

race. But many years afterwards Mr. Darwin wrote as follows to the Admiral:—

"The success of the Tierra del Fuego Mission is most wonderful and delights me, as I always prophesied utter failure. I have often said that the progress of Japan was the greatest wonder in the world, but I declare that the progress of Fuego is almost equally wonderful. I certainly would have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done. I enclose a cheque for £5 for the South American Missionary Society, and shall feel proud if the Committee sees fit to elect me an honorary member."

On such a narrative, and on testimony from such a source, no comment is needed. Surely they may suffice to seal the lips of the most impatient, and raise the courage and strengthen the faith of the most despondent, for they teach impressively the lesson we should *all* lay to heart,—for *all* of us can do something, however small the service be—the lesson that "Duty is ours; results are God's."

The Duty is ours, let us do it with prayer. We hear much to-day of woman's work, and surely first and foremost in the enumeration of woman's work should stand *Prayer*—

"In the shadow of life's toil,
On her calm, hushed pathway,
For those in the fight and strife
God biddeth woman pray.
He sendeth us not to stand
Where men must suffer and dare—
Thank Him that to us He gives
The holy work of prayer."

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES.

HE Rev. W. Charles Wilson, missionary at Springhill Mines, N. S., makes, through a very interesting pamphlet which he has published lately, a strong appeal for help among those who suffer the hardships of coal mining. It is to be hoped that his appeal will meet with a hearty response. We make a few selections from Mr. Wilson's eloquent appeal:—

Come to the mines and see! It is midwinter and the thermometer stands at eighteen degrees below zero. A long shrill shriek of the steam whistle, called "the buzzer" startles the sleeper at half past five in the morning. About fifteen hundred men and three hundred boys must arise, take breakfast, and be in the pit before seven o'clock. The miners are clad in the mine working suits, which are ill suited to ward off the bitter cold. A small lamp is attached to the top of the cap and often serves to guide the footsteps over the rough roads before reaching the pit when its real work begins. It is a weird sight to see the flickering lights coming from every direction while the bearer of the light is hidden in the shadow. The young boys trudge along as though a needed rest had been broken, and soon all have disappeared underground where nearly two thousand souls are digging and picking the dusty diamonds in order

to keep body and soul together, to make others warm, and to increase the dividends of favored ones far away from the source of their income. Underground is a subterranean city with miles of streets, avenues and alleys. Horses are stabled in the coal-caves and grow sleek and glossy. Rats, blinded by the darkness, find food near the stables and often prefer a little horseflesh. The boys drive the train of coal-cars along the main line, attend to the various doors, and pump air to the men working in what we may term the "alley-ways." All is dark, dangerous and merciless here below; and two of our dearly loved collects are peculiarly appropriate for the worker; "Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger," and "Lighten our darkness we beseech thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers." In Springhill there are four working pits, called "slopes," because the seams of coal, which vary in thickness from six to fourteen feet, slope away at an angle of about thirty-eight degrees. The slopes vary in depth from five hundred to two thousand feet, the lower level being reached by a continuous staircase cut in coal, down and up which most of the men and boys go to and from their work. Reader, you have felt the effect of ascending several flights of stairs, now realize the labor involved and expenditure of strength incurred in descending and ascending daily a rough dark stair-case two thousand feet deep. Stand by the pit's mouth and see the men emerge from the earth, with streams of perspiration rolling down their blackened faces as they stand for fresh breath before starting for home.

On some days there is commotion in the streets; anxious faces peer forth at the doors; some one is being carried home with mangled limb, torn breast, or life crushed out by a fall of the cruel coal or an explosion of the treacherous gas. Others, especially new comers, are laid low with mining fever, a dreaded lingering disease.

Church services are held three times every Sunday in Springhill, once on Wednesdays and Holy days, and the other evenings are generally used for mission work in outlying districts or in the homes of the miners. Bible classes and Sunday School are held on Sunday afternoon. Parochial work in these districts is particularly difficult because competent helpers are few; none of the class who usually assist in church work caring to reside in the vicinity of coal mines. The missionary is at once often preacher, Sunday School teacher, librarian, organist and sexton.

Every Friday evening a service is held at the Railway Junction where the coal in cars await the trip to the Upper Provinces. The place is five miles distant from Spring Hill, and reached from there only by a railroad track. The distance has very often to be walked by the Missionary in storm and cold, and walking five miles on an up-grade track at ten or eleven o'clock at night with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero is a piece of exhilarating (and often exhausting) exercise,