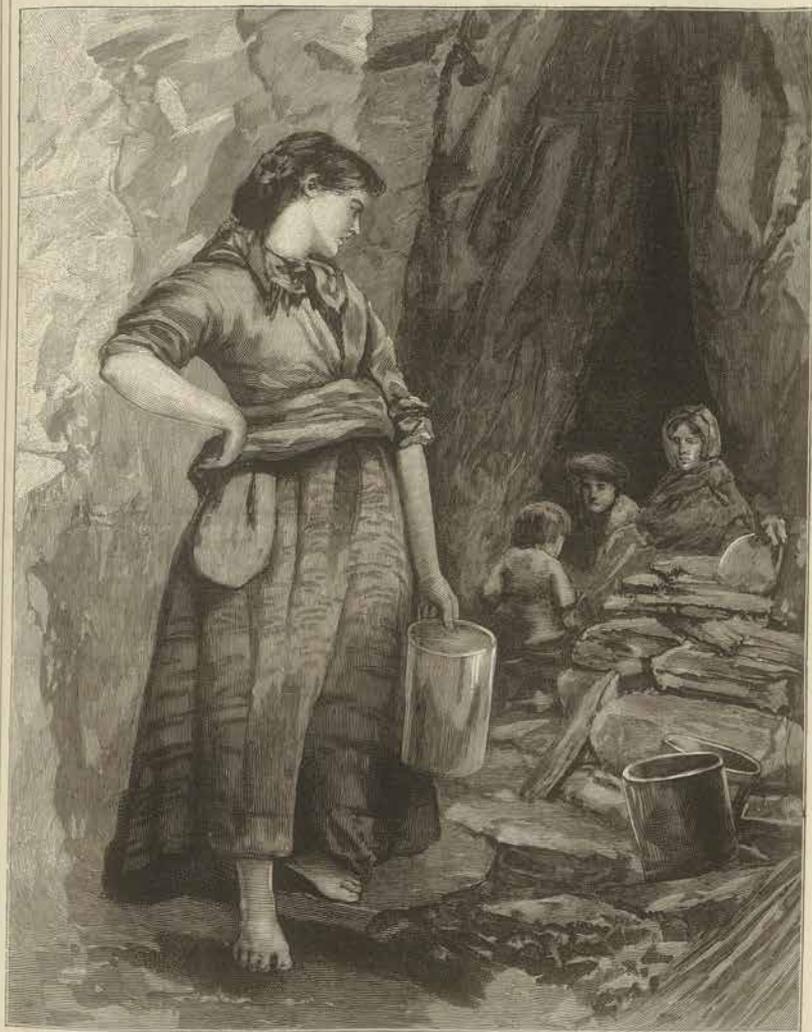


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

St. Peter's Defence before the Council.
Acts v. 27-42.

IN our last paper we saw Peter and his companions again made prisoners, but set free by God's angel. They were not left, however, free from their sufferings. They were brought up before the Council to answer for their conduct. They had before this been forbidden to speak and to teach in the Lord's house (ch. iv. 18). But they had given no promise to obey that command. On the contrary, they declared that they could speak of their Lord. They were open and straightforward about it. It would never do for Christ's followers to say one thing and do another. Christ's word ought to be as good as his deed. "Let us not love in word, and in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (1 John iii. 18). The apostles witness with their words; yet their indignation seemed to expostulate from them. "Did we not command you that ye should not speak and teach in this name; ye intended to bring this man's blood upon us" (ver. 28). How strikingly do these words take us back to the cry of the people when they gave up the Lord to the death of the Cross. "His blood be upon us and our children" (St. Matt. xxvii. 24, 25). They said little then, and know little what they meant by the reckless cry. Now they began to fear whether after all they might not be held answerable for the blood of the Son of Man. Either Christ's blood seems so condemning. If we are not washed by that "precious blood," we must be judged by it. Which shall it be? Peter boldly declares, "We ought to obey God rather than men." It is well here to note that God ultimately commands—judges—in earthly rulers. Let every soul be subject to the higher power, and Rom. xiii. 1-7 also (1 Pet. ii. 13, 14). There are none in this lawless age who seem to think that no one has a right to rule. Such a spirit is entirely contrary to the Bible. God's appointment is that some should rule and some should serve. Any plan of man being ruin sooner or later. On one account only may a ruler be disobeyed. When man's law opposes God's law, then man must be disobeyed and God obeyed. On this account Peter could not obey the law of the Council. We have other similar instances in the Bible, especially that of the three young men in Babylon who refused to obey Nebuchadnezzar in worshipping his golden images. If Christ is our Master, His law must come first. By nature men and women would rather please than follow than please (Gal. i. 10), but press in the heart's place pleasing God first (Gal. i. 10).

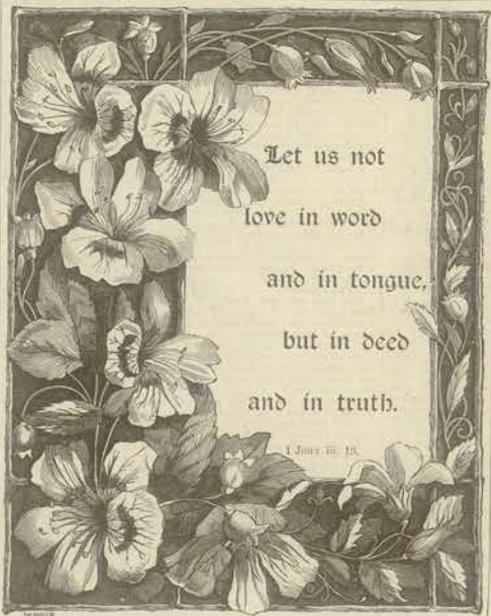
St. Peter proceeds to a beautiful testimony concerning Christ. "This Jesus hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour" (ver. 31). Christ was lifted up on high. Man

looked down upon Him, God exalted Him. Man despised Him, God glorified Him. And for what special purpose was Christ here declared to be exalted. To bestow two great gifts—the greatest that any man can receive—Repentance and Remission. It is a great matter to view both as God's gifts. One man cannot make another man repent; neither can any man forgive the sins of another. Both are Christ's free gifts. But He is a Prince and a Saviour on purpose that He may bestow them (Ps. lxxvii. 18). There is great encouragement here. Some may say, I cannot repent. Ask Christ to give you repentance. There are others who may say, I do not see how my sins are to be forgiven. This, too, is Christ's gift. Ask Him for it. He has both gifts ready for you. Oh! Christ is ready to give, but men are so slow to come and ask and wait for His gifts! Those who heard Peter speak were "cut to the heart" by his words (ver. 33). His words were as nails driven home by an "ironing hammer." This is just what

treatment of uncondemned men. But they suffered as their Lord suffered. And how did they take it? They "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name." Already the martyr spirit was in these men. It was for "His Name," and it was worth while to suffer for that. We can suffer and love when we suffer for His Name. Peter wrote upon this subject, "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings" (1 Peter i. 12-16). Ah! Peter did not write what he did not know. He knew what it was to suffer for His Master and he knew what it was to suffer rejoicing. To Christ's name, a name no power to us, that we should be willing to suffer for His sake? M. E.

AT PEACE.—A pious soldier mortally wounded in a great battle was carried by his comrades to the rear, and laid down under a tree, whilst they returned to their posts of duty. A little while after, an officer rode past, and seeing a fellow-countryman alone, and bleeding to death, he pulled up and asked him kindly if there was anything he could do for him? The dying man gasped—

"Yes—compass—look—read John xiv. 27." The officer dismounted, and opened the knapsack, which lay beside him, but he was little accustomed to read the sacred volume, and found the words with difficulty, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world gives, I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I will come, and Heavenly peace shall be in the poor man's features as he listened. There I then he exclaimed in thrilling and triumphant tones, "that is all I want. I have peace. I am going home. My Saviour is waiting to receive me." The officer gazed at him in speechless astonishment, threw the Bible back into the knapsack, sprang into his saddle, and was off. Within an hour he was himself carried by his men out of the field, mortally wounded. As he approached the true peace which the lifeless soldier was addressing his hand over his forehead, he said, in tones of heavenly anguish, "I have no peace. There is no Saviour waiting to receive me." Nay, there was a Saviour ready with open arms to receive him even then—had he but sought Him. But despite lost possession of him, and he passed into eternity without a Saviour—without peace—without hope.—*Miss Shinn's "Letter to Soldiers."*



men do not like. As long as general words are spoken, they hear it; but when it comes to a personal work, spoken to themselves, then many a heart recoils and says, "Be ye doers of the truth—for it is still, as in the days of St. Paul, 'sinners against God' (Romans 7)."

In the case before us the enemy took a strong form, for the men of the Council sought to slay the apostles; but their desire to slay their Master had not yet come. It has been said, "Every man is immortal till his work is done." The work of these men of God was not yet done. We find, therefore, that one of the Council, Gamaliel, a man of wisdom and learning, was raised up to speak with such power that his arguments prevailed and the apostles' lives were spared. They were, however, beaten before they were set at liberty. Most tried and unjust was such

A Patient Heart.

THANK goodness, this slavery will soon be over, and then no more fraudulent shoot in the net for me!

Amos Lindsay felt it a relief to say these words aloud, even though the drip of the rain on the pavement was the only answer received, and that not a very clever one.

Standing there on the door-step, under the lighted lamp, we can see his face, a slight girl, with a prominence that only lacks depth of expression to make it very charming.

She is shabbily dressed in a light-brown slater and a small brown bonnet, and both have done good service in their time. Her umbella shows unmistakable symptoms of "staring," and under one arm is tucked a thick roll of exercise-books and music.

The door was opened by a tall, anxious-looking woman, whose face became a shade less anxious as she welcomed her eldest daughter.

"I have been waiting for your knock some time, dear. Tea is all ready."

"Very well, mother; I'll be down in one minute."

Annie ran upstairs to the little cupboard-like room she called her own. Although tea might be waiting, she could not sit down to it happily before changing her school-dress, brushing out her thick fair hair, and adding various little adornments that were not permissible during working hours. She looked so ably neat as she came into the dining-room ten minutes later, that even her father, a romantic invalid, forgave her impunctuality.

"Are you expecting a visitor to-night, Annie?" he asked from his arm-chair beside the fire.

"No, father, Mr. Reynolds won't be here till to-morrow night," Annie replied, taking her seat at the table, where three boys with dusty, drab jackets and not-over-clean appearance had already established themselves.

"Mr. Reynolds! Haven't you learned to call him by his name yet?" inquired Jan, the eldest of the trio.

"Don't ask foolish questions. Boys know nothing of such matters."

Annie rejoined lightly.

"Mother, will you pass the sugar? You never make my tea sweet enough."

"Don't I, dear? I am very sorry," Mrs. Lindsey meekly replied, sending the sugar-bowl out Jan and Charlie, who improved the opportunity by helping themselves liberally first.

"How can you be so greedy?" harsh forth Annie.

"Don't bother me, growled Jan.

"If you speak in that way, now, you leave the room!" Mr. Lindsey said fiercely, reverberating the last remark; which thrust so worked upon Jan's mind, engrossed at present in a thick slice of bread and jam, that he re-pled into silence for the rest of the meal.

It was rather a small room for six people to be in, and plainly furnished, the only comfortable chair being the one already occupied by the fire.

Ten never, Annie helped her mother to clear it away, and take it downstairs to the solitary little maid who resided in the kitchen.

The boys had their lessons to prepare for school on the following day, and Annie the pile of books to be read through she had brought home. Her father generally helped her in this work, but to-night he felt too poorly, and soon went off upstairs, his wife following in close attendance. Then the boys' bedtime came, and this was the quietest time of the day for Annie. Putting away her books, and bringing out her work-basket, she began to sew industriously at a long strip of material.

It times gone by the Lindseys had been fairly well off. Now failure of health had completely set the

bread-winner aside; a small pension was doled out to him quarterly by the company in whose service he had spent half a lifetime; and the household depended for the rest of its maintenance upon Annie's earnings as a teacher in a middle-class school close by.

Poor child! She hated the drudgery of teaching as most girls of nineteen would have hated it, and when a good offer of marriage presented itself, the prospect of a comfortable home and future untrammelled by money worries, settled the question for her beyond a doubt.

If her, however, on her side were lacking, George Reynolds fully made up for the deficiency on his. He was a man of five-and-thirty—stout build, and comely portrait—which had won for himself a good position as accountant in a large London firm.

She knelt for a minute or two by her bedside, as she had been accustomed to do since childhood; but the recollections of listening for the postman's knock robbed the few hasty words that hurriedly came to her lips of any power.

Before she had finished, the welcome sound was heard, and getting up from her knees, she went out, unlocked her door, leaning over the balustrade to speak to the boys, who were making unquietly noise in the passage below.

"Anything for me, Jen? Bring up—there's a dear boy!" she asked in her most coaxing tone.

"Oh, I'm a dear boy, am I, this morning? 'Speaks I've changed in the night!" Jen answered, throwing a half-bound paper packet up in the air and catching it dexterously.

"Do give it to me! I'll make you some hot scones to-night if you will," Annie entreated, quivering with impatience.

These generous terms brought the matter to a speedy termination. Jen threw the packet at his sister's feet, Charlie following it with a bound himself, and three or four other letters of lesser import.

"I say, let's have a look at 'em too!" he begged.

Annie made no objection. Only a narrow one needs reservations. Sitting down on the topmost step, she began tearing off the thick paper wrapping that concealed the treasures within.

"My word! that's worth smiling!" gazed the boy, as both pairs of eyes rested upon an oval-shaped gold locket and chain, lying in rich red velvet against a background of dusky blue.

"How prettily lovely!" gasped Annie, whilst the two other boys climbed up the balustrade to see what was going on.

"And his photograph inside, of course," suggested Charlie; "open and see, Annie."

"His photograph! Oh, I hope not," Annie said, looking involuntarily at the locket, which would be sadly marred by such an addition.

She touched the spring in eager haste. There too a photograph, it is true—but whose?

A surmise of construction ran through the little group, and the four fair heads got very close to one another as they bent anxiously over the centre of attraction.

The picture face must have seen at least seven or eight fewer years of life than had George Reynolds. Strong and kindling, were combined in the well-sloped head and mouth, and the dark eyes had a look of entire trustworthiness and frank friendliness about them, very refreshing in this age of covert enmities.

"My eye! what a good-looking fellow!" exclaimed Jan, generally the first to give an opinion.

"Do you know him, Annie?"

"Know him? of course not!" Annie replied, almost too bewildered to speak. "Whatever does it mean?"

"Won't Mr. Reynolds be in a jolly rage with him for daring to send it!" shrieked Jan, with heatfully confidential air. "I should keep it dark, if I were you."

"Nonsense! there must be a mistake somewhere,"



"ANNE WAS TRAINED THE TALL GREETER."—Page 15.

Meeting Annie at a mutual friend's house, he fell in love for the first time in his life and as is often the case, took the fever badly. There was nothing he would do but for her, promising to add to the Lindsey's income when Annie should have left them. It was now the beginning of February, and the wedding was arranged to take place at Easter, which left this year late in April.

Annie avails the following morning with the resolution of being her birthday, and that she might safely indulge in the hope of receiving some present at least.

"I wonder what he will send me," she thought as she completed her rapid toilette. "He has given me a silver brooch and bangles already, and two rings besides. How delightful it is to be engaged to a man with a little money!"

heard her own name and Raymond's being spoken very gently, and that the words:

"I give a patient God,
My patient heart."

The silence afterwards told her what had happened.

In the brief, pathetic words of the old book which links all centuries together, this fragment from a life story can be concluded.

"She became his wife, and he loved her; so he was comforted after his mother's death."

HELEN C. GARDNER.

Martha Gooding.

MARtha GOODING was a poor little widow who had had seven letter days. Her husband, a furniture maker, had been very well off at one time, but—

"Poor Gooding was an Christian country, and your inhabitants are victims to crime would be abandoned of it. Miss Gooding was a good man of business, but not strong-minded enough to be above the failings of his companions in trade; and whatever Miss Gooding did, whether it was attending sales, bringing or selling, it always ended in the public-house. And as a fatherly Government provision about a dozen public-houses in every street; of my importance, Miss Gooding and his fellows had very far to go."

So it happened that Miss Gooding got mixed up and muddled; his business went wrong, his health grew away, and he died, leaving a widow minding but a well-furnished, good-sized house, a business which was mortgaged, a few hundred in the bank, and a commodity of six pence.

Martha Gooding was a widow, but she was strong and active, and not without energy.

The holder of the mortgage claimed the business. What was Widow Gooding to do? Her home, in a respectable looking tenement in Spopway, was her own; her means were well-furnished, and one day all who went by could see a card in the window of the front parlor, with this legend:—

APARTMENTS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

So easy to get one's rooms ready for single gentlemen, and so quiet to stay to get single gentlemen into one's rooms.

Mrs. Gooding waited and waited, and her patience was rewarded at last. Mr. Atkinson, an elderly bank clerk, took the front parlor and best-room adjoining. He was a man of few words, could be well-tempered at times, but he was thoroughly respectable; paid regularly, gave very little trouble, and the few friends who came to see Mr. Atkinson were so quietly and respectably as himself.

The first-floor, which Martha Gooding called the drawing-room floor, was still to let, and it was some six months after Mr. Atkinson's arrival when a second single gentleman appeared.

Frank Rubrick came from the country. He was an epitome, who had been brought up by a gentleman lately deceased. While Frank was travelling abroad he heard that Mr. Squires, his adopted father, had died and left him his best fortune. So far so good. But relations disputed the will, and the estate was in Chancery.

Frank had a most friendly way with him, and he was on good terms with his landlady before he had been in the house twenty-four hours. He told Mrs. Gooding all about himself, and said—

"I shall get the money in time, my lawyer says; and as I've enough to keep me for a year or so, I've nothing to do but quietly wait until the judge decides in my favor."

Mrs. Gooding took to Frank, the more so because the letter was so kind to her father, but, as Arthur, Frank went to Arthur to hear about the foreign countries he had visited, and it was on Frank's arm poor Arthur sat when he was strong enough to get out. What a contrast between the two! Frank full

of life and spirits, and expecting soon to possess a large fortune. Arthur knowing that all the care or money in the world couldn't keep him from an early death.

Things went well with land-working Martha Gooding for a time. Her lodgers paid well, and gave little trouble, and poor Arthur seemed to forget his weakness when he was with cheerful Frank Rubrick.

But what must be true. The winter was severe, and Arthur had to keep his bed altogether. Frank had a great deal of business with lawyers, &c.; but all his spare time was spent in the sick room, and when Arthur died it was Frank who did all he could to comfort the lonely mother.

Time went on, and Frank made many friends. He also began to keep his hair, and when Frank did pass an evening at home he was sure to be visited by some half dozen young gentlemen who were rather noisy, and never seemed in a hurry to go away. It was but natural that all sorts of people should seek the society of a good-tempered young fellow, who was supposed to be about receiving a large fortune.

Mrs. Gooding's said Mr. Atkinson, "I can't stand the work longer. Night after night am I kept awake by the noise upstairs. Unless things change I shall have to go."

"It's not Mr. Rubrick's fault, I'm sure," said Martha Gooding. "He's such a favorite and so much sought after. But I'll ask him to make his noise; he'll do anything I tell him."

Mrs. Gooding spoke to Frank the following evening, and the matter had led now to-day. The lawyers now say that the case will be in Chancery for years, and that when it is decided it will be against the will.

"You've spent nearly all my money," said Frank. "You said it would last."

"Thinking I was going to be rich, I have lived accordingly. I must get a situation of some sort. I wonder whether Atkinson could get me into his bank."

"Frank Rubrick in our bank!" exclaimed Mr. Atkinson when appealed to by Martha Gooding. "Not through my recommendation. He wouldn't keep a shilling of my money."

Frank was now supposed to be in a delicate situation, but his changed fortune made no difference in his conduct. The matter between him and Mr. Atkinson had again to be explained. Mind, there was no more harm about Frank's numerous friends than there was about Frank himself. These were respectively successful young fellows, who worked hard enough all day, went to church on Sunday, and were always doing something good, virtuous, or disinterested. But when young men meet in music halls and sing and everything discarded, from politics to the last new book, in anything but gentle voices; and all this while the latter trying to an elderly gentleman who was not a sound sleeper, and had to get up early in the morning.

Though he tried hard, Frank couldn't get a situation. He was beholden with his rent, and owed his landlady for many things.

"It will be all right, Mrs. Gooding, in time," said Frank, hopefully.

"I'm not afraid of trusting you," said Martha; "you who have been so kind to my poor boy; I rely on you."

"You must my friends. Their cheerful society is such a change after the troubles and disappointments of my life. I'll keep them as quiet as I can; only don't ask me not to leave them here."

Frank may have tried to keep his friends quiet; still Mr. Atkinson was said—

"Mr. Rubrick goes, or I do. Which shall it be?"

"Mr. Rubrick was kind to me in my trouble," said Martha. "I'm sure his advice will be to his heart's place to go to."

"Then as I can find a place to go to, I'll go," said Mr. Atkinson.

I'm not forgetting Frank's many friends; neither do I wish you to consider Mr. Atkinson hard to please. I mean to stand in full upon the shoulders of Martha Gooding. She is a good lodger, no rather than get rid of a young man who owed her money, because the latter had been kind to her son, who was dead and gone.

And now, to make things worse, Frank Rubrick became very ill; a slight fever at first, and then more prostrating illness.

The doctor said Frank must live well. Good living requires money, and to procure that money Martha Gooding sold many a relic of letter days. It was

indeed a hard time. Frank lodged in houses where the question, "Who would take lodgings in whose other there was a young man ill with the fever?"

When Martha was able to leave his bed, and could just creep across the room, a gentleman called to see him. It was a lawyer, and he brought good news. Mrs. Gooding had been found child, and Frank Rubrick was a gentleman of fortune.

"Mrs. Gooding, my second mother," said Frank, "my home is in your hands."

The two went to Hastings, where Frank soon recovered his strength, and then they went to live in the large country house of which Frank was now the owner.

Stood by his illness, Frank Rubrick had that a good Christian gentleman should be. He has now a wife, and friends in abundance; but no friend is dearer to him than his second mother, Martha Gooding.

J. C. BURNAN.

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