

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



thing to do with strangers who may accost them in the street during meal hours, and when coming to or leaving work.

R. Watch: your "Temper"—"A cool answer turneth away wrath." There must be things to provoke and irritate when there are so many difficulties and difficulties woven together, but try to discover the Bible principle—"He that rebuketh his spirit is better than he that laboureth a city." Pray for temper to govern yourself, and to check the first-comes of the woman meet a little before work-time, learn the text from the almshouse and read the Scriptures from which the baker, and say the Lord's prayer, and then you pray for strength to resist temptation, self speaking, and giving way to bad tempers. "These little morning meetings help the girls more than you can imagine. Could not you start one in the factory where you are employed?"

Watch your Companions.—Young people love society, and this is the great shame to many in factory work beyond that of domestic service. But you are not obliged to associate with a bad, but girl, you can choose the good girl who is "helpmother," and spend much time when work is done. Her mother, perhaps, will befriend you too, and it will be a great safeguard to have such quiet respectable home where you can turn in sometimes on an evening, and where you can spend your Sundays. Avoid all who turn that Holy day into one of idle amusement, and see that you are found at the house of prayer, and bring as many as you can of your companions with you. Through the kindness of some of the proprietors of the large London factories, permission has been given to the City Missionaries to read and converse with their workpeople during the dinner-hour and at other convenient times. If your door be open to one of these messengers of peace, be sure that you welcome him as your friend. Put into his sick benefit club if he has one, and ask him to visit you whenever you are ill.

R. Watch your Heart.—We have come to the last letter of the word "Watch," and this is the most important of all diligence. It will be little need to tell you to watch your words, your actions, your temper, and your companions, if your heart is not right in the sight of God. A poor factory girl whom the City Missionary visited in her illness, was interested in the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. He found the room filled with her lace ornaments in labour. They were much affected by her conversation, and expressed much sympathy with her. After repeated visits by the missionary, she said to him—"I felt it hard at first to give up the world, and Satan tempted me; but I believe in Jesus, and although I am a great sinner I feel that he loves me." She expressed a wish to have a hymn sung, in which she heartily joined. "There is a fountain filled with blood." After seriously addressing her parents and the young women present as to their need of the great atonement, she said, "Go now—go to Jesus now—all of you—without delay—go to Jesus now." She died in peace, declaring her entire trust in the precious blood of Jesus. Listen, then, to these last words of one who smites, and give your heart also to the same Saviour, Who, whatever your past life may have been, loves you, and wants to be gracious.

Your sincere friend,
V. M. S.

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

XIV.

The Thurofold Question.—St. John xxi. 15-17.

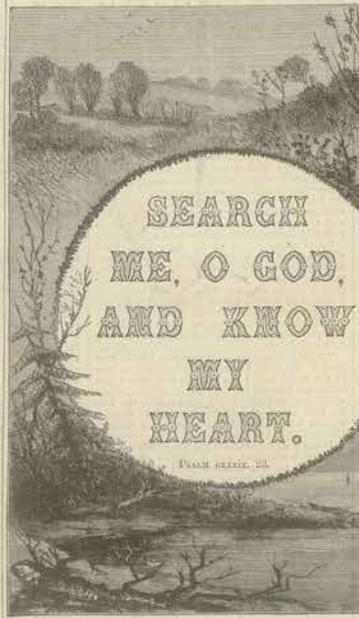
PETER our Lord's resurrection, we find that the Apostle returns to their fishing; St. John tells us of seven of them going out together. As I had been before, early in our Lord's ministry, in the memorable account already considered in St. Luke's, so it was now they caught nothing. Through the long hours

words of John's that he could say, "we have no against us" (St. John xxi. 15). And having learnt this lesson, would not Peter feel that he needed his Lord more than ever? He had no fear in going to Him. He did not tremble, and say in his heart "perhaps I shall not be welcome after all that I have done." He believed in Christ's pardon; he felt sure he would be lovingly received. That man is blessed who knowing himself a sinner, yet believes in Christ's pardon, and instead of the prophet Heman might well be spoken to Peter, "O Daniel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine own will" (Dan. ix. 3). And Christ had been ready to say to Peter, "I will heal their backsliding. I will love them freely" (Hos. xiv. 4). Peter believed in healing and the love which

he threw himself into the sea to go to his Lord. This net was broken, though the fish brought were so many and are said to be "great fishes." And the lesson would seem to be here that souls gathered in the gospel net are brought "safe to land" as in Acts xviii. 9. Our Lord then says "come and dine," and a fire is seen upon the shore and a repast made ready—"a fish" and "a loaf," as the words are literally—as if prepared for our Lord only. Now, "a miracle there was food for all. It was a wonderful feast! Think of all that Christ had passed through since last they ate together at the Supper in "the upper room." He had passed through death and resurrection, but he was still the same, still caring for their wants and ready to sit and eat with them. Death and the grave had not changed Christ. He was still—He is now—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). When we say "my dear Bible" and read of all that He did and said while He was upon earth, let us remember that He is still the same Christ now; He loves still; He cares still; He is still strong to help, and still He loves us as much now as then. Everything else changes; nothing lasts or stays. We, too, are changing day by day, and the world in which we live is passing away. But Christ changes never.

After they had landed, Christ had a special word for Peter. He had forgiven Peter his sin so many years before, but the sake of others it was necessary that he should publicly profess his faith and love. Christ led him to this landing. He took Peter just according to his character. Peter was a warm-hearted man. He was not one of those people who do not seem to care so to feel things, and Christ, who knew his heart thoroughly,

touched him in the right place when He said, "lovest thou Me?" The answer came quick and true. "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." It is interesting to know that two different words are used here in the Greek for love. Christ's word, "lovest thou Me?" was "agape," and Peter's answer, "I love Thee," was "phileo." Christ's question might be read "dost thou love Me very highly?" but Peter is not content thus to express his affection for his Lord, and says, "Thou knowest that I love Thee," and when the question is repeated a third time Peter is proved. "Alas! Peter, Thou shouldst have loved before him that! But he threw himself upon Christ's knowledge of his heart—"Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." The word really here; it was not the love of the lip only, but the love of the heart. A Peter was glad that Christ knew his heart. A



of the night they had let down their nets in vain. Then it was that the Master and Lord stood there in the dim light of early morning and told them "cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall fill" (John xxi. 6). There must have been a special power and authority in the command, for though the disciples did not then know who He was who spoke to them, they instantly obeyed, and caught a "multitude of fishes." Then they cast "eye and heart of love" discerned his Master, and he "multiplied Peter, it is the Lord," and Peter, with his old, care-impaired, springs into the sea to go to him: "It was the same Peter who had before cast himself into the sea to go to Jesus (St. Matt. xvi). Yet Peter was changed since then—how much he had passed through, how much early he must have learnt since then! He had learnt to know himself and his own weakness. In the

true-hearted Christian does feel this. With the sympathy there is just the opposite feeling. An ungodly man would *hide* his heart from God, if it were possible. See how David felt about this. "Lord, Their heart searched me and known me," he says in Psalm exxxix. 1; and then, as if he loved to have it so, he says at the close of the psalm, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts" (verse 25). Will it not be well to ask ourselves, What is my feeling here? Do I desire that God should read my heart, and run I take up Peter's words, and say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." M. R.

It was upon this love—the love towards Him—self—that Christ based Peter's work for Him:—
 "Feed my sheep."
 "Feed my lambs."
 These must be love first; then service. Peter did feed the "sheep" and "lambs" of Christ by many blessed words spoken and written in after years. Such a great work as his would be impossible for us, but each one of us may and should earnestly desire to do some little service, or speak some little word for Christ's sake. (Only let us begin here—)
 "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." M. R.

HEALTH OF THE YOUNG.—The carrying of children on one side, on the arm, by nurses, is improper, as it frequently occasions defects in form, and growth. In raising and in learning to walk, the child should be left to its own strength, or should at most only be supported as it may have need. Every premature attempt to walk may occasion curvature of the spine and of the bones of the feet. Carrying heavy articles, such as school satchels, smaller children, &c., on one side, instead of upon the back, should be avoided. All the limbs of a child should be uniformly exercised. Neglect of the left arm, or of the left hand, or of the left side in general, will render one side high-shouldered. Improper positions, as standing in one foot, with the other foot barely in contact with the floor, by which the body is constrained into a slovenly, unbalanced position, occasion curvature of the spine.

"No Time for Anything."

CHAPTER I.

RICHARD'S REPLY.

"I was all very well for Mrs. Watson—of course she was pleasant and kind; who wouldn't be under the same circumstances?"

The grieving, injured look increased on Mrs. Fenwick's face as she entered her little house, one of a row of small cottages in Ashton Grove.

"It is all pleasure and sunshine for some, while others have to toil and slave from morning to night—oh dear!"

This weary exclamation was followed by a hopeless glance at the discolour around her.

"I suppose I must set to and do up this room now; but as soon as it is done Alice and Emmy will be in and litter it again; it is nothing but work from morning till night."

Anna Fenwick tossed her bonnet on to one chair and her shawl on to another, rolled up the sleeves of her dress, and was about to commence operations, when voices outside her window attracted her attention.

The speakers were two neighbours who had met on their way home from the town. Mrs. Fenwick

But Alice was not thus easily pacified. Apparently she had worked up very cross, and it was a long time ere her little voice died away in a wailing—not till she was seated at the dinner-table, with her plate and spoon before her.

Mrs. Fenwick looked tired and careworn as she sat down to her mid-day meal, and succeeded in no mood to enter into conversation with her children, though Alice and Emmy were full of a coming school-day.

But Mrs. Fenwick was occupied with her own thoughts, which, to judge from the gloom of her brow, were not of a cheerful nature. She felt depressed and tired of everything—tired of herself, tired of her children, and, above all, tired of the confusion and untidiness around her.

Yes, Mrs. Fenwick saw

it all, and grumbled at it all, without so much as raising a hand to remedy it. She frankly acknowledged that her place was all "cross and sevens," and not till she saw, with three children, what it is to do?" she would talk with that plaintive, injured air which came so natural to her.

But about getting it tidy without men delay. Mrs. Watson would have advised if she had spoken her thoughts aloud. But, though living next door to the Fenwicks, she was chary of offering her opinion for many reasons than one.

She knew enough of her neighbours to make sure that her counsel would not be kindly taken; and in some cases she thought it best to let persons buy their experience.

Be Anne Fenwick lived from day to day in misery and discomfort, all of which might have been remedied with a little management; but management was not one of her strong points. She was always going to do, going to be tidy; but what the hours were wiled away and her good resolutions came to naught.

"What sort of a husband has Mrs. Fenwick?" I hear my readers ask. Well, Richard Fenwick was a good sort of man in his way, though a terribly disappointed one.

On the death of his mother he had married pretty Ann Clark, Miss Charlwood's (the dressmaker) young assistant, and he indulged a hope that the cottage in Ashton Grove would find in her a shrewd, orderly mistress. Never was man more mistaken.

"Order, Heaven's first law," was a thing Anne treasured herself but little about, and so her husband soon discovered.

It was a disappointment to find out that it was useless to look to his wife for home comforts. Anne never varied her motto to that there was no time for anything.

Argument, persuasion was useless, so Richard Fenwick gave them all his mind to that there was no time for anything.



"CAREFULLY TRAINED BORN OF THE PLANTS."—See page 35.

knew them both, and stepped outside her door to join them.

"Half-an-hour passed, and then a shrill, plaintive cry fell on the women's ears.

"That's your baby," said one, "and I do declare there's the children coming out of school."

Some enough, from the red-brick building at the top of the Grove, a stream of little persons was issuing.

The three women separated, Mrs. Fenwick grumbling, as she re-entered her cottage, that now Alice was awake she shouldn't get anything done.

"Come along then, and don't make that noise; here's Alice come home from school and Emmy." The wailing of the gate and the patter of little feet were heard, as she took the small, sallow-looking baby in her arms.

