at Normanford was concerned, going about his business here and there in the daytime, but always making his way back to Cliff Cottage at nightfall. The chain, one end of which he had succeeded in grasping, had broken in his hands, and he knew no more than a blind man where to find the missing links. Being of a straightforward, unsuspecting nature, and not prone to think evil of others, the idea of any cunningly-devised scheme of deception, with himself for the victim, and reputable, well-to-do people for its authors, was one that made its way but slowly into his mind. There were times when he was disposed to consider all his suspicions as so many wild chimeras of his own fancy, without any foundation in fact; and it is not improbable that in some such mood he would have quitted Normanford for ever, had there not been another attraction pulling powerfully at his heart-strings, which made him loath to leave the little country-town, and so quench positively, and for ever, his last faint hopes of again seeing her whom he so dearly loved; for, to see her again, by chance as it were, some day when she was walking or riding out; to see her at a distance, and without her knowledge; was the utmost that he could now hope for. He was banished from Belair; her sweet society was lost to him for ever; his very existence was probably forgotten by this time; but day passed after day, and still John English lingered purposelessly in the little town. From this state of indecision, and restless moody communing with his own heart, he was roused after a time by the receipt of a letter from his friend, Frank Mashiter—a hearty, wholesome letter, which acted as a mental tonic, endowing his faded purpose with fresh vitality, and counselling him in a cheerful friendly spirit to subordinate his day dreams to the clear practical duty before him, the duty of doing his utmost to trace the hidden links of the chain which evidently connected him in some mysterious way with the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*.

"Frank's letter is like a shower-bath—bracing, but severe," said John to himself, as he finished reading his friend's epistle. "Here have I been dreaming away one day after another, like the veriest lotus-eater; forgetting everything but that sweet delusion which is at once the pain and the gladness of my life. But nothing in this world is ever won by dreaming, and I'll build castles in the air no more."

"I think I see my way to the next step in this matter," resumed John after some cogitation. "I want certain information, and if any man can give me it, my friend Mr. Edwin can. I'll stroll down to his place this very evening."

Mr. Edwin was, literally and truly, the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, being over ninety years of age. He had been master of the Foundation School for half a century, but had retired, years ago, on a small annuity; and now lived with his sister, a maiden lady of seventy, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. How John English came to know the ex-schoolmaster, was in this wise: He was one morning visited at his lodgings by a little old-fashioned lady with very white hair, and very black eyes, who introduced herself as Miss Edwin, and then went on to say that she had come to ask whether Mr. English would do her the favour of taking a photographic likeness of her brother, who was the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, and confined to his house by an infirmity of the feet. Her brother had one son, who had emigrated to Australia many years ago. Father and son would never meet again in this world, and the portrait was wanted as a souvenir to send to that new home across the sea. She, Miss Edwin,