

he was thinking of his old father and mother, and he must have known that he was not so strong as some. But he looked up and caught my eye, and I suppose the devil was busier with me than usual, for I gave him a look—a sneering, jeering look—that might well have fetched up the spirit of the patientest man that ever lived.

His face flushed red all over, and he looked back at me for a minute, and then he stepped forward. 'Please, sir,' he said—Fred couldn't forget his manners, even then—'may I go too?'

Mr. Carter nodded his head. 'All right,' he said; 'you'll be wanted with the next lot, perhaps. Watson, you come down in the first lot with me.'

As we were going down, Mr. Carter spoke to his brother-in-law, a slim young fellow with a face like a girl, who'd come from a distance to help him just then.

'Morris!' he said, 'if we can get about at all down there you shall take Saunders and Watson—they know the place as well as anybody—and make your way round by the north working, and bring me word how you find things. The rest of us will get round by the lower working, *if we can*, and meet you. Watson will know where.'

Mr. Morris looked at me and nodded. He said nothing, and I wondered if he was afraid.

The cage stopped and we got out, and wasted no time in talking. We three went straight off the way we had been told.

The way was clear, and we found no sign

of anyone for a good piece. I wondered a bit at that, for this was the nearest way to the shaft from the part where a lot of them were working.

'Surely,' I thought, 'there'd have been some of them left alive to make for the shaft, even if they dropped by the way.'

But just as I was thinking that, we saw how it was well enough. We turned a corner, and all the passage before us was blocked with earth and stones. The roof had fallen in, and the sides fallen together, and the very balks we were standing under were leaning to one side, straining ready to fall.

'This way's stopped,' said Mr. Morris, quickly. 'And the others will be coming on, expecting to meet us. Is there any other way we can get round to them?'

'No!' I said. 'But look you here. It doesn't seem to have been much of a fall. If we can climb over the top there we'll perhaps find it all right beyond.'

'Come on, then,' said Mr. Morris. But Saunders hung back a bit.

'It's not safe,' he said—and he was about right. 'The air's so foul already I can but just draw my breath; and it'll be worse beyond there.'

'It's my duty to go on though,' said Mr. Morris, coolly. 'I'll go by myself if you'd rather go back.'

'You sha'n't do that, any way,' I said, and capped it with a word that I wouldn't say nowadays. We began to scramble up the heap of earth and stones, and after a minute Saunders came after us.

(To be continued.)

History and the Bible.

THE life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ are not merely Bible stories, true and sacred, but only to be found in the Bible.

They belong to the history of the world, and if we do not believe them we cannot believe any other events of ancient history.

Shortly before his death Lord Lyndhurst was found with a pile of infidel books on his table. 'Of evidence,' said this great

lawyer, 'I am a competent judge, and such evidence as might be brought forward for the Resurrection has never broken down.'

So the world unconsciously helps the Church, even heathen historians contributing to this result when they contemptuously record the condemnation and crucifixion of a despised Jew at the exact time at which our Blessed Lord died and rose again for the sins of mankind.