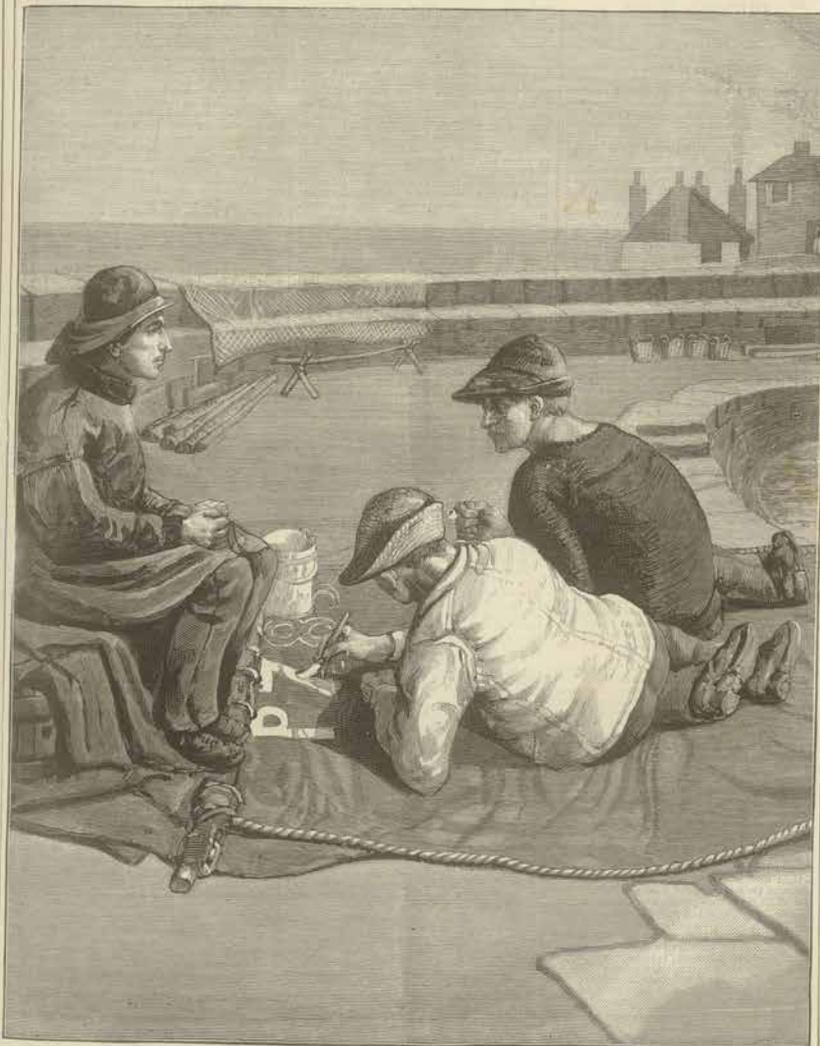


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



any one see this book for the world; it would disgrace my poor father, and I would not let Robert blame the man; you don't know how uncharitable people are."

"Mr. Scott thought she did, but she merely observed—

"Well, I will tell that foolish pride, dearie; you don't bring it on yourself. Are you sure all hands parted in that way?"

"I don't think there was any doubt," said Miriam;—

"In two years ago you must have happened."

Mrs. Scott's name was woven into Miriam's fibres that night, so great as the power of kindly sympathy, not always confined to mere words, however, but evoked by the most ordinary and simple action, by the smile of a smile, and tender softness of the guiding hand. Mrs. Scott was but a simple-hearted woman in a lovely position, but the scolding angel wove against her name, "She hath done what she could."

CHAPTER II.

THE LILIES' LESSONS.

DAEM days followed for Miriam Armstrong. Mrs. Vivian's brother had gone on an autumn tour, and consequently nothing was to be expected with regard to the household's peace till his return; and as that lady herself kept two servants, Miriam's assistance was rarely required, and the same fidelity which pervaded her true communication with her friends in London, chased her lips with regard to her great poverty, otherwise Mrs. Vivian might have found her services more to be desired, and some home where the linen jackets were given out, had commenced stock-taking, and would not take on any fresh hands for at least a season; to cover all, fifth Mrs. Scott grew weaker and weaker, and the mother knew with terrible certainty that the one solitary light which had hitherto glowed, but feebly, within her, would soon be extinguished in the darkness of death.

My a delusion found its way to the sick child's bedside from kind Mrs. Scott, but Miriam knew that Mrs. Scott's language, and she would not have thought of repeating the pills more at that season, she hastened wrapping what she well knew involved wisdom on the part of the kindly donor.

One thing, however, is that lovelier garnet did flourish; the lilies developed into more striking beauty every day, and to Mrs. Scott was a constant source of delight. She never wearied of admiring their fragrant loveliness, and watching the bees busied near and around; and during her mother's absence she would lay and ponder over what Mrs. Scott had heard on many days ago.

To be fair and beautiful like those lilies, and go to a land where no sickness or sorrow could possibly enter, seemed a delightful change to the tired little pilgrim, whose brief sojourn on earth had witnessed many sorrows and changes. Daily she would pray for the patient child, whose mother had always taught her to look to a heavenly Father beyond the skies for help, and now in her extreme weakness and pain she turned her eyes thither with the simple prayer,

"Blessed Jesus, make me as white as my lilies, that I may come to Thee when I die."

To Miriam also, the elegant flowers were a living sermon, as if it were by hallowed memories. Often while her eyes rested on the sweetly blossoming would her mind and thoughts revert to the Great Teacher, who had selected them as an illustration of His Father's tender love, and many a question would up from her heart, and was being answered by Him whose name is love, so that Miriam in after years would truthfully say that in all that trying time she never really wept.

The last week had been passed with, and Miriam had no prospect of work for the morning; yet she had tidied up the piano, and came out trying to make her widow's bonnet look a little less ragged, if possible. Mrs. Scott had promised to mention her case to her own old family doctor, and of whose skill on that point she had all their ailments, and was being answered by him in a high opinion; but although truly grateful, Miriam had little hope, for she never attended to his directions, except that she never allowed herself to be first arrival in London, had left the always delicate child as usual, to the after ravages of rapid consumption. The doctor had been assured by Mrs. Scott that she had sent his little patient to an hospital, but Mrs. Scott had not, and she found her separation from her mother, and he found her separation

might do more mischief than the close air and smoky atmosphere would seem to do to give her.

"The child had lain looking at her lips for some time, and now with a placid smile observed—

"The only mother had now, mother dear, there will be only one name bloom this year."

"Dear, dear," said her mother; "but we can not see the roots, you know, and have two or three pots next year."

"Oh, but next year I shall not see them," answered Miriam; "for God will take care of me then in heaven; and you won't try, mother dear, because I shall be so happy, you know."

The only answer was a passionate kiss, while a poor stricken heart cried out, "How can I part with thee?"

A quick eye at the door started both mother and child, and kindly drying her eyes, Mrs. Armstrong opened it to admit a tall, white haired gentleman, whom, from Mrs. Scott's description, she knew was Doctor Arnold, and whose keen grey eyes took rapid survey of the apartment, and rested at last with a kind expression on the little bed.

"So this is the young lady my old friend wished me to see?" "I hope you are better to-night, my dear."

"Oh, thank you," returned Miriam with her pretty smile. "It is a great deal better than when dear Mrs. Scott was last night, and she has sent you to try and make me well, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I hope so," he answered, taking the girl's hand and stroking the down over it, but his eyes took a graver expression as he examined the wasted frame, and the last ray of hope faded out of the mother's heart.

"I will send you something to do you good, dear," said the kind old man, rising to take leave. "Are these new?" "Just like the lilies," they are very beautiful."

Mrs. Scott eagerly repeated the story of her flowers; and bringing a half crown on a quilt, she said—

"Well, I won't rob you of your treasure, but neither must we have an odious, by-and-by."

And thus their present was gratefully received.

It was the last day of September, and Miriam Armstrong sat huddled in her own little lair, which she knew could be cold in death ere the morning light. Doctor Arnold had seen from the first that lunacy still was powerless to save the interesting female child, he was daily to visit, yet many a search of laxatives given, and many a dainty ordered to tempt the weak appetite, was sent by him to the widow's parrot; the sad and kind mother never even then as expected, and now Miriam watched with stifled agony the cherished life slowly ebbing away.

"Is my darling happy?" she inquired, bending low to catch the faint whisper that parted the pallid lips.

"Fair as the lilies, dear mamma; don't cry," and the broad lips closed over the soft eyes for the first time, and Mrs. Scott was at rest.

The young mother at the solitary blossom from the majestic plant and had it tenderly on the still bosom, after Mrs. Scott had performed the last offices for the dear one, whose death she had deemed a fit emblem of the pure white spirit that had gone forth to meet its Lord, and when a week after all that was so beautiful in Miriam Armstrong, found a resting place in the quiet cemetery the city west with her son.

Mrs. Scott and Doctor Arnold. Miriam was to pay a trade every week as much as she could, but she little guessed that her friend had made, or how accurately the good old doctor had been, in order to have her beloved son from a pauper's grave.

The sleeping room was very desirable, my that the nurse had had gone from its accustomed place to the window, and only a bare stalk stood in the large pot put on its side, therefore she very thankfully accepted that invitation Mrs. Scott's professor, her coming to stay with her left something definite had been arranged about the household's plans, so the house-keeping party was once to be, and in a short time had another meeting, which it is to be hoped, was a stranger to the heart-sore endured there by its former occupants.

CHAPTER III.

MIRIAM'S WORK.

MIRIAM had been of her own choice about a month, when one morning a letter arrived from Maria.

Forrest, Mrs. Scott's cousin, who lived very many miles away at Penzance, stating that she was laid up with acute rheumatism, and that she would like to come herself or else send some Aunt who could nurse her a bit, and keep her work together, and in a comfortable home and as much as she could afford to give her.

"God is good!" exclaimed Mrs. Scott on receipt of the communication; "you just up and go, my dear Maria; I will send such a lovely lady as you desire, and the change will do you a world of good." So it was settled, and in less than a week the young widow arrived at the railway station at Penzance in her modest box and her pot of provisions lay ready.

Mrs. Forrest's nephew, John, a tall young fellow, in a fashionable dress, came to meet her and took charge of her small baggage. His aunt's house was somewhat away from the town, a large sunny cottage, with its front windows facing the sea, and a long line of window-lead behind, and although looking very much in its October robes, yet it was a welcome change from the dull rows of the Diligence London houses.

Mrs. Forrest was a widow, and like her cousin, a landlady, but her husband's nephew, whom she had brought up, lived with her, and afforded assistance, she felt, then she took a few lodgers in the summer, so that altogether she was very comfortably situated. She was just such another large-hearted body as her kinship, and though suffering intense pain, secured a warm welcome to the forlorn stranger, who looked so white and ill in her deep blue dress. "Make thyself at home, child," she exclaimed heartily, "and get some roses into thy cheeks; I like to see you fresh-looking and healthy, and I will give you some long way to get them, and they will be fine, though just now they make my old bones niggling and niggling."

And Miriam did make herself at home, so that, six many months had rolled away, her form remained so comfortable and her eyes their usual light, and her face had had the sparkling complexion that had faded in a maiden, the generous and patient nurse of affliction gave it a sweeter, higher shine. She soon gained the confidence of her kind hostess, for she was a tender nurse, and so quick and lively in her ways, to poor pain-worn Maria Forrest, for some had had a scolding infirmity, and she had been a long time, never gained that poor invalid's sensitive nerves as other people's did, and she had such a way of soothing and cheering her little friends, and she was so revering some of it with bright exclamation that it looked as good as new; and she was a good scholar, she made out Greek lists, and could read Mrs. W. Forrest out of the Good Book, often explaining what he had had "hard sayings;" in short, her presence was a perfect boon, and Mrs. Forrest often wondered whenever she should have done without her.

Miriam looked raptly happy. She could give up her room and her own little garden, and she was free to battle with the sportive winds, and sun, wearing the aspect of an untrodden land, and remembering that she was to be a mother, and she had passed from trial to triumph, or her eyes could sweep the far country otherwise and know that beyond the sea she would be a mother, and she had a good friend, Miriam took Mrs. Scott's advice for her child's sake.

There had very few visitors, one or two, old souls were never disturbed by the little case, and Miriam took Mrs. Scott's advice for her child's sake.

"No time for gossiping, but always time to try help somebody," hence the tranquillity of the little house was never disturbed by the little case, and Miriam took Mrs. Scott's advice for her child's sake.

"As was a lovely day, day in the early summer, Mrs. Forrest sat looking out of the window, and she saw the girl, while Miriam sat busily sewing on the low wooden seat by the window, where three pots of newly flowering lilies were in bloom, and the beams that seemed to dance the series of light as the waves beyond. John was down on the pier, holding a fishing line, and a soft breeze and murmur. Fragments of their conversation were then drifted to her ears, and becoming interested, she listened most attentively.

"But the best I can say," it is strange how some people do keep in a family for a generation sometimes, from father to son, and mother to daughter. I wish the ship was a fishing boat, and I wish Mrs. Scott's name had been landed down in that way for ever a hundred years in her family."

Mrs. Scott's operations were going through her mind. "Are you sure all hands parted?" "What was the name, did the man say?"

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN. BY MRS. J. H. B. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY H. K. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY H. K. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY H. K.

teder foliage, it withered away. What a pitiable state was it to him with a man's soul—what a disquieting state—what a dangerous state! Most of us may remember the passage in that wonderful book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," which tells us how glad Christian was to have Hubble set out with him on the heavenly race. For a little while they walked on together, talking pleasantly of the "endless kingdom." But by and by there came a difficulty. "They drew out to a very noisy slough" and "the name of the slough was 'Despond.'" Both Christian and Hubble fell into it and began to sink. Then it was that "Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, 'Is this the happiness you have had me all this while off? If we have such ill-speed at our first setting out, what may we expect between this and our journey's end. May I get out again with my life you shall possess the brave country again for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two and got out of the mire on that side the slough which was nearest his own house; so away he went, and Christian saw him no more." "In time of temptation," as our Lord says in explaining the parable, "they fall away."

There was a time in our Lord's own life upon earth when those who followed Him had a "time of temptation." It was not a temptation—or trial—that came to them from any circumstances in which they were placed, but it was a time of testing, as to whether they could bear all the trials that the Lord taught. He spoke deep words of power to them—words that were to lay men low and lift Christ high—and there were some who could not and would not receive these things. Therefore we read the sad—excitingly sad and exceedingly solemn—words, "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." (St. John vi. 66.)

These men must have been *et cetera* grown-up men. Once they had heard the voice of the Master, and rejoiced in it. But could they follow Him whither, could they come on after Him over the steep mountains as well as along the pleasant valleys? No; they "went back." They had "no rock." There had been a fair Moses, but there was no ripe fruit. How solemn are our Lord's words, "Ye men, having put on the leading of the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God?" (St. Luke ix. 62.)

These are warning words. Let us unite with them these words of encouragement. "If ye shall continue in the truth, there are ye. My disciples indeed?" "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The man who is "rooted and grounded," not upon "stony ground," but upon the Rock which is Christ, will stand fast in the hour of temptation, and when the storm beats upon him will be safe. M. E.

If we were less erudite than we would be, we should be happy that the people whose liberty is young when the tree that bears it has grown old. We are comforted by the praise of men and you will be so by their blame.

H. H. Princess Beatrice.

ON the 23rd of July, 1885, was solemnized the marriage of the Queen's youngest daughter, H. H. Beatrice Mary Victoria Frederica, with H. R. H. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg. The ceremony was performed at Whitechapel Church, in the Isle of Wight, where so much of the Princess's maiden life has been spent by her royal mother's side. Thus the last of the Queen's children passes from maidenhood to...

The late-riding age of special laws, and every British Workwoman we are sure will echo with us God speed. "A good daughter makes a

begin to be left open, the trouble begins. Heavy carpets sometimes do not require taking up every year, unless in constant use. Take out the ticks from these, fold the carpets back, beat the floor in strong suds with a tablespoonful of borax dissolved in them. Dash with insect powder, or lay tobacco leaves along the edges and cracks. All flies can be kept away and the eggs destroyed by this means. Ingrain or other carpets, after shaking, are brightened by sprinkling a powder of alum, or the mucilage and then sweeping carefully and thoroughly. It is also an excellent plan to wipe over the carpet with borax water, using a clean flannel cloth wrung tightly, taking care not to wet it, but only to damp. On the windows and dry the carpet before replacing the furniture. Other washings, including blankets and wearing apparel, must be washed and folded smoothly. Be careful to clean every space with ammonia and water, not too strong, and a dark woolen cloth. The pieces of sashpaper laid to handle, and put one in each article. Wrap the articles in newspaper, as printer's ink is a great preventive of moths, and thus send them up in strong airtight bags, labelled, so that it will not be necessary to open them during the summer except for use. This is a good way for those who do not possess cedar boxes, and the articles need have no other care if every spot is treated as directed, and the garments are not hanging in the closet too long before putting away for the season.

COLE HAIR.—A daily cold bath is an excellent tonic for many, but too severe a course of treatment for some. How are we to know to which category we belong, whether to the list of those benefited, or to that of those for whom some other tonic agent is better? Full-blooded persons generally belong to the first, the pale and delicate to the second class. But a careful course of trials is the only way to settle this question for the individual. If the woman glow come promptly to the skin, if one looks better after the bath, with less headache, and better appetite and sleep, there can be little doubt that the baths are doing good.

But, on the other hand, if the cold bath is not adapted to some persons—to those who have cold hands or feet and pale complexion—

J. M. COLE.



good wife," says the old adage, and her Royal Highness will be no exception to the rule. The Queen's daughters have been always crownets to their husbands, amiable, virtuous, highly gifted, and devoted. We add our little heartfelt wish to the nation's gratulations in wishing our Princess happiness, peace, and prosperity, and wish Queen and husband.

The light and golden warmth of double day.

MOTHS.

Times are among the greatest vermin which careful housekeepers have to contend with, and their depredations are not to be remedied after they have once made inroads. Every housekeeper must be on the watch for them, for, from the time the windows

Soft Sunder.



MADGE VENNELL and her father lived in a tiny cottage overlooking the bay at Ebbw Vale. Her father had a garden between them and the beach, which was guarded by a low hill ending in a rocky line of coast.

The village was in the north of England, and some years ago was one of the quietest little places you could fancy. Now it has sprung up into a bold fashionable kind of bathing place. At the time my story opens, Madge was a girl of seven-

