

"Oh, hark! What's that terrible noise, Jack?"

"Nothing. It's only the machinery in the pump-room. But, Jessie, my dear, brave——"

"Oh, listen! What is it? It can't be the machinery!"

There were several shouts and a sound of hurrying feet.

"John Payson's killed!" some one shouted.

"An' Sam Jacques, too!" said another.

"What's the matter?" asked John, hurrying down the passage.

A moment's silence answered him, then some one grasped him by the shoulder.

"Thank God, old fellow! We thought you an' Sam were under it. The whole thing came down an' blocked the gallery up complete."

"But where's Sam? I left him there."

"Here I am. I couldn't do anything alone, mate, after you left, so I started for the pump-room. It must've dropped as soon as I was out o' sight."

Meanwhile Jessie stood alone in the dark at the entrance. Was it all a dream? Was she really there or home in bed, and Jack lying beneath the fallen mass? But the next moment the living voice was in her ear.

"Good-bye, Jessie," he said at parting. "You've saved two lives this morning by coming to tell me you were sorry. It's a good day's work, an' you know what it means to me, Jessie."

Years after there was one home in Joggins that was an example of beauty to the others. A stalwart miner used to join in his children's play upon the lawn, and sometimes they were joined by a sweet and graceful woman. Jessie had fulfilled her Aunt Margaret's ideal. She is not widely known even around her native place, but though few people suspect it, the Recording Angel is writing in the flames of yonder sunset, the names of a miner and his wife among those that "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," because they "turn many to righteousness."

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BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

She came to the old Queen's presence, in the hall of our thousand years,
In the hall of the five free nations that are peers among their peers:
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying:—"Crown me, my mother!" and the old Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the notched Kaikouras rise.
Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?"

"Let the five free nations witness!" But the young Queen answered swift:—
"It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.
In the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made sure our lands—
Wherefore we come in power to beg our crown at thy hands."

And the old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West—
Lit with her land's own opals, lion-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the nations five.

So it was done in the presence—in the hall of our thousand years—
In the face of the five free nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the young Queen out of the Southland knelt down at the old Queen's knee
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:
"Daughter no more, but sister, and doubly daughter so—
Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?"

"Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride of thy setting forth?
Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust is worth.
Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road untrod?
These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of God.

"Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom above?
Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love;
God requite thee, my daughter, through the strenuous years to be,
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

—*London Times.*