

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

XLV.

Moses and the Fourth Commandment.

There has been in a previous paper that all God's law was perfect. When our blessed Lord was asked which was the chief commandment, He would not place any one command above the others, but summed up the whole law in the one great doctrine of love. The

fourth commandment

seems, however, to invite

us to some special

thoughts. After the

giving of the law God

Himself refers to the

Sabbath law, and confesses

it, "Verily My Sabbaths

ye shall keep." (Ex. xl.

xxv. 18-19.) And this

was in reality a law that

existed before the giving

of the law on Mount

Sinai. If it is not the

shilohed law, it is the

oldest. It began at the

Creation. It began when

God, having finished His

six days' work creating

the world, "rested on the

seventh day" (Gen. i.

1-3). Some have said

that the Sabbath is only

a Jewish law. But that

is a mistake. Before a

single Jew had lived God

gave the Sabbath to the

world, and it is now nearly

6,000 years old. There-

fore it was that God said

concerning it when He

gave the law, "Remember

the Sabbath day." &c. It

was not a new law, it was

an old law, spoken with

new powers. The passage,

quoted above, in Exod.

xxv., concerning the Sab-

bath, is very forcible.

Three times we read in

that passage, ye "shall

keep" it. This is Moses'

message concerning the

Sabbath. It was to be a

memory of God's rest at

Creation. It was also to

be a memory of the de-

liverance of Israel from

Egypt, as we find from

the repetition of the law

in Deut. v. 15. The exodus

from Egypt had been a

hard toil for them to be

free; therefore the Lord

thru God commanded them

to keep His Sabbath day.

God would never

have them forget their deliverance from bondage. And

what is not Christian Sabbath a memory of? Is it

not a memory of rest and deliverance also. Christ's

work was finished. He rested from it on the first

day of the week. His resurrection morning. His

Unwearied rest and deliverance to every soul who

believes in Him. Each returning Sabbath would

say to us, do not forget Christ's rest and what it

brings for us. Do not only "remember the Sab-

bath," but remember what it means. The message

Moses had to deliver about the Sabbath was a very

strict one. Death was the penalty of a broken

Sabbath. As an example of this we have the history

of the man found gathering sticks on the Sabbath

day, and who had to die for so doing (Num. xv.

32-36). It may be asked why the penalty was so

severe? It must have been so because in the mind

of God the Sabbath was very holy, very precious,

and He desired that the people should feel it to be

so. But the people were so slow to learn this.

Notwithstanding the repetition of God's law and the heavy penalty attached to it, the people in after times constantly forgot the law of the Sabbath. This very sin of breaking the Sabbath is spoken of by Jeremiah before the captivity, as one of the special sins for which God punished them (Jer. xli. 21-27). God's mind had not changed about the Sabbath then, though 800 years had passed since the day of Moses. And God's mind has not changed about the Sabbath now. If you say it is not God's law now that a man should die for breaking the Sabbath. No, for the Gospel of Christ brings mercy for the sinner. Christ taught also that works of mercy may be done upon the Sabbath. Several of our Lord's miracles were wrought upon the Sabbath, as the healing of the withered hand, the cure of his

will Ananias" (1 Sam. ii. 35). In the reign of George III. one of the royal palaces was being repaired; to complete the work, hurriedly, the workmen were ordered to finish their task on Sunday morning. One guilty man amongst them refused to do this, and was in consequence dismissed. George III. had taken notice of the man previously, and observing his absence shortly afterwards, inquired the reason. Upon being informed that the Ministry exclaimed, "The man who refused is the man for me, let him be sent for!" Our own beloved Queen in this spirit, in the early days of her reign, required a Minister who desired her attention on Sunday to some State papers. "Let them wait till Monday morning."

Let us hold fast our Sabbath. If we have God we shall love His day. Each Sabbath is intended to be a little harvest of the rest of the heavenly land. If our hearts run out to some far off corner of an earthly Sabbath, will they be at all ready for the rest that remaineth for the people of God?

MARGARET EMBRIE.

On a Wild Coast.

THEY were an

mistake about

the place. I

thought I did

not the name

Atlantic

mean and that

against the mighty

heads? Were not

the grey rocks

and sea were

swart hair as eggs by

the falling winds? There!

the falling wind

of eggs' heads up

enough to tell what

the only dark night

of shining of three

wind-swept inlet sea—

simulations of one-life,

hundreds of the wild

nestled in the hollow

and greened their white

beathers there, and the

circling like sheets of

iving snow, about the

gambled of the sea.

A hardy race lives

up there,—a host of the

waters, white head to

beauty. When the lightning

scanty the food is limited,

but—what foods, and

nowhere on the sea shore!

Legend and tale cannot

the out; think how

the long dark night wait

irrevolving, and look at

the anger of the young

man; the coming of

as one may sail them, to

how of the docks of men

and the mothers of the race!

A southern woman made

her home up amongst

these people not so long

ago. She had an object

in going where within

her own distant

within ten miles' distance.

The secret was so real

secret—she was a

young, unmarried woman,

unmarried, and she had

been in Divine goodness

given. Group first

amongst this smiling

people she saw this

very evidence. She

wondered, but, as she

did not know the

name, she was

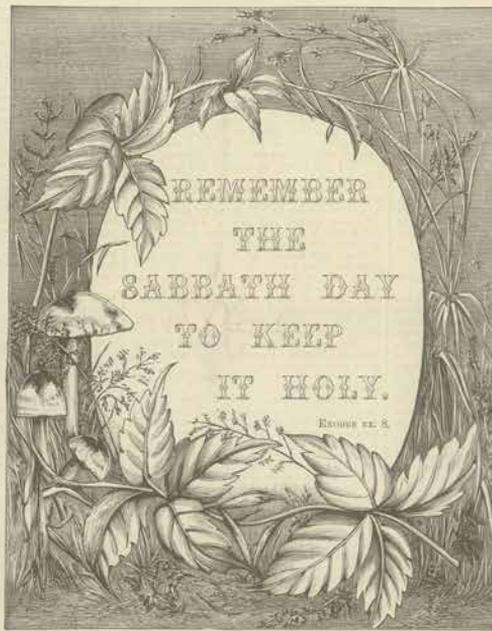
not sure, tall and

gentle, and her

low-cut, clear

figure amongst the

grey, stone-headed



woman bowed down for eighteen years, and that of the man who lay for an many long years at the foot of Bethesda. Christ taught that every both to man and beast was lawful on the Sabbath-day. The church ministers were to be careful for on the Sabbath day, and it would be sin to neglect them. Works of mercy also to men and women were must for the Sabbath day. The Jews had asked their own traditions to God's law concerning the Sabbath, so that it had become a burden. The Lord Jesus taught that it should be no burden, but ever full of blessing. The Sabbath is one of God's best gifts. In foreign countries, where this blessed gift is not known or received, labour and toil go on every day in the week without a pause. A Chinaman said to an Englishman, "Your God must be better than ours, for He gives you one day in seven to rest in." There is a special blessing connected with keeping the Sabbath. Those who honour God's day will get a blessing. For He has said, "Them that honour Me I

will love" (1 Sam. ii. 35). In the reign of George III. one of the royal palaces was being repaired; to complete the work, hurriedly, the workmen were ordered to finish their task on Sunday morning. One guilty man amongst them refused to do this, and was in consequence dismissed. George III. had taken notice of the man previously, and observing his absence shortly afterwards, inquired the reason. Upon being informed that the Ministry exclaimed, "The man who refused is the man for me, let him be sent for!" Our own beloved Queen in this spirit, in the early days of her reign, required a Minister who desired her attention on Sunday to some State papers. "Let them wait till Monday morning."

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MARGARET EMBRIE.

call her, amongst the smooth, fogged bundles of society.

She had lost money again and again till only a bare pittance was left her, and so she carried herself and her valiant life to a region where she said nature narrowed lives.

Such she knew of what nature does! Nothing, Fancy her, imagining the greatness of soul, the passion of patient endurance that exists in these people of the wild north!

But let all this go—there sits great, And one fierce October night a great storm broke along the coast. The Dalroch men and lads were woe of them out, and

and—were for the wail of the narrow lives! Truly then they were narrow, for one thought, one prayer was all that some of the women's hearts could hold.

But Ann Dering did not then say those kind words of hers about "narrow lives." No! she with her brown cloak could recall her stood out under the screen of a headland with the rest of the Dalroch people. The wild, vast sea rolled limitless before her, the purple sky hung mysterious, through the glimmer of the night-larkness the great white surges could be seen as the big waves rolled in or dashed in white foam against the distant rocky islands.

No!—never again would she say such words, though, in the foolishness of the time, she gave no measure to what she might once have either said or done. The awe of that night made her think—vaguely, she could just feel the hope that the religion of the people must give them.

A God who could help—there was her own thought.

As the morning broke she saw death for the first time.

Strange that—for a woman of middle age.

You are right, Ann Dering had had many deaths about her, but four and a thousand spirits, and perhaps a selfish ease, had always made her say—"No! I will remember my friends as they were in life."

That dawn she looked upon the still, dead face of John Carrick, the fisherman at whose cottage she lodged. Half-an-hour after she saw the dripping golden bells of a sister lad—she was as silent as the most silent of the women. Gay, bright Donald McKillop!

In her bitterness she would have said that poverty had taken her lads from her—it was not so. She stood in a look of woe outside Carrick's door, but there was the vague power of seemingly discarded ill-will keeping the women from going into the cottage while she sternly held aloof from it. It was not far now that held her back—no, that was gone. Unconsciously to herself she had in that night passed beyond her old self—though she looked stern and thought she knew that it was her power that kept off the harshest of condescending friends from the widow and the fatherless, yet in truth she had won

the divine fellowship which would make her one with the people amongst whom she had set her life.

The women fell talking amongst themselves. "Mr. Sandy saw the storm gathering over Inchness, that did he, and he told Carrick—a! I heard him myself."

"Carrick has six lasses to feed—lilley he'd stay for a bit about that night—how round in two minutes?"

A wry old man came chiding along. He was weather beaten as an old sailor of seventy may be, but Andrew MacPhun called the sea no more, but, being dry and alert was always about,

you could see a man meet old Sandy and speak to him. They saw the old man throw up his arms, give a warty turn, and then his wry self came back.

"Eh, fashie, fashie! it's a ha! I've been salting the women—they're not all safe! James Macpherson's na! I! Jemmy's my Maggie's na!"

"Dot many a 'Heh!' and many a 'Gude save us!' were uttered, of which old Sandy heard not one.

Ann Dering went in to the bar-keeper. What she said or what she did no one could know, but after a while she came back, and on the left the door Nell Carrick was seen to kiss her hand.

If you had known Ann Dering before that day, you would have wondered that such a feeling, a feeling of reverential love, could be shown to her. This night had changed her.

"Will any one take me in for a day or two?" she asked, looking round upon the as yet unshaken host of women.

No answer.

"Eh! that will I. I'm soon afraid." This was at last said by the oldest woman present. So shrivelled and dry was she that she might have been a hundred years old. Knees and quills was she, and creaking too.

"Mistress Carrick wishes to be alone; I am glad you will forgive me." The words were utterly simple, and the manner was a bit odd; but a something about in the stranger's face that made the women whisper.

"They're fashie! undoubtedly the old woman saluted me." They think you've seen a wraith, pah! I don't say; but, maybe, now, we've had wrangings in the house's label!"

"Warnings?"

"Aye, sounds. And maybe a calling of 'niebs', or a lit rap on the door."

"No," Sandy Ann Dering smiled.

"Y'll be saying it's all a lie! It's the truth itself, haven't I heard the culls on the 'top' tap on the door."

Always I've had a berry-ill after. Nan doot Carrick heard too, but the men are foolishly—"

Meanwhile one or two had gone in to the Carricks, and some more had drifted on to the village.

There was plenty to hear in Dalroch that morning; ay, and if it were true that one was still missing, there would be no lack of excitement and fear.

It was true.

James Macpherson was not in, alive or dead. Old Sandy was "clean daf", and went up and down, musing, ruminating, begging, praying that a fresh boat would start. Was he lost in it? No; he might be gone. Ah! but it was in, had upwared; and so someone proved a few minutes after.

Now, for James Macpherson to be lost meant woe for the whole of Dalroch. Was he not the finest young sailor there, proud, too, to Mary Dal's, the granddaughter of old McPhun? Just as the girl were widowed under by the trade of her general shop? Sandy, old though he was, could do a bit of



"VILLAGE FOLK TRAMPING ALONG THE COASTRY ROAD TAKED THE WATER OVER."—See page 32.

and did a bit of trading by helping his granddaughter in her shop of odds and ends, and in the summer-time gave himself about slinking the hills to the stray visitors and tourists who had found out Dalroch.

"Eh, man, this has been a night!" This was to Ann Dering—Mistress Dering, as they called her.

"It has," she answered. "All set back now—"

"Aye, man, aye, I'll be a wash' time in there!" pointing to the Carrick's door. "Gude save the dawns!" But Carrick, man, is safe—ye're richt there."

Then they went on a bit, and in the growing light

work; but the mother was ailing and could do none. The golden days of promise were to be when Mary should wed young Marpleton, and the business could be collected and carried on with inland vitality by a sturdy young man such as James was.

And now! alas, Alack! All Balmuck understood. Ann Dering once would have held her head from this same of woe. No more so. She went to Mary hardly knowing herself why—only because her joy and soothing heart had been suddenly changed and she felt she must at least press Mary's hand if she could not speak.

Vaguely, too, she felt Mary could help her—Mary in her daily life, and the reality of that sympathy. Big trust in Ann Dering herself now must win. Her sturdy peasant girl that she was, did help her. In the midst of her tears her faith and trust were firm. Ann Dering, however, was ailed, and when she came from the door of the closed shop with old Sandy wringing his hands, she set straight to Jan Dering, looking neither to right nor left.

And her, the morning sun was rising, strengthening, glorifying himself as an October sun on 65, reaching nook of the horse of the drowsy night, shining with golden splendor on the yellow sands on which the open woods of wreckage was but as a dead uncolored shadow on a summer face. All was peace. Through one open cottage door she saw the children at their mother's knee, thanking God for the mercies that had been vouchsafed to them that past night.

Jan's cottage was the last. A bit of pathway led up to it from the shore, and of itself it stood in a hush as if more of the wind and tempest. Rustling blades might kiss the sea—they did not but did break against her walls, mighty waves must dash to surge upon the rocks; but it was the gurgles of the loon which washed the hillside above her cottage. Mournful sounds mastered the night air sounds of the sea, except the faint night note of one just past, when the waters and the clouds at the ocean knew no master. Old Jan had a knee, telling story with her—she talked for her grief, and she made her great litanies for Mary. Many tales of woe, but had she on her long ago, and bright was the flash in her eye, and vivid were her accents as she made her litanies for what she said.

World and crime were the stories.

"And now, my child," she said, "do ye so not that I should get lost! I have been wind and tempest."

"No—I cannot contradict you in so what you have told me; but, the Carricks—yes—people many-days do not believe—Ann Dering would not have the feelings of the old woman. Tell me, I beg your pardon, men, but I just cannot help it. Will J. so speak the truth about my own experience?" she looked eagerly.

"Did I see have the three warnings when, say, my man, put himself in when the loss that was to have mastered my Willie died in the spring—did I see a young woman then, be it old or young man, I know. The Lord gunde us both! I know that. But will I soon be the same?"

And that to pleasure the old woman, her guest asked what she had heard and what she had seen?"

"Once I heard—yes, once, and that the truth; but I'll be the ray at all. I found on—did I still, quite of the night it comes, and I was when you sleep to the full waking of the morn. But it's no more for likely the stars are shining and ye hear—ye hear!"

Enough of this—Ann Dering did not believe. The day more and many a long day to work the hollows of the tale, and the high ripples of the white strands of the coasts, looking always for James Marpleton.

He was not found. Another day—the same. A third day—the same.

And Charick was berated up on the hillside, and Mary had opened her eyes in it with her left eye of black ribbon at her throat in sign of the mourning for her lover, which, in very truth, was the thing she had lived on.

People must work on, and live on—she had her mouth to tend—by-and-by, as years went on, old Sandy her grandfather would fall. But! Mary's hands were full.

But now for the mystery.

Pauls were back and well, but, as we have just said, they must be lived through—woe, where the example lies for any address for stamp.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE STORY.

And facts must there come the woe of break of mystery faveling now and then?

No Ann Dering questioned to herself. But why else?

She, of all people the most unmythical—now, the hardest—once, the most fearless—no, because she would have said that still had worked it, unless she had come to identify her family all with those who had lately been made lonely—she was finding the world growing warmer and more-armed towards her.

Ignorant still, she was learning better thoughts. She had come to identify her family all with those who had lately been made lonely—she was finding the world growing warmer and more-armed towards her.

And—in a word—the victim (the herself called it a dream) of old Jan had had come to her.

She was back in her home at Carrick's cottage, and she must have found it—she had given herself a day of close seeing for the children, one of her first views towards kindly following. When the thought of it she drew a sheet over her head and peered the shore. Lights twinkled in the cottage, and Balmuck would be asleep, for deep old nature mark the hour at which the day shall be done for these primitive people. By the hour, according to the clock, she should not have been wary but she with her, and the wind-fury had a talk, and then they went to bed—Ann Dering had all into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

Suddenly she awoke.

"Yes," she said, and she was an answer to a rap at her door. With her speech there came to her mind a strange mystery—there was a new thing for this old world. What was wrong?

In a trice she was out of bed, opening her door, and—no! silence and the dense darkness of the night were all that met her.

She was not alone. She had heard a rap at her door, and that was all that she had heard. She was not alone. She had heard a rap at her door, and that was all that she had heard.

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"It had been a time to try my woman's nerves, but—Ann Dering!"

The following day was restless. In rain and wind she tramped the shore and the woodland road, and she had at night the forest herself by dawn. Jan's cottage. The old woman, looking out, saw her.

"Oh, my, but it's a poor fortune time for ye to be out! Ah!—her voice changed as she caught a new strange gleam on her sister's face.

"Likely no. Ye do feel her faith!" She peered towards her.

Then Ann Dering told her tale.

"Two nights—ye'll be hearing one more rap, Ann—and ye'll not be of an own. Ye'll be hearing from yer sin kin."

"Maybe so—maybe so. Who knows where our kin will end, they may be in the ends of the earth!" Old Jan weaved her bare arms, and just looked a keen, wiry old prophetess. A wish, perhaps, Ann Dering set up, watching that night. She, the faithful, she wept.

When she was waked to death of her watch, and longing for the morning, lo!—then a sharp, distant knock came.

Of this third evening she told no more, and she avoided old Jan, and sought Mary's cottage day by day.

For a while work the wild weather lasted on. Stewards of wreckage from distant seas came tumbling about the Balmuck beach, strange things. The man were perfume like, and they made much of what the sea cast up.

But of James Marpleton—nothing.

As strongly as Ann Dering had been bent to include her own, she had a flower of old identity herself with the affairs of the people and all the household, consisting of Mary Bell and her sister, and the spy, alert old grandfather, Andrew McPhun.

Whatever stages of experience she has gone through, she has developed a fire of patriotism.

"Ye can give the sword to me!" Would I let a creature of mine slip through my fingers as you do?—Winds and waves would not hold me still. No!"

The men looked at her. Who was she to tempt them with over-ours for self? They, regarding men and sea-birding men from their very life!

They looked at her. One or two said bad words. "It will be well, it will give a prize to the first boat manned! I would give a greater prize to the crew who would bring in gildings of Marpleton. She stood tall and giant, and her eyes flashed."

"Things from the other side of the Atlantic—hah!"

"Ye think gold would hold the men, do ye?" Greater ones could not be found.

But they would not be lashed into hardships. No even then Ann Dering did not quite know them.

At night the wind fell, and before dawn a white sea slept on, three-boat boats started, and their crews set out sailing, but it was to seek among the coasts and the openings of the isles for the body of the young man Marpleton.

At mid-day the boats were back, all three of them, and about after about burnt over the steaming sea.

What was it all about?

All! The women knew. Mary Bell knew, though she drew back into the furthest corner of the cottage by the ailing mother's feet, for she had had given a wrong meaning to the glad shoebats of the men's voices.

Revered older women came in thus had gone out—a stately, ready man, James Marpleton.

And the absent ones all up the beach, and up to the door of the cottage. He had had a—

Then Balmuck, and someone leading fiery, called to Mary.

To tell his tale by-and-by. He had seen for dear life, and had been cast by a wild wave into a cave. No crash had come about him. He had been a prisoner. He had been about the beach, but Balmuck boats would be high. He had had no fear. Neither had he starved, for he had had the wild sea-birds. Were there not thousands of them on the island?

Was not Mary's simple faith to be stronger now than ever?

HOWARD'S BEATING BIRDS—The bird in the wood, the wood in the bird.

