

which they had received me was still unbroken ; but I *was* surprised at what followed.

“A great burly Irishman—one Malone—who has been working in the pit for half-a-year or so, stood up and spoke.

“He did not say much, but every word told. He retailed the story of his wife’s death-bed, and how the master’s daughter had come, undeterred by wind and rain, and brought with her the comfort and hope which had made his wife’s last moments the happiest she had ever known. I cannot bring before you the grandeur of simplicity which carried such weight with it, nor the terrible sincerity of the rugged giant, as he stood with tears in his eyes and his voice husky with emotion, but it is a scene I will never forget as long as I live, and I don’t think any one who witnessed it will ever forget it either.

“He reminded them too, how the master’s daughter and her friends had wrought and thought for their children’s good and theirs, and how there was scarcely one present who had not reaped the benefit of their labours in comfort and cleanliness alone, not to mention other and better things.

“In conclusion, he proposed that they should all go back to their work, after they had given three cheers in honour of the young ladies, for the sake of whose goodness alone, they should be willing to do much more than this.

“He sat down amid a perfect burst of cheering, and when that was subdued, another miner rose and seconded him, and the resolution was carried by acclamation.

“Some one tried to oppose it, but he was effectually shouted