

house with murder in their hearts, and the means of accomplishing it in their hands.

Mr. Winter had finished his work at the office and gone home to sit down to a late lunch, as his custom was, when he was interrupted by the mob. The rest of the incident is connected with what has been told. The crowd seized him with little ceremony, and it was only Phillip's timely arrival and his occupying the interval until the police arrived that prevented a lynching in Milton that night. As it was, Mr. Winter received a scare from which it took a long time to recover. He dreaded to go out alone at night. He kept on guard a special watchman, and lived in more or less terror even then. It was satisfactorily proved in a few days that the man who had gone to see Mr. Winter had never reached the office door. But coming around the corner of the building where the new work was being done, he had fallen off the stone-work, striking on a rock in such a way as to produce a fatal wound. This tempered the feeling of the workmen toward Mr. Winter; but unrest and discontent had seized on every man employed in the mills, and as the winter drew on, affairs reached a crisis.

The difference between the mills and the men over the scale of wages could not be settled. The men began to talk about a strike. Phillip heard of it, and at once, with his usual frankness and boldness, spoke with downright plainness to the men. That was at the little hall a week after the attempt on Mr. Winter's life. Phillip's part in that night's event had added to his reputation and his popularity with the men. They admired his courage and his grit. Most of them were ashamed of the whole affair, especially after they had sobered down and it had been

proved that Mr. Winter had not touched the man. So Phillip was welcomed with applause as he came out on the little platform and looked over the crowded room, seeing many faces there that had glared at him in the mob a week before. And yet his heart told him he loved these men, and his reason told him it was the sinner and the unconverted that God loved. It was a terrible responsibility to have such men count him popular, and he prayed that wisdom might be given him in the approaching crisis, especially as he seemed to have some real influence.

He had not spoken ten words when some one cried, "Come outside! Big crowd out here want to get in." It was moonlight and not very cold, so every one moved out of the hall, and Phillip mounted the steps of a storehouse near by and spoke to a crowd that filled up the street in front and for a long distance right and left. His speech was very brief, but it was fortified with telling figures, and at the close he stood and answered a perfect torrent of questions. His main counsel was against a strike in the present situation. He had made himself familiar with the facts on both sides. Strikes, he argued, except in very rare cases, were demoralizing,—an unhealthy, disastrous method of getting justice done.

"Why, just look at that strike in Preston, England, among the cotton spinners. There were only 660 operatives, but that strike before it ended threw out of employment over 7,800 weavers and other workmen who had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel of the 660 men. In the recent strike in the cotton trade in Lancashire, at the end of the first twelve weeks the operatives had lost in wages alone \$4,500,000. Four strikes that occurred in England between