

For I *was* rather full and had no business there
Where the lives of the miners were placed in my
care.

Well, they got in the cage an' I started 'em down
A holdin' the brake while the rope was unwound:
But the stuff in my stomach had worked on my
brain;

I reeled toward the pit, and recoverin' again,
I let the brake slip; what a terrible sound
As the windlass like lightning went spinning
around!

In an instant my agony brought to my brow,
The cold beads of sweat and no longer now
Was my brain in a mist; with the strength of dis-
pair.

I clutched at the rope while the timbers up there
Where the pulley was hung like the envoys of fate
To seal my sad doom were lying in wait.
My God how the thoughts sped through my wild
brain!

My wife and my child, would I perish in vain?
Would I murder them both and be sent to the bar
Of my righteous Creator to answer therefor?

The thoughts that I had, 'twould take hours to tell
But I passed in a second, a cycle of hell;

My right hand grasped the rope as upward I sped
Till the pulley was scarcely a foot from my head;
Then my left struck a beam, with a desperate grip
I held till it seemed that my joints would slip
From their sockets: and out of my nostrils the
blood

Gushed forth. The cage stopped, and I dropped
with a thud.

I revived before long; and my opened eyes fell
On my wife and my child, they were both safe and
well.

When I got the cage stopped before I let go,
They were scarcely a yard from the bottom and so
When I let the rope loose they didn't drop far
And all that they suffered was just a slight jar.
That's why I don't drink; its reason enough;
I'm not a fanatic; but don't want no stuff
That makes me endanger my family's lives
And keeps me still poor while my next neighbor
thrives.

Well, here we are. We've been riding slow,
It wont hurt 'em to drink. Now behave yourself!
Whoa!

That cowshed down there is the house that I had
Before I swore off. It *was* pretty bad:
Not much like the new one? No 'taint quite so
fine;

I'm half owner now at the Tiger gold mine.

LANGUAGE—ITS ORIGIN.

ALTHOUGH some object to any the-
orizing on this branch of modern
thought, assuming and *only* assuming
that Speech is of divine origin, already
built up into sentences, divided and sub-
divided into the various parts of speech,
we will try the venture.

These objectors claim that God is the
framer of human speech. In this, they
appear more orthodox than the Bible
even. For turning to Gen. 2: 29, we read,
"And out of the ground God formed every
beast of the field and every fowl of the
air, and brought them unto Adam to see
what *he* would call them, and whatever
he would call any living creature that was
the name thereof." The foundation upon
which the assumption is based, is that
God could create language as well as any
thing else by a stretch of his power.
True there is nothing impossible to Him,
hypothetically; but it becomes us to in-
vestigate and not lazily to ascribe to di-
vine interference, what is in reality a prod-
uct of the human mind.

Do you doubt this? Is this view athe-
istic? Is there anything unworthy of the
Creator to endow men with intellect, with
vocal organs, easily adjusted, finely
carved out—is there a defect in his crea-
tion in leaving us to develop our powers
of speech? And should we suppose Him
to have put in our mouths such words as
"*aldiborontiphoscophornios*?" We answer
no.

He that holds that in the garden of
Eden, God spoke Latin, the Devil French,
and Eve Italian, and asks me then to dis-
prove the proposition, is not to be reason-
ed with; he finds no difficulty in be-
lieving that rocks are created, aqueous,
metamorphic or igneous, now in 1879, just
the same as in the mesozoic or azoic
ages, having mastodon's teeth even imbed-
ded in them. To him the characters of
Nature's books are nothing; shells and
fossil imprints of leaves, organic remains

