

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



mind to put by at the end of every week what we should have spent in duty, we reckoned it would cost each of us threepence a day at the least. Well, we've been inserted eight eleven years, and have over a hundred pounds in the bank!"

"That's what me and Nancy will do, please Heaven," said Tom.

"Well said!" cried Dick. "If you mean what you say, come along both of you right away." "There's no time like the present," I've often heard told, so come along. My missions will stay and look after the little ones."

And Tom and his wife went there and there; and though many years have passed since then, they have never regretted signing the pledge.

Tom paid lock every fortnight of the rent, declaring it was a loan from Dick, and sharper loans or more kindly people he would be hard to find, who in their turn are ever ready to help those in need, for they have experienced in their own hearts that—

Religion is a chain of sweet good,
Whose holy links upraise
Our souls on high.
In simple trust and living
faith to God;
And bids us see in every
child of man

Our neighbour, dear to us
through Christ's love,
For whom with us He
came on earth to die!

Tom is an old man now, and a happy old man. In his brighter hours, when his little grand-children are tired of their dolls and playthings, they sit at his feet and he tells them pleasant stories, and adds at times the moral to them of self-reliance and self-respect. He is ever grateful in his heart of hearts for all the mercies which have brought him safe to above.

LOUISA BROCKMAN.

DUKERS—It is the great disadvantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations in life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortune. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be over-studied with hard labour, on the contrary, flourish by multitudes, and give employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of fishing ships, that send our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out customers under both the tropics.

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

St. Peter's Surrender to Cornelius and the Heath.

T. PETHER, prepared by God for his work, goes to Caesarea as God's messenger. Cornelius surrenders, by falling down before him, and is looked upon him as more than man. But Peter does not allow this for a moment. He never would have himself been "belonged" only to his Master. The rule of his life was ever "not I, but

CHRIST." Peter hears from Cornelius the reason for which he had sent for him, and Peter tells Cornelius how God had taught him to be willing and ready to go to a Gentile. We find that Cornelius had gathered many of his friends together to hear what Peter would have to teach them (v. 21-27). Cornelius did not want to keep all the blessing to himself: He had prepared for light and teaching. Now God was sending it to him; but he was not content to receive this for himself alone. If a man is in earnest about his own soul, he will soon be in earnest about the souls of others. When Andrew had found the Lord Jesus, he went to seek his own brother Simon, that he might bring him also to the Lord (St. John 1:40-42). It is marked signs of God's will going on in the heart when any one becomes anxious about the salvation of

It is for you, each one, if you will have it, in God's way—the way of acceptance of the two great truths, lately considered—*repentance and forgiveness* (chap. v. 31). St. Peter after this introduction began his sermon. It was not a long one. It was the "old and story"—the one subject being **CHRIST**, who He was, what He did, and what He suffered. Who He was v. 39 tells us—a man, and "Lord of man, and man, lifted up his Master in so saying. Peter had seen Him, lived with Him, walked up and down with Him through the cities and villages of the land of Galilee. He had seen Him to be "Lord of all." What He did Peter told in very simple words. He "went about doing good." Christ the Lord was always doing good—doing good to the bodies of man, and doing good to their souls. What a blessed life! John

Wesley says, "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can, and at all times that you can. This is a good rule—a rule that no one ever fully carried out but Christ," "also words about doing good." What ever "good" any unlearned, Christ has it ready for him, even as a skilled doctor has many remedies to meet many diseases. The "good" that one man needs may not be what another needs, but whatever it may, Christ is always able to give it (Phil. iv. 19).

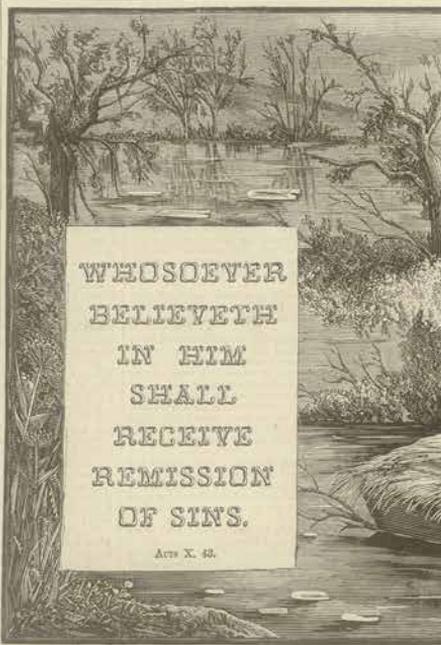
And then Peter spoke of what we suffered and put this in few words also, "whom they slew and hanged on a tree" (v. 30). But though the years were few, how most St. Peter's heart have rebelled as he spoke! Such a wonderful life, and then such a cruel death, and Peter spoke as one who loved the Lord, Loving Him as he did, Peter's heart could not but be stirred when he spoke of His Lord's death. We will not our feelings as to the dying of the Lord Jesus depend upon the answer we are able to give to the question, "loved" Him or not? If we are loving Him but little, shall we not think lightly of His Cross? The living Lord Jesus, the dying Lord Jesus, and forgiveness through His death—these were the blessed things Peter came to bring to Cornelius. The most blessed things that can come to any man is the message that tells him how his soul can be saved. It seems too good to be true sometimes.

"I have heard of a Saviour here, And a wonderful love it must be, But did He come down from above"

Out of love and compassion for us."

What will help us believe it? Just what helped Cornelius to believe it—without which he never could have believed it—"the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard his word" (v. 34). There is no faith in those who hear, there is no power in the word preached, unless the Spirit comes. How great, then, is the need to pray for the Holy Spirit, for "if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. 8:9).

A LUMINOUS TALE.—There is a small fire glowing in a public room, Casanova, Nevada, the flame of which at certain seasons is so bright that it is almost as if it can be distinguished a mile away in the darkest night. In its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the broad print. The luminosity is said to be due to parasites.



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ACTS X. 43.

others. Let no one say I saw do nothing to help any one to be saved. If we have come to Christ ourselves we shall find a way to help another and to come to Him. What was the subject of St. Peter's sermon to the little company gathered together in the house of the Roman soldier? Peter begins by declaring that God is no respecter of persons, that God's gospel is for both Jews and Gentiles. Thus Peter began with a word of comfort. But for such a word Cornelius might have wondered and questioned, "will all this blessed message of God's gospel be true for me?"

The Jews would have all the privilege, he might have thought, "but will there be any crumbs of blessing for us?" Peter began by making it clear to Cornelius that though a Gentile, he would not be shut out from God's blessing; "in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him" (v. 35). So now, from Cornelius' time to this day, no one need say, "salvation is not for me."

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Those Good Old Times.

By E. L. T.



If the people who are constantly sighing for "those good old times," could be suddenly transported back into them, they would find that life two or three hundred years ago was very different, indeed from what it is at present, and it is extremely doubtful if they would then be as anxious for a return to it.

Things which we think now necessary to our everyday comfort were unheard of luxuries. Queen Elizabeth and Lord Cotnam breakfasted off weak beer, or an infusion of herbs, coffee, and chocolate were unknown, so that the poorest old woman of to-day is better off than they were!

Cattle were not only scarce but thought injurious to the health, and the post and road were warmed the houses of our ancestors. Very small, dark, and inconvenient we should now find these same houses, for though the rich had castles and fine country mansions, the citizens and mechanics were content with living at their place of business, in the then narrow streets of London.

Very unpleasant too were these streets, for pavements there were now to speak of, and the mud was often deep, while an unproved kennel, or ditch, flowed by the roadside. Bad by day but worse by night, for footpads infested every lonely spot, and the feeble light of oil-lamps scarcely sufficed to show the man who was unlucky enough to be abroad after night-fall the way he had to go. There was who could afford to had servants to carry torches before them.

There were no police in those days, the only guardians of the peace were old watchmen—like Shakespeare's Dogberry and Verges, who wandered about at night and told the hours and state of the weather.

The children in those days had no fruit and sweet-shop—except a few odd pieces when they could be had; and the second and similar tropical fruits, now to be bought every where, were only known to the few travellers who had been to those distant lands. Sugar, even at the beginning of this century, was as expensive then in householding, and in the "good old times" not to be had—honey, taking its place.

There was few, and children's books fewer, and those so dull and dry to our notions, that the girls and boys of to-day, accustomed to magazines with beautiful pictures and stories, would not look at what satisfied their great-grandfathers.

The shipping in which our modern women so delight their amusements could not indulge in. Materials met as much in those days had a gown was expected to last for years, perhaps, even a life time; as a visit to the draper was of rare occurrence, and good as were the dresses of our great-great-aunts or grandmothers, all the pretty little hats and ribbons which fill shop windows to-day were unknown.

All the spinning and weaving was done by hand—

the machines which now take the place of hand labour were unknown of.

So also was steam. Travelling in those days was a service of danger, and people in the North of England were almost as far apart in point of time from those in the South, as we are now from America! Roads were so bad that it took hours to drag the lumbering coaches and wagons, in which folks then journeyed, over even a few miles of country, and "stage outings" at the seaside, now so easy, could not possibly have been had by the king himself.

There were no pleasure trips for holiday-makers such as we have now all the summer through. Some amusements our forefathers had both in town and country (notably Maying and shooting at the poppings), but they were more stay at home than we are, and with no surveys to see to the roads, no police to keep order, and no gas to light the wayfarer, going

Picture galleries and museums, now open to all, were hardly in existence—except perhaps in a palace or college. Music was very different then from now; the people sang old ballads, but the airs and melodies of our modern concert-rooms, the opera and oratorio, were not written or the composers of them born; and the spirit was very inferior indeed to our smallest cottage piano.

Not taking all our advantages into account, we need not be dissatisfied with the things of the times were, in some respects, better in those times than in these—perhaps life was more sociable then, because people could not run hither and thither as they do now, and servants and masters were together for years instead of months or weeks like it do at present, but probably, if we could be transported forwards, instead of backwards, a century or two hence, we should find it just the same, for there are and ever will be people who are never satisfied with what they have, but are ever longing for what they have not, and so those "blessed" those who sigh for "those good old times."

SINGULARITIES.

If you follow Christ fully, you will be sure to be called by some name or other. For first, they will say, "How singular you are!" "How singular you are!" "How singular you are!" says God, "It is unto me as a speckled bird; the birds round about are against me, but if you become a true Christian, you will soon be a marked man. They will say, "How odd he is!" "How singular he is!" They will think that we try to make ourselves remarkable, when, in fact, we are only reasonable, and are endeavouring to do what we think to be the word of God. Oftentimes that is the force of contempt; practical Christians are set down as intentionally eccentric and wilfully odd.

Mothers have brought that charge against daughters who have been faithful to Christ, because they would not go to parties or indulgence vain apparel, and many a man has said it to his fellow-men by way of accusation. "You must be different from anybody else." This distinction, which God has made a necessity, more treat as a mere whim of their own. If we do not come out from among them, and be separate, we cannot expect to be blessed beneath the wings of the Eternal; if we do, we may reckon upon being regarded as strange, outlandish creatures. —*Smyrna.*



"LITTLE FORGET ME NOT."—Page 24.

out especially at night must have had more drawbacks than pleasures.

Newspapers can now be had in every country village, and the post is flying by steam all over the kingdom with thousands of letters; but in "those good old times" when a letter from one part of England to another took more than it now does to send one to Australia, and took several days on the road, very few people wrote at all, while as for news it came verily from place to place, or occasionally by the arrival of the "news-letter"—a small collection of printed matter published once a week in London.

Books of course were scarce; a gentleman's library then (with the few exceptions of clerical and learned people), contained fewer than we should now find in an ordinary middle-class house. Magazines, now so popular with all classes, were not published till about a hundred years ago, and then were without illustrations.

Hints from India.

By a COFFEE PLANTER.

COFFEE.



THE valuable properties of coffee when more developed by roasting, are liable to be quickly dissipated, thereby causing great injury to the system. It is therefore recommended that you should roast your coffee beans daily only such quantity of coffee beans as may be required for the day. See you have only genuine coffee beans and nothing else. The simplest way to roast coffee beans is in a frying-pan (which must be thoroughly clean). Have a bright, smokeless fire. Keep turning the coffee, and when the pan with a spoon, until they are of a dark brown

"Then I saw so I kissed Adelaide and prepared to leave the room that Prædella made a sign to me that she would follow. So I sat up, and putting her old hand on my arm, she said—

"She will never wear all that flannel, poor lamb, and if she lives she will be like my poor sister-in-law, Tuesday week. She is a small girl, I believe, and when our mother didn't know her. You keep well out of it, my dear Miss Letitia, and just look in at Master Phil before you go."

"Well, Charlotte," Madame Meyer said, when I went into the library, "what do you think of Adelaide?"

"I am afraid she is very ill," I said.

"She fancies she is ill," replied Madame Meyer; "she says she has the small-pox; but, of course, it is a fancy."

"It is very much about in the neighbourhood," Prædella says," Philip remarked, scarcely raising his eyes from his book.

"Do not give way to nervous fears, Philip," Madame Meyer said. "After a good night your sister will be getting well," I imagined. Do you expect Mr. Durant to call to-day?"

"No; he will here yesterday," Philip replied; and then, suddenly more restless and anxious than she else chose to confess, Madame Meyer left the library.

"Come here, Letitia," Philip said when his mother was gone; "told me what you think of Adelaide."

"I am almost afraid to say any people do frighten themselves into complaints of all sorts."

"I believe she has had the small-pox, and the Meyers ought to be written to. The letter will only be in time if it is posted to-morrow; to-day is Wednesday, and they are to have the Hagan on Wednesday. I am sure they ought to be told."

"Have Meyer, come in, in any case," I said; "of course he would not keep away if Adelaide was ill."

"So shall we," I said. "I would not expect too much of him, Letitia; he is ill," she stopped.

"I have been fighting a hard battle against my hatred for him, Letitia. I think I have pretty well overcame the snarl. Letitia, do you know what I saw Mr. Durant?"

"He has been baptizing my little son—let that fight in, I may say. There I sat down to read about my baby."

"You have not a hang, Philip," I interrupted.

"Well, my high school, and my grammar-school, he is God's will that he has led me my thinking for good as any man's, and he will, Letitia, I mean to take every day as it comes, and to happy; sitting, grubbing and weeping in a corner, and having Hans Meyer, is not the way to get on. Now I see God's will must not be questioned, because it is the Will of Trinity Love. Letitia, do you feel this?"

"I can't express it as you do, Philip, but I feel somehow that what you say is true, and that I am seeing a glimpse of light."

"Ah! I thought so. I shall have other battles to fight before I have done, Letitia—no harder than the rest. Can you guess what it is?"

"I was getting sorely into my own way as he spoke as I sat in an arm-chair by his side. His beautiful eyes were full of burning.

"Can you give me, Letitia? But, though all, you will never give me up, Letitia? You will always be my dear little sister and friend. Promise that."

"I promised, and said it by a kiss on his thin white hand. He hastily drew it away, and so he turned his face towards the cushions behind him, and I left him.

(To be continued.)

In Old Man's Beberie.

By E. F. PARSONS.

"Said morning brings the light
Of other days around me"—Moore.

SPRINGING in the shade on old man lies,
With weary face and wistful eyes.

When the sun above the butterflies—

The day flies fast, and so he sees—

Their bright wings flutter down the breeze,
He thinks of "other days" thus these—

A little child, a pitious sigh,
A soft hot hand, a butterfly;

The ply in a four-dim'd' eye—

Too late to save.

Too roughly handled, faintly bent,
The crowded wings in love's flame lost,
Roses trodden down by careless feet—

Not hatched thus, nor thus to die.

You speak of colour glancing by;

Now bright, now dark, against the sky—

So something of the fair and bright,
We cannot keep from taking flight.

Still lingers in the sunny "light."

Of other days."

Yet that light dies. Is there no "other day?"

No wing immortal flashing back "light."

No fear from pity, nor a grave from Night?

Life cannot die. The funeral pall

On Earth's poor day with night must fall,

The sunlight turns unto the wall—

Beyond the Sun, beyond the Night,

Beyond the Sea's furthest right,

There lives in never-dying "light."

A WITNESS DAY.

Good Results;

OR, THE MISSION AT FLAXHAM.

"O we are going to have a mission held here."

"A pleasant smile lighted the face of Mrs. Cox as she returned, "And I am very glad of it."

"But I can't see what we want with a mission, and our neighbours—"

"We have the regular service, and our own choir, so much to be proud of, and I would not see much sense in going by what they say there listen to a stranger—"

"No, for my part, I don't see that a mission is anything for us."

"That is quite true, Mrs. Ray; still, I am heartily glad that we are to have a mission held here at Flaxham. As you know, we can't bear too much about spiritual truths, and anything that helps us to evaluating happiness often, surely, to be welcomed by us."

"Mrs. Ray smoothed and flattened her work in silence for a moment; then, so resolutely as ever, she exclaimed, "Still, I don't see what we want with a mission."

"You think we are all so good?" asked Mrs. Cox, with a smile.

"You think that exactly, and Mrs. Ray looked and spoke very earnestly; "but we do know, or must of us, the blessed privilege of prayer; and I am sure no mission can take us more than we already know of our spiritual duties, nor the comfort experienced by those who try to walk in God's holy ways."

"Yes, it is a precious assurance, to know that He is always near us, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and when we feel sad and list, and our hearts lie away towards holy things, that the change is in ourselves, and not in Him. Oh, the thought that His love never alters has comforted me through many trials," said Mrs. Cox, as she face reflected the "clemency of his heart."

"At that moment a step was heard coming up the lane, and a shadow darkened the open doorway. It was Margery Nell, a faithful and trustworthy old servant of the family of the Hall.

"Well, say—! And what's the matter with you, Margery?" asked the two neighbours in a breath.

"You asked the unusual matter and earnest expression of the old woman's face. "Come in and sit you down," added Mrs. Ray, kindly, as she drew Margery to a seat and relieved her of the large brown basket that hung upon her arm.

"Well, only for a moment, to rest," said Margery, gratefully, "for we are not heavy to be up at the Hall. Our darling Miss Letitia has been thrown from her horse, and just as the young Captain has been found to think her low but she is—"

"Oh, don't think so sadly as that," cried both neighbours with an air of great anxiety; "but how did it all happen?" they asked anxiously.

"Then old Margery told how Miss Letitia, the pride and darling of her old parents at the hall, as well as of her poor neighbours round Flaxham, was out riding with her horse, when she was thrown by a leap, slipped and threw her heavily to the ground."

"They pulled her up stunned and unconscious, and she had more talked out of her eyes since. The Captain is in a dreadful state about her," continued old Margery; "and though we called in Dr. Thorne directly, he said that we had better get prepared for sudden physicking."

"And quite right too," said Mrs. Ray, wisely, "and there are three cases here, but none so bad as skill is required, and this, I dare say, is good."

"Yes; special cases want special treatment," answered Mrs. Cox; and she glanced Mrs. Ray with a look full of meaning.

"But at that moment Margery, with a deep sigh, rose and took up her basket, as she said—

"Well, I must be getting back, for I'm that anxious that I can hardly bear myself. It will be such a dreadful thing if she never recovers consciousness, which has been in this state eleven o'clock this morning."

"Oh, we mustn't think the worst," said her neighbours, hopefully.

"No, but it is all very sad—so different a day as she had planned too. She and the Captain were going out to afternoon to distribute the papers about the mission, they are so interested in it; and Margery, with tears dimming her eyes, bade them off."

"Yes, special cases want special treatment," said Mrs. Cox, as she took up her work again.

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Ray, "and I think the Captain is perfectly right in wanting to further their work to everything in his power for her recovery, but it is more satisfactory to call in additional help; have him according to the usual plan."

"That is just it," answered Mrs. Cox, and the smile that curved her lip was both bright and sweet while she looked earnestly at her friend. "I say with you, have help according to the need; and that does not apply only to the body, but also to the requirements of the soul. It is not that Dr. Thorne will do everything in his power for her recovery, but it is more satisfactory to call in additional help; have him according to the usual plan."

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