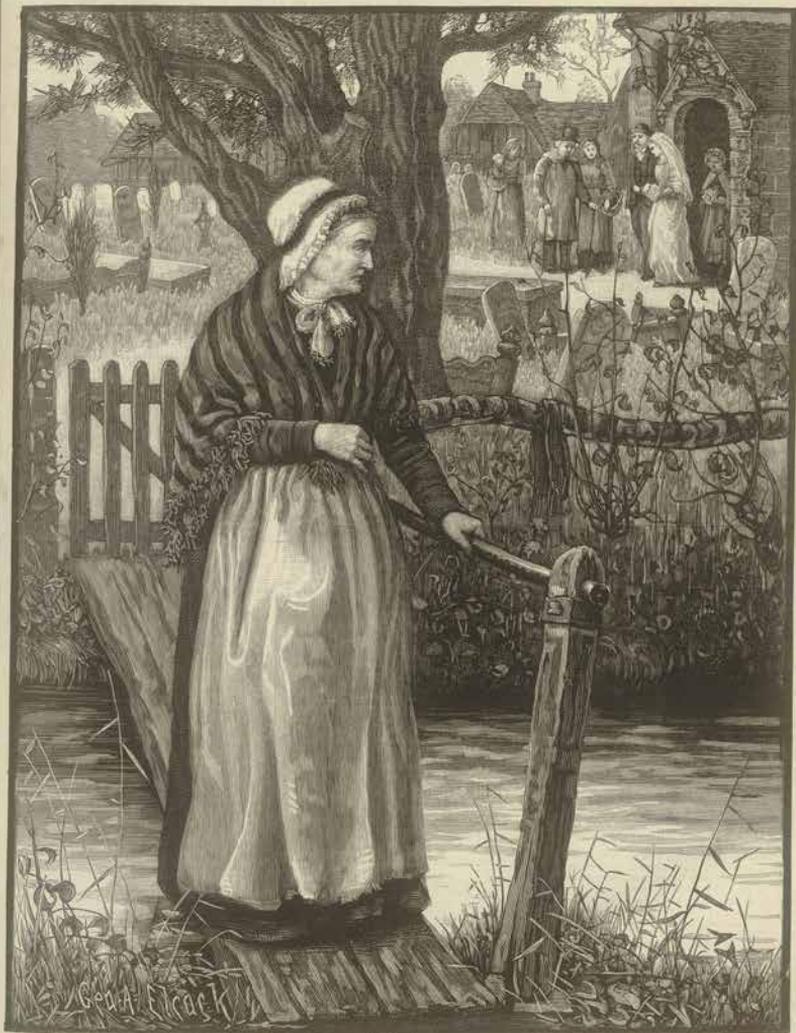


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



He led her up a lane where white Hawthorn trees in full flower nearly met above their heads, and peonies starred all the banks below.

The spring day, it was, when the pretty blushing girl—who was, they all thought back to him P. Another far back spring, the soft air sweet with Hawthorn; and she loved, another pretty blushing girl beside him.

Oh when and how did he become the harsh cold him, with all her children round him; when Steenie, her own pet boy, the most like her in gentle temper as well as in face, was it Steenie from whom he sought take that first glowing love, the very shadow of which seemed to fill him now with a same life.

Well, thank God, in never was harsh to her, never said one cross word to her.

Mentions he had been walking in silence, and Kitty wondering, half frightened at what he might be going to say.

At last he stopped and said, "Tell me, do you love my son Steenie as well as he loves you?"

With some sudden intuition Kitty took in all he meant.

"I do love Steenie," she said, "with all the love I have." "I will write a steady willow-leaf in her blue eyes she said his something good."

"He learned and learned her love," "That will do," he said, "I'll make the very plain for you."

Kitty and Steenie were married in the old church. Mrs. Wilson did not go to the wedding. The poor old widow "couldn't intrude," she said; but from the bridge across the stream she watched the wedding party come from the church, and wished them with all her heart "God speed," as she thought of her own early days, and of the time when she was as young and pretty as Kitty, and there was just such another wedding, with her for the bride. Oh, this looking back!

They have thriven well in Canada. Steenie is a strong man in his broad ship, and fills several public offices.

Kitty's photograph shows her to be thinner than before, but she looks bright and happy.

She never forgets those who stood by her in the time of trouble. Every year Mrs. Wilson receives a great wreath, and a barrel of apples, the production of their own home-land.

Mr. Steenie talks of going to see them. They cannot come to him, for they have no one to have in charge of their various concerns; and little children make bad ocean travellers. It is those very little children who are partly living Mr. Steenie across the Atlantic. There is one, the eldest, whose illness weakens in her grandfather the memory of his own early love, for whose sake he made the way plain for the old gentleman's granddaughter and his son Steenie; to "live and love together."

OUR OWN THOUGHTS.—We should esteem those thousands best improved who are employed in developing our own thoughts rather than in acquiring those of others, and in this kind of intellectual exercise, also, our own powers are brought into action and disciplined for use.—*Book of Golden Gifts.*

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

St. Peter and Ananias and Sapphira. — Acts v. 1-12.

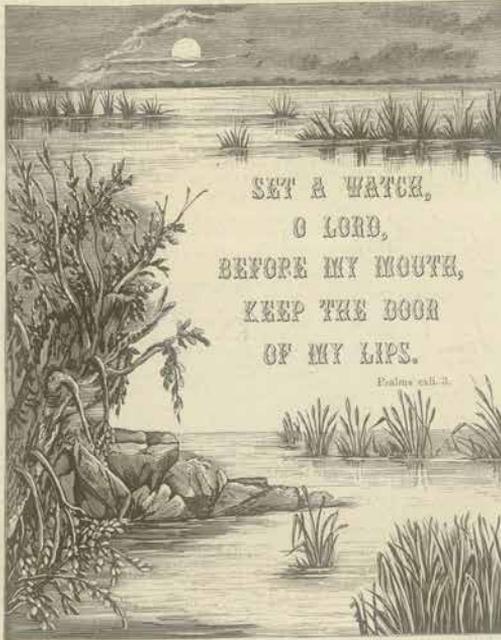
HERE can be little doubt that the striking story recorded in the first few verses of the fifth chapter of the Acts, was a remarkable miracle of judgment—just as there have been other miracles of mercy. So we sometimes read of miracles of judgment. Only one such was wrought by our Lord—His judgment upon the

Herodians, and yet to retain *part* for themselves. They had said *no*—the harm was in setting and speaking a lie, and especially about a holy matter. Therefore it was that Peter, spoken as openly, saying to Ananias: "thy husband Satan hath said, his house is his." (v. 3.) The lie had begun in his heart, and it had been the work of the great enemy. It had been with Ananias as it was with Judas: "Satan entered into him" (St. John xiii. 27). The sin of Judas was a sin that was connected with money. He betrayed his Master for money. The sin of Ananias was also money. He thought he ought to part with it for the sake of the Apostles. He wished to appear very liberal. He wanted to be liked. He wanted to show much Ananias love (v. 4.) and yet he *hid* *half* his gold! Truly, the "love of money is the root of all evil." "They that will be rich, shall fall into a snare."

1 Tim. vi. 9, 10. Peter declares that the sin of Ananias was to the Holy Ghost; he also declares that the lie was not to man but "to God." We have here a distinct proof of the Godhead of the Holy Spirit. This is a very important subject, and only here, however, be thus slightly alluded to. Ananias' lie was not about an earthly matter, but a religious matter—it was about something given to God. A lie about *any* thing, great or small, is hateful to God; but when it is a religious lie, as in the case of Ananias, it is a horrible thing! The judgment that immediately followed in his case was no doubt sent to prove how specially hateful his sin was in God's sight. The sin of lying to show his history to come from Satan. How little many think that when they are not speaking the truth they are doing Satan's work. Ye are of your father the devil. . . . he is a liar and the father of it" (St. John viii. 44). A Christian man ought to be marked by *strict* truth. We hear sometimes the expression used of "a *soft* lie" but we never read such a word in the Bible. Now the expression *soft* there, had depend upon it it is so, in God's sight. It seems to be a very hard matter for some people to speak the truth. If this should be the temptation of any who read this page, let them pay heed against this. One of Christ's names is "TRUTH" (St. John viii. 12). Christ's followers must be like Him. It is better to suffer than to tell a lie. It is better to lose than to tell a lie.

Psalm cxv. 3.

SET A WATCH,
O LORD,
BEFORE MY MOUTH,
KEEP THE DOOR
OF MY LIPS.



better fit thee (St. Matt. xxi. 18). God does not very often judge people in this life. Sometimes, however, He does so, and in doing so He shows His character. He gives us warning that, if judgment waits now, it will come upon that sinner by-and-by, in that time of which Ananias prophesied so long ago (John viii. 13). The story of Ananias and Sapphira is one of present judgment. We need to ask what were many of their followers? It was a time when many Christians had given up all their possessions. The Jews were poor men and doubtless, these early Christians came forward therefore to help their brethren; a noted instance was that of Barnabas, and laid the price at the Apostles' feet (Acts iv. 36, 37). Ananias and his wife, who also had possessions, wished to appear to give them an offering, as

What a different world this would be if only *truth* were spoken in it! It would indeed be *heaven*—for *Heaven*, into that fair and holy City: "there shall in no way enter any one that hath defiled a lie" (Rev. xxi. 27, and xii. 14, 15).

This miracle of judgment must have been very solemn. Ananias was sitting on the ground, dead. Sapphira did not know of her husband's death, and was in perhaps to look for him, repeat his will and give his death and his share. She had just looked there, was nothing remarkable in the immediately heard, as it is usual, in that country to hear better husband were ready to bury her away alone. There was nothing remarkable in the immediately heard, as it is usual, in that country to hear better husband were ready to bury her away alone. There was nothing remarkable in the immediately heard, as it is usual, in that country to hear better husband were ready to bury her away alone.

active ourselves, but God sees and knows the heart altogether. He knew all that Annas and his wife meant to do. He knows us too. "Neither is there any creature that is not open(ed) in His sight, but all things are naked and open in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Hab. (c). 13).

Let us ask and pray to be very *low*—true in our hearts—true in our souls—true in our *ways*—true in our *propensities*—true in every little thing. Let the *spirit* of the Psalmist be our own. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips."
M. R.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE AND VIRTUE.—Woman's influence is the chief-anchor of society; and this influence is due not exclusively to the fascination of her charms, but chiefly to the strength, uniformity, and consistency of her virtues, maintained under so many sacrifices, and with so much fortitude and heroism. Without these endowments and qualifications, external attractions are nothing; but with them, their power is irresistible.

Beauty and virtue are the crowning attributes bestowed by Nature upon woman, and the bounty of heaven more than compensates for the injustice of man. The possession of these advantages secures to her universally that degree of homage and consideration which renders her independent of the effects of unequal and arbitrary laws. But it is not the license of idol worship which is most acceptable to the heart of woman; it is on the contrary, the just appreciation of her proper position, merit, and character, and this demands the abolition of no "swerving ministry," the abolition of—

"No whining rhymester with his schoolboy song."

Ever true to her destiny, and estimating at their real value the higher perfections of human nature, she brought into contrast with what is puny or ridiculous, woman's surpassing excellences in the quickness of her perceptions and in the right direction of her sympathies. And this is justly due to her praise, that the credit of her acknowledged ascendancy is preserved amidst the increased and increasing degeneracy of man.

Christian Society is the prime charism of life. If our friends are comfortable, no matter how deep the melancholy or the ingratitude of the world, and bear with fortitude the injuries of fortune.

The day was fixed, and the wedding took place in the quaint old-fashioned church with its ivy-covered tower.

Jessie's dimpled face and merry eyes were a shade more serious on that all important day of her life, and the colour on her cheeks was not quite so rosy; but she bore herself bravely till the moment of parting with father and mother, and then, as she was pressed lovingly in their arms, her eyes glistened with tears.

Yes, the one drawback to all her happiness was the going away from the pretty country home in which she had been born, the bright green fields where she had helped with the haymaking.

Benjamin Webster sought his wife to London; and in one of a row of tall houses, in a quiet road in Islington, they had very comfortable apartments. As Jessie was a thorough little housewife her rooms always looked neat and tidy. The furniture was

or to think for much of my clothes," she said to her mother one day; "but when I am married I shall be just as particular to make myself look as well as I do now."

She did look a very trim little matron in her well-fitting dress and neatly arranged shining hair, and we must say she was a credit to a contract to the other inmates of the house, some of whom appeared to think that now they were married it really did not matter how they looked.

Jessie was as proud of her husband as Ben was of his wife, and in all the world she thought there was not his equal.

If you will admit that his will swayed hers. And whatever Ben thought or any subject, Jessie's opinion was sure to be the same as his; for her's was a very desirable nature—too feeble in some respects.

In the courtship days Ben used to go down to Avesey on the Saturday and stay till Monday morning; and a portion of Sunday was always spent in the ivy-covered church with Jessie and her parents.

This good practice was observed by Ben and Jessie in the early days of their married life, and every Sunday morning they used to go to the house together.

But little slippings make great siddings; and by degrees this habit, and necessary as it was to the spiritual life, was discontinued from one pretext and another.

A little daughter came to gladden the bosom life of the Websters—a little blue-eyed darling, with soft lavender hair and round dimpled lips; and then for a time Jessie found she could not get to church, and when she did think of going again and that tender baby in her arms, Ben told her that church was not the place for infants, and that she was better at home.

"But you will go, dear," she said, wistfully. "I can have not been to church for so many Sundays now."

"No; I get on well enough without that. You are not obliged to go to church to worship God?"

"No," answered Jessie, hesitatingly. "Of course we should worship God any where," she added, gathering courage as she spoke, "and it is a great comfort to know that He can hear us as well as in our own rooms as when we go to His appointed house of prayer; but it seems to me to be the right and proper thing to go to church on Sundays, if not on other days."

"That's just it, Jess. Perhaps go because it is the right and proper thing to do; but my argument is, that so long as they worship God and say their prayers, it doesn't matter where they do it—in the green fields or in their own rooms."

"Yes; but do they worship Him there?" asked Jessie; "or do they let other thoughts intrude themselves into their minds, and prevent them communing with God? I know a man who used to say just the same as you do, Ben," she added, earnestly, "but I never believed that he did get the same spiritual good out of going for a walk on a Sunday as I do, though I would have done had he worshipped in church, though Shakespeare says there are 'sermons in stones and good in everything.' We are told to assemble ourselves together, you know."

Yes, Ben knew all that; but he was always a very firm apostle, and had much to say on his side of the question; and, as Jessie could not hold her own in an argument of this dangerous kind, Ben talked her



"SHE HAD HELPED WITH HER BATHING." See Page 55.

Many Days After; or, The Old Vicar's Words.

FEW nice folks noticed their heads and walked anxiously when young Benjamin Webster was seen paying frequent visits to Maple Cottage. And it soon became known for a certainty that he was courted by Miss Daines; for there was no greater favourite in the little village of Avesey than she.

The announcement that she was likely to marry well and happily was received with an *ecce* I pleasure by friends and neighbours.

brightly polished, not a speck or thread to be seen on carpet or boards, and every crevice and corner free from dust.

But the windows were the crowning glory of Jessie's new home. They fairly glittered with the rubbing and washing that they went through, and the pretty lace curtains that hung on either side did credit to Jessie's powers of starching and ironing.

So you see, dear reader, if Jessie had won a prize in housewifery, Ben Webster had certainly seemed to himself a very notable little fellow.

And so he often thought as he returned early after day to his home and found everything in good order, and his wife so prettily and carefully dressed as she used to be in their courtship days. For that was one thing Jessie had always made up her mind to be careful about—her own personal appearance.

"I don't mean to spend too much time on dressing,

