

HOLD ON, HOLD IN, HOLD OUT.

Hold on, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all,
Shall stand, though Heaven and earth
shall fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
The patient see God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who bears the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow;
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points to a paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart; hold in, hold out!

—Schmucke.

THE STRIKE IN WASHINGTON ST.

BY EUNICE EDWARDS.

The street was humble, though its name was so grand. It lay near the outskirts of a large western city, and was lined, on either side, for the most part, with neat one-story frame cottages, with here and there an unsightly cabin, marring its comeliness, like freckles on a pretty face.

On one corner, surrounded by its little green yard, stood one of the most attractive of these small houses, and a little after six, one sunny afternoon in May, the owner, John Carter, went eagerly up the steps and into the little parlor. The room was exquisitely neat, and even dainty. The fresh white curtains at the windows were tied back with ribbons, and in the little bay window at one side was a stand of flowers, gay with geraniums and other favorites. A neat ingrain carpet on the floor, a very pretty willow and other chairs, some bookshelves on the wall, and a table holding a lamp, a few magazines and a work-basket, completed most of the furniture of the room. Several good engravings on the walls and various little feminine knick-knacks scattered about, gave an air of refinement to this humble apartment. John Carter thought it really elegant, and especially admired the new portiere, made of fine red cotton flannel, with bands of old gold, and feather-stitching of blue, which hung between that room and the kitchen.

But looking through this half-drawn curtain, he saw a sight which checked his merry whistle in the middle of a breath. It was almost a year since Lucy, his Lucy, had made the house so bright for him, and this was the first time she had failed to meet him at the door, and have a good supper spread for him in that spotless kitchen and on that table, at which he was now gazing, only to realize that it was bare. What could it mean? He sat down to think, but jumped up quickly again to look into the little bed-room just at hand, only to find that deserted, too. She must have been called to some of the neighbors. Her bright face would be welcome if there was sickness or trouble. As he went back into the parlor, the yellow canary, swinging above the flowers in the bay window, looked at him in a knowing way, turning his head first to one side, then the other, as who should say, "I know something, if I would only tell!" then went off into a merry mocking song, as if the secret were too good to keep.

At this, John went to the door to look up and down the street. In vain. No Lucy was in sight. He was a muscular young man, with a frank and pleasing face, on which anxiety now began to be plainly depicted, and even little touches of anger and impatience; for with breakfast at half-past six and a basket lunch at one, a man is pretty hungry by half-past six at night. Though I will do John Carter the justice to say that he had thought more, all the way home, of what he would see and taste at the door, than of what he would find on the table.

To-day he had been doing a hard day's work, but not in his usual line. He was a skilled mechanic, with regular work at good wages, and had laid aside enough to buy this little home before asking Lucy to share it. But of late there had been a feeling of great unrest, even among the better class of workmen. Certain men, who fare best in times of trouble and agitation, but with no real love for their fellow-men, had fostered this feeling, telling them that they worked too hard, and too long, and had too few of the good things of life, and that their only remedy was force, organized force. And so forgetting that two wrongs never make a right; forgetting how much of their hard earned money had done them more harm than good; forgetting, indeed, many things they should have remembered, many thousands of them had struck for more pay and shorter hours. Hardly waiting for an answer, they had left their employers, and were spending their time in excited talk on the streets, and, alas, more often in the saloons, or in various secret meetings, called by the leaders to increase the agitation.

John Carter, though well satisfied

with his prospects and pay, and enjoying his work, had gone out with the others, because it was so decreed by the order to which he belonged, and because he really hoped for some indefinite gain to all who labored with their hands. He had explained as much of this as he thought best to Lucy, the evening before, when she had ventured to protest. His day's work had not left him altogether easy and happy in his mind, and now to miss both Lucy and his supper, it was too much. He went restlessly from the kitchen to the doorstep, and had just made up his mind to go in search of his missing comforts, when he espied a trim figure coming slowly down the walk. It was certainly Lucy, in her new hat, and with a pleased smile on her face. She couldn't have been on any sad errand, that was sure, and seemed in no haste to get to the home at which she was plainly overdue. So John stifled his first impulse to go and meet her, and went back to his big chair in the parlor to collect sufficient dignity to meet her as she deserved; for by this time he was convinced that he had been shamefully neglected.

In another moment Lucy's sunny face appeared in the door, and was greeted by the canary with a burst of welcoming song; but John sat still.

"Oh, you are home," said Lucy, going over to him with a kiss of welcome she had never failed to give.

John softened at this, and asked, somewhat too eagerly for dignity, "Where have you been? Why did you stay so long?"

"Well," said Lucy, sinking into a chair and taking off her hat, "I will tell you. I know you will be pleased, though I hope you have had your supper, for, you see, I couldn't get any for you to-day."

At this his dignity and anger began to return. Lucy saw this, and added, hastily, "Don't be vexed, John, dear, for it is all a matter of principle, and I am sure you will approve; but the fact is," and here pushed back the little damp curls from her forehead, "the fact is, we have struck."

John was not a hasty man, as men go, but he bounded from his chair, exclaiming, "Good gracious, child! what do you mean?"

"Now don't get excited, John, and I will tell you all about it. You see," she went on in coaxing tones, "after you went away this morning and the work was all done, I began to think of what you were telling me last night, and it did seem too bad that people had to work so long and hard and get so little in return, especially for the poor women I know so many of. Even night brings many of them so little rest. So a grand thought came into my mind. I am sure you will think it so, for I remembered all you had told me. The thought was this: Why not form ourselves into a union, and demand shorter hours and better pay? To be sure, I was well off, my pay was good, and I loved my work; but I mustn't think of myself, for you know very well, John, that all husbands are not like you. So, first, I went in to see poor Mollie O'Brien. Her house and children were dirty, and she was doing a big washing, that she had taken in to help Mike along through the strike, while the baby hung on to her skirts and cried for 'mammy.' Mike looking about, half awake, shuffled out as I went in. Mollie heard me in perfect astonishment, but said, 'If anything can help me an' the childer, sure an' I'll do it.' She couldn't see how it would, and while Mike spends most all he gets for the 'craythur,' I don't really see, myself. However, at last she gave her name as the first member of the 'Women's Union for Self-Protection.' Motto, eight hours' work, and a twenty-five per cent. increase in wages! That means housekeeping allowance and pin money, of course, but I thought the other sounded more business-like."

By this time John had subsided into his easy chair again, while expressions of doubt, chagrin and impatience flitted in turns across his face. The canary chirped uneasily, but Lucy braced her self more firmly against the chairback and went on.

"From there I went to Mrs. Pratt's. You know she has the largest house of any of us, and after a long argument, she joined, too, and offered her house for a meeting. She held out at first, for she had plenty, and keeps a girl to do her hard work; but she finally admitted that she didn't handle nearly as much of her husband's money as she ought to. She said, too, that her husband had used just the arguments that you had, and had walked out with the rest, though he is a 'boss' at the rolling-mills and gets large pay. After that it was easy. All the neighbors were eager to join, though most said it was no use; still, if our husbands were deprived of food and care, they might be only too glad to yield."

"Mrs. Pratt kept me to dinner, and

at three o'clock we had the meeting. She was made president, and it was six o'clock before we got through; but we are to have another to-morrow. Of course if we are not working, we must have something to take up our time, for we decided to 'strike' and 'walk out' at once. We had, some of us, tried coaxing and argument before, but it had failed. The only one that had really refused to join was Mrs. Price. She said her husband wasn't such a fool—it sounds hard to say it, but she did—he wasn't such a fool as to belong to a 'union' of any kind. He was a free American citizen, and would not be dictated to about his work, or his wages, and she agreed with him and would like to be allowed to manage her own affairs in her own way.

"This we talked over, of course, after we were started with all our officers (and I am secretary), and we decided, by a large majority, that we must—let me see, what is it? (Here she drew a little blank-book from her pocket, and consulted it.) "Yes, I am sure I am right, for we looked it up in the newspaper—b-o-y-c-o-t-t. We decided that we must boycott Mrs. Price. It seemed cruel, but it was for the good of the whole, you know. We are not to call on her, or speak to her even on the street. She does a good deal of fine ironing for the ladies in Webster Square; it helps them out, she says, in their extra expenses with Johnnie, since he became a cripple, and she hopes soon to be able to buy for him one of those nice wheel-chairs, so that he can go out a little by himself. We appointed a committee to go up to Webster Square and warn the people there not to give her any more work. Miss Heckel, herself, offered to lead them, and to do picket duty. She said she had no husband, and would not bind herself to such a life of slavery, but she was willing to do anything for suffering humanity."

John had more than once attempted to interrupt this account with exclamations more vigorous and polite, but Lucy had only said:

"Now, John, dear, don't use bad words; you know I hate them, and really, we followed you men as closely as we could in everything. Mrs. Conrad suggested that some of our husbands could not possibly afford to give us any more to spend; that they were already so generous that they were not laying up anything for the future, and if pressed for more, might become entirely disheartened. But she was argued down, for there is no knowing what you may be able to get, until you really try. Some of the women had left bread in the oven and work partly done, not expecting to stay so long. It seemed a pity to waste good food, but it could not be helped, and might be a good lesson to our oppressors."

"At six we adjourned, and Mrs. Pratt insisted on my staying to tea, to talk things over, for her husband would not be home until nine or after, having gone to superintending another strike. We had to be very careful at the table not to let the girl hear us, for, of course, Mrs. Pratt don't want her to get the idea of striking."

"And why not, may I ask?" John ventured to break in.

"Well, John, you remember you said yourself, when our washwoman wanted pay for half a day and only staid until 11 o'clock, that I mustn't give it; that she must learn that four hours' work couldn't bring five hours' pay."

"And is that all?" said John, as Lucy paused a moment.

"That's about all, I think," said Lucy, "only that Mrs. Conrad suggested something about the golden rule, and we told her that was just what we were trying to live up to. Then we passed a resolution not to resort to any violence unless forced to, unless our husbands hired some one else to do their work, or something of that kind, you know. But you don't say anything, John. Why don't you speak?"

"Lucy Carter," said John, solemnly, "is there anything in this house to eat?"

"Why, you poor boy," said Lucy, starting up, "you haven't had any supper. Why, yes, there's bread and butter and cold meat in the pantry, that I was to have had for my lunch."

She started eagerly forward, then, recollecting herself, sat down again. In another moment a great clatter of falling pans announced that John's search for supper had begun, and Lucy, with a sigh, went across the room and laid her hot cheek against the bars of the canary's cage, furtively wiping away a few tears that would fall, while the bird looked on sorrowfully and chirped softly in sympathy.

Soon John came back, and going straight to Lucy, he put his arm around her, gently pulling her down beside him in the big chair.

"Little woman," he said, "don't cry any more. My strike is ended."

"Oh, John, dear John, do you really mean it?"

In a little kitchen with a most appetizing supper before them, and while Lucy poured the tea, John gave an account of his day.

"Nearly all of us went back," he said, "and glad enough we were, too, and no one molested us. Our employer was as pleased as could be, and before closing made us a speech, saying that he was sorry not to advance our wages now, as he had long wished to do, but the state of trade would not allow it. We all knew that what he said was true. He added, though, that he would give us an extra two hours every Saturday during the summer, and he hoped we would use them well by taking our wives and babies to the woods and parks. I wish all employers were like mine, but, alas! they are not."

"And I wish all workmen were like you, but, alas! they are not," said Lucy, in parenthesis.

"I brought Mike O'Brien along home with me," he continued, "the first time, I guess, for three weeks that he has been home sober. Poor Mollie ran after me a little way to say that she would pray for me."

This was a long speech for John, and he fell to eating, listening meanwhile to Lucy's story.

"I saw them all," she said. "Mrs. Pratt was only too glad to give it up. She said her husband was angry at first, then laughed and said he guessed he had been a little close with her, since he had been earning so much, and he would give her five dollars a week more."

Mrs. Conrad was glad, too, for she said that Franz always did for her just as well as he could, and let her plan the spending of all he earned, and she thought that bearing one another's burdens meant that the bearing and forbearing was to be on both sides. Mollie O'Brien was over the wash-tub, and singing softly what sounded like 'Lanigan's Ball,' but when she saw me she cried out, 'Good luck till ye, Mistriss Carter, for ye've got me old man back to work. An' I'll not complain if I have the full of me two hands of trouble and work.' But wasn't Miss Heckel angry, though! She said she was thankful enough she wasn't such a slave and called no man master; and that if she met any of the oppressors of her sex in the street, she was ready to give them a piece of her mind."

"I can well believe it," said John. "Meantime she would boycott us all!"

All this time the canary had been treating them to the most triumphant burst of song. He trilled and rushed madly up and down the scale, touching high C many a time, and shaking himself until it seemed as though his little fluffy yellow body could not any longer contain his happiness. Lucy smiled, and, looking fondly across the table, said:

"Don't you think, dear, that, after all, the charity that 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things,' is the more excellent way?"

"Yes," said John, earnestly, "yes, little wife, I do."—The Interior.

RANDOM READINGS.

Plenty of time is given us in life to do all that God intended we should do. Duty for the hour is in the light of the hour. God takes care of the consequences of such duty-doing.

The real value a man puts on a thing, is the amount of sacrifice he will undergo for the purpose of obtaining it.

Live near to God, and so all things will appear to you little in comparison with eternal realities.—R. M. McCheyne.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

Be true; in that is the secret of eloquence and virtue; in that is moral weight; that is the happiest maxim of art and of life.

Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.—Selected.

From the grave of a dead hope we may rise to a newness of life. Let us be thankful for the pang by which God brings us to himself.—Herrick Johnson.

Pleasant weather there may be in the voyage of life, but never weather so pleasant that the hand may leave the helm, or the eye the compass.

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