

everything else, and worth the cost of *all* we have in order to get possession of it.

AN INCIDENT IN A CORNISH MINE.

DEEP down in the shaft of a Cornish mine, two miners were engaged putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their work, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was as mued as the man at the windlass could manage; and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Whilst they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long; so he took a couple of stones, one flat and the other sharp, to cut it shorter. He did cut it off the right length; but at the same moment it kindled, its flames reaching the combustibles which joined the train of gunpowder. And the two men were still below!

Both shouted vehemently to the man above at the windlass. Both sprang at the basket. But the windlass-man could not move the double weight.

Sudden and terrible death hung over them both; when one of them generously resigned himself. "Go aloft, Jack," said he, and sat down quietly. "In one minute I shall be in heaven."

The basket bounded upwards. The explosion followed instantly. Jack's face was blackened as he looked down. He was safe above the ground: but what of the man who had saved him?

At length all was still. One by one they eagerly descended, dreading to find only the shattered remains of poor Will. But that God who sent His angel to stop the lions' mouths, that they should not hurt His servant Daniel in their den,—that God who walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning furnace, bringing the breath of life and refreshing with His presence, till they breathed in elemental fire as if it were the bracing air of heaven, and not a hair of their head