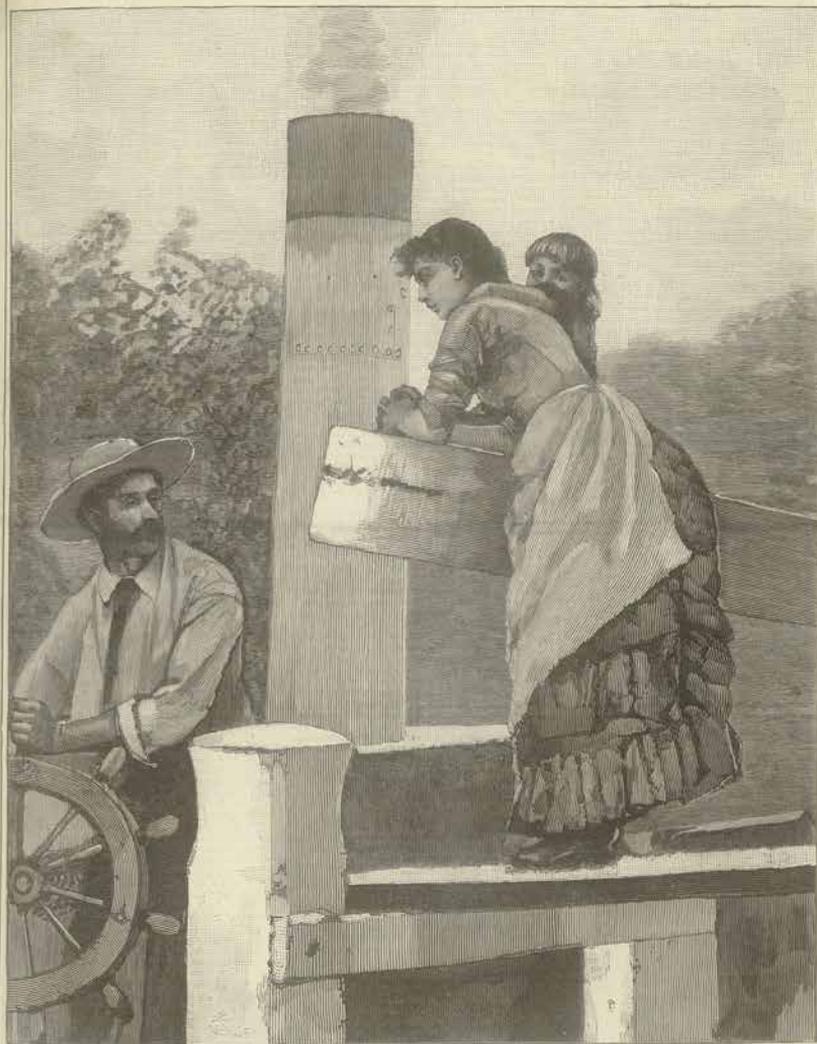


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



observes this writer, "say, at any rate, an exercise of the imagination." We may well conceive that one effect of them may be to increase the activity of that faculty during our waking hours, and it would be premature to say that they may not answer some purpose beyond this in the economy of persistent and thinking life.

Some few dreams stand out clearly in our minds and are remembered for years, even for a lifetime. These are generally such as apparently have no connection with anything that has happened in our waking hours. A writer on the subject mentions that when quite a youth he dreamed that he was walking along a road well-known to him. The day was bright and sunny, but became overclouded, and eventually intensely dark. And this darkness was not that of a fog or mist, but a deep blackness, shutting out all around, and bringing with it a terrible feeling of utter isolation, of being completely set apart from all living things. Suddenly in the darkness, and far away and high aloft, gleamed a point of light, intense and blinding in its brilliancy. And the light became a long quivering ray, that brightened beneath the dreamer stood, but brightened no more beside. And with the ray as it waddened, came a clear thrilling voice: "The last day, the last day." And with the voice, in an agony of terror, the sleeper awoke, but the dream was never forgotten. Such visions come but seldom, and are doubtless capable of easy and natural explanation, and in this busy world we have no time to think of them.

If we heed our dreams at all, it is in those we indulge in during our waking hours—our "day-dreams." We all have them whatever our age or station. The poet dreams of Fame, the statesman of Power, the miser of Gold. The soldier dreams of that reward, "For Valour" that shall make his name widely a "household word"; and the shy merchant, cold and practical, dreams of some scheme or sudden stroke that shall bring him wealth and a high place among his fellows. Castles in the air. Perhaps they are, and Time often proves them no substantial and delusive as any vision of the night. But what says our greatest bard—

We are not such
As dream on beds of ease,
And see this life
As round with a sleep.

HERNANDS WILLIAMS.

A SIMPLE WORLD.—The world need not exist if it were not simple. This globe has been tilled a thousand years, yet its powers remain ever the same. A little sun and moon, spring it grows green again.—*Goethe.*

Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

"Moses and the smitten rock."—
Exodus xvii.

HE with from Egypt to Canaan was not to be an easy one. It was to be marked by many trials, and also to be so longed for great suffering. There was a constant uncertainty as to how the multitude of people were to live, and as to what dangers might not be upon them. God does not promise that the life of any

Christian shall be easy. The well-known and beautiful story of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a true picture of what the followers of Christ may expect to meet with in their passage through this world to the heavenly city. No one ever yet reached the "City of the great King" without having some cross to bear. "We meet, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Acts xiv. 22). Is it then worth while to be a pilgrim at all? Was it then worth while to the children of Israel to leave Egypt for Canaan? Moses, as we have seen, chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." He thought it worth while "Trials for the way need no alarm us." The history of Israel may well teach us this. If a great trial come upon us, a great money will be sent sooner or later to comfort us under the trial. In the passage now before us *first* was the trial—"there was an utter for the people to drink."



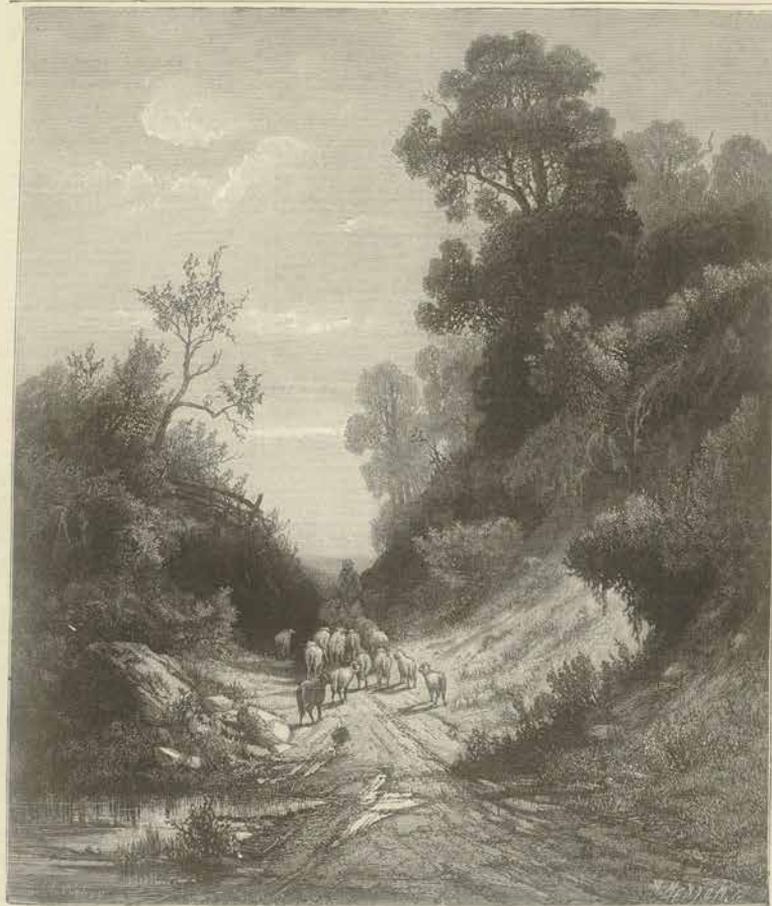
St. John iv. 14.

He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

It was one man and God. There was Moses' strength. Just this also was the strength of David. There was a time in his life when the people were ready to stone him, but the "occasional Ministry" in the Lord his God. "I have said," David had said to the Lord, the command was given for the miracle. The Lord tells Moses to take his rod, the rod with which he had smitten the river. "Moses how God reminds him of what had been done with the rod. That rod had filled a most important place, all through the plagues of Egypt. It was in his hand to do God's bidding, he would think of all this and remember what God had done, and he might call any day a miracle upon it. There is no such thing as *possibility* with God. If the world is made by Him, He can cease any part of it to do His will. He would have the Rock command it to give forth a stream of water.

Moses was to smite the Rock, and the water would flow forth. What a blessed sight must that have been! The thirsty multitude satisfied. There, it said to be even more terrible to lose than hunger—it drives to madness. How would Israel rejoice in this stream from the Rock if it would be new life to them. It was God's "free gift to them, even as the manna. And in the manna was a living picture, or type, so was the Rock giving forth its water: "they drink of that spirit," the Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ!" (1 Cor. x. 4). A rock is a constant reminder of the Lord. It was a name that David loved to give to God: "Thou art my Rock and my fortress" (Ps. lxxi. 1). "My God is the Rock of my refuge" (Ps. xlvii. 2). A living place in a rock would be indeed scarce. Such is the position, spiritually, of every soul Christian; he stands upon a Rock—no storm, no landing, wind, sea, or overcast him there. And not only is Christ, the Rock, a shelter and a refuge, but also it is from Himself that "living water" flows forth, thirty souls. How beautifully did our Lord speak of this in the woman of Samaria at the well: "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water that springeth up into everlasting life" (St. John iv. 14).

Water is a beautiful image of heavenly things. Think of the effect of the dry heat of summer rays upon the land.—The grass turns brown, the plants and flowers wither and gradually lose all beauty of form and colour; they, after being waiting, the rain comes, and what life it brings to grass and leaf and flower! "The world seems new and green." And every soul is dry and lifeless that has not Christ for its spring—every heart is a wilderness that does not know the "living water." Do we know it? Have we satisfied our thirst at that refreshing stream that flows from Christ, the Rock? But Moses must stand and smite the rock before the water would flow forth. *David* has bound and a similar mind. "The rock shall be applied to our Lord: "I gave my back to the smiters," he said in prophecy (Is. li. 6) and again, "I will smite the rock, and shall have water and oil shall flow from it" (Is. lxxi. 1). Unless the rock had been smitten there had been no water. The "Rock of ages" must needs be "smit," that we may have the "living water." If we are to drink and live, we must have the "living water." The "living water" was a prophet of Christ and Him crucified—Christ crucified—Christ crucified—and that "living water" will stop and drink. MARGARET BAXTER.



"SCENE ON THE BELAZIGO LAMBS."—See page 97.

One of the Montefiore Family.



TOO, Marie Duvault, may claim a hearing from workwomen, for most certainly I claim to take rank amongst their number. Perhaps no woman's work is more tedious than that of a daily governess.

But there are bright spots in this life; as in all, if we will only look for them, and one of these bright

spots came to me in connection with a relative of the late famous philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore.

Some years ago I was seeking an engagement as governess, times were hard with me, but nothing to be compared with those of today.

On receiving an answer from a lady to my advertisement, I immediately dressed, and put on my best attire, and started at once to see Mrs. Montefiore at that time residing in the most fashionable part of Baywater.

On my arrival there, and hearing the bell ring, several juvenile and rosy faces jumped up at the

window and looked over the perforated blinds. A quiet man entered, opened the door, and on my making my errand known to him, ushered me into a kind of boudoir, where I sat waiting with breathless and nervous anxiety as is always the case with most people, when going on approval. In a few minutes a delicate but very pleasant looking lady, entered and smiled herself near me.

I was put of course through an ordeal as to my capabilities. Being on one side French and the other English; of course these two languages were alike to me. "Can you teach German?" said Mrs.

