

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

VIII.
"Moses—The First Battle."
Exodus xvii. 8 to end.



HE trial of thist was over. The refreshing stream was near, for St. Paul tells us that it "followed them" (1 Cor. x. 4). It was not just the gift of a day. It was an abundant gift, that should abide with the people. This grateful period a time of new trouble and danger. It is often thus with the ser-

vants of God. He gives them special strength to face a time of trial. He deals with them spiritually, as He dealt with Elijah. Evidently when he was being away for his life from before the face of Jeroboam. An angel stood by the wounded prophet in the wilderness, and roused him to partake of heaven-sent food, with the words, "arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee" (1 Kings xix. 6-7). Thus with the children of Israel that did not permit the enemy to come upon them till their thirst was quenched. All God is very gentle. He will not suffer trouble to pour in upon us too fast and thick, or when we are too feeble to bear it.

"He stretch His rough hand in the day of His wrath" (Is. xxxvii. 36). This is taught to humbly see our encouragement in the history of Israel. There are lessons for the life of a Christian in every page of that history. The only real way in which Bible study becomes a blessing to us, is to ask as we read it, "What does this teach me?" The omniscient Book and its refreshing stream was to be followed by the first battle Israel were to pass through the enemy's land, and there was sure to be opposition. Do we say, God might have removed it? Yes; but when that would have been the trial of faith?

The God-embodied met by Israel were the Amalekites. Who was Amalek? He was one of Esau's grandsons, and became the head of a mighty people. We are not led to suppose that Esau's descendants served God.

On the contrary, they were probably idolaters. We are told that they "served not God" (Deut. xxv. 17, 18). There seems to have been a great enmity always between Esau's people and the children of Israel. Against the Amalekites, in later times, Saul was sent with God's message to destroy them on account of what they had done against Israel (1 Sam. xx. 2, 3, 17, 18). This shows very clearly what in God's mind concerning those who oppose His people. Do offend even one of Christ's "little ones," how grievous it is in His sight! (Mt. Mark ix. 42). Let us be very careful not to get any obstacle in the way of any one who is seeking to serve God, for it is a great sin in His sight. Amalek sought to hinder Israel as they journeyed from Egypt to Canaan, and we too God's judgment follow. It is an light matter to oppose a soul

journeying to the better land. Moses' part in this battle was not among the fighting ones. He was represented in the battle by his servant, Joshua (v. 9). This is the first time we read of Joshua, who was to become afterwards a man of so much importance. His name has the same meaning as Jesse, and indeed Joshua is so called (Heb. Jr. 7), his name signifying Saviour, or Deliverer. Joshua was to lead the first battle. He was best on to have much to do with warlike, and probably he was specially fitted for it. Moses' part was to stand upon the mount overlooking the hosts, and to lift up his hands unto God. He was not to fight, but to pray. As long as Moses lifted up his hands Israel prevailed, but when he allowed to sit on Amalek prevailed (v. 11). What a mighty power is prayer! How clearly are we also shown to do us in our own strength, for a moment,

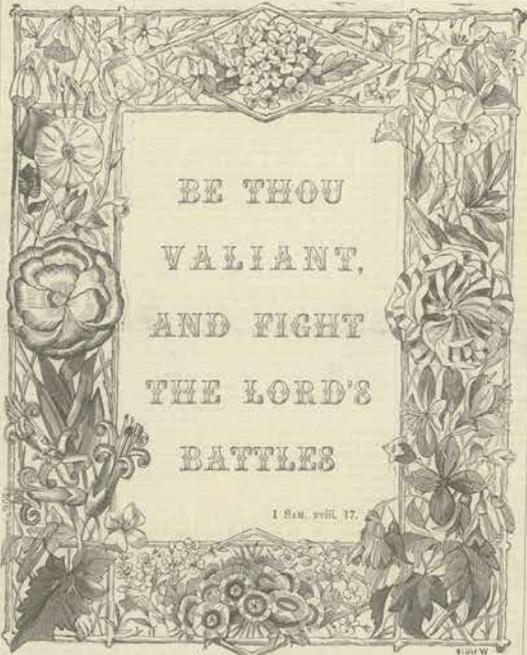
look up, and seeing those hands raised to heaven, would say, "Ah! Moses' hands; all will be well!" Moses was not among them, but his name was that of a standard-bearer. And as all His drew near at this time of Moses' weakness, and hold up his hands. "And his hands were steady until the going down of the sun" (v. 12). Ah! there is one who prays while His servants fight down here, and He is never weary. What would become of them if He ceased to plead? Eighteen hundred years have passed since our Lord's death, and still His hands on high, ever living and ever interceding? (Rom. viii. 34; Heb. viii. 25). Praise God, Christ will take heart when they think of this. The Lord Christ looks down upon them, as Moses did on Israel, and He never ceases to pray for His soldiers. "The battle that they fight is not with flesh and blood, but with

mighty powers—Satan and sin, the sin of our own hearts, and the sin and temptations of the world; these are the enemies we have to fight. They are—powerful enemies. Do you realize that? Have you ever tried to get away from a sin? Then you know how it struggles to hold you fast. Have you wrestled with Satan? Then you know that he leaves no stone unturned in his endeavor to overthrow you. How must we meet our enemies? We must fight, and we must be armed with a sword, but it is only sharpened by prayer!

"Redeeming never we cease to fight"
Prayer—make the Christian's armor bright.

When Israel's battle was over and the victory won, the "memorial" of the day was an altar bearing the name of Jehovah-Nissi—our "Lord our Banner."
Are we fighting under that Banner? Are we for, or against, or enemy?
MARGARET FORBES.

CHRISTIANITY looks upon all the human race as children of the same Father, and wishes them equal blessings. In offering us to be good, to love our brethren, to forgive injuries, and study peace, it quite annihilates the distinction of every earthly glory, and utterly obliterates the pomp of war.—TRIST.



BE THOU
VALIANT,
AND FIGHT
THE LORD'S
BATTLES

I SAM. VIII. 17.

us we stand or overcome. Israel must fight, but there was no victory unless God sent it, and He sent it in answer to prayer. Do we not remember that the weapon Christian used against Apollo was "all-prayer," and with that weapon he prevailed. John Baptist knew the power of this weapon. When he was told "these men are great multitudes against thee," he gathered together all his people to "ask help of God," and standing in their midst, this pearly line prayed, "O our God, we have no might against this great company, that cometh against us; neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee" (2 Chron. xx. 4-12). At length Moses grew weary, he knew not how to lift up his hands any longer. Do you say, would he not pray without lifting up his hands? Oh yes; but how would the people know that he prayed? Down below, fighting, they would

"Nothing to be thankful for."

WELL, only I do not see what there is to be thankful for in life. There might have been to me, at least when I was a girl, but not now. The speaker was a lady like woman, not much over thirty, handsomely dressed, and but for an exaggerated expression of countenance would have been very nice-looking.

"But surely your marriage was your own choice?"
"That it certainly was. My father and mother

opposed it, until the medical man who attended our family urged them to give in; for I fretted so, it was destroying my health, and they had really no objection to Frederick, except his being poor. You know he was just entering on his profession, and my fortune enabled me to look higher.

"Ah, you were an only child."

"Oh, yes, and I was made so much of. They never refused me anything, until I wanted to marry Frederick; and then when I was twenty-one I came in for all that my aunt had left me, and after that they let me marry."

"Well," said the lady to whom she was talking, "if I were so single, out from my acquaintances the person whom I set in life seemed the most prosperous, the most successful by blessing, I should think of you. I wish such a fine family, a handsome house, and Mr. Evelyn, a man whom every one speaks well of, and rising fast to the very top of his profession."

"Well, when he is a judge, I hope he won't quarrel with me about keeping too many servants, and let me alone about the children's dresses; I never have them got up looking as they ought to do, but he complains of my little. I think it is unfeeling, considering I brought him the nice income I did—and, oh, he used to make so much of me, and smooch so fond."

"And I am very certain is just the same now."

"Oh, dear, no! If you only knew how he contradicts me!"

"Mrs. Evelyn," said the other lady, "cannot my saying so, but I do believe you don't talk this way to any one else?"

"Oh, dear, no! I wouldn't to any one else; but you are always so kind and sympathetic, and it does me good to talk to you; I would trust you with anything."

"You are quite safe, I assure you, in that; but I want say I think in married life a woman has a great deal in her own power; and a good man like Mr. Evelyn is always open to affection."

"Oh, I don't neglect him! I don't think that. I always order whatever he likes to buy, and make the house to suit him, and all that; but he never seems to be with me; and before we were married he would give the shortest interview. In fact, I feel just what I began with you may put up with things, but as to Mr. Evelyn's preaching that way about thankfulness."

"For every blessing? If he'd say patience with every-day worries, it would be a more real matter. Leaving husbands out of the question, servants and children are enough to spoil any one's temper?"

"This conversation took place between Mrs. Evelyn, the wife of the minister of Sandour, and Mrs. Evelyn, whose husband was a rising barrister, of whom great things were predicted."

It was interrupted by Mrs. Evelyn's open carriage driving up.

She would insist now on leaving Mrs. Evelyn at her house, but the conversation ceased, as the two boys of eight and ten years old were in the carriage.

Edward Evelyn and his brother were a more lively couple than the Evelyns. Much sorrow had marked their way in life, and they were now children, but the boys of their father's days had grown stouter and stronger as the years went on. Mr. Evelyn was of a

peculiarly tender, gentle spirit, inclining rather to despondency, and thus his wife's more elastic and hopeful spirit had always greatly cheered and supported him. But along with this sensitive disposition Mrs. Evelyn was possessed of the deepest feeling, and in all the many crosses she and her husband had endured together, her first thought had been for him, and her own grief was ever still and hidden that he might not see it. It only to God was the anguish poured out that none ever heard her put into words.

Some years had now passed since the death of their last son, and the calm that time at length infuses into even the deepest sorrow had come to them.

Her friend and there was not much to be thankful for in life; to her, with all she had gone through, there seemed a great deal, and as she sat that evening with her husband in their snug little parlour

to return again to this, needs, dreading its return in this mortal body, to be acquainted with Him ere it can be at once.

Paul says, "Man's true discontent shows man's inherent woe."

This perpetual feeling in human nature is one which God alone can fill and satisfy.

There had been a long severe winter and a late cold spring. Only now, three weeks after their arrival last, the spring dews were falling, and the fresh of green was coming on the lawns; trees, and the fragrance of the balmy poplar's opening leaves was in the air.

This morning, Mrs. Evelyn, as she marked these tokens of God's promise to mankind that what time should not fail, had felt so thankful that the winter was really now over, and glad to think of the time of the singing of birds had come, that with her whole heart she thanked and praised the God of Heaven for the returning mercy of warmth and sunshine; for the springing forth of the grass and the herb; yielding to the soil; and in this service proceeded every expression of praise seemed to express her own feelings.

Generally, the minister's wife knew what subject he was going to preach on, and the text he had chosen, but it happened in this particular Sunday she did not; and when he gave out the words, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ," and proceeded to show their wife applicability, and drew similes and examples from the very-day blessings of life, so often unregarded and unacknowledged, Mrs. Evelyn felt as though he was putting her own thoughts into words.

The sharp contrast of the silent Mrs. Evelyn expressed was almost painful, more so when compared from one situated as she was; for as compared with the Evelyns she and her husband were wealthy, and she had a troop of blooming children, ranging far, while theirs all lay in early graves, and to such there came the more painful remembrance of earth and air, and sky, and yea, Mr. Evelyn could find nothing to be thankful for."

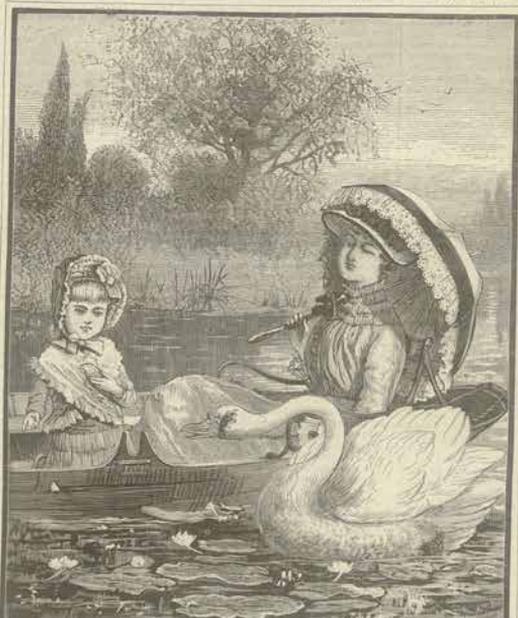
"She wasn't trained to it," thought Mrs. Evelyn; "brought up in luxurious comfort and every selfish gratification, she knows nothing of the weariness, of the self-denial, the exertion, the want—yes, often

that wears down the lives of many whose position should exempt them from such things, and whom I don't suspect sympathize them. Mrs. Evelyn little knew what there were sometimes to encounter even in our own rank in life. Many a mother and tender-keeper for their name, but one thing I learned and appreciation was to be thankful, and I praise God for every blessing on the natural and supernatural."

"If she could draw any lesson from the history of the world, I almost think I would relate it to her, painful though it would be."

There wasn't a day not long after when this relation was made, notwithstanding its painfulness.

An afternoon when Mrs. Evelyn came hurried up the abbey, with a little party, and sitting in the open parlor window, told Mrs. Evelyn, as she sat in her favourite low chair sitting a purple all purple to



"THERE WERE SWANS BLENDED IN THE CRISTAL STREAM."—See page 75.

with a comfortable two-table dinner up to the clear fire, for the early spring serenity was still chilly, and they talked over the day's services, the attendance at the Sunday School, and other matters that interested them, while amid the quiet and restfulness all around them, the minister yielded to the drowsiness that follows a long day's work—Mrs. Evelyn resolved over what her friend had said, and as they walked homeward that evening, and tried to think how much discontent and irritation could have arisen in the mind of one to whom he had given so much of all that women's heart and nature would most generally value and take pleasure in.

It seemed a striking testimony to the truth that nothing earthly can satisfy the human spirit. Above and beyond all that temporal possessions can give or happiness there is anaching void the world can never fill, and the spirit that came from God and

want—that wears down the lives of many whose position should exempt them from such things, and whom I don't suspect sympathize them. Mrs. Evelyn little knew what there were sometimes to encounter even in our own rank in life. Many a mother and tender-keeper for their name, but one thing I learned and appreciation was to be thankful, and I praise God for every blessing on the natural and supernatural."

"If she could draw any lesson from the history of the world, I almost think I would relate it to her, painful though it would be."

There wasn't a day not long after when this relation was made, notwithstanding its painfulness.

An afternoon when Mrs. Evelyn came hurried up the abbey, with a little party, and sitting in the open parlor window, told Mrs. Evelyn, as she sat in her favourite low chair sitting a purple all purple to

