

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



hand. "The result you know," and Dolon relayed into his usual calm quiet manner.

"You have been a true friend," said John, "and I thank you. I can say no more. Perhaps the day may come when I shall repay your kindness. But why should I think of that?"

"Simply because I was anxious for his own advancement, and earnest toiling for the meek. He had heard that you had been threatened with dismissal, and he took a risky mode of conveying it. But do not let us speak of him. You will come back to me?"

"Yes," said John, "it would be best I think. But I shall ask that Vincent may be allowed to say so."

"You will?" said

Dolon in surprise. John glanced at his wife who was seated at the table near him. She looked up.

"We both think that it is our duty to forgive a wrong, Mr. Dolon."

"There would be few, I fear, who would so act," he answered.

"Dolon," said John, looking earnestly, "I was peasant laury, arrogant. Pride has had a fall. I have been at school with correct experiences, and I trust I have learnt their lessons. Through God's mercy, and also your friendship, the days are brighter now. But all my life long I shall be thankful that for a while I walked 'in stony places.'"

—STANLEY WILLIAMS.

FLOWERS AND HEALTH.—Professor Monteggia of Pavia has lately discovered that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odours, Hyacinths, magnolias, heliotrope, lemon, mint, lavender, rosemary, cherry-blossom, and the like, all three of ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays. It is powerful in this great atmosphere purifier that it is the health of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly miasma which infects them by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation.

Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

II. THE PASSOVER.

Ex. ii. 23; Ex. xii.

IN our last paper we considered the plagues of Egypt and the hardness of Pharaoh's heart. "Nine times God had made him, and Moses, and the king's anger as 'seeing Him, who is invisible.'" By faith Moses passed through that terrible fire, and he needed yet some atonement faith to uphold him through the trial of the last

plague. God had separated Israel from Egypt in all the later plagues. While Egypt suffered, the Israelites were untouched by harm. (Ex. viii. 22, and x. 23). But now this division was to be more marked than ever. It was to be seen what a great difference exists between one who serves God and one who serves Him not. This is a very important matter. God's Word is full of this contrast. Yet how many people live as if it were of no consequence whether they are among the servants of God or not. It will be seen to be of the greatest consequence one day, as clearly as in Egypt in the time of the tenth plague. This last plague was the death of the firstborn. "All the

"Rise up and get you forth from among my people" (Ex. xii. 31). At last the proud man had to yield. Oh! how vain it is to fight against God!

But how were the children of Israel to be saved on the night of the "great cry?" Moses received from God special commands concerning this, which as God's servant he faithfully carried out. "The manner was not Moses' plan; it was God's law. The story of the feast was this. Every household was to take a lamb, one as perfect of its kind as possible, and to keep it for four days. Then, on the same night, when the destroying angel went forth, the lamb was to be killed, and its blood was to be sprinkled on the top

of the door, and on each doorstep—those stains almost thus forming the outline of a cross.

Then the door was to be closed, and the lamb was to be roasted for the feast, and eaten with bitter herbs.

The remainder was to be burnt. The people as they eat it were to have their "sins graven"—

—"written on their feet"—"propagation, and 'a seal in their hearts, as a memorial in haste." It was not a very feast, but yet a solemn one, with death all around them, and their longest-for journey before them.

And yet, as these commands were given by God to Moses, and it must have been an anxious time for him to see all

carried out. He must have strong faith in his help through that night.

Moses did not ask why all this should be done. He trusted God and went forward. The people trusted God also at the same time. They might have asked,

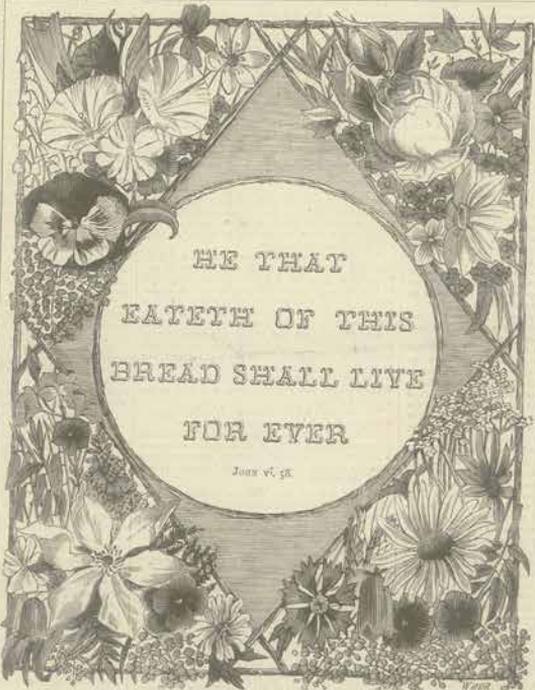
"What has our killing a lamb to do with leaving Egypt?" It is just this question which we may do well to ask now.

God taught much in the days of the Fall Testament, by living pictures or types. We do not need this now, as we have God's written Word. Abel's lamb and the Passover lamb are the same living picture or type of Christ, the "Lamb of God."

In Him there was no spot, or blemish, and the meekness and gentleness of our Lord's sacrifice.

Therefore, if we were might fitly be typified by a lamb. Then there was the spiritual blood. This is the great point

of all. Every true Israelite must have the blood-mark upon his soul, and it means the life. "I believe in salvation in God's way; I desire to die as much as any Egyptian, but the lamb has died instead." Here is a picture of the Cross! It is not in danger, as death is not a rest, how can we be delivered? It can only be in God's way. We can never get out of the "house of bondage" by our own efforts. Unless the mark of Christ's sacrifice is upon us, there is no safety for us. The blood-stain on our door took the form of a cross; as by the Cross of Jesus is our salvation. The Bible teaches us this from end to end—there is no salvation but by the blood, the "precious blood of Christ." Never was this truth more clearly set forth than in the Passover. Our blessed Lord said of Himself, "I am the Lamb of God" (John 1:29); and truly, in the history of the Passover, night, wrote of Him, and pointed salvation through the staining blood of God's Lamb.



first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maid-servant that is behind the mill, and all the firstborn of beasts; and there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt" (Ex. xii. 5-7). Other plagues had been terrible, but none and ever called forth "a great cry" such as this. When death comes into a house, it is like nothing else—that silence—that still fear. Think what it must have been when this was the case in every house in the country. From the palace down to the lowliest dwelling there was death in each house. The blow fell upon Pharaoh now in the person of his son. His country had suffered; Pharaoh did not seem to care; but now his eldest son—his heir, the heir to his throne—was smitten. This was the blow that Pharaoh could not stand. "He called for Moses and Aaron by night" and said,

Never would Moses, never could Israel forget the Passover night. The Feast was to be kept every year, and it was kept on until Christ came. What is the teaching of the Passover for ourselves? "Let us keep the feast." There were two parts in the Passover: (1) the sprinkled blood; (2) the feast upon the lamb—the one to save, the other to strengthen. This is just what the bread and wine signify in the Lord's Supper. That is our Passover feast. Christ gave us a command to keep it "till He come," and all who love Him will do so. It will remind us that we need Christ's blood. Do we know that yet? If Israel had gone out of their homes that night, death would have overtaken them. So are we in danger of death eternal unless we are sprinkled with Christ's blood. It is that, and that alone, that can save us from the stroke of the destroying angel, and deliver us from the "house of bondage."

MARGARET ERMALLE.

A WONDERFUL GROTTO.—A correspondent in England writes the following description of the "Maiden's Grotto," discovered not long ago at Dargali, in Scutaria, which is approached by a difficult and tortuous path leading down into a gloomy ravine on the mountainous coast. "The grotto commences by an ample space, the vault of which is supported by columns. On the rocky ground may be seen the print of a human foot. From this place you enter a vast hall of such magnificence that it excites an exclamation of wonder. Sixteen columns with vari-colored capitals rise from the marble floor and sustain a pure white roof. From which depend the figures of birds, guns, serpents, baskets of fruit, and a thousand other tricks of Nature. But the most striking object is an altar surrounded with mosaic baskets of coloured flowers, and on which are large conch shells and a shrine so exactly imitated that you are tempted to try to open it in order to see the chalice within. From the roof above hang festoons of flowers, which reach down almost to the altar as if attempting to conceal it. The most wonderful thing in the hall was, however, the petrified skeleton of a human being, which was partly destroyed by visitors, and the spine of which has been taken in fire to a professor of natural history in Cap-

the Providence that rules all things, and testimony to great eternal truths.

A good many years ago, on moving into a new neighbourhood (we were living in Ireland), I began to look about among the paucity near for some respectable poor woman whom I could bring into the home to assist the servants, when, from one of the changes that arise in every day life, an extra pair of hands is wanted, and a little elderly woman called Nelly Darrow was recommended to me.

She had the dark-blue eye so expressive of the essential temper with a touch of droopiness in it that marks the Celtic nature, her hair was grey,

ful way of doing things, made up a good deal of value.

A very great deal indeed in her own little sphere, for she had an invalid husband, a sickly sister, and an old doating mother to care for, and in a degree to provide for also. Her husband had been in the army, and was discharged incapacitated on a pension of sixpence a day; and this, with Nelly's earnings, and a trifling and uncertain addition from plain needlework that her sister managed to do up to procure, made up the subsistence of the family, all helpless creatures except Nelly herself. The aged mother was indeed worse than helpless, for she could not do much, but she had so much bodily health

and strength that she was always moving about, going here and there without any one, and requiring no one watching to keep her out of danger.

More than once she had set herself on fire, and she would give anything she could lay hold of to the travelling beggars, who in Ireland infest country districts; besides which, living as they did near the sea, there was a constant fear that the poor creatures might wander to the cliffs, which were a short way off, and be killed by falling over.

Earnings were scarce in that part of the country, employment of any kind hard to get, and though Nelly was certainly needed by her half-helpless relatives, she was nevertheless very glad of the widow's work she had in our house and much grateful for the payment, which she refused to take until the end of the time, "that the money might all come in a lump," when off she went and bought a suit of clothes for her husband, and a pig. It was "the biggest lift," she said, she ever got.

After long trials with the poor old woman, she passed away, leaving Nelly in great affliction, as she told me of knowing that she "had never wanted a man's hand, nor a warm wrap to put about her."

Then her husband became bedridden, and much more suffering than before. Patiently and tenderly Nelly and her sickly sister did everything they could for his relief, and also their own porridge dry, and drank their weak tea without milk, that old Jim might have all the little that their scrappy old cow gave them.

But few times they hear when Jim, who had never been in an actual battle, had suffered awfully as much, from fever in India and ophthalmia in Egypt, two shipwrecks, and one explosion, Jim was dying.

For the last time the minister of his parish, paper, and a neighbouring farmer gave Sally, the sickly sister, a seat in his nearest-cart to the town, some miles away, where a Government officer attended to pay the pension.

It had always been a glad day when Jim's pension came in. Nineteen a day, accumulating for three years, came to what amounted to them a fortune. It paid their little bill at the small country shop, where from quarter to quarter their meal and flour,



"SHUING LITTLE HARBOLD'S FOOTSTEPS."—See Page 42.

"As Happy as a Queen."

As happy as a Queen." The words were said to me by a lady under circumstances which, by their contrast, made them more likely to listen to, and I tried me to tell the little tale connected with the cheery sentence. Even as the veriest truth sometimes shows the course that great events will take, so would the "short and simple annals of the poor," are often found illustrations of

and she still retained something of the "first year" complexion of early days.

Her whole appearance was scrupulously clean, from the white linen cap with its double row of stiff borders, to the patched brown staff dress, well mended apron, and stockings of horse hair wool.

Very much what was wanted she proved to be able to work, and before long, from the circumstance of tedious illness occurring in the family, she became for several months one of our domestic staff, being a valuable help in a time of worry and overwork to the servants, for Nelly, poor present because she was, had a fund of hussey & now-lady, which, with her excessive industry and sam-

