

that habit had been his ruin, and earnestly to try to impress his hearers with the fact that "To-day is the accepted time;" "Now is the day of salvation"; not some future time; not even to-morrow, on which we should never depend, seeing we know not what a day may bring forth.

Uncle Will and the Extinguished Candle.



UNCLE WILL and the writer of this sketch were working together underground in one of the tin mines of Cornwall, digging in a singularly narrow place after the precious ore. It was a very unfrequented part of the mine, where the sound of another miner's hammer was not heard on the rock. Uncle Will was an old man, and so I let him sit upon a board a very little way behind the working, charging him to take care and keep his light burning, whilst I used the pick and iron wedges, cutting through the lode. Nearly half-an-hour, perhaps, had thus passed, and not a word had been spoken between us, when, by some mischance, I happened to strike the candle which gave us light in the working, and which was stuck to a fragment of the rock with soft clay, called Saint Ann's, with the point of the pick, knocking it amongst the rubbish, so that it was extinguished immediately. Looking back on Uncle Will, I was perfectly astounded to find that his candle, too, had gone out, with the exception of a spark of fire in the wick, at which the old man was blowing with all his might, endeavouring in vain to enkindle it. A puff or two more, and we were in utter darkness. I questioned my unwatchful comrade about it, and his reply was, "Oh dear, I caught a nod, and awoke just in time to see my candle falling."

And now what could we do? To cry for help would be utterly useless; as well might the wrecked mariner, floating on a board, call to the moon. To sound the rock, and give the understood signal with miners, would also be