

ther on a new level had been opened, and in order to make room for the track the pillar of coal had been dug out and a cog built instead. This, was made of heavy logs, with coal to give it strength. In another place our attention was called to some heavy posts, bent and cracked, caused by the roof settling; but as plenty of support still remained, we felt no fear. Continuing our way, we came to a shining cave of coal, semi-circular in shape, in which we had to stoop so low that it was more comfortable to sit down and look around us. A Jap was working here drilling for a shot, and as we looked around at his place of work for eight hours in the day, and thought of the lonely hours spent here, his only visitors the mule and his driver, and considered the stooping position in which he must work, we felt that the coal we use so freely does indeed cost some one many a hour of toil in the silence and darkness, and, alas, too often costs many a life.

A Scottish Mine Story.

It was here the genial manager told us the story of a mine horse in one of the old mines of Scotland, which, he said, was a fact. This mine was almost worked out and the horse, which had been down over twenty years, had been working around the shaft for some time, and doubtless must have noticed the signal by which the miners were lifted up to the surface. One day the engineer heard the three raps that was the signal that some one wished to be lifted up, and giving the return signal of three raps, he waited

for the one rap that would show that all was ready. In a few minutes it came, and as the cage reached the surface the old grey horse walked off, causing the engineer to flee in terror, as he thought it was the devil. Needless to say, it never went down again. Picking up our lanterns, we resumed our homeward and shaftward way, having a distance of about three-quarters of a mile to go.

Let any one who thinks there is any romance in coal mining take the trip we did, stumble over tracks, sometimes bent almost double, see these men at their work, and the idea of romance will soon be knocked out of them, especially if in their forgetfulness they may straighten up some time and receive a sharp knock on the head.

While going along the cracks we would hear a distant rumble, soon a light would appear, and the dim form of a donkey, with loaded ear, on which was seated the driver, would then be revealed and glide past us as we crept close to the rocky wall behind us.

On returning to the shaft—the signals having been given and returned—we slowly made our way upward, and reached the surface just as the whistles were sounding the hour of noon. How bright the sunlight seemed to us, and the happy voices of the children, just let out of school, sounded like glad music to our ears.

Bidding our friendly guide good-bye, we turned homeward, glad of the experience and valuing the wider knowledge that made us more fully appreciate what a miner's life really means.

The superstition that a cool and sure-footed man of business cannot be a deeply religious man dies hard, but it is dying.—British Weekly (Article on General Bramwell Booth).