

caught it up at the second word. Before the first line was finished, nine hundred voices were joining in it:

"Thankful, I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

"Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly
As clouds before the morning sun."

They passed out of the mill singing it, and left John alone among his silent looms. He had been working them at a loss of sixty pounds a week for a long time. It does not sound heroic to say this, but it really was a deed of far grander self-sacrifice than those the trumpet blows from east and west; for it was done without any hope of future benefit, since John fully believed, with every one else, that as soon as the war was ended, four million bales of cotton would be poured into the Manchester market.

The "hands" had, in their way, shown an equal degree of heroism. The wages at John's mill had been nearly two shillings a week less than the charity which the relief fund allowed them; but not a man or woman had preferred it. Every one had worked their three days a week, at next to nothing wages, manfully and womanfully, rather than take the nation's charity until they were compelled to do so.

The closing of John's mill was immediately followed by the closing of three larger ones. Their owners, richer men than John, had felt ashamed to close their gates while Denby's mill persevered; so that the stopping of the latter threw nearly three thousand more "hands," with those dependent upon them, on the public care. Full of the gravest anxiety, and feeling with all his heart the deeper poverty of the men and women so long associated with him, John went home that day sorely needing comfort.

He was glad to find his sister there. When John married, Mary Denby had given her life up to works of charity; and no one knew the poor of Garsby and their especial needs so well. The first movement of the National Relief Committee had been to secure her aid, and to this post they had added a small salary; for the day had come when Mary Denby also was nearly penniless. True, she lived in her own house, and had the rent of four other houses to support her, but the whole four were occupied by men connected with the closed mills—men now far too destitute to pay rent. Her small savings were gone, and she took the appointment as a special goodness from God's hand. She had come to ask John's help in a pecu-