

# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.







have thought of it but for those women." I must get you out of this as soon as you see well."

"You needn't trouble yourself about them, Mark dear. I've settled them already, and I shouldn't like to leave home. It is our first home, Mark, and the rooms are nice, and so near your work. Don't be doubtful of me, Mark. Let me live on here, and I'll show you I'll never be so foolish again as to mind what any one says or thinks but you."

He had never had the chance of a word in private with her till now, when he would not give her by sitting her all the best of, and thought on that week (all day) how full his heart had been of resentment and vindictiveness against her, when he had felt he would not care if he never saw her again. It was only when turning in the boat he was rousing so restlessly, and seeing death so near in the shape of a steathead heaving down upon him, that loving thoughts of Sue, and the utterly desolate state in which his death would leave her, gave him strength almost superhuman to spring and catch hold of the dangling chain of the steathead before the shock came. That would have thrown him into the river and into the jaws of certain death.

When on deck of the boat he sat down to recover his breath he saw at once, as in a glass, how it had all happened.

"It's all the work of those women," he thought, with clenched fists. "What a fool I was not to see it before! They baited and badgered her till she was beside herself, and didn't know what she was saying. As I'm a living man, not another day will I leave her in that house! And he had hurried home on leading to that poor, feeble pale and invariable on her bed."

"And yet I never blame you, Mark—ye'll never tell me I killed it!" Sue asked pitiously.

"My dear, how could I blame you when it was all my fault," he answered, looking far above to his heaven. "I have thought of it often and often in those last days," he added in a subdued voice, "and it seems to me now that we were too instrumented to have such a private charge sent us. Perhaps we shouldn't have acted and been worthy of one, rightly by it. In another year or so, Sue dear, we may be wiser and better, and more worthy of one, when it will be sent to us."

And Mark's eyes glinted with tears as he spoke.

"Please God!" answered Sue reverently, with folded hands.

And so we leave them, banished in spirit, but very happy, and strong in their renewed faith in our author.

ANN BAKER.

**HAPPINESS.**—Wealth, station, applause, luxury, so often sought, are not necessary to happiness; they often minister to it, but it is not therein without them. Health is more essential, though there are some happy invalids. A moderate supply of the physical comforts of life seems needful, though happiness and poverty have dwelt together. The increase of our faculties in some mental and, if possible, congenial direction is of the utmost importance. Idleness and overwork are both disastrous to happiness; as is vice in all its forms, whether in the glittering pleasure it holds out. Success, the admiration of every right kind, obedience to the voice of conscience and reason, the love and help we give, even more than that we receive, are all ministering influences to happiness.

## Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

VI.

"Moses and the Manna."—Exodus xvi.



IN our last paper we considered the story of Israel brought through the Red Sea. A beautiful lesson of grace was sung after words (chap. xv). Israel were saved from all the power of the enemy, and they were to God. Christ came to redeem our souls from a greater enemy. Have we praised Him for it yet? Until we realize and believe in our own part in that great de-

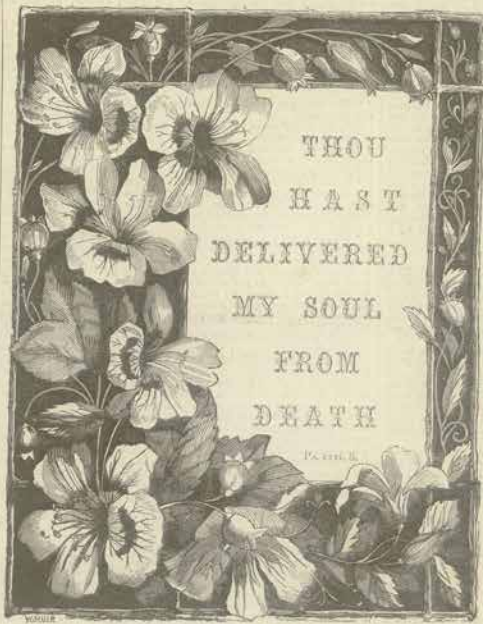
liverance from any earthly bond rather than from God. We do not take God at His word, and that upon it. The belief-fishers God, but we cannot trust God too much, if we would please Him. The children of Israel thought they were in the danger in the wilderness of Sin. Was it likely that God would let them die there, when He had brought them out of the land of Egypt with such a display of wonderful power? Why did He bring them out there? Was not that He might bring them in, to their own land of promise, and had He not told them that He would do so? (Ex. vi. 7, 8). And He did it, and that by the way. God very graciously bore with the people. He marked their murmuring. He heard all their unbelief words, and yet He rejoiced that He would "bring them out from thence." Was not the supply of food was to be nothing of human make; it was to come down from above. The manna fell in the early morning.

It was rained, and white, and sweet. Each was to gather enough for his household, "according to the number of the persons." Some gathered more, and some less; but all had enough.

On the sixth day the Israelites were to gather a double portion, that there might be no gathering on the Sabbath. God would ever care for the Sabbath-honoured. He sent a double portion of manna on the sixth day as a reward for His holy day. We see God's will here that we should be kept for Himself.

As we seek to keep the Sabbath for God? There is a special blessing in so doing (Is. lviii. 13, 14). On no other day would the manna have come down. Moses gave the command "let no man leave of it until the morning, only be dead that it is less worse and stink." Why was this? Probably to show the people that they depended upon God for work, day's supply. There was a lesson of faith in this. There was no store laid up. It is just our Lord's own lesson, "give us this day our daily bread." Many a poor Christian man and woman living from day to day, knows by experience what a lesson of faith this provides the "daily bread."

He lives to be tried for it. The manna never failed for forty years. During that long period there never came a morning when the people rose up and found no manna. Not till they sat the camp of the land of Canaan did the manna cease (John v. 12). Now what has the manna to say to us? Surely it has very much to say to us, and we are not left in doubt as to what the meaning of the living picture, or type, may be here. The Lord Himself tells us all about it. In the sixth chapter of St. John He tells that He is Himself the true manna (St. John vi. 32, 33). Fourteen verses below, that wonderful food that fed a hungry multitude day by day was then a picture of Christ. Manna was the gift of God. This manna is the great best gift. It is the gift of God (St. John vi. 16), an "unspeakable gift" indeed! Every day the Israelites rose early, and busily gathered their manna, for they were hungry and must needs be fed. Ah! it is just this spirit that we all want with regard to the heavenly manna. Christ is the "bread of life," but we must have it, and it will be nothing to us that He is so. A plentiful



source we shall not be so. Can we say, "Thou hast delivered us from death?" (Ps. cxi. 5). After a trial of faith at Marah, where the water was bitter, a blessed stay was given to the people at Elim, where there were "three score palm trees and twelve wells of water." Those were smooth and easy days. God loves to make those who follow Him happy. He loves to give them days of standing. If He sees that they are poor, it is then the wilderness of Sin (chap. xvi. 1). A terrible trial here led the multitude, for there was no bread. The people murmured. Secretly marked was the course of this murmuring. They had forgotten the Red Sea deliverance. They "saw frogs," as the Psalmist tells us (Ps. cv. 11-14). Our manna here revived the Lord. An earthly thing that had many times helped us, would be proved if we did not trust Him. Yet this was just how Israel needed the Lord. And it had just how we often act also? We seek help

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feast would be spread in vain before a man who had no appetite for food. It is blessed in answer for the "Bread of Life." The manna was "sweet," perfect in form, a symbol of eternity. Thus it expresses His character who is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). The manna was "white," pure and fair to look upon, as the heart-foot on a winter's morning at sunrise. So our blessed Lord was without spot or earth-stain—was "white as the light" in the eyes of man and of angels, and of the holy Father. The manna was "sweet." How sweet is the true "bread of life" to each believing sinner!

the soul that lives upon Him. But it was broken bread, remember, that Christ used to represent the food of the soul. Only a suffering, crucified Lord could satisfy the need of sinful souls. Have we received Him as such? and are we feeling day by day upon the "Bread of Life"? The heavenly manna will not fail the Christian pilgrim, it will be sufficient for his daily need, until he reaches the Heavenly Canaan. Happy are those souls who live their earthly lives in the strength of this heavenly food!

MARGARET EVANS.

### A Victory that brought Defeat.



I wanted but a few days to Whiteside, and young people generally were engaged in discussing the various festivities in which they hoped to take part, and were very ready with expressions of condolence to those less favoured, who expected to stay at home, detained by unpleasant duties, or ill health.



"A REVERIE."

"Then, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thy I find."

Christ revealed into the heart, satisfies the heart, and rejoices it also. "He that eateth ME, even he shall live by ME" (St. John vi. 35). Bread is the "staff of life," and Christ is the strength and stay of

THE LARGEST TREE.—The largest and oldest tree in Europe is said to be a chestnut which stands at the foot of Mount Etna. There is a hole in the trunk large enough for two carriages abreast to drive through, and the whole trunk has a circumference of 212 feet, and is 92 feet in height.

A young couple had strolled out of the town into the pleasant country lanes. They were absorbed in conversation but both faces were rather grave.

The young man looked the embodiment of health and strength, and there was a frank expression on his countenance that was very pleasing; and nothing but perfect honesty seemed to look from his large





before him. So I was in good spirits as I chattered my alms.

Suddenly I heard singing in the distance—  
"There is a happy land, far, far away."  
How sweet the words sounded! "They reminded me, unconsciously I thought, of the last winter, and of all that had followed my endeavours to do right."

The singer, as we approached, proved to be a tall man, with a long white beard, who had a black leg strapped across his shoulders. It was, in fact, my really singular mysterious stranger. I was so glad that I laid down my axe and ran to meet him.

The man smiled very tenderly, and, laying his hands on my shoulders, looked searchingly into my face.

"Ah, it's all right, I think, now," he said.  
"Yes, it's getting right," I replied; "it was hard at first—dreadfully hard after I left you; but—"

"Herald," said the man, in a choked voice, "Herald, don't you ever wonder what has become of your father?"

"His hands were on my shoulders still, or I think I should have rushed away. How his words had hurt me! I could not speak, but turned my face away."

"My precious son—I must tell you—I was your father."

"I began to lose his face, losing of his limbs as if they burnt me, and I signed—yes, I positively signed—to him to go away."

"Herald,"

"His tone was so grieved and yet so tender, it haunted me for weeks afterwards."

"Father!" I cried, gasping for breath; "I wish I'd never had you! Mine's never been anything but a trouble and disgrace to me. Oh, don't say you're my father—anything but that!"

"Why, Herald?"

"—No—I won't hear you," I went on passionately. "What did you do for me? I know you did me no good, but I wish you'd leave me; I want to get away with my father again."

"With a bitter groan, the stranger turned away. Just as we began to walk, however, galling at full speed, was coming by."

"I don't know how it happened, but, perhaps blinded by his tears, which I did not see, my father did not move out of the way quickly enough. In any case, he was knocked down, and his right arm severely crushed."

I moved slowly forward to assist him to rise, while the stranger with difficulty stopped his horse, and stooped out to ask what was the matter.

Without looking again at me, my father asked if he would drive him to the town to have his arm attended to, and the man quietly consenting, he managed to climb into the wagon, though the effort and the pain together nearly made him faint."

"Thus he left me, I closed starting at him, feeling about as if it had had a bad dream, and already rather remorseful that I had spoken so unkindly to him."

I went back to my sick-chopping, but I was very uncomfortable now. Visions of my wounded parent, and of his troubled expression when I would not hear him speak, kept rising before me, and I ended by hurting my head, and having to go in for Aunt Estlin to bleed it."

"Dear Herald, how white are you?" she exclaimed in dismay, when she saw me. But being, as will have been seen, a very reserved boy, I did not tell her what had happened."

I was unable to sleep the rest of the day, and was well werry to hear that I was to go on errand to the town on the morrow. I determined, as it was my avowed wish, which would be heard, that I would call on the surgeons of the place to inquire if my father had been severely hurt."

Accordingly I did so, but it was some time before I could find out who had attended to him. At last, however, I discovered he had been to the surgery of a well-known named Newberry."

"The doctor said his arm had been very severely injured, and that he doubted whether it would ever become quite straight and strong again, especially as the patient seemed unable to 'lay up,' and keep it perfectly still. Did he know where the man was gone? No; but he had probably left the town, for he had repeatedly said he must hasten on, as he had far to go."

"Where could I get information as to which way he had taken?" I inquired faintly.

"I don't know," replied the surgeon. "I told him he must travel by train, but he struck his head"

so perhaps you had better ask if he has been seen at either of the turning gates. He seemed very poor, but talked like a gentleman. Good day."

I accordingly went to both turning gates, just outside the town, but saw no remarkable having with a white-laid waver such as I described. And I wished now and then that I had behaved better to him."

It had been very kind to me. I remembered now exactly in what said that night on the hill—  
"I care for you."

(To be continued.)

## On Dreams.

UNPUNDED and transitory as are dreams, it is not too much to say that it often happens that the vividness with which events and circumstances apparently take place in them, equal, and, indeed, sometimes surpasses that of similar occurrences in our waking hours.

No doubt, so distinct are the phenomena, that on being aroused, we find it difficult sometimes to decide, for a brief space, whether we dream or not. Who has not experienced a feeling of relief when awakened from a heavy and unrefreshing slumber, during which imagination has overcome Reason, and some terrible or distressing scenes of distress have passed before his mind. "Thank heaven it's only a dream." So have most of us imperceptibly exclaimed on finding some business, however unimportant, was the subject of the incident that afflicted us. In many cases, the dream is but a continuation of some mental effort or train of thought that has suggested the mind before falling asleep. More especially is this the case when the intellectual powers have been fully occupied immediately before retiring to rest. This Condorcet mentions that when employed upon his "Cours de l'Alge," he found that he often dreamt, and even completed some subject when asleep that he had been following up during the day. Condorcet also mentions similar instances with regard to his mathematical pursuits; and Blacklock tells us that his father did not move out of the way quickly enough, unless such circumstances. Perhaps the best-known instance of such a coincidence is that narrated of himself by Coleridge. He had been reading Parnassus's "Pilgrims," and fell asleep over the following words:—"Here the Khan Kashed commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall." The poet remained asleep about three hours, and awoke with the impression that he had composed between 200 and 300 lines.

"The idea," he says, "rose up before him as things, with a parallel portance of the correspondent expressions, without any sensations or consciousness of effort." Immediately after he awoke he wrote down the fragment that yet remains; but being railed away on business, was unable for an hour or so to look at the task, by which time the rest of the dream-poem had vanished from his memory, with the exception of a few scattered lines. The fragment referred to appears in his original writings, and is headed "Kashid Khan."

In many cases, however, the effort of calculation or composition does not result in that of continuing during sleep, it effectually prevents sleep being obtained for a considerable time, to the distress of the dreamer. On the other hand, though details may be forgotten, a general impression remains when awaking that some composition has been produced, or arranged, though the dreamer, though the memory may not recall the particulars. Thus Darwin composed, it is said, the "Derby's Song."

It is stated that the Enemy actually challenged him to a trial of skill, and so admirable was the performance of his rival that the musician was actual in admiration. On awaking he found himself unable to reproduce the notes in their actual order, but so strong was the general impression referred to, he was able to found upon it the composition itself.

Indiscently dreamless sleep is the most refreshing, even assuming that the dream, when they occur, are pleasant, and this was particularly a case on record. "A woman, aged twenty-six, who had lost a portion of the scalp,

skull, and dandruff water, so that a portion of her hair, and some of her face, was eaten away, and she was in the hospital at Montpellier. When she was in a dreamless state or in profound sleep her brain was cured, and she was cured of her disease."

In every case, but when the sleep was imperfect, and the mind agitated by dreams, her brain never and profited from this treatment. This profusion was greatest when the dream, as she reported, were most vivid; and when she was perfectly awake, especially if engaged in any of her usual or her highest development. Nor did this profusion occur in jerks, alternating with awakenings, as if caused by artificial means, but remained permanent while the conversation was continued."

Disturbed and restless sleep, with frequent and often unpleasant dreams, may of course be brought about by confused dyspepsia, or, in occasional instances, by that enemy to rest, "a heavy supper." Such results, however, scarcely come proper under the heading of dreams in the true sense of the word, seeing that they arise from a special physical disturbance. Equally, many dreams are induced by lack of food. Byron, Trench, starting in his dangerous dream of luxurious and costly lunches, and Byron, with others, have been induced to eat food, and have taken a view to stimulate the imaginative faculty both in sleeping and waking hours."

It is generally held that sensations act in the production and modification of dreams. Dr. Gregory applied a bottle of hot water to his feet and dreamed of a man sitting on a horse, and of a white dog, which he perceived as "Hades" applied to his head, dream that he was being scolded by avages. Of course, in these cases, some accident, or some other circumstance, has suggested the mind before falling asleep. More especially is this the case when the intellectual powers have been fully occupied immediately before retiring to rest. This Condorcet mentions that when employed upon his "Cours de l'Alge," he found that he often dreamt, and even completed some subject when asleep that he had been following up during the day. Condorcet also mentions similar instances with regard to his mathematical pursuits; and Blacklock tells us that his father did not move out of the way quickly enough, unless such circumstances. Perhaps the best-known instance of such a coincidence is that narrated of himself by Coleridge. He had been reading Parnassus's "Pilgrims," and fell asleep over the following words:—"Here the Khan Kashed commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall." The poet remained asleep about three hours, and awoke with the impression that he had composed between 200 and 300 lines.

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