

"Dimna heed, sir; yer shune will be nane the waur'." (Neither were they when we emerged in safety at the top; but I must not anticipate.)

The temperature is getting uncomfortably high. All along the air has been good—better, in fact, than we had it in the fields above, for the ventilation of a mine in these days is admirably managed—but you are right: we did wisely in leaving our *overcoats* at the top.

Hurrah! we are going down hill now; erect once more, and half breaking into a trot in our excitement. So far, the walls have been solid rock, with only here and there a streak of coal; but presently, after another crouching passage through a long low gallery, and over a slippery mud pavement, we come upon a tramway leading into one of the pits which at the present time are being "worked;" worked, that is, for ten hours a day. The men are all gone now, and their picks lie scattered about.

COAL! At last. COAL, too, in its native bed.

More times than we could estimate we had seen it at home;—in the canal boats; on the wharves; in carts on the streets; in the prosaic backyard, at the cellar window, and in that dreadful hole, the cellar itself; in the kitchen stove and library grate;—the sight had been very commonplace indeed. But never had we looked at it so curiously, so filled with awe, as down there fathoms and fathoms deep, where the Creator had placed it aeons and aeons since. What a striking vindication of His title, *Jehovah-jireh*.

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Now stand off. Let others rack their brains over the problem—which Mr. Angus defies even Sir William to solve—why these lustreless streaks of "gas coal" should be found only between those layers of the lustrous diamond: the problem Sir William cannot solve is not for *me* to grapple with. Stand off and let me have a pick. What sense in visiting a dusky honeycomb like this without carrying off a souvenir?

Whack. Whack. Whack.

"He'll make a miner yet, the lad."

Creak, creak, creak, comes answering from the seam of coal as it slowly crushes down by its own weight, making a fissure, imperceptible now, but which over night will widen and widen till in the morning the miners returning to their work will find how the forces