

"Morgan's Stall." Here thirty-eight yards of solid coal lay between, but it was resolved to cut through. Never did colliers work harder. They plied their whole strength, and drove their tools hard, true and deep; and almost savagely rained down their blows on that wall of coal. Thinking to pass food to the men, they bored through the last six yards, but the plan failed. The confined gases escaping through the boring played in blue flames around the Davy lamps, warning the workers of fresh dangers, and with the cry: "The gas is upon us!" they had to dash up the heading into clear and safer places. At last they were almost through; and, extreme though the danger was to workers and imprisoned alike, the band of heroes worked on at their task, never faltering, never flinching, never turning their heads. In a few hours a hole was made, but the man who made it was hurled violently back as the imprisoned air rushed out. With the escape of the air the water rose in the pit, and the workers could hear the piteous cries of the imprisoned ones: "We are up to our middle in water! It is almost over with us!" But they must not be lost now. So putting forth all their strength, the wall was knocked down, the rescuers dashed in and brought out the four men and a boy who had been shut up without food for ten days. And with swelling hearts all England thanked God for such heroic deeds.

### THE ANCIENT BATTERING-RAMS.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON.

THEY exerted greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860. These battering-rams were probably as effective in knocking down a wall or staving in the side of a ship as the best modern cannon, but for making a breach, the guns are far superior. Such was the solidity and thickness of the walls of Jerusalem that, Josephus tells us, it took all of one night for an enormous battering-ram to dislodge four stones!

Vitruvius has left us the description of a ram weighing 480,000 pounds; but probably the most celebrated of all the ancient moving-tower rams was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes at the siege of Rhodes. The base of the tower was seventy-five feet square. The ram itself was an assembly of large square beams resting on wheels in size proportioned to the weight of the structure, and all riveted together with iron. The feloes of the wheels were three feet thick and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles of the tower a large pillar of wood was carried up to a height of 150 feet, and these pillars were inclined toward one another. The tower had three stories, communicating by two staircases each. Three sides of the machine were plated with iron to protect them against fire. In front of each story there were loop-holes, screened by leather curtains, to keep out darts, arrows, etc. Each story was provided with machines for throwing large stones and darts; and in the lower story was the ram itself, thirty fathoms long, and fashioned at the end into an iron beak, or prow. The entire machine was moved forward by 3,500 soldiers.

But it can easily be understood that among so many men some must be more or less exposed to the enemy's darts and arrows; and so, to drive the enemy from the walls and open places, to break the roofs of his houses, and otherwise annoy him, machines were necessary for throwing missiles, from small darts up to huge bowlders.

HEAVEN leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their heavy cares.

### THE KOH-I-NUR.

INDIA has long been famous for its precious stones; two of the largest diamonds in the world—the Koh-i-nur and the Pitt—were found in the mines of Golconda.

There is a story told of a proud ruler in India who had a wonderful throne made for himself at Delhi. It was called the Peacock Throne, and represented by jewels a peacock with its head overlooking and its tail overshadowing the emperor when he was sitting upon the throne. The natural colours of the peacock were represented by the most brilliant stones that are found in that land of gems. Two great diamonds—one of which was the Koh-i-nur—were used for the eyes.

The king who had this gorgeous throne lived to be a very old man. After his death and that of several successors the reigning emperor was deposed by Nadir Shah, and the Peacock Throne was broken up and the beautiful jewels were scattered. Search was made for the Koh-i-nur, but it could not be found. After every effort had been made, Nadir Shah was secretly told that the emperor whom he had driven from the throne wore the valuable jewel hidden in his turban; so, during a great ceremony held at Delhi, Nadir Shah proposed to the deposed Mogul emperor that they should exchange turbans in token of good faith, according to their treaty. The conquered man could not refuse, and Nadir Shah carried off the turban in triumph, and in its fold he found the great diamond Koh-i-nur, which he called the "mountain of light."

In 1849 the Koh-i-nur came into the possession of the Queen of England, who, as sovereign of the British possessions in India, is called the "Empress of India." The diamond is so precious that it is guarded with the greatest care in Windsor Castle, and a model of it is kept in the jewel-room of the Tower of London.—*Our Sabbath Visitor.*

### A HAPPY CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl, eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, nor moon, nor stars; nor grass, nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father or mother; yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the Bishop had seen.

"She was journeying on the railroad this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her—not a friend or a relation to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said, to some one near by, 'how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind, and can see nothing.' And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, 'I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me.'

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why you are so happy."

"I love Jesus, and he loves me. I sought Jesus, and I found him," was the reply.

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the gospels," she said; "but what I like the best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Revelations 20th, 21st, and 22nd chapters.

### Charlie's Story.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

THE family pledge hung on the wall,  
And on it you could see  
The names of mamma and Mary Jane  
And Charlie—that is me.

We didn't dare to ask papa  
To write upon it too,  
So left a space for him to fill;  
'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw the pledge as soon as he  
Came in the door that night;  
And when we saw him reading it,  
It put us in a fright.

He didn't say a word to us  
About the pledge at all,  
But oft we saw him look at it,  
As it hung upon the wall.

And every night when he came home,  
He stopped and read it through;  
We all kept still about those words,  
Although we knew them true.

Four weeks had passed, and then one night  
When pa came home to tea,  
He took the pledge down from its nail,  
And then he turned to me:

"Go get the pen and ink, my boy,  
And let me fill that space;  
It looks so bare," he slowly said,  
A queer look on his face.

And then mamma sat down and cried,  
(She said it was for joy,)  
And Mary Jane she cried some too;  
I didn't—I'm a boy.

But papa says he did not drink  
Since that first night when we  
Had hung that pledge upon the wall  
Where he our names could see.

And ever since that space was filled,  
Mamma just said to-night,  
Though dark may be our little room,  
One corner now is light.

### A NINETEENTH CENTURY FORCE.

WHAT a magnetic influence there is in the word *Chautauqua!* How it attracts from all quarters and inspires every heart to renewed zeal! There is not a scholar of high attainments in this or other lands who is not ready to place upon her altar the best fruits of his labours. The very name is now a synonym for consecrated study, refinement, Christian education, broad, liberal culture. This great institution has more followers than the armies of the greatest military chieftains whose names and deeds are recorded by history, and the result of their battles is more potent for the uplifting of mankind, the masses of humanity, than any other plan ever devised, save the religion of Jesus Christ. The silent forces of this powerful movement permeate every portion of the world. The scores of camp-fires in the different parts of this continent illuminate countless darkened intellects, and kindle a desire for knowledge in many a heart. The church, the school, the mission-field, the secular departments of life, all receive their share of blessings from this noblest of educational enterprises, which so perfectly marks the close of the nineteenth century. It has only just begun. Years of great usefulness are before it. Let its friends be true, and the future will show still grander achievements.