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BY THE SEA.

Slowly, steadily, under the moon,
Swings the tide, in its old-time way;
Never too late, and never too soon—
And the evening and morning make
the day.

Slowly, steadily, over the sands,
And over the rocks, to fall and flow,
And this wave has touched a dead man's
hands,
And that one has seen a face we know

They have borne the good ship on her
way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
And yet, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall interpret their message
aright?

For their separate voices of grief and
dear
Are blending at last in one solemn tone;
And only this song of the waves I hear.
"Forever and ever His will be done!"

Slowly, steadily, to and fro,
Swings our life in its weary way;
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow—
And the evening and morning make
the day.

Sorrow and happiness, peace and strife,
Fear and rejoicing, its moments know—
How, from the discords of such a life,
Can the clear music of heaven flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,
And to the blessed round the throne,
Sweeter than chimes of Sabbath bells—
"Forever and ever His will be done!"

The Mine by the Sea.

A strange sight is a coal mine. Wonderfully picturesque with its streets and lanes and alleys, its unending corridors and countless chambers of the dead. The men there, with blackened faces and scanty attire, seem of another race from those above ground, and the feeble lights gleaming in the midst of the darkness give a weird, unreal aspect to the scene.

The only sounds heard are those of the coal waggon slowly pushed along by boys towards the mouth of the pit, and in the narrow passages, where the men are at work, the clang of their pickaxes as they cleave their way through the great rocks of coal. Men are not the only beings here. There are horses that have not seen the daylight for many a year, to draw the waggons in the broader passages, and sometimes if the light of the lamp is turned towards the ground, the bright little eyes of rats

(how they came to that under-world I don't know) may be seen peering out of nooks among the walls. There is an almost fearful sombreness about the place. Thoughts that the daylight would at once dispel seem to haunt the air, and the voices of the men as they wander about, each one, Gideon-like, with his lamp and pickaxe, have a deeper, hollower tone than above ground.

For two days a storm, long remembered on the coast, had been raging; but the men in the mine, accustomed as they were to hearing the roar of the waves above their heads, paid little heed to the increased noise. George Heimers alone had noticed it, and each day had spent more time than usual in examining the supports of the roof.

It was now night time, and he had been superintending some rather dangerous work in the lower level, of blasting with gunpowder, which, much against his advice, the owner had ordered. This being done, leaving further orders for work for the men, George turned away and walked along in the direction of the pit's mouth, carrying in one hand a large canister containing the gunpowder; in the other his lamp and the heavy stick that on account of his lameness, was his constant companion. Even in the imperfect light it might have been seen that a great change had passed over his face; it was haggard and pinched-looking; there was a strange restless glitter in his eyes and now and then his lips parted with involuntary, quivering movements, quickly pressed together again with that stern, set expression that was now habitual to them.

Instead of leaving the mine, a sudden thought seemed to strike him half-way and he turned aside and entered a part of the mine long deserted on account of working too near the bottom of the sea, but which recently had been opened again; and though George had many times warned the owner of the danger of weakening the supports of the roof, large quantities of coal had been taken from it.

All was still as he advanced through the narrow passages, but soon these widened into a more open space, and as he entered the noise of the tumultuous waters overhead was fearfully loud. A cold draught of air smote him and made him shiver. The place was known to the colliers as the "Boggart's Hole,"

or "Ghosts Hole." It is an immense low roofed hall, one of those natural caverns that exist beneath the sea and land; and in the centre was an abyss, into whose depths no human being had ever penetrated. The workings had been carried on along the sides and a rude pathway led half-way round, abruptly stopping above the great chasm.

The poor light which George had illumined only a narrow circle round him; but he knew the place well, and cautiously stepping along, reached the part where the last workings had been made and which was so low that he could touch with his hand the black slimy roof, to which gigantic loathsome fungi clung.

As he stood there wild fancies stole over him. Loud above sounded the thunderous boom of the surf, and beneath him lay, wrapped in eternal darkness, the great mine, stretching for miles into the depths of the earth. He seated himself on a projecting rock, the canister of powder on the ground at his side, and the lamp held between his knees.

What were his thoughts just then? I know not at all—but there was one, fiercer than the clamor of the waves above, more terrible than the abyss beneath him—he had lost all, all, all! He looked back upon his life—all had gone wrong from the beginning, and now, when at last the cup of sweetness had seemed to be so near his lips he had seen it dashed away. He ground his teeth with rage, and then his passion took another form—his breast heaved, and a great sobbing cry rose to his lips.

"If she only knew how I love her! He love! A moment of the love I could give her would be more than a lifetime of his. But I know that never, never—let me make an end of it.

"Ah, and Jim Massey, too; a light to this powder, and there'd be no victory to any one—the sea would cover us too close for that! But the others?

"Pooh! it's only dying a little sooner; and what is life to stupid, toiling drudges like them?

A terrible smile passed over his face; he placed the lamp by his side and bent over the canister. Only a light to the powder, and the rocks above would be riven, and with a mighty burst the sea would rush in and overwhelm them all. He

took out his knife and proceeded to open the lid of the canister, which, by some means had been fastened down too tightly.

But, hark! Close beside him just beyond the ending of the path, he heard a rustling, cracking sound, then a crash and a huge fragment of rock rolled down and he was only just in time to leap aside before the place where he stood was covered with shivered portions of it as it descended, and, leaping from ledge to ledge, at last with sullen roar, was lost in the depths below. Still he listened, for another and more dreadful sound caught his ear—the low, swishing sound of falling water. He crept as near as he could along the narrow pathway, and as he did so his face was sprinkled with the cold spray of the torrent. He held out his hand, and then touching his lips, tasted the water. It was salt!

Still and breathless as a statue he stood for a moment; the next hold in his lamp before him, he was rushing with wild speed down the broken pathway from the place. As he approached the entrance he stopped, and for a moment looked around in bewilderment—he had mistaken the road, and instead of taking that by which he had come, had followed another, which abruptly stopped—a mass of coal had fallen and broken it off. He had no time to turn back. He threw his lamp down, and as fortune would have it, it was not broken but only fallen on one side about ten feet below; then, drawing in his breath, he prepared for the leap. He did not know the ground—the lamp had gone out. If he leaped he might fall into some deep fissure; but there was no time to hesitate. He took the leap and fell; the firm ground was beneath him.

His arm was bruised and his ankle sprained, but he hardly felt it. Relighting his lamp, he dashed along through the narrow passages towards the main where the men were at work.

At last he met a boy slowly dragging along a small coal waggon. He caught the lad by the shoulder and shouted to him:

"Can you run Will?"

"Ay, oi can," answered the boy.

"Then run your hardest, Will. Tell them in the lower main the water's
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