

"And still another incident of one of my early trips to England on business, during the cotton famine, lingers with a sad sweetness in my memory. It was in the City of Manchester, one Sunday afternoon after dinner. I remember the day distinctly; it was raining hard—midwinter—the days were short, misty, sunless and foggy. The time hung heavily on my hands, when the waiter who had been serving me, turned to me and said: 'Mr. Thompson, there is a meeting held every Sabbath afternoon of mill workers, men and women, mostly weavers; would you like to go?—it's close by.'

"'But it rains so hard,' I replied. 'How far is it to where this meeting is held?'

"'Within five minutes' smart walk,' he answered.

"So off I went, taking my umbrella of course (a never-failing need in Manchester). I shall never forget the congregation I met that afternoon—poor working people, the men in corduroy and moleskin, the women without hats or bonnets, but with plaid shawls over their shoulders, which they

put over their heads when going out into the street, and with clogs on their feet. At the head of the table sat an elderly man, dressed as plainly as the others, but he had a pair of bright eyes and a cheery-looking face. A group of about a score of men and women sat around the room; they all joined in a hymn, not very hearty, but as if some burden they shared in common was upon them. The leader of the gathering then offered up a very tender and touching prayer, in a strong Lancashire dialect, but there was the marked flavor of sincerity in it, that somehow suggested a child pleading for bread, and for the reason that it was hungry; also that they needed from a loving Father some comfort that He alone could give and light to cheer them through the dark, for they could not see their way. They wanted the touch of a helping hand, for they were groping in the fog and mist; human help was failing, work was getting scarcer every day, and 'trade was very slack.' Then, looking upward, with eyes streaming with tears, a light seemed to break upon his counten-