

rope bear the strain of more than one. J——, took hold of the hatchet to cut the fuze and hand it to T——. He laid the fuze on the rock and struck the blow, and severed the fuze from the coil. When, horror of horrors, *the stroke of the steel face of the hatchet upon the rock produced a spark, which ignited a few inches of the fuze!* A few moments more seemed to be all that remained before the two men were blown to atoms in the bottom of the deep shaft, and their souls launched into an eternity of misery or joy! The thought now occurred to the men for both of them to get into the bucket, and give the signal to be hoisted up. They did so, and gave the signal to draw up, and all began slowly to ascend. When, another horror, they found the rope giving way under the overstrain of the weight of the two men. The men above were labouring to hoist them up but the strain was too great.

“T——,” said J——, “I’ll get out and let you go up; you are not ready to meet God, but *I am ready.*” J—— firmly insisted on his comrade going up and himself getting out, persisting that he was fully ready, while he knew the other was not. J—— then got out and remained below and the other was hoisted up to the mouth of the shaft and got out safely. In a few seconds the blast went off and the smoke ascended to the surface. There was not even a groan heard below. As soon as the smoke cleared away T—— went down to pick up, as he thought, the mangled remains of his friend. When it was discovered that the God whom J—— trusted, and was ready to meet, had come in at the last moment and