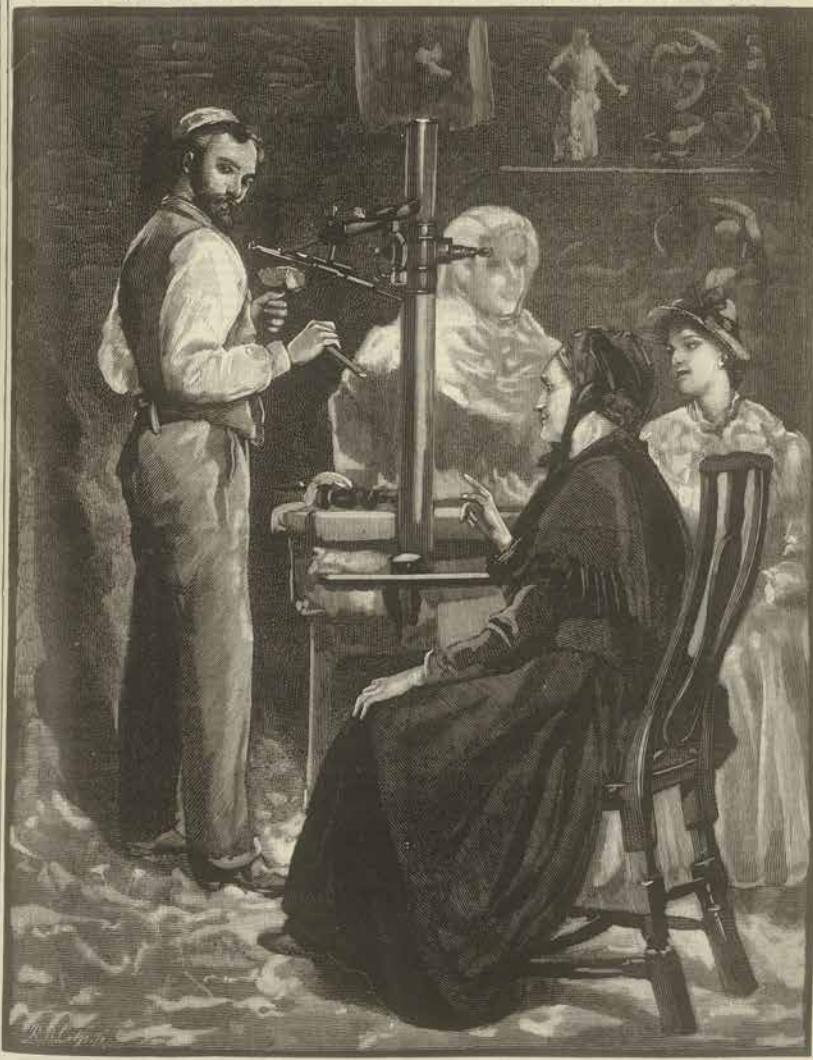


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



hindrance to it than even want of money. But now, thank God, there is nothing to prevent our happiness."

"Nurse Peterson, we are going to be married," said Pocoo, joyfully.

The good woman was delighted. "May God bless you both," she said, taking Mary's hand and placing it on her own. "I am so glad to see you happy. He keep you ever true to each other and to Him."

LUCILLE C. KENNEDY.

Parted in Anger.

By FAITH CHILTON,
Author of "Messengers of Truth," &c.

CHAPTER II:

BROUGHT TOGETHER.

SHORT time after this, poor Minnie Rivers—whose bright, smiling eyes had become dim and heavy-lidded, whose cheeks had grown pale, since she, in common with others, had heard the news—was sitting down late one afternoon, trimming a hat with caps, when Willie came in, smiling, and her enthusiasm, springing up to its peak, cast her across a good piece and banknotes from a purse, saying,—

"There, child, take it! It's wages and the money I have to give you for working today. I couldn't get it before. It would have been all yours if it hadn't been for me, so it's only right you should have it."

"No, no," said Minnie, instinctively drawing back, whenever she approached at Malpe's entrance and abrupt manner. "I don't want it."

"I have rabbed you of a hundred," was the answer, "and 'tis only fair you should have all there is left; though 'tis only a little patry gold, to be sure, to a poor maid. I know you're a good girl, and I think it, though I never tell you it's wasn't yourself I expected to, but your family and your bringing up, and I thought I was acting for the best. But there's that past; so take the money and your banknotes. I don't like to see more hardly than you can help!" Then she was gone.

Minnie shuddered. She had been so much taken by surprise that for some seconds she could only look first at the retreating form of Malpe, then at the purse, then at the banknotes, with a feeling of wonder as to what she ought to do.

She was troubled too. She had thought hardly of Malpe; how could she help it? though she knew the ragsomeness to the union had been only too well known, and regarded her family contemptuously, and, perhaps, spitefully. She had been born into a home of almost a family, large family, living "hand to mouth," as the phrase runs, sometimes in comparative plenty, sometimes having to go hungry, to pawn, to sell, to beg, to work, to live. And though her lawless parents, and her brothers had following in their steps, circumstances had always debarred Minnie from enjoying the advantages possessed by other girls.

The neighbours said she ought to be set doing something, but her mother had been invaliding, and declared she must be left to rest. So Minnie had been obliged to be away herself, at charring or field work, to keep a roof over their heads, and as the younger children had to be left strictly to school, it fell to the lot of Minnie to look after things and the meat of the house.

She did her best, perhaps, or had done so since Willie had paid her attention, for she knew his love was a picture of nastiness, and his sister a model-handsome—everybody said so; and if Minnie had given any attention to him, it was only because he was earning money, how things looked so long as she could manage somehow, the thought that he cared for her, and thought her worthy of becoming his wife, gave a new zest to her life. But while she painfully half-for got about the house, and had to be constantly on her beads in the estimation of those around, she became anxious to improve herself, and learn the mysteries of the comfort and economy which would be possible to other houses.

But in the houses there were generally regular wages, and furniture that costly repay cost, while in these things were no old, and there were no new conveniences, that Minnie often sighed and felt compelled to give up in despair. She had sometimes wondered if she could not get right in with to Willie when she knew Malpe, but she did not then, for

LOWELL MERRING POWERS.—*The last two lines are the largest and the wort*. (See also MERRING'S ATTITUDE.)

loved her, and she could not give him up. If only Malpe would be sensible, she often thought, if she could be so kind as to do without her, then she was sure she could make him happy. So she had waited and hoped, and regretted that hope that the sister would give in, and now it was too late—he was gone, and whatever she had left before, today the sight of Malpe's face, and the smile of his lips, and the voice as she had said, "I can't expect you to forgive me," had touched the girl's heart, and made her feel that however much she might suffer, the survival of the older was far more bitter.

So now, as Minnie stood at the money, she felt that she could not keep it; that for many reasons she ought to give it back. It was to have helped furnish their little home undoubtedly, saved for her sake, but that dream had faded, that home had come again, and she could not take these savings (a sacred hold to sentimental Minnie), and let them be spent here; therefore, as Malpe reached the foot of the hill on which the house stood, she heard a quick, sharp, ringing laugh, and turned to see who it was.

"Mist' Maynell, you must take this back; you must indeed! I can't keep it."

"Why not? It is yours. You would have wished it."

"I can't. I should not like to have it, and I don't want it." She spoke with a slight falter.

"It would be no good; they would get it, and it would only be worse than wasted."

Malpe looked at her for an instant, but understood her.

"They meant her otherwise, who as long as they could hold out, would not let her go, and when they gave her leave, she has just gone," replied Minnie, nervously taking up her hat, and pulling the bows about.

"And brought you money?"

"Yes, a good deal," she panted.

"But what? Why is it?"

"I didn't keep it; I gave it back to her!" answered Minnie, slowly, and in an embarrassed manner.

"Give it back to her!" echoed her master, in an impatient tone, "give it back to her, do you say?"

"Yes, I thought I had no right to it."

"What did she bring it for, then? Come, you must tell me straight off, or I'm mighty miffed in this way. Whose was it? Did somebody send it?"

"No, it was Willie's," replied Minnie; "what he had saved; she is sorry, and wanted me to have it."

"And you never meant to tell me you were such a simpleton as to refuse?" said Mrs. Ritter, her eyes beginning to flash with anger and her voice rising.

"Well, if ever I'd tell tell of such a thing!"

"I'm afraid you'll be sorry for it, though, and rocking her a headachy," chimed in Tidde, and told her 'twas all she could do.

"All she could do! I should think no indeed, after treating you so shamefully, girl, and setting yourself up as if you were a new woman! Come away, we may have another little talk about this later on, when his money goes to; and how I am sharing my life away and all. Well! well! If you don't deserve to be turned out of doors, or to live on bread and water for the rest of your days, then you have it and keep it."

"I didn't forget that; I ought, or could," said Minnie, the time ringing.

"Hishish! I knowes I. I have a good mind to

say I won't let you have a penny for a twelvemonth do anything with it. Go on, and ask her for it again; but I'm afraid you'll be sorry for it."

But this Minnie refused to do, and such a torrent

of abuse was showered upon her through the evening

—alone in which her father and brothers joined her. They were all very angry, and the feelings were fierce at first. Malpe, and even poor old Willie, that she was glad when at length who would come to bid, where she wished herself to sleep, and almost wished that she could die as Willie had died.

Mrs. Rivers looked apologetically.

"What are you talking about, Tidde? How can I leave this? This is the last place Malpe Maynell would be likely to come to, I'm thinking; and as to the money, well, I think you may be telling me some of your stories, unless some one else has been here."

"No, it's real, mother," said Lucy, a girl somewhat younger; "ask Min if 'tisn't." She walked straight in and emptied it into her lap, and told her "was all here; bright yellow pieces some of them, though I don't know what can get along with 'em, for, I'm sure; I should have cracked them into the fire."

"Where is Minnie?" asked the mother, beginning to tremble and turn pale.

She went to see Miss Maynell now. She went away so quick Min didn't even have time to say "thank you!" so I guess she's gone to say it now. Ah, here she is coming! Miss, mother won't believe you, but I know it's true, isn't it?"

Minnie started. She had not noticed that they had seen the transaction.

"Yes, what is this they are telling my child? They declare that Miss Maynell has been and has brought you money?"

"Yes, I have been here. She has just gone," replied Minnie, nervously taking up her hat, and pulling the bows about.

"And brought you money?"

"Yes, a good deal," she panted.

"But what? Why is it?"

"I didn't keep it; I gave it back to her!" answered Minnie, slowly, and in an embarrassed manner.

"Give it back to her!" echoed her master, in an impatient tone, "give it back to her, do you say?"

"Yes, I thought I had no right to it."

"What did she bring it for, then? Come, you must tell me straight off, or I'm mighty miffed in this way. Whose was it? Did somebody send it?"

"No, it was Willie's," replied Minnie; "what he had saved; she is sorry, and wanted me to have it."

"And you never meant to tell me you were such a simpleton as to refuse?" said Mrs. Ritter, her eyes beginning to flash with anger and her voice rising.

"Well, if ever I'd tell tell of such a thing!"

"I'm afraid you'll be sorry for it, though, and rocking her a headachy," chimed in Tidde, and told her 'twas all she could do.

"All she could do! I should think no indeed, after treating you so shamefully, girl, and setting yourself up as if you were a new woman! Come away, we may have another little talk about this later on, when his money goes to; and how I am sharing my life away and all. Well! well! If you don't deserve to be turned out of doors, or to live on bread and water for the rest of your days, then you have it and keep it."

"I didn't forget that; I ought, or could," said Minnie, the time ringing.

"Hishish! I knowes I. I have a good mind to

say I won't let you have a penny for a twelvemonth do anything with it. Go on, and ask her for it again; but I'm afraid you'll be sorry for it."

But this Minnie refused to do, and such a torrent

of abuse was showered upon her through the evening

—alone in which her father and brothers joined her. They were all very angry, and the feelings were fierce at first. Malpe, and even poor old Willie,

that she was glad when at length who would come to bid, where she wished herself to sleep, and almost wished that she could die as Willie had died.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

XII.

"Moses at Mount Sinai."—Exodus xix.

HIS remarkable passage may be dryed

up in a few words. In the mountain;

2. A mountain; and 3. a man.

1. A Mountain.—In last month's paper we had some description of Mount Sinai, as fruitful and luxuriant in vegetation below, and mighty pits of rock above, 7,000 feet in height. This mountain was

soon to present an awful sight. It was chosen as the spot where God would come down. The description of the mountain at that time is very forcible indeed as follows: "The quaking of the earth and lightning all round about it, and the sound of a trumpet was heard that was like to no earthly sound. All these were signs of God's presence." He had made that mountain and now His children were to be born there. The scene which had often presented an alarming and wondrous sight, sending up smoke and flame to heaven. Yet Vevins has never been so terrible as Mount Sinai; for God has never come down to it to speak with man. "I will meet thee upon Mount Sinai," David wrote, "there the earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, and agitated. The Lord also thunders in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice, boldnesses and awe of the Lord." (Psalms 68: 13-18.)

If ever the "thunder of God's power" has been seen by man, it was on Mount Sinai. There are thoughts that God is. It is a great marvel that each one of us should realize the mighty power of God. Let us learn the lesson of humility and speak to our hearts the words of the Psalmist, "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints; and to be had in reverence of them that are round about Him" (Psalms 9: 17). What God did in the four hundred years? "The day of thy wrath cometh close" (Psalms 9: 9). It is a cleansing, purifying thing. "How striking are the works of Jehovah." "She did not know of the fear of God" (Neh. v. 15). The predecessors of Nehemiah had heard hard masters, but had not known the power they had been told for the sin of covetousness, but the "fear of God" charmed Nehemiah, and he did good things. Mount Sinai speaks to us of this fear. But the mountain has another thought for us. It is the thought of the Day of Judgment and the hour of the last trumpet. Then the same Vain that shook Mount Sinai, shall shake the earth only, but also heaven" (Heb. vii. 26-28), and before Him who sits on the "great white throne" shall be gathered all nations (St. Matt. xxv. 31-32; Rev. xxi. 11, 15). Sinai was terrible, but how much more will that great day! Are we prepared for it?

"Love I Christ I
This is that day.
And let us prepare to
meet him."

2. A Multitude.—There were a great mass of people at Sinai, "600,000" that were men, besides women and children. Great and small, young and old, rich and poor, all God had sent out to hear His voice. An important command was given to the people in v. 10. They were to "wash their clothes." These washed garments were to be a sign of cleanness and purity. The grand and glorious Lord, with the thunderous voice, "Hark! if ye have polluted yourselves before Me, then wash yourselves and come unto Me." Those who had not washed before it can meet God. All who enter His presence must wear white robes (Rev. xii. 14). The reading of the words "blessed are they that do His commandments" may have a right to the tree of life and enter in through gates into the city" (Rev. xiii. 14) is "blessed are they that have washed their robes." The gate of

the city will be closed if the robe is not washed white (Heb. xii. 14). Another important word speaks to the multitude at Sinai was "be ready." This command was in reference to the sacrifices, your business. God is going to speak with you, "be ready." What a word of this for us all. The dying words of a saint of God were "Come, come, I am quite ready!" The preparation had been made, the robes washed, and when the command was all "ready," May we be "ready" also! But we must note that the multitude even when "washed" and "ready" might not come near the Mount. There were *barriers* all round the Mount, "the way of the serpent, the way of the eagle, the way of the dragon." Let us turn to a contrast. On one side there, Mount Sinai, dark and fearful, surrounded by a trembling people, kept far off, and on the other side, another mountain, where many people stand. It is

times shaking. Peter walking upon the water to go to his Lord feared, and now no longer stood upright on the sea, but began to sink. With Moses we can well believe that the water drawn was but for the moment, for when God called him from the water, he went up to Him in holy truth. What put away the fear? "There is only one thing that can do so—'Perfect love casteth out fear'" (1 John iv. 18). The love of God, the love of Jesus, for when we love we trust, and trust and God do not go together. Moses loved, and so his fear fled away. Is this our experience?

MARGARET ENDAILE.

Anna Shipton's Trial.

OUR mind is made up upon Anna. You throw me over for a girl.

"Thow thou ever, George," said the girl in a pained voice. "Oh, no! no! Dot doesn't see us that my first duty is to my parents? Oh, you must see it George; as please don't be hard upon me."

"Dot is hard on me, I think," responded the young man bitterly, "and I am nothing of the kind, Anna, neither will you be a woman to me. You know it was always a promise that we should be married this April, and now you refuse to keep the promise, if that's what your religion teaches you—to go back from your word—I don't think that's right."

"But George, looking up at him with the tears shining in his hazel eyes, "don't you yourself think it is wrong if I deserted my parents in their trouble? How could I hope for God to bless me in my married life if I failed in my duty to those who bore me before I knew it?"

"You talk so much of duty," said her lover finally, "but to tell the truth, you never seem to think that I ought to be considered at all, but of course you're tired of Dot's ways, and your mother's illness an excuse for throwing me over, only I think it would be more straightforward if you just told me out."

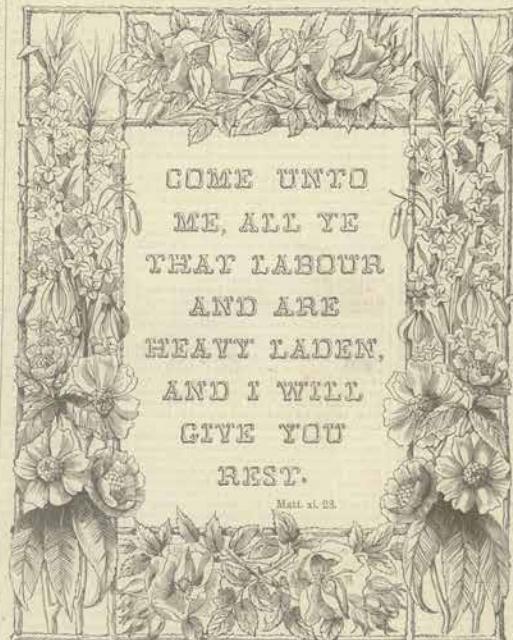
"I thought you loved me, George," the girl said, looking into his eyes with her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Of course you know I do, but it seems as though you care precious little about me."

"But George, if you love me, how can you think that I am deserving you when I say that the reason cannot marry this April is because of my mother's illness. Surely one doesn't doubt where one truly loves."

"Ah! you are trying now to raise up some old grievances about me as a sort of excuse for your not keeping your word, but with it there is given me a shadow of gall and regret."

"I was not thinking anything of the sort," she answered, a little indignantly. Then laying one hand on his arm, and looking pleadingly in his eyes, "George, do not let us part in anger—but if indeed I have enough to live on, I will try to keep your love to help me to do my duty bravely and cheerfully."



Matt. xi. 23.

"Your duty, Anna, is to marry me," he said, stoutly.
"A promise is a promise."

"And I would have kept it, George, oh, how gladly,
had I known for certain my mother's illness. The doctors
say it will, in all probability, be six months, perhaps
more, before she will be able to get about again;
but doctors are liable to be mistaken, so per-
haps it will not be so long as that, at any rate,
we will hope."

"I don't at all see why we shouldn't
be married in a fortnight's time for all
that," urged her lover. "You could
always go to the country next week
to see her, anyhow, and that
would be as often as she could
expect, considering that our
home would be seven
miles away from the town. My
husband, putting his arm
round her, "he's go-
ing to the old people
and see if I can-
not persuade them
to let him do
what I say." "Ah! I
see," grasping
his arm
tightly, "I thought
it would be hard
him

"George! George! come back to me! Come back
to me!"

But the words fell unheeded on the evening
breeze; he heard them not, nor answered.

takes cheerfully, readily, remembering that He who
had laid this trial upon her would also help her to
bear it.

All through the sweet spring time and the glorious
summer, Mrs. Shipton lay on her bed of pain. The
doctor said that the time in which she would die
six months would elapse before she required the
use of the stricken side, if she did still.

The greater part of Anna's time was taken up
with her mother, who was very feeble
and impulsive, continually grumbling at
her hard lot. Why should she have
been singled out for suffering more
than any of her neighbours? She
was a fine sight indeed, that a
good-looking girl of one's own, it 'd
fair that she should be
picked out. And just too
at a time when Anna
was going to be
married, and to a man
real well off.
Steady industrious
and with a honest
disposition, she had
the bank. Of
course, now
he'd go and
marry some other girl,
and such a



back
from
carrying
out such an
intention:
"you must not
do that, or
might, perhaps,
give in, thinking
that it was for my
happiness, when all
the time you
had been
thinking of
yourself."
"It wouldn't be!"
interrupting her.

"No, because it would
be a foolish thing for me
to do, and nothing shall make
me do it!" firmly.

"Very well, then," said the young
man, taking his arm from round her
waist. "We will part, you won't care
for me ever again to marry me. I'll be silent
looking for somebody who does and will."

With that George Harwood strode away,
she watching his retreating figure with a numb
pained heart, only half comprehending that he
had left her for ever, never to return; her allured
husband gone from her, never to return.

The knowledge, when she fully came to realize it,
was so fraught with anguish that she threw herself
down on the sand, convulsive sobs shaking her
frame, crying out—

MY PET.

How long her wild grief had spent itself, and she
rose up with a prayer on her lips, that she might be
enabled to do her duty however, and not let her
heart's agony hinder her from performing her daily

chances
as he was
she would
never come
again to his
daughter's
way. Then she
laughed.

Anna bore
all this with her
accustomed quiet
gentleness; but a
deep sigh would
come into her check
when she said—what
she often did:

"I wonder why George Har-
wood will take up with now?"
But I wonder, too, she of course
will be Emma Spring. She was
always running after him before he asked
you to marry him. So she'll think there's
a chance for her now, and catch at it quick
enough."

The name of her mother's, grown as familiar to
her as "*household words*," never lost its sting, for
the reason that she felt it might come true. For
had he not said he would look out for somebody else
to marry? And he never seems near her now, she
had never seen him since he told her this to him since that April
night they parted on the sands.

But one night in the autumn, when she had gone

