

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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INDIAN TEMPLE.

SOME of the most costly and elaborate structures in the world are the temples the Hindoos raise for the worship of their false gods. They are, as will be seen from our cut, of very fantastic architecture, and are most elaborately carved, generally with figures illustrating the mythological exploits of those false deities. The goddess Kali was a very cruel deity, and is well symbolized by the dragon-shaped beast in the foreground represented as devouring one of his devotees.

HEROIC DEEDS BY LAND AND SEA.

BY UNCLE JONATHAN.

THE collier's life is at best a dangerous one. Not by explosions only, but by the accidents which constantly attend the miner's work, much life is lost. The everyday accidents may not call for much noticeable heroism; but it never yet has happened, after a terrible explosion has rent the air with its awful sound, that no one has come forward to the rescue of those below. Rather is the difficulty of choosing which, among the many eager to rescue, are the most fit to go down.

In December, 1866, at the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, a terrific explosion of fire-damp hurled more than three hundred men and boys into eternity. They were working their eighth and last hour for that day, and were looking forward to the moment when the day's work should be done—the mine was gaseous, and some of them feared that an accident might happen—when in the twinkling of an eye, the gas caught ablaze, and with a mighty roar dashed destruction and death throughout the mine. Terrible was the excitement above ground, and in less than an hour a rescue party went down. Heroes they were, carrying their lives in their hands. Again and again did the choke-damp drive them back exhausted, but as often did they return to the rescue. Nor did these

gallant men cease their efforts until they had brought out eighty sufferers, of whom only nineteen were alive. Of this band, Parkin Jeffcock, a young and skilful engineer, stands out conspicuously. Only some four years previously he had worked continuously for three long days and nights, whilst a coal wall fifteen yards thick was dug through, to rescue some imprisoned miners.

At midnight the mine was so poisonous with

the previous rescuers, two young men stepped forward, willing to do and dare for the sake of the living one still in the mine. The shaft was smashed, the head-gear destroyed, so they were lowered in a bucket, and at the bottom found one of the brave band who had gone down with Jeffcock. They sought to push into the mine, but on all sides it was on fire, raging like a furnace. Returning to the pit's mouth, what a shout of

triumph went up as these two heroes, supporting the bruised and battered hero of Jeffcock's band, came in sight!

In April, 1877, the Tynewydd Colliery, in Wales, was the scene of a disaster which arrested the attention of all England. On the eleventh of that month, just as the colliers were about to leave, there broke through into the mine a fierce roaring torrent of water. Dismayed, the miners rushed to escape, but fourteen were overtaken and imprisoned below. Parties of rescuers went down, and found all the workings filled to the roof with the water, so it was thought all were drowned. Four had been overtaken and drowned, but five were hemmed in at one part of the workings and five at another. They had found refuge at the end of cuttings,



INDIAN TEMPLE.

choke-damp that all rescue work was stopped, and Jeffcock was placed in charge as engineer to restore the circulation of fresh air and to extinguish fires. He spent all night in this and in exploring as far as he could through the mine, meeting with horrible sights of dead and crushed miners. But he was ready to go down next day with the first band of rescuers. But in less than an hour there was a second explosion, followed soon after with the awful blast of a third. Jeffcock had perished in his efforts to save life. On the day following, the tinkling of the signal bell told of some one still alive below. And notwithstanding the awfulness of the explosions that had occurred, and the disaster to

and the air which had been driven in by the rush of the water now prevented the water from rising higher where they were. The rescuers did not then know this, and were giving up all as lost, when knockings were heard. Guessing what had occurred, the rescuers set to work, might and main, to dig away the dozen yards of coal that stood between them and that part of the workings from whence the sounds came. In less than two days, by hard and continued working, they had rescued the five who were there.

But others were still missing, and two days after the inundation, faint far-away knockings were heard coming from a part of the mine known as