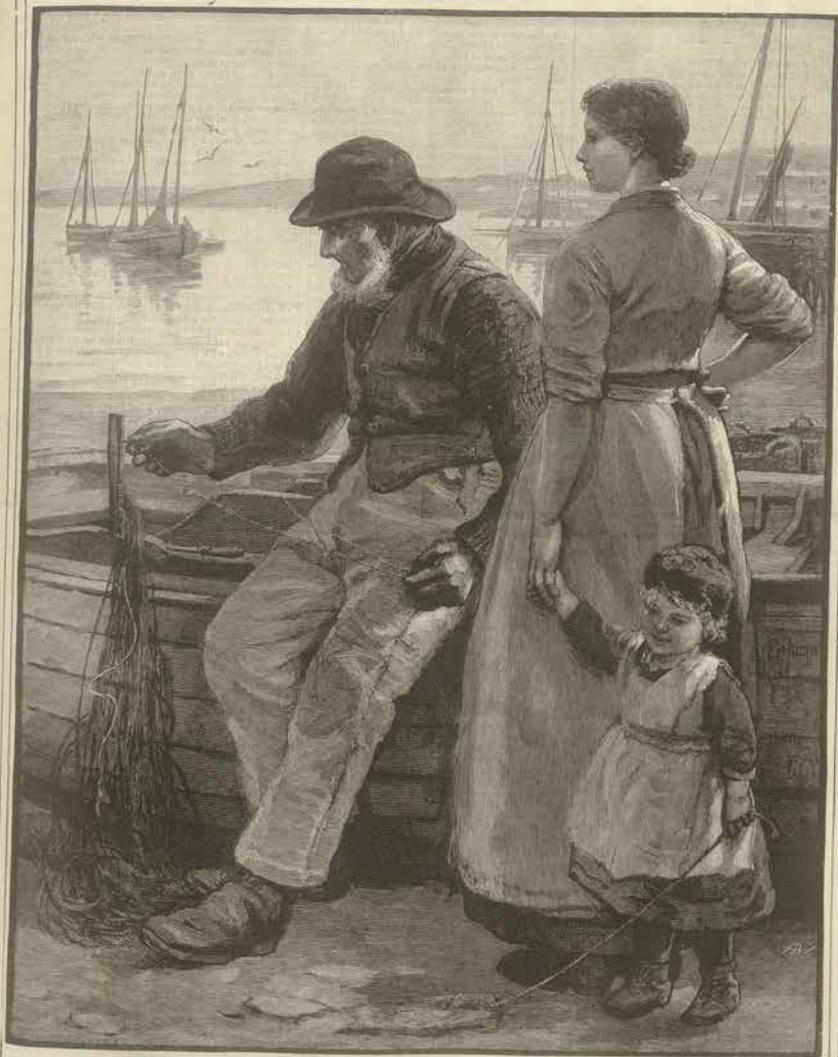


# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.







## Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

### THE RED SEA.

RE. xiv. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 On the wonderful Passover night, which we considered last time, the children of Israel at last set forth from the land of Egypt. What a vast multitude there were, 600,000 men, women and children, gathering together in great haste and setting out from their homes in Egypt!

(Ex. xiv. 37, 38). Their first halt was at Etham, and then we are told of God's appointment for the guidance of His people. They were not to be left to wander on through the wilderness according to their own will and way. Neither were they to follow just as Moses guided them—God Himself led them by a Pillar of Cloud by day, and with a Pillar of Fire by night (chap. xiii. 21, 22).

Never could the question arise among that great multitude, "which way are we to go?" The Pillar of Cloud always went before them, and they followed as they were led. God does not lead His children by a visible token now, yet as truly and really He guides them. What a difference there would be to the lives of many people, if the prayer went up from their hearts, "Lord lead me!"

A wiffling little child so unsteady feet, that will not take his mother's hand, will be sure to have a very long and weary journey, and will become we sick to guide our own footsteps. We can do no more, "Hold thyro' me up." The history of the children of Israel was written for our sakes. God would have us seek ourselves as we read it. What lesson is there here for us?

The lesson of the cloudy Pillar is one for daily life. Here we griped up our hearts and lives to God's guidance? Are we following as His leads us? We are now brought to Israel's first great difficulty on leaving Egypt—the Red Sea. These people had no ships, how could they cross the sea? And then with the sea before them, danger came from behind. Pharaoh, forgetting the terrible plagues he had sent of letting Israel go and pursue them. The proud king was about to march on to his own death, though he knew it not. Pharaoh thought to destroy Israel, but in the attempt he himself was destroyed. Thus Satan thought to overcome Christ, but he himself overcame by that Christ "stronger than he." It must have been a fearful moment for Israel when they saw the host coming on behind them. Their fear and unbelief led them to murmure against Moses (ver. 11). The reply of Moses shows to whom they were to look. No earthly help could avail for them, "It is God that fight for thee." It is a great matter when any soul is brought to realize that there is no help for us anywhere, but in God alone. God brings us low just that He may teach them that they may rely with Him, "Help us, Lord, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude" (2 Chron. xiv. 11). "Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Have any of us been in 'extremity'?" Did we seek God then? And if we sought Him, did we not find Him? "Thou Lord hast never failed them that seek Thee" (Ps. lv. 10). Prayer-book Venison. God gives Moses to be consumed to "go forward." Was not this an impossibility? Could they "go forward" into the sea? God never gives a command without the power to obey it. Moses stretched, and the sea, an

ent wind drove back the sea, the waters divided and became as walls on either side, and there was a pathway for the people to pass over (ver. 21). "The sea is His, and He made it," and He can rule it at His will. The sea obeyed Christ also, and was "still" at His word, and its towering waves held Him up, as He walked calmly upon it. The miracle of the dividing the waters of the Red Sea is alluded to in various parts of God's Word as a special instance of His power (Ps. lxxviii. 13; Is. lxi. 11, 12, 13).

We must notice that when the children of Israel looked upon their passage through the sea, the Pillar of Cloud that had gone before them to guide them, removed and went behind them (ver. 19, 20). Why was this? God's Pillar was to be behind in Egypt and light to Israel. The children of Israel

be fully realized by His servants, for they "shall see His face" (Gen. xlii. 6). Will he ever so fierce to rejoice before His face, in that day?

When the children of Israel were safe on the other side of the Red Sea, the judgment of God came upon the Egyptians. The waters returned to their place and overwhelmed the advancing host (ver. 27, 28). Never again could they rise up against Israel—their dead bodies lay, in the morning, upon the shores of the sea. So must all God's enemies perish one day. He is waiting now, looking with His wretched world, but judgment will come, as surely as to Egypt (2 Thes. i. 7, 9). Israel, saved, on the shores of the sea, is a striking picture of delivered souls—who have experienced God's "great salvation." As Moses led Israel through the sea, so may Christ, the "Captain of our salvation," lead us, and deliver us from sin and death.

MARGARET EDWARDS.

## Kitty Farthings.

HER name was really Kate Crompton, but she was generally called "Kitty Farthings." She lived in a poorly inhabited street, one that its residents had much difficulty in making both ends of their very narrow income meet.

Kitty was not among the diligent of the land, though she thought herself rich as compared with her neighbours, which indeed she was, for as Kitty herself said, "If a body can pay her way, an' get along from day to day without giving a better a farthing, an' 'ave something saved again, at a time o' trouble, why, that's Kitty's way." Indeed, with all this part of her money, but her coolly, expansive countenance fully showed the satisfaction that went a body, in each circumstance, night and really ought to feel.

There was no doubt that Kitty was rather proud of herself, not with a wicked, inflated pride, that made her overbearing, and look down with contempt on all around her. Such feelings were unknown to the mistress of number 10 Canham Street, but she had a good pride founded on self-respect. "I couldn't get on at all," she had been heard to say, "if I couldn't respect myself, and if you don't respect yourself, how can you expect others to respect you?"

So Kitty showed her respect for herself in her neat and orderly habits, and by maintaining her usual resources, so that she should become a burden to no one. "Taxe is half enough, without an' addin' to 'er countin' in the parish for relief, an' as long as I'm 'lived' with health an' strength I'll work and save."

But something like a high school Kitty at this point of her marriage. She had just entered the long, narrow street in which her house was situated, and her hard-earned day's wages was lightly grasped in her hand.

As long as she could work she would do very well; there was no doubt about that. But by-and-by, when health and strength began to fail, her able countenance passed between in order, or make herself of use in any way, what would become of old Kitty then? How far would her savings go in keeping her out of the workhouse? She had a look full over her ragged face. "The House is all very well, an' a blessing to some, but it's the look of her own door, and nobody but little dwelling. She

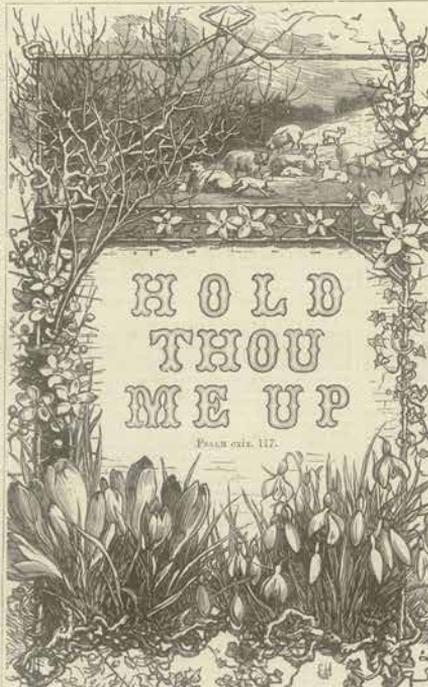


PLATE CXLII.

was to be lighted on their way, God's Pillar was to be their blessing, but it how different was it on the other side! It is a picture to us of the measurable difference between the smile and God's frown, the joy of one, the terror of the other. Each one of us is either under the frown, or the smile of God. Do you ask, who are those who sit under the frown of God? Every unrepentant sinner. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil" (1 Pet. iii. 12). The "face of the Lord" was "against" the Egyptians; He "looked" upon them not to bless them, but to trouble them. Ah! the time will come when God's face will be so terrible that heaven and earth will flee from before it (Gen. xix.). That indeed will be the doom! Then too will the smile of God

soon had the fire lighted, and the kettle boiling for her cup of tea, and under the cheering influence of the latter she was able to cope with her cares. A look of misery, which surely was heaven-born, lighted her face as she murmured, "I'll not fear the future; He never deserts those who trust in Him, and He knoweth them that trust in Him."

With this comforting assurance Kitty finished her tea, put on her bonnet and shawl again, and with her basket on her arm, sallied out in dry but little marketing. Mr. Pringle's, at the corner of the street, the lights of whose well-stocked shop were a beacon to the whole neighbourhood, was her destination. Mr. Pringle himself was serving on this occasion, and it was Mr. Pringle who greeted our friend with a hearty "Good evening, Mrs. Kitty, and how do you find yourself?"

"Pretty well, I think you," answered Mrs. Kitty, pausing a little after the exertion of ascending the three awkward corner steps that led into the shop.

"And what can I serve you with to-night?"

what she always wants, farthings for? I never remember—and she's been here pretty regular now; for some years—her ever making a purchase without asking for as many farthings as I could spare. Odd, very odd." Mr. Pringle thought his soliloquy to a close, and began to dust his counter with a wipe.

In the meantime Mrs. Kitty approached her own door, and a few minutes later she was at home again. When the contents of her basket were safely placed in her ready-arranged cupboard, and her bonnet and shawl hanging once more on the peg behind the door, she took from a shelf an old, crumpled-looking box, into which, with some gradual shaking, she dropped the seven farthings. "After doing so a smile flitted across her face, and for a moment she seemed about to raise the lid and have a peep in, but, contentedly with an effort she restrained her curiosity, and, with a shake of the head, murmured, "No, not till the right day comes round, and then we'll see, we'll see."

"Dad's got no work, an' mother's laid up bad, an' I want to know if yer'll give me something to buy a loaf o' bread, or to get a little tea with. Couldn't yer now spare an some o' those farthings?" asked the child wistfully.

"Oh, no, I not those," exclaimed Mrs. Kitty, with a touch of pain in her voice.

"Why not? yer've got lots I dare say. Mr. Pringle sells yer Mrs. Kitty farthings."

"Oh, no, child; I couldn't spare one of those!" said Mrs. Kitty decidedly.

"Not one of those precious treasures," she added softly. "But troubled by the look of disappointment in the girl's face, she continued: "But you shall have what you want."

"Though I'm but a poor woman myself, and not able to give much away, I can do what I can, an' that's all the dear Lord asks of any of us," she mused, as she turned to her cupboard, and took out a loaf and some tea and sugar, which she made up into a good-sized packet and despatched with the little girl to her own home.



"HIS MOTHER NURSED HIM WHEN HE WAS ILL."—See page 50.

"And Mr. Pringle pleasantly, as he looked at the good-humoured face before him. Mrs. Kitty was a special favorite of his, as she never wanted credit, nor anything that he was unable to oblige her with.

In the present instance she required her usual amount of little grocery, and when her purchases were completed, she tendered the shopkeeper a two-shilling piece, which, after boasting on the counter, he threw into the till, and proceeded to give her the change.

"As many farthings as you can spare," said Mrs. Kitty, emphatically.

"All right, ma, you shall have them—now, two, three, four, five, six; I'm rather short to-night, but here's another—seven, that is all."

Mrs. Kitty followed them up with an air of satisfaction, and carefully placing her small packages in her rooney basket, turned to leave the shop.

"She's a queer one, she is," was Mr. Pringle's comment, as he watched his customer's partly form slowly making its way down the steps.

The fire-blend and shed a merry light round the room. Every object in it was illuminated with a roddy glow, even Mrs. Kitty herself, who under the happy impression that she had shut out the gaze of all inquisitive eyes, abandoned herself to a few minutes' meditation before carefully placing the box again in its right place. But as she turned to do so her movements were nervously watched by a pair of sharp, dark eyes, the owner of which had scarcely time to draw on one side before Mrs. Kitty, with a veiled exclamation, discovered that her shutter was still unshut.

"I can't think how I came to forget it." Then she passed and returned; and so unawares look stole over her face as she heard a step outside, which was immediately followed by a knock at the door.

It was only a neighbor's child as whom Mrs. Kitty's gaze rested a moment later. A child, with an anxious, under-lid look, and whose large, eager eyes hastily scanned her face.

"And may a blessing go with it," she called fervently to herself. And though Mrs. Kitty did not know it, her timely gift was productive of good. It was more eloquent than words; "farthings" as "right words" in forwarding a cause which she had much at heart. In Oathin Street alone Mrs. Kitty often knew language which made her shudder. Oaths were of frequent occurrence. God's holy name was used lightly by irreverent lips, and many a time when she passed the Ryland's home her ears had been shocked by the expressions that she overheard. Once she did stop and capitulate, and the few earnest sentences that she spoke in the Master's name stopped the blasphemous words, but only for a time. The next day she heard the same unwholesome exclamations. As speech in this case seemed useless, she seldom gave utterance to it, but prayed with increased ardor, "hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come." In the meantime, herself trying to lead a life consistent with her professions.

From the date of her welcome and the Ryland's





