

safely in the seat of the scornful, and the gibes of the women Sam was far above noticing. Then, after he had publicly joined the Methodist congregation, a great deal of Christian courtesy fell to him as of right; for the men who began in the prayer-meetings to say "Mr. Naylor" naturally used the pleasant mark of respect outside the sacred walls. It helped him wonderfully. Any one could see that "Sam Naylor" and "Mr. Naylor" were two different men.

In the year of John Burslam's charge a great sorrow came to Picardy Green. The pits and iron-works got into pecuniary difficulties, the mighty furnaces grew cold, and the white-faced, grimy colliers lounged idly all day on the black banks of the useless canal. Five hundred families found themselves without bread. They had no money to move away, and, indeed, where should they go? It is not everywhere in England a collier or iron-worker can get employment. But when people have nothing saved, and no resources, famine comes with rapid steps. There was soon suffering and distress in every cottage, and hunger, cold, and care brought forth fever and pestilence.

It was in these days Sam became a hero. Not such a hero as Jack the Giant-killer; anybody could be a hero with a "coat of darkness, shoes of swiftness, and cap of knowledge." Sam had to fight the pestilence almost, without weapons—to go into rooms of anguish to meet an enemy he could not see, and often to obey orders which seemed to him both useless and cruel.

But it was not the least of his merits that he was willing to obey. John Burslam begged, in the large towns adjoining, food, medicine and money, and it was Sam's work to use this help precisely as John directed him. To carry wailing children up and down a room hours at a time, to make porridge for hungry ones, to soothe heartbroken women, to control men frantic with fever, to strip himself of his old pride in his manhood and do a woman's work with broom and pail in order to save life—these were deeds of daring that made a gentleman of Sam Naylor.

"For Sorrow gives the accolade
(With the sharp edge of her blade)
By which the noblest knights are made."

It was a great comfort to John Burslam that, before he left, the works had been able to resume operations. Sam had been promoted, the charge of his department having been given to him, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. Even the manager now called him Mr. Naylor. He moved into a better house, and the children went to school. Martha had a merino dress now for afternoons. Poor Martha! she was still in tears, and