

# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.







locking down upon them kindly and compassionately.

"At the sight they fell upon their knees and cried for mercy."

"Then the King's son spoke. 'Mercy you shall have,' he said; 'yet you have sinned; and justice must be satisfied. But I am going to give my life for yours, and the King is willing to accept the sacrifice instead of that of all your lives; say, now, how long you so very much that he freely give me up for your sake that you may live.'

"The next moment all was over. The King's son had done as he had said, and laid down his life for them."

"Then the chains were struck off the prisoners, and they were absolved from the presence of the good King, who blessed them and laid them free and happy."

"Do you think those men would disobey their King again?" The stranger asked the question so abruptly that I was too startled to reply, but my companions cried—

"No, no; I should think they never did."

"Ah, but," continued the wayfarer, "you are mistaken. Many, very many, soon disobeyed him again, and had eventually to be shot. It is true some of them had been so far away from the scene I have ascribed that they did not exactly understand about the sacrifice of their King's son, but some," and here the speaker turned a look of sad reproach upon me, "some know all about it, and how very ungrateful such conduct was, and how they must and should feel the great, good King."

"As the last word fell from the speaker's lips, he stepped to my side, who, already unconsciously struck at the moral of his tale, was lagging a little behind, and pointing with his right hand to very clouds and then up to the sky above, he hastily turned away, and rapidly mounted a steep path, which, commencing on the road, went gradually higher and higher up the great hill.

(To be continued.)

**MUTUAL DEFERENCE.**—Among well-bred people a mutual deference is affected; contempt for others discontinued; authority concealed; stimulation given to each in his turn; and an easy stream of conversation maintained, without vehemence, without interruption, without aggressiveness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.—*Herald.*

## Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

I.  
E. S. 110.

It is interesting to know something of the times in which a great man is born. In attempting a sketch of the life of Moses, we may well first of all ask what were the times in which Moses was sent of God into the world? He was not born in prosperous times. When first the great grandchild of Jacob was born, it was in the land of Egypt, they were very happy and

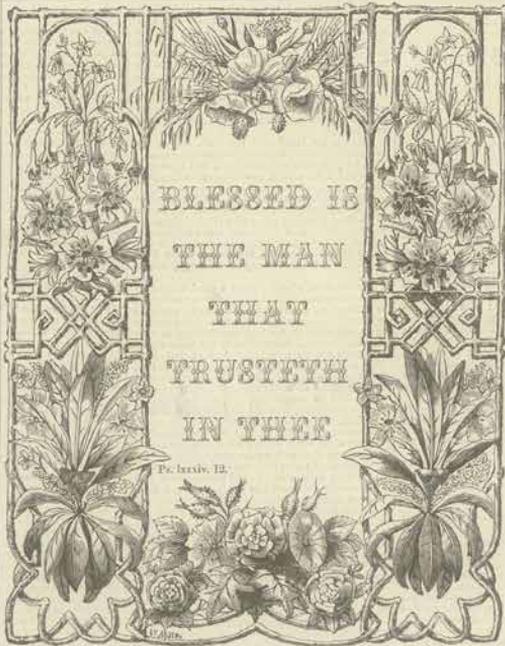
prosperous; the best of the land of Egypt was their portion—that however was for Joseph's sake, and after his death a good change took place. Dark days took the place of bright ones, and suffering and fear the place of ease and plenty. The cause of this sad change was that the Israelites were now so many in number that Egypt felt forced and was jealous of them (chap. 1, 9, 10). The Egyptians determined to oppress the children of Israel to reduce them and diminish their numbers.

But could they do it? No; we read, on the contrary, that the more the children of Israel were oppressed, the more they grew and multiplied (chap. 1, 12). What was the secret of this wonderful vitality? The secret of it was God's promise to Abraham. God had said that the seed of Abraham

past remedy, and then "man's extremity, because God's opportunity" and "an angel delivered, to help them and fight for them (Judges 13, 16). Moses was to be a wonderful deliverer, but he was to do all as God's servant, he was not to carry on a great work according to his own will and his own plan; he was to do God's work and fulfil His will. St. Paul tells us the kind of servant that Moses was: "Moses, your servant, and of all his house, as a servant" (Heb. iii. 5). A servant, if he is to be "faithful," must obey. No man would be a good servant if he followed his own will and his own Master. Christ's servants must learn to let His will instead of their own. Have we learnt that lesson? The story of the birth of Moses is very interesting. His father and mother's names were Aaron and Jochebed. Their eldest son was Aaron, and he was three years old when Moses was born. If we ask the question, why was not Aaron cast into the river? we can only answer that the law had probably not been then made. Miriam, the sister of these two remarkable brothers, appears to have been the eldest of the family. When Moses was born, his parents must have been led to think, what would become of him—did folk look away that day. In faith they hid their child for three months, and, as St. Paul tells us, "were not afraid of the king's commandment" (Heb. xi. 23). But the child, growing bigger, could be hidden no longer; it was then the wonderful idea came into the heart of the mother, to make an ark of bulrushes and give her child in it to the river. This river was the Nile, one of the most important rivers in the world in its effect upon the country through which it flows. No rain falls in Egypt, and the whole land is watered by the overflow of the Nile once a year. Flats and reeds abounded in other times upon the banks of the river, and among these reeds the mother of Moses, in faith, placed her child in his ark; "or tray basket," or "bulrushes."

Let us now see how beautiful God's providence foreshadowed Pharaoh's daughter comes down to the river, sees the ark, and takes her out of her maidens to feed it, and is touched by the sight of the "second-born child with life." The king's daughter must of course know well her father's love, but she does not fear her father, and determines to save the child. Miriam, watching anxiously no doubt by the river side, is called to go and fetch a nurse for the weeping babe, and runs at once to her mother. What a momentous step has been for her mother! Her own child is given back to her by Pharaoh's daughter. Oh! it is not good to trust God? David may well exclaim, "Oh! Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee" (Ps. lxxxi. 12).

We should have thought nothing more unlikely than that Jochebed should be called to be the nurse of her own child! Yet it was so, because, it was Providence—and what is Providence but the hand of God. His hand is ever at work, His arm ever extended, His love ever ready to reach to the little ark of bulrushes, and to give the mother of God that through her restored the child to the mother's loving arms.



should be as "the stars of heaven," and the "man which is on the sea shore;" and therefore their enemies might do their utmost to smother them out, but it would be all of no use. God was on their side; and it is a vain attempt for men to fight against God. So the Israelites multiplied, and they were very miserable. They were poor, and the bondage with which they were made to serve was hard and bitter. Then the cruel law went forth that every male child should be thrown into the river when born. It need have seemed to these poor people then as if their darkest hour had come. But as we are told that the darkest hour of night is just before the dawn, so was it for the children of Israel. When their burden had become too heavy for them to bear, Moses was born. God can send deliverance just when it is needed.

Over and over again in the Book of Judges, we read how the people fell into trouble, until it seemed

It was then the child received his name of Moses—*is, "drawn out."* He was "drawn out" of the river; he was saved. What was he saved from? Death. Why was he saved? To work for God. What a pattern we have here of what every real Christian is and ought to be. Such an one is *"drawn out"* from death—saved from the death of sin, "delivered from the wrath to come" (Thim. 1, 10).

And if this be so, is he not also *"drawn out"* to serve God? Moses was saved, not that he might live for self, but for God. How is it with ourselves? Would the name of Moses be true of us? Would it express our character? Are we *"drawn out"* from sin and *"being set free from sin,"* so we become the servants of God?

MARGARET BEALE.  
At the request of many of our readers, our valued contributor, "M. E.," will appear here more in full in all future articles.

**THE ROMANIAN OIL REGION.**—Covering an area of over 14,000 square miles, with forty-two oil wells in our district, over a hundred in another, four hundred in a third, there are still other regions waiting to be developed to produce still greater results. One producing well produces two millions of gallons a day. The oil is found in places at a depth of a hundred feet, and so will have gone below eight hundred and twenty-five feet. Three Swedish brothers, and a few others, American and Englishmen, as well as Roumanians, who have been in America, have introduced technical and scientific, pipe lines, oil-carrying barges and steamers, tank cars, refineries, joint-stock companies, railroads, and now produce 800,000 tons of crude, and 200,000 tons of refined, petroleum, and are rapidly finding new markets. In America there are over 25,000 drilled petroleum wells; in Baku, the Russian oil region of most activity, there are 400, but a single one of these, it is claimed, has thrown up as much oil in a day as nearly the whole of the 25,000 in America put together. To sink a well in Roumania costs from £1,000 to £2,000, and that in a region so poorly supplied that the owners have to burn their own in great quantities. Spending wells in Roumania are both frequent and constant, and the operation is a serious difficulty.

It was in the days of her early womanhood, but her new slavery had long in curls of burnished gold, that she was attacked by a long, lingering illness.

On reaching convalescence she was ordered into the country; and, for many months, she made her home in a pretty little cottage in H—.

It was her beautiful and of a small country residence. The white and red roses clustered in lavish profusion over the rustic dwelling, and the air was laden with sweet health-restoring fragrances.

The Devon cottages were three in number, and in the centre one Mrs. Acton took up her abode. On one side of her lived a quiet couple, when tastes and occupations were in keeping with their pleasant surroundings. But it was not with them that Mrs.

She was seated under the drooping boughs of a well-grown ash-tree, but a few moments after her arrival when she was nearly startled by the sounds that fell on her ears.

Undoubtedly it was a woman's voice, but the tones were so harsh and discordant that Mrs. Acton visibly winced. She peered through the foliage of her lady retreat, in the direction whence they came; the fence that divided the garden was low, and through one of the openings Mrs. Acton saw her neighbour, Mrs. Ellis.

She was crouching by the head of a tiny child of three, whom she alternately shook and soothed, while another lay, but a year or two older, shakily followed behind.

"Let me see you do it again! I'll teach you to break the flowers—ugh! you horrid little thing!" Another shake, accompanied the fierce violent-sounding words, while a dismal wail burst from the little one.

"Stop that! I'll kill you if you don't—mark me, I'll kill you!"

Mrs. Ellis sang—the whole fat of this unwomanly woman was held in front of the baby's face, while the hideous threat, which no doubt was more than words, was uttered.

The wail subsided into a whimper and a few sobs, which only were heard, till the woman's voice broke forth once more.

"Tough those flowers again and I'll come out and strangle you!"

Scenes followed. A few moments later a child's voice was heard. "I'll kill you if you don't let me have that Jimmy; I'll kill you!"

From her seat under the tree, Mrs. Acton saw the elder of the two children shake his small fist in his mother's face, while his youthful misanthrope assumed a look of ferocity.

Early indeed were those first impressions taking root in those children's souls.

Quaint and harshness were a part of their every-day education. Their baby ears were early accustomed to discordant sounds and hard words, accompanied by violence and harsh usage.

Mrs. Acton was young and delicate; in those days and shy of advising her sisters, or doubting she would have sought an opportunity of giving this violent young woman

a word of warning as to the future she was now seeing for herself and innocent babes.

As it was also need only to watch the two little brothers with sad pitying eyes, and wonder how any human creature could speak or act roughly to two such frail, delicate-looking children. They were small, even undervalued for their age; but they might have been called, and their little faces were an unbroken, half-dimpled look.

If some one could only reassure them, and win their love, and teach them that there were tender hearts in the world that yearned for them, little children! With none such thoughts in her mind, Mrs. Acton advanced slowly towards the low fence, and called gently to the elder child.

"Charlie," she said softly, "come to me. I want you." Charlie turned his sharp little face towards the lady, while Jimmy dropped the stones with



"SUGGESTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTORS."—See page 23.

## All in the Bringing Up.

### CHAPTER I.

#### "GIVE KISS YOU"

"T'is all in the bringing up." Mrs. Acton shook her venerable-looking head, as she laid aside the newspaper she had been reading, and again repeated, "yes, it is all in the bringing up." From earliest infancy some children are taught to be cruel," she added, "and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, they have the care of them to be blame for this."

Then Mrs. Acton's thoughts reverted to a case that had come under her notice some years ago.

Acton's thoughts were occupied, but with her neighbour on the other side, and it was no wonder that her face grew sad as she mused thereon.

This person's name was Ellis. A young, sharp-featured woman, tall and thin, with cold-looking eyes, that seemed incapable of emitting one human ray of sympathy.

"Mrs. Acton was fond of studying faces, and though she was of too liberal a nature to allow herself to be influenced by mere outward characteristics, yet, in the countenance is frequently an index to the inner life of the creature, she more often than not found her surmises to be correct.

Her impression of Mrs. Ellis was, from the first, unfavourable; but, as more complete without proof is impetuous, not to say wrong, Mrs. Acton held her judgment in abeyance and waited for conviction. It soon came.

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