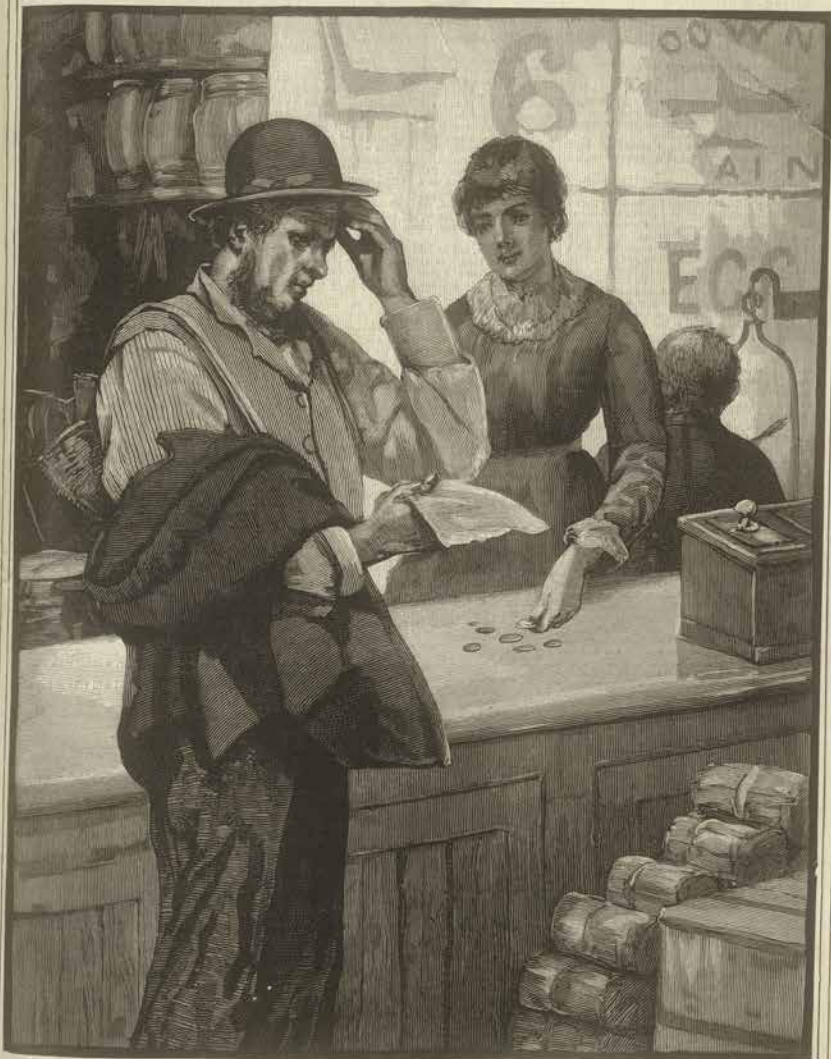


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



are men; they awaken the instinct of communal love. The whole nation is in warm affection over the sorrowing people of its afflicted cities. It feels their pain, it shares their grief; and no liberality that the national or State governments can send toward our brothers in their sorrow but will meet with the general support of all our people.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

XXV.

Moses and the Golden Calf. Part II.—
Rev. xxxiii. 15, 16.

THE earlier parts of this chapter tell of the great sin of Israel. It seemed as if they could only do right so long as Moses was with them. So it was also in the days of Joshua. When Joshua died, the people turned to idolatry. When a man does right because he is under the in-

fluence of some good person, and for no other reason, his right doing will not abide. The good friend may be removed, and then there is a downfall of the man who had no better stay than an "arm of the flesh."

A monotheistic Christian is no real Christian. When Moses stood by the children of Israel said, "all that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient," but when Moses was gone how different it all was! They made a golden calf. We must be planted on our own roots, if we are to live and prosper. When the sin of the people was at its height, Moses comes down from the Mount with Joshua. Joshua does not appear to know what is going on, but Moses knew all from God. It is not, however, till he sees the people dancing round the golden calf, that he is overcome with pain and horror, and casts down the Tablets of the Law, which are thus broken in pieces. We are led to ask, was this anger in Moses selfish? It would not appear to be so. It was anger against a grievous sin, and therefore very different from ordinary anger. It was more like the wrath of God against sin. We know that God is all-holy, and yet we read of His wrath. We read that God is "angry with the wicked every day" (Ps. vii. 11). There is such a thing as holy anger, as being angry without sinning not (Eph. iv. 26). Once we read of Christ's anger when He was upon earth, an anger touchingly mingled in that instance with grief for the hard hearts of the people about Him (Mk. xiii. 35). The anger of Moses was of the same character when he looked upon Israel worshipping the golden calf. How great was the disclosure done to God! We are not told that Moses was wrong in breaking the tables, though it seems remarkable to us that he could do it. No doubt the act was permitted by God as a sign. Israel had broken the law and the tables were broken in pieces. Man's promise of obedience was a complete failure. The broken tables condemned the people, even as God's law condemns each one of us for it brings us all to "guilty" before God (Rom. iii. 19). We have all broken the

"tablets," and every mouth must be "stopped" as to self defence. The Pharisee, in our Lord's parable, thought that he had kept all God's laws, and was perfectly satisfied with himself. But was God satisfied? No! the Pharisee satisfied God, because he came as a sinner and cried for mercy. If one of you, dear readers, were to attempt to paint a picture, you might perhaps think what you had done was very successful, and your friends also might admire your work. But suppose you were to take your picture to some great painter. Would he not be likely to say, "Why you do not even know the A. B. C. of painting, your work is not worth looking at!" Thus it is with what we deem our best, in the sight of God. He is too holy to look at it. What then can we do? We must give up our best for God's best, our disobedience for Christ's obedience. Then, when He covers us with His robe, we shall learn to keep the law in a new way. Moses utterly destroyed the golden calf. How different was his conduct in this matter to that of Aaron! Aaron could talk well, as we know from chap. ix. 14, but talking and doing are two very

of it all? "At the last, it stings like a serpent, and bites like an adder" (Deu. xxi. 15, 23). May the golden calf in its destruction speak to us with a warning voice. But there was to be further judgment. "Moses calls for all who would be on God's side to stand forth," and all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him" (v. 26). A painful work was now indeed appointed for the sons of Levi, for they were to go in and out throughout the camp, "to slay every man his brother and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour" (v. 27). But though the Lord's command must have abouted upon the command, the Levites, as God's servants went forth and obeyed Him, with the sword of death in their hands. God's judgments ran in sin in those days followed more or less quickly upon the sin. The people are delayed. But if delayed they will come on one day, and "how shall we escape," if we have despised the word of the Lord? One more thought. We note that Aaron, who had sinned grievously in this matter, did not fall among the slain. Why, we may ask, was this special grace granted to him? We

may believe that he was spared in answer to the special prayer of Moses, of which we read in Deut. ix. 20, "I prayed also for Aaron the same time." We may also feel fully assured that Aaron must have repented with intense grief for his sin, even as Peter in later days, after he had denied his Lord. Peter was forgiven and Aaron was forgiven. How great is the encouragement here for every repentant sinner, every backsliding son of God!

MARGARET ENDALE.

A Narrow Escape.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Nelly, how dare you even look at the fallows — and you squinting at them, too?"

"Well, Jim, and if I don't it's not your business."

"Then whose is it, I should like to know?"

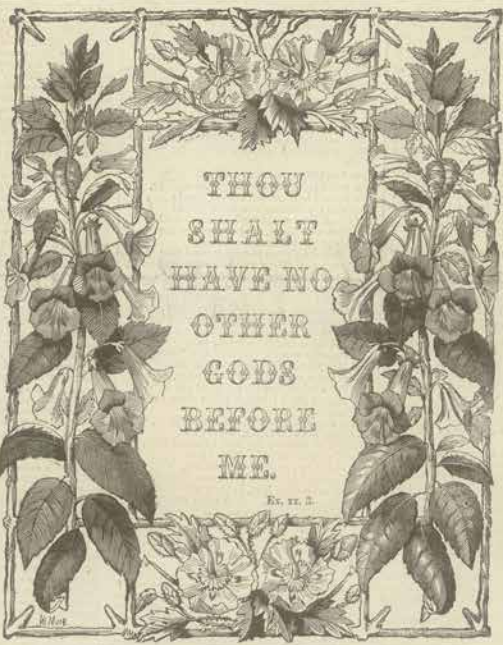
"In that case, you and I had better have done with one another. Good-bye, Nelly."

"O, Jim! you're not going to leave me like this? I must go home. Please forgive me."

The speakers were a bright-looking young couple at a rural fête. Nelly Hynes and Jim Mason had been engaged for six years; quite an unusual period in those days of short courtships.

But they were only boy and girl when they first fell in love with each other in good old-fashioned style; and the six years had seemed none too long to either for the exchange of all the sweet nothings by which lovers' lives are made happy. "The only fault," so their friends declared, "was that each had a rather temper. One or twice before they had known little 'tiffs,' but those had been quickly 'made up,' and never had one spoken to the other in words such as I now saw angrily exchanged."

"I don't care whether you meant harm or not," proceeded Jim, "I must have no more to do with you."



different things. Talking well, apart from doing well, is valuable. Moses acted with courage. He felt he must stamp out the sin. If the first act of disobedience, the first glass too much, the first angry words of a quarrel were stamped out, how much misery would be saved! Moses did not say, "this golden calf is valuable, we had better keep it and put it away." No! he would destroy it, and he "sprawled" the fragments upon the drinking water of the people, that they might see and taste that it is indeed "an evil and a bitter thing to sin against the Lord" (Jer. ii. 19). The sin may not be so great as that, but the contrary it may be sweet. But what is the sin

And, white with anger and mad passionate jealousy, he turned away.

Nelly followed, and, laying her hand softly on his arm, pleaded, now thoroughly frightened, "Do listen to me, Jim. Let us walk a little way, and I will explain."

"No, I don't want to hear your explanations. I've seen enough, and I mean all to be ended. You shall have back all your presents."

"If you begin to talk of returning presents," said Nelly, stung in turn toasperations, "you had better take back this ring!" and she drew off the engagement ring he had put on her finger with so many tender vows.

"Very well," he answered, putting it in his pocket. "And now come away, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, quietly.

But in both hearts the storm was raging. Jim went home to spend the night in pacing his room in a wild fury of outraged feeling. Nelly walked slowly down the road, trying to keep back her bitter, hopeless sob at what she had lost. "And all through a moment's carelessness," she said to herself bitterly.

And before twelve o'clock Nelly and her aunt were whirling away to Ashburton, the little southern village on the borders of Dartmoor, where the latter lived.

It was a very heavy little heart the train carried, and a very white, was face. But as they drew near their journey's end, and her aunt tried to divert her by pointing out the various beauties of her dear Devonshire home, even Nelly could hardly help watching with delight the changing landscape. The purple fogs of Dartmoor were over the dark green Dart. In some of the hollows and little reaches of sand the hummocks nestled in happy solitude, and now and again openings up woodland paths showed the house-colored tufts of the sweet-scented hay-fern.

"Oh, auntie! I shall like staying here," Nelly said. "It is all so different from smoky Bedford."

"I should think it is, dear; and we must get your cousin to take you about a bit, and climb some of those Tors, to bring back the color to your cheeks. Look, that's Buckland Beacon, and there round in the hollow is Holne Chase."

Ned looked wistfully at the little maiden, now bravely trying to choke her sobs and dry her tears. And his heart went out with a rush of pitying longing to do something to comfort her. However, he contented himself with quietly helping her into the spring-cart, and they began to climb the steep hills on the way to Nuttall Farm. A long avenue of limes and elms led to the garden gate, the limes sending the soft air with a delicious sweetness. The evening glow was lighting up the distant hills, and Nelly, used to the smoky smoke of a manufacturing town, thought she had never seen anything so lovely. Ned noticed her absorbed glance and said—

"No fear of your not getting strong here, is there? You don't know what lies in the valley down there. That silver-looking hill is really our river."

With the very next day the delight of exploring the paradise began. Ned managed the few fields and the gardening operations connected with the little farm; and her aunt insisted that Nelly must go out into the fresh pure air, and watch all the various country sights. So she obediently trotted after him when he



TURKISH LADIES SHOPPING.—See page 54.

"To think that I could be so foolish as to listen to that stupid Anne Crocker, for whom I don't care a rap, and buy a 'leaver' just for fun," as she said, when I knew how it would anger Jim, he never can bear girls to 'set silly,' as he says."

The aunt with whom it had been planned Nelly was to go away the next day for change of air, was within when she reached home, and seeing Nelly's swollen eyes, asked questions, which led to the latter's telling her the story.

"Well, you were very wrong, my girl, and so mistake," she said, "and Jim was foolish. But never you take it so to heart. He'll be round to-morrow morning before we start, to say good-bye. And it'll all be made up."

"Oh, no, he won't," said Nelly, bitterly. "I know him too well. He will rage and fume and fret, but not a word or a sign will he give."

True enough, the next morning she learned to every footstep on the pavement, but no Jim appeared.

Mrs. Everside was a widow with a little income derived from a pension thoughtfully made for her by her husband's leaving his life. With her lived her only unmarried son, whom Nelly had hitherto known only by name. He greeted them as they stepped out of the carriage with—

"Well, mother, how are you? Well, my pretty little Devonshire cousin?"

Nelly blushed crimson at the greeting; she was unused to flattering words save from her lover's lips. The next moment a flood of tears came to relieve her pent-up feelings, as she realized that five hundred miles lay between her and him, and how much greater distance still of inner separation.

"Why, little woman, crying to greet your new home. What's the matter, mother?" he asked, turning to her.

"Oh, the child is only tired and knocked up with the long journey. Ned, said you know she has been ill. A cup of tea will set her all right."

and sent to fetch the cows home to milk, or sat on a bench in the garden when he was digging potatoes or planting out turnips. Then so much did there was the long drive with him into Newton Abbott to dispose of the dairy produce. The spring-cart was somewhat jolty up and down the steep hills, but Nelly got used to that, and somehow she grew to look forward to these little visits. One Mrs. Everside parked a basket with milk and tea, and they went a long expedition to Dartmoor, where East and West Dart, after a long journey apart, at last united.

"Like lovers who come together for life," her aunt said, and told her the story of the country folk that the East Dart is a brave bold youth who comes leaping down rocks to meet his lovely gentle brown bride, the West river. The association was too much for Nelly, and she began to bustle to collect the sticks with which their lives was to be lighted and the kettle boiled. After a make-believe of repair on her part, but a very substantial one on that of her aunt and

