

black, some brown, some white. They had no light, of course, except an occasional lantern, and they never go to the surface. In time some of them become blind. They are fed on chopped hay and oats, just like the ponies up above, and their work consists in drawing the trucks along the long, level passages; where there is an incline, the trucks work automatically, the full ones going down pulling the empty ones up, or if the direction of the incline is the wrong way for this, then a stationary engine is employed to pull up the full trucks to the bank head. But I am wrong in calling these trucks, they are not trucks, but "toobs." These Newcastle miners speak a broad sort of dialect of their own. I was surprised at the excellent ventilation; it is produced by a huge furnace which draws the air down from above, and the circulation of the air through the various tunnels and passages is complete. Some of the larger subways near the main shaft were arched over with brick, like a railway tunnel; but farther in, the roof above us was either rock or coal, supported in some doubtful localities by side posts and cross beams. We found now the advantage of having changed our caps, for our heads kept bumping up every now and then against the roof—the average height being scarcely five feet six inches, and in many places very much lower. A bang against the cross beams was no uncommon occurrence, and did not add to one's comfort. After we had seen all there was to be seen and had walked to and fro through the labyrinth of low, dark passages until we were tired, we entered the cage again, and were drawn once more to the surface.

And now the story of my trip with the two little Indian boys has come to an end. Thursday afternoon, June 26th, at two o'clock, we were once more back in Liverpool. At four o'clock our steamship, the *Sardinia*, weighed anchor, and at six o'clock on the morning of July 8th we were in dock at Montreal. From there a railway trip of six hundred and twenty miles, which occupied a day and a night, brought us once more back to the Shingwauk Home. We had travelled three thousand miles in Canada, five thousand five hundred on the ocean and a thousand miles in England; nine thousand five hundred miles in all.

In Canada, the contributions freely offered to our work as we went along, amounted to about eight hundred dollars. About sixty dollars was contributed in mid-ocean, and nearly one thousand dollars (£200) in England. This money is, as far as possible, to be applied to the erection of our new institutions at Medicine Hat. Soney and Zosie came back loaded with presents, and while I am writing this they are surrounded by their companions, all asking questions and wanting the wonderful things which they have brought with them from England.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

THEY sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained the world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson; "On! and on!"

Miller's "Columbus."

THERE is no more strong and, at the same time, pathetic picture of sublime faith and patience, than that of the great navigator's on "that night of all dark nights"—October 11, 1492. He was alone on the high two-storied castle which was built in the stern of his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, "pale and worn" he must have been from anxious watching. Can you not see the picture: three small ships—two of them mere caravels—on the wide and lonely waste of unexplored waters, standing westward, westward ever on the long rolling ocean swells,

"Till as the great moon soared on high,
Naught was round them but sea and sky,"

and on the castle of the larger vessel a lonely figure, before him his charts, maps and the strangely varying needle, above and around him

*Abridged from a series of articles in the *Young Men's Era* (Chicago), from which also the accompanying illustrations are taken.