

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



put my nose inside to-night, after any snubbing the last time."

"Not to-night perhaps. She is not at all well to-day."

"All right."

They stand and chat, quite regardless of the impatient nickerbones who are staring straight across at them. Kate doesn't mind much, either; she has grown used to it, as she likes to be hard-working like. She has no objection to her snubbing. It will not keep them from looking at her, or coming to their gates to see the interview every evening. These few minutes every evening are the ones they expect for the day. And it would be hard indeed, if for the sake of her neighbors, she had to forego that.

So Tom came very readily, and what the neighbors thought neither of them cared; though, indeed, it annoyed Kate sometimes to see Susan Lester's sugar face from above, as she hung out of the next door window, as if by her heels, to catch a sight of them and witness the "forefall."

CHAPTER II.

It was evening, and the day Kate had appointed for her walk.

She had not seen Tom all day. She had not let her mother's sister see Mr. Armstrong, feeling very much wroth, had kept her bed.

"Not sorry?" Tom says, when she opens the door to him.

"Oh, Tom! I neither am so ill, so very ill."

Tom lifts his lips savorily, and frowns.

"She is very bold," Kate answers, glancing up as she leans the window open next door, and drawing a little into the hall.

Tom does not answer; he looks his hat against the step, and keeps his eyes fixed on the ground in grim silence.

"She seems a little better now," she says finally, "but—but I don't not leave her."

"I expect as much," says Tom wearily at last. "Another cough, Kate—"

"Oh, Tom! I'm sure you're miserable," Tom can't you understand. Oh! don't be so hard on me. Remember what I have to be without your support. Do you think it is no disappointment to me? Do you think I do not care?"

Tom glances up usually above, and then bursts into a torrent of angry words.

"You always put me off. I don't believe your mother is so bad, she pretends it all just to keep you in, and you give way to her in everything. It is always the same, you don't care to come with me. I believe you are ashamed of me; you never will stir unless a sick one is ailing; he breaks off, "I shall have that girl on my mind in a minute."

They go in, and Kate closes the door.

"There! what a spiteful, spiteful Susan; she draws herself in." "The sister's notion; I shall do my worst. Will that be agreeing?"

Tom and Kate stand together in the parlour. Kate has closed the door to prevent the noise of the typewriter, and now she stands white and silent until Tom's question is over.

She pretense to all be as well as very calm. Her small hands are clasped tightly together, and she is frowning very much. She waits until her hair is brushed, and then looks him full in the face.

"You are angry, Tom," she says slowly. "I did not think you would be so to my sister."

"Much you care for what I say," he replies, "Much you ever care. I don't mind; I say loudly, I don't want you to walk with me; I have no plenty others that will do that. My things will come, if I talk her, and I will, too."

Without answer, word he goes out, slamming the street door, fully regardless of the invalid upstairs.

Kate bursts into tears, and cries very bitterly. It is her first real quarrel, and she feels it very much. She feels for the first time her fatherly abuse she is in her trouble; how much in need of one kind friend to help her.

Suddenly, as she reaches there, her mother's weak voice calling pitifully repeats her, and reminding her away her tears cease to flow.

"What is the matter, Kate? what does it mean? Where have you been? I have been calling and calling; I thought you had gone and left me here to die alone."

"Mother, darling," she says positively, "I am sorry I frightened you; I was domineering."

"Why didn't you answer, then? you knew I was calling."

"I was with Tom, mother; I didn't hear you, indeed."

"But that noise that you hear. What was that?"

"I must have been from the street-door, dear. Never mind it now. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. Nothing can do anything. I am very ill. But only let me die; that will I wish."

But Mrs. Armstrong does not sit, and she weeps by her, and sobs into her neck, and still she sobs on.

Kate has long since forgiven her lover, and she was friends once more, though they are never quite the same again. There is always a slight coldness between them; they both feel that, but they do not know whose fault it is. Clammy Mrs. Armstrong blames them the day they quarrelled. Fresh people have moved in next door, and are disposed to be friendly. Many a night they linger on to chat in the parlour with the invalid, and Kate sees it does her mother good, and is glad of the change.

Not far from alone, though. She and the girl Rose are fast becoming friends. Rose is always ready to help if the work is backward. It is Rose who stays at home while Kate goes out; Rose who takes up the room and makes her bed, while Kate picks up with her work.

It is summer now, and all Kate's thoughts are for the change Tom has promised her so often. He will be leaving his holidays shortly now, she thinks gladly. She does not so quite care to see him, but he is always so good and kind, in has never been even to her since that night when he came and bargained her forgiveness.

Now, she does not see him a morning or afternoon, but then he goes another way to work. He has found a "bar out," as the boys say.

"Fido," says Rose, coming in and finding her hard at work one day. "Kate! are you going to the piano to-morrow?"

"What piano?" says Kate.

"Have you heard?"

"No," laughs Kate, putting down her work.

"Well as usual," says Kate, "I have heard of it."

"Kate! don't you know Tom has his wife's birthday?"

"Yes," says Kate. "Oh, I am so glad—"

"Are you?" says Rose, angrily. "I wouldn't be glad if I were you."

"Ah, you don't know all," Kate replies. "It will come tonight, and tell me all about it. I mustn't have heard of course?"

"Tom's a brute, a selfish brute, he ought to be hanged," cries Rose suddenly. "I hate him, Kitty, I hate the sight of him. I—"

"Hush, please," you hurt me," says Kate, turning a disdainful face to the open window.

"Do you know he has had three days of his holidays and never told you? That's what I am glad for, just now, to find out of it."

Kate's face is pale enough now. "What does it matter, dear? Tom will tell me tonight. If he has had his holidays, I am sure he must have done that had enough, his work so hard. But what about the piano?"

"The piano is—Tom's—plain," she says slowly, emphasizing each word deliberately.

"Tom's?"

"Yes, Tom's, and nearly all the girls in his street are getting, and you, who ought to be first, just his wife that is to be, are left out in the cold, to leave the truth from strangers."

It is not now, but Kate does not wait to see the effect her words have. She is afraid to feel the disappointment in the fair sweet face of her friend. She goes alone determined to "hate it out" with Tom at the first opportunity.

And Kate, "poor little Kate," hides her face in her hands and cries all night for the first time.

"So this is the end," she whispers to herself. "He does not care any longer. Mother was right when she said, 'I did not want you.' Oh, Tom! I and I trusted you so, I have loved you so, but he will come to-night, he will surely come, and tell me all."

With her work, so with that hope she goes out with her work, and waits for the evening.

(To be concluded next number.)

Results of Little Things.

NOTHING should be despised on account of its smallness; for from little things great results have been obtained, and though in a certain sense it is wrong to make too much of little things, it is not so to be despised as the small and trifles of life, where some people unfortunately worry themselves and everybody round them, by making too much of every trifles, and, as the saying goes, making a "mountain out of a mole-hill," still, on the other hand, there is a proverb, "Some things begin with great endings," and the truth of this has been proved over and over again.

To the vicar who understood what there was so wise or so observant would have passed by, we were some of our greatest discoveries—discoveries that have benefited the whole world.

Take for instance STEAM, and all the wonders which it has done, and think how many kettles had boiled up, and lifted their lids before it occurred to one genius, Watts, that the power which moved these lids might be used for other purposes. Yet it is the little thing of simply watching a kettle on a cottage fire that now has railroads over the land, steamers to carry us to distant countries, and machines working in our manufactories. Probably the church clock had long ago to wind for many a year before Galileo had looked up, and invented the telescope, without which we should have considered perfect. A little thing this, but the telescope, by means of which Galileo made his discoveries, without which we should have had only two little children at play. The children of a spectacle maker amusing themselves in his father's shop, played two or three pairs of spectacles one by one, and found out, as you know, that a distant object, thus noticed by a wise man, was improved upon with what result every one knows.

Electricity, which in these days of electric lighting is getting to be of more and more importance, was discovered by a man observing that a piece of glass wall rubbed afterwards attracted paper. Who would have thought this apparently simple, trivial sight would lead to us only lifting up the cities of the world, but also to shining up their commerce by flashing messages across sea and land, and bringing the most distant countries into close communion with each other.

DAVANSAG, also, which has been turned to so much account in medicine and manufactures, owes its origin to a person employed in a laboratory observing that the sparks of a small form of electricity, which he had produced from an electrical machine.

Incense, which under such honorable blessings on mankind, owes its origin to a warning light over rock-bound coasts, and giving notice of treacherous sandbanks, over shoals of the sea, was first discovered by a fisherman from a name from Mons. Argens. He it was who remarked that a table lamp by chance over a candle burning in a room with a glass chimney, and from this trifling circumstance arose the lasting benefit of the DAVERS LAMP.

Centuries ago, when the Emperor of the East was visited by Prince Ibrahim in the reign of King Charles III, who took the idea from seeing a soldier who by dragging his rusty gun over the ground, had struck a match in the manner on a steel plate and found the result successful.

Perhaps, the most wonderful, and we may say the most useful, of all inventions, it is said was discovered in an equally simple way, by a man who, while waiting for a horse to be shod, carved letters in book bark, and pressed paper upon them, and by some one else, holding a candle, was impressed with the words in the translucent currency, we were to have arrived at its perfection.

Could it be possible to go on lengthening this paper, but enough has been said to justify the title given it, and perhaps no finer ending could be found than that inscribed on the work above, and by Peter the Great, who, when he visited Holland, "Nothing is so little for the satisfaction of a great man." E. T. T.

MEMBERS—SOCIETY'S PAPER LIST.—The members' names are given in the order of their names in the society's paper. The first line in square lines is the name of the member, and the name of the society is given in the line below.

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

No. XI.

St. Peter in the Garden.—St. Mark, xiv. 23-42; St. Luke, xxi. 39-46.

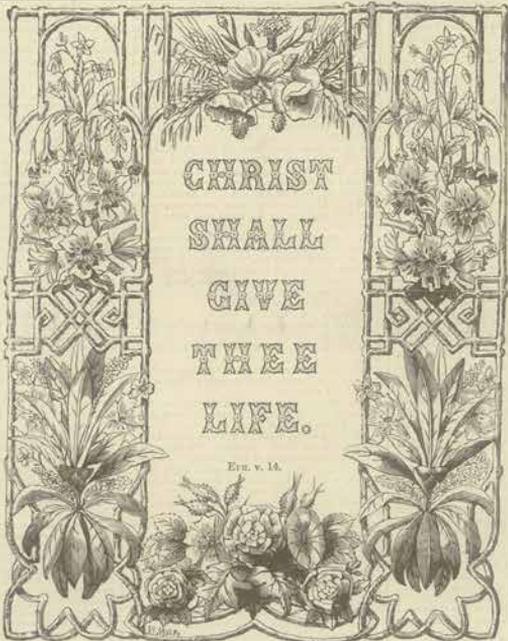


IN the way to Gethsemane, Peter had his warning from the "lips of Christ." The Garden of Gethsemane lay a little way outside the walls of Jerusalem. Christ was wont to go there with His disciples (St. John, xxi. 22). It is remarkable that the

same three disciples were to be with Christ in His agony as were with Him in His transfiguration. The same men who were then eye-witnesses of His Majesty, were now to be eye-witnesses of His suffering. And as St. Peter was one of those, we are brought in the story of his life to consider this most solemn time. Our Lord knew His cross to be very near. The cup of suffering that He must needs drink was very bitter, and as a man—a real man—He shrank from it. Among the olive trees of the Garden, the Lord withdrew a little away from His disciples and poured out His soul to His Father, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It is St. Luke who chiefly records His agony, and tells us that "His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (St. Luke xxiv. 44). What solemn words are these! What was it that caused this agony to the Son of God? Was it only the bodily suffering that He knew lay before Him? It was surely much more than this. It was that great, terrible load of sin, the burden of which He was to bear, under the penalty of which He was to die. If any one of us are charged with some sin that we have never committed, what a hard matter we consider it! But Christ, the pure and Holy One, was content to bear the load of countless sins—"the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. lii. 4, 5, 6) "laid on Him," and so heavy was this load that it laid Him low indeed! We learn how what sin it is. If we are tempted by sin to turn our backs, Peter even lightly of sin, let us look at Christ in the Garden, and say to our heart "this agony was for my sin." The Lord Jesus prayed some again to His three disciples and finds them sleeping. There was no sympathy with Him, no reaching with Him through prayer, some again to Him was sleeping. Peter, who said he was ready to die for his Lord! Christ's little word is very expressive here. He said unto Simon, "Sleepest thou? Couldst thou even watch with Me one hour?" (v. 37). Peter no doubt had kept watch many a night when he was not fishing on the lake, but he could not watch "one hour" with

Christ. Peter's weakness is sad here. We are reminded of Jonah who carelessly lay down to sleep in the vessel in the storm, and was roused by the words, "What manner thou, ye sleeper?" (Jonah 1.5, 6). Christ may well have said like words to Peter, but He spoke more tenderly to him. He was grievous for Peter. He was grieved over Jerusalem (St. Luke, xiv. 43). Have we ever thought how much our hearts grieve Christ? If He did could we go on grieving Him as we so often do? Peter's sleep is a picture of a careless Christian. To have the heart asleep is a dangerous state. There are two kinds of sleep. There is that of the stancer who has never come to Christ.

He cares not for the sufferings of the Lord. He cannot watch by the crosses of Christ. Peter in the Garden seemed as if blind and deaf to his Lord's agony. How well do not forget our Lord say, "Watch and Pray." These two words are well joined together, and should never be separated. One will not do without the other. To watch is the work of a soldier on duty. If a sentinel should sleep at his post, he would have to be shot. Christ's followers are called to be soldiers, and they must not sleep. "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us be watch and be sober" (1 Thess. v. 6-8). Let us not forget that the enemy is ever near. Peter had forgotten it, or he would not have slept; but have anxiously watched. But to "watch" is not sufficient. Our Lord's command is "Watch and Pray." The man who thinks he can stand without prayer makes a fatal mistake. Temptation will specially carry him away. When Jehoshaphat went out into battle he was in imminent danger of losing his life, for there came a moment when he was surrounded by the enemy; but we read that Jehoshaphat "cried out and the Lord helped him" and he was saved from the hand of the enemy (1 Chron. xix. 33). If we have to go forth and to battle with sin and Satan, our only safety will be to do just what Jehoshaphat did (1 Chron. xix. 3-9), and as God helped him, so He will help us. The man who prays will stand, the man who does not will fall. When Christ returned to the third time to His disciples, He said to them, "Sleep in now and take your rest." The opportunity for watching with Him was thus over. The Lord no longer called on them to share His cross. They might have cheered him by their love and sympathy. Now it was too late! How solemn to know that our opportunity will pass, and some day when the door is closed it will be too late! May God awaken our souls from sleep, and when awake may He keep us awake, that we may "Watch and Pray" in the hour of temptation, and wait for Christ until He comes! M. E.



REV. W. A.

He is asleep in sin. He is as the stolid man, who, though he has many calls, yet is never roused, or if wakened for a moment, only falls back to a deeper sleep than before, saying, "Yea, I a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep" (Eccl. v. 11). St. Paul gives a call to such, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v. 14). It is a blessed thing when this call is obeyed; for, sooner or later, if the sinner is not roused from his sleep, he must perish. Peter's sleep, however, was that of a careless Christian. If Satan can get a Christian to fall asleep, he has gained a great point. Satan tempts a Christian not to read his Bible so much, not to pray so much, and his heart gets cold; he is no longer anxious about his soul; he is asleep, then, as Peter in the Garden!

Our Savings.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT SMALL BABY BE.



ANY one might have thought that young Henry White was meditating mischief, who had seen him strolling late one small summer afternoon, just within the deep shadow of a narrow lane that opened out upon a pretty house, picture as you may to be found along that Hampshire coast, or any other coast, indeed.

On a stone not set a grand, good woman, whose neat and simple dress bespoke her of the

class of well-to-do English cottagers. Her pretty head was adorned with soft wavy brown hair, her rosy lips and blue eyes looked as though they had been happy laughter were very well acquainted. But just now they were set with a most abstracted air of earnestness. The clever fingers had been most busy with a half-knitted stocking but just down the knitting needles were at rest. You might have supposed that the knitter had posed them, herself, and her hands, for the benefit of some passing photographer, as still did she remain for some minutes.

In one of the old-fashioned country wooden cradles lay one of the bonniest yet brown-haired babies, with a pretty woman like its mother's. Whether it had also her blue eyes could not at the minute be said, as the white lids were closed over them in a sound calm sleep. But even her baby was not seen by the mother just then. Although her thoughts happened to be especially full of it, she had actually, for the instant, forgotten the presence at her feet of the cradle and its occupant. Even the post had just discovered that fact, and taken advantage of it to transfer itself from the ground to the baby's snowy coverlet, where it lay pretending utter unconsciousness of all surroundings, the lares overhead included.

A pretty cottage stood a little to the knitter's right hand, behind its substantial wooden paling. Nearer at hand flourished some great sunflowers, growing where another sunflower for ever so many generations had grown for the past two hundred years. Beyond all, the distant summer-calm sea, and the distant vessels, gliding along almost imperceptibly, unreal, shadowy-looking objects.

Painted ships upon a painted ocean."

The real, living picture was very fair to look upon in all its details; and there stood Henry White, lingering before he issued from the lane, taking it in with deep grateful interest. For he was an Englishman, a child stealer, only a young husband and father gazing at objects dearer to him than his life, and his heart was full of thankfulness to God for his blessing.

But young White's meditations were interrupted at last by his wife's lips opening somewhat suddenly, with the words in a musing tone:

"Yes, then, twelve men are a hundred and twenty, and two tens more—" "That is to say, fourteen tens are a hundred and twenty," came the interruption in a laughing voice, as Henry White sprang forward and bringing his two hands lightly down on his wife's shoulders, stood looking down at the upturned face with loving admiration.

With the startled flush upon it Mary White's face looked even prettier than before. But although she had been startled she laughed too, as she dropped her knitting in her lap, and put up her own hands upon the upturned face with loving admiration.

"Harry, do you know what granny said to me yesterday when she caught me teasing that cow-like child?"

"No. Perhaps that cowlike make good tea."

"That of the sort, sir; something such

more solemn. She told me that, now I was a married woman and a mother, it was high time to remember that I was no longer a child. If you don't take care, I shall have to send a certain overgrown schoolboy to her for the next lecture."

Henry laughed, kissed the smiling lips, took his hands from their owner's shoulders, and sat down on the bench beside her.

"But now, little Pally, what did your wonderfully serious face mean a while since, and your calculations of the 'ten times table'?"

At that question Mary White's face grew earnest again directly.

"Oh, yes, said eagerly: "I had forgotten. I was thinking about baby's future, you know, Harry."

for the next fourteen years, by the time baby is fifteen there will be a hundred and fifty pounds ready for him—either two hundred even, maybe."

Henry White's face had grown somewhat grey.

"Well, wife, and what then? What has this dream of possible good got to do with that little chap's chance of a trade? I don't quite see your meaning."

Mary picked up her knitting, and added a few stitches rather nervously, for she answered:

"Why, you see, Harry, every one has a right to try to rise in the world—and—and—why shouldn't our boy as well as others?"

"Why shouldn't he, indeed?" rejoined Harry, earnestly, but as grimly as before. "I hope that he will rise, Harry. There are few things better for a man to have, in my thinking, than a healthy, honest ambition."

"Well, then," said Mary, raising her face again, and speaking with something of forced courage, "if you think like that, and I feel like that, why shouldn't we scrape and scrape to put by for our child, and try to give him a start as something of a gentleman. Why shouldn't we?"

"I would sooner throw the money into the sea, sooner, or even see our well-earned money go into a cradle," said Henry White, in low tones of strong emotion, as he bent over the cradle as he spoke, and brushed a fly away from the little sleeper's face.

The mother lent forward too, with an involuntary cry. "Oh, Harry, how can you say such dreadful things! One might almost think that you did not care for your child!"

The young man put his arm around his wife's waist. "Mary, do you remember that our child has been baptized a child of God, a member of Christ, an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. Do you understand that he has already the inheritance of a true gentleman, and that a mere idle spender of the money earned by other men's hands is further from the true type of a gentleman than many a crossing-swessee."

Two bright tears fell from Mary's blue eyes.

"You—you speak as if I had been making up my mind to commit a crime," she murmured at last, with rather pouting lips. "Of all the solemn faces I ever saw, yours would beat them, I'm sure."

Henry White tightened his clasp a little. "Mary dear, he said tenderly, "I will confess you have more than half frightened me. I had no idea when I began saving up a bit of money week by week against a rainy day, or old age, that I was teaching you to love money, no to say, for money's sake, and because you think that the poor mortal is worth more than we are that wins it. When I stood watching your serious face, as I waited at the end of the lane, wondering, you know I pleased myself with thinking that your mind was rich with prayer for our child's best, upright, manly future. I little thought that you were casting up how you might help him to be a large 'no'-do-well!"

Mary drew herself away from her husband's arm rather angrily. "I don't know what you



"A HOME PICTURE."—See Page 12.

Harry smiled. "That has not been a very unimportant subject for your thoughts the past few months, I believe. Have you decided now that his hair will remain your colour, or grow as dark as mine?" "And will he prefer to work at the forge with your father, or to be apprenticed to me to the carpentering? Yesterday, I believe, it was the forge, wasn't it, because of his fine strong arms?"

The mother's eyes lightened with pride as she looked down at the soft, plump little arms, but she said hastily—

"Ah! let that be what before I had thought to count how much money we had saved up in our money-box, Harry. I trusted it all out to-day, and it is, only, think, more than ten pounds! Well, if we go on saving ten pounds more each year

GA E

him who took the little children in his arms, she nestled more lovingly than ever at his side, and was never weary of doing him all her pretty little daughterly services.

John Hartwick felt that he ought to make known to his father his intended marriage, but he also he was again wanting in courage. He put off the disagreeable task from day to day, until at length, between hay-time and harvest, he started on another errand which he managed to make to Fether, without having opened his mind to old Hartwick.

John took up again his former quarters in Woodford, and stayed there several days, often visiting at the Borewell's cottage without saying what he had come to say. Now that the great decisive moment was really close at hand the right words were dreadfully difficult to get hold of. John's thoughts and feelings were always slow in reaching his tongue, and in this case, when thoughts and feelings were in such a crowd, there seemed almost a risk of their never making their way out at all.

One day John came down the old familiar woodland path. A light summer mist hung in the distance, making the far-off farms house look small, and softening the outlines of the hills—just the wood land was in sunshine. John was of course thinking of Lucy, and at a turn in the path upon should he see before him but Lucy herself. She had come to fetch water from the brook, for the long drought had dried up the cottage pump. Her feet were among tall willow-herbs and blushing ragged-rocks, and the dew-drops which touched the hem of her dress. She lent towards the flashing stream, and raised herself and her burden up again with a movement as quick as that of free, active game. Then she stood clasping the large pitcher with both her little hands, and watched with a look of anxious amazement the fairy play made by the crystal beads which dropped from its overhanging rim and dangled the bright water, where they fell with many a tiny splash. All this was reflected in the glassy stream, so that it almost seemed to the love-lorn John as if there were two ways at once. He was not a good stoic, besides he for a minute or two in his usual silent way. Then he said—

"You would not care to carry your forgotten for you when first we met here; may I carry your pitcher now?"

"We will carry it together," she answered softly. So up the steep, shadowy woodland path they went side by side, their hands meeting on the pitcher handle. There were deeper roses on her cheek, and she was looking down not instead of John. When they had nearly reached the top he said—

"Lucy, may I always help you in this way? May I help you in all my life?"

"Yes, John," she whispered, and bent out to him the other hand which was not engaged with the pitcher. Then they crossed the field, and were stood all about it, under a word of blessing. That was the way in which John Hartwick's wedding was done at last.

That evening, when he sat in the cottage, John's thoughts began at length to find its power of movement.

"Lucy, dearest, I owe more to you than you think," he said. Then he told her how that text that she read had brought home to him the conviction of his insolent, careless life, which conviction had been glimmering in his mind ever since he knew her, how he had wandered despairingly in the wood, how he had taken hope and prayed, and how he had recovered in better things.

"I feared all was not right with you," she said gravely, as soon as he had done. "My heart was ever smothered about you, but still I had hope for you from the beginning—hope which grew, I think, out of those good things in you which made me love you. But mind, John, though I love you, if you hadn't risen yourself up to be a Christian man I never have been your wife."

She had sometimes a quick, decisive way of speaking, which would have made many people angry, but John loved even the little faults in her face and manner.

"There's one thing I don't quite like in this business," said Mrs. Borewell, looking up from her knitting, and turning her earnest, kindly old face towards the young couple. "I say my dear child, mind, I have a message where one has to go on a bit

and the other down. Your family be too far here for ours, John Hartwick."

"My father was little more than a laborer in the beginning," he answered, "and I was brought up only in the village school, and in book learning Lucy's far before me; she's so much quicker."

"Yes, she be quick, and the old woman, smiling and nodding at her daughter. "She do take in that after her Aunt Judith."

"And who is this Aunt Judith?" asked John. "I am your name her pretty old mother."

"She's the only woman in our family that hasn't married, and so she's got time to think for us all."

"You must take me some day, Lucy, to see Aunt Judith," he said. "Who is she like?"

"She's something like mother," answered the girl, "she's her sister. Only mother's more quiet like, and brings out less what's in her. There's the same difference between them that there is between a clock that strikes and a clock that only points the time."

"How cleverly she puts things," cried the lover admiringly. "It's quite a fortune for a man to have a wife with such a head."

"Isn't that sort of fortune, I'm thinking, that your father will expect his daughter-in-law to bring with her," said the old woman, smiling rather sadly; "at least, I fear it isn't from what I have heard you say of him."

"Father will be agreeable, I hope, after a bit," answered Hartwick. He spoke in an easy tone, but in reality he was far from feeling easy in his mind, however, which still at times got the upper hand, when he thought of his father in connection with his marriage. The careless indolence of his character, however, which still at times got the upper hand, made him far away as yet from making any plan from this one dark cloud in the bright horizon of his future.

"You see," went on Mrs. Borewell, "when a man has made money like your father he's generally still fonder of it than a man that he born to it, and he'll be sure that his two neck can come into his family. Lucy and I have kept ourselves very comfortable and respectable with our needle and shuttle, and I long when my girls go out to be in husband's house she'll talk nothing with her besides a few decent clothes, and a pair of hands that's ready for working, and a good nose to smell a good heart, and just the little bit of spruce will doo his give her."

"You ought to write to your father at once, explaining everything, and let me go home and tell him," said Lucy, in her most decided manner. "There's never any good in putting off doing an unpleasant thing. It's always the best way to go straight up to a difficulty, and when you have looked it boldly in the face it won't ever seem half so ugly as when you peep at it from a distance."

"Well, I will write," said John, and then, to avoid talking any more about his father, he turned the subject, he asked "What sort of a fellow is your brother, Lucy; you have never told me anything about him."

A shadow fell upon the faces of the two women. "Poor Harry," said the mother. "Dear Harry, still dear Harry," said the sister. "He was his prettiest baby, married the old woman."

He was always the first and quickest at school and at the writing table. John looked wonderingly from the one to the other. Then, in a few words, Lucy told him one trouble of their simple lives, while the mother shaded her eyes with her hand and cried quietly.

(To be continued.)

As a Child.

I want to love Thee, Father, as a child,
And never think of ever as a child on;
Have patience with my wayward wanderings
Wid.

Forgive me all the ill that I have done,
I want to learn how little 'I' know;
I need to feel how poor I am, and weak;
That I am none teachable may daily grow,
More, recentest listen when I learn, Thus speak.

Help me to trust Thee, Father, as a child,
Alas! that ever in my foolish pride
I should have thought of Thy merciful mind,
Perceptive I was asked at Thy side.

Teach me to know more fully what Thou art,
And understand Thy boundless love for me;

Here, can only see Thy ways in part,
And so I often misinterpret Thee.
But Thou wilt not misjudge me, for Thy mercy
Canst see the hidden yearnings of mine

Which find no fitting language but a cry,
And only Thine an answer could I merit.
Oh, cover me in all Thy matchless love,
And make my way, fruitless wanderings

Now, in Thy silent, solemn evening hour,
Fill Thou my spirit with Thy royal peace!
Then I shall feel the sweetness and the joy
Of knowing that with Thee I'm reconciled,
And ever find in Thy sweet dear employ,
To love and serve Thee, Father, "as a child."

DAVID LAWTON.

Now ready, Glosday 4th, cloth 2s.
SEVEN BLESSINGS.
(From the Book of Psalms.)
AND OTHER BIBLE THOUGHTS.
By M. S.

Illustrated with Sixty-four Scripture Texts in Orna-

Now ready, the TWENTIETH VOLUME OF
THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.
Handsomely coloured in cloth, by Edmund Evans,
price 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Now ready, the THIRD VOLUME OF
THE CRYSTAL STORES.
Picture Books, 12 Plates, 12. Cloth 2s.
Now ready, in one vol., crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d.

LITTLE AND GOOD.
By EMMA MARSHALL.

Now ready, cloth, 1s. 6d.; a new edition of
THE BOOK OF GOLDEN GIFTS.

Now ready, price One Penny, profusely illustrated,
THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN ALMANACK
FOR 1884.

THE CRYSTAL STORES.
Thoroughly sound and wholesome, and continually well
adapted for family reading.—Daily News.

No. XXXIII., price One Penny, Post-free, 1s., ready
on November 15, 1883, will contain complete—

AT THE WELL.

By MAUD JESSIE FRANK.
Author of "John's 'Widow,'" "My Girl's Hope," &c. &c.
Illustrated according to the "Crystal Stores."

- No. 1. The Woman who Saved Him. P. W. ROBINSON.
- No. 2. Heroes of Castle Bressay. "GRACE."
- No. 3. Remount from Rome. LUCY M. LANE.
- No. 4. David Marsh, the Prison Flower. "GRACE."
- No. 5. Aeon's Harvest. W. G. H. BRIDGE.
- No. 6. The Highnoon. E. OSWALD.
- No. 7. His One Friend.
- No. 8. Author of "A TEAR TO CURE A RIVER."
- No. 9. Mike's Oration. Miss LITTON.
- No. 10. Ruth Fairchild's Victory. LUCY M. LANE.
- No. 11. The Hoop in Billions Court. Miss H. E. PRYMAN.
- No. 12. Jim's Hope. MAUD JESSIE FRANK.
- No. 13. The Boy's Secret. W. G. H. BRIDGE.
- No. 14. Mike's Season. Miss MACKERRAN.
- No. 15. Six Feet out of Copper. LOUISE K. DERRICK.
- No. 16. The Boy's Secret. "GRACE."
- No. 17. A Bravo Young Hero. EMMA MARSHALL.
- No. 18. The Boy's Secret. LAUREN LAWRENCE.
- No. 19. The Boy's Secret. O. G. WELLS.
- No. 20. The Boy's Secret. S. GERRIN.
- No. 21. The Boy's Secret. MARGARET GREAT.
- No. 22. Way a while. Miss LITTON.
- No. 23. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 24. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 25. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 26. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 27. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 28. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 29. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 30. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 31. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 32. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 33. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 34. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 35. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 36. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 37. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 38. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 39. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 40. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 41. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 42. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 43. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 44. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 45. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 46. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 47. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 48. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 49. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 50. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 51. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 52. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 53. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 54. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 55. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 56. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 57. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 58. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 59. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.
- No. 60. The Boy's Secret. Miss LITTON.

REMARKS WILLIAMSBURG, 27, BY LANE, PATENTING DOOR.