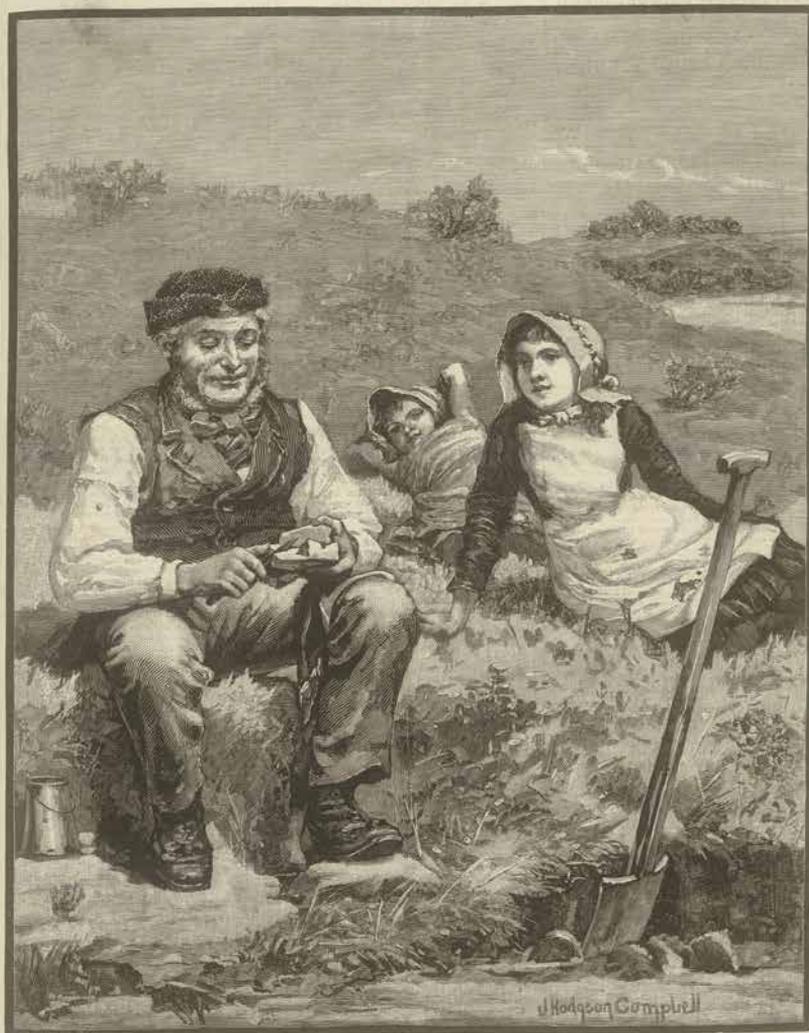


## THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.







of the lock which Thos. had written" (v. 22). Rather than that there should be no pardon, Moses was willing, if possible, to take the sinful people's place and be blotted out for them. He seems to offer up himself to God, if he might be accepted, as a surety for the people. The love and self-sacrifice here are wonderful. The great apostle St. Paul was filled with a like spirit when he wrote to the Romans, "I could wish myself accursed from God for my brethren's sake" (Rom. ix. 4). Oh! what a picture here we have of the Lord Jesus, who in wondrous love came and stood in the sinner's stead. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13). In the case of Moses God could not accept the sacrifice. Moses could not be an atonement for the people. Men, however good and holy, have never been able to deliver sinners from God's judgment (Jer. xx. 1; Ezek. xiv. 14, 21). Noah, Daniel, and Job were holy men, but they could not stand in the sinner's stead and bear the punishment due to them. Christ could do it, and did it. But He had not sinned, and He could not be blotted out of God's book. On the contrary, by His death He has given the names of His children in the Book of Life. "Rejoice," said He to His disciples, "because your names are written in heaven" (St. Luke x. 20). See also Phil. iv. 3 and Rev. xiii. 8). That Moses' heart was so filled with love for Israel, that it seemed as if he could forgo his place in the heavenly land for their sake—would sacrifice his bow, his wilderness for theirs? How few could or would have done such a thing! There have been here and there in the world's history a beautiful touching record of one life giving for another, but it was not the earthly life that Moses was laying down. It was something deeper, higher! Yet the story of Christ's cross is deeper, higher still. Do not let Him speaking from it and saying,

"I gave My life for thee  
What grievest thou to Me?"

And if we learn of Him, shall we not begin also to give up self for the sake of others, to "look not" as St. Paul says, "every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. ii. 4-8).

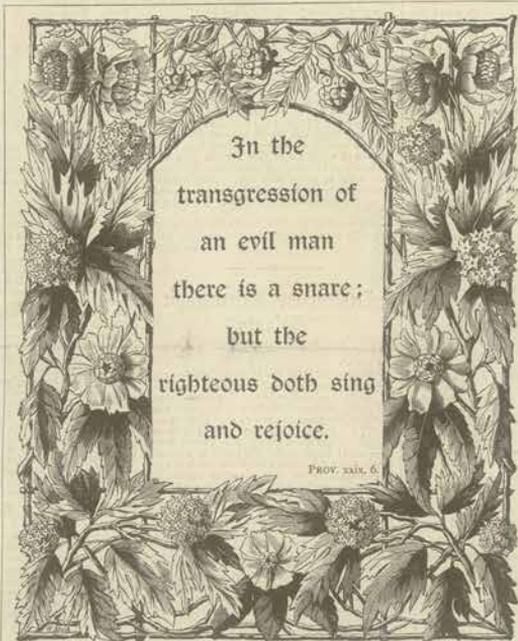
But now the time of prayer was over, and Moses and the people must continue their journey (v. 34, and ch. xxiii. 1-2). As a punishment for sin God said He would send an angel with the people instead of His own special Presence in the Cloudy Pillar, and the people murmured. Sin, sin! ever separates from God. Sin often makes a barrier between man and man, between parent and child, between brother and sister. But more terrible is the barrier between man and God. If a Christian man has been tempted into wrongdoing, can he go happily to the Bible or prayer? Oh! no. He feels as if his prayer would not be heard, and as if God were no longer near him (Ps. lvi. 10). It was this sad experience which the children of Israel had to pass through now. God's Presence was hidden from them, and they put away their ornaments as a sign of mourning. Sin did it all. How does an unrighteous man say, "As the wise man says, 'In the transgression of an evil man there is a snare, but the

righteous doth sing and rejoice" (Prov. xxix. 6). Israel did not sing now, for they had sinned. Moses as a sign of God's displeasure moves the Tabernacle to the outside of the camp. This was not the Tabernacle concerning which God had been giving Moses such careful directions in the Mount, as that had not yet been erected. This tabernacle was probably a tent that had been set apart for the service of God. Directly this tent was set up without the camp, Moses went forth to it, and the Cloudy Pillar rests upon it, and God talks with him there. The people all saw this as they stood and watched at the tent doors; and when they saw it they "worshipped." Why was this? They saw Moses was accepted of God, and therefore they felt there was

le it with ourselves? That Moses should have been permitted to talk with God in spoken of as the highest privilege granted to him, and that it was our highest privilege to come to God as our Friend, and pour out our heart before Him?

MARGARET EDGELL.

## Arbor Day.



hope for them. Here is a blessed type of Christ, His offering up of Himself! was accepted by God, and therefore there is acceptance for all who believe in Him—accepted in the beloved." The position that Moses said to occupy here is a very blessed one, for God talked with him, "as a man talketh with his friend" (v. 11). See also Num. xii. Band Dent. xxvii. 10). Moses was the St. John of the Old Testament. He now acts as the follower of Christ, and called His friends. "Henceforth I will call you not servants, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you" (St. John xv. 14, 15). As such each one may talk with God. This is something beyond the sinner's cry for mercy. That must come first. The soul must be soft first, then it can talk with God. How

yet expeditious, of nesting the swiss to a great extent. The only swiss was that the plan had not before been thought of. There were still lingering among the citizens and inhabitants of the State some recollections of what their grandfathers had felt, from an English Mayday. Perhaps some of the customs of the Old Country at that season had not died out entirely. At all events, they readily acquiesced in Governor Jackson's suggestion to make the first of May a general holiday, and on that day to go out and plant trees in the neighborhood of the different villages, towns, and settlements, in such spots as should be thought most desirable. No doubt the younger members of the community had no eyes to the day's holiday and merry-making, while the seniors probably thought mainly of the useful and beneficial part of the proceedings. Be that as it may—the end was attained. In the year next that the plan was adopted it is estimated that two

THE first of May for many years has for generations been associated in England with rural sports and merriment, though, of late years it has been shorn of much of its earlier importance and gaiety, and other great towns is only known by the ribbons and posies attached to the harness of horses, and also by the not over polished mirth and antics of "Lark in the Green."

In the "Far West," however, at least in some of the States, a more practical turn is given to the occasion. The great practice or hobby of the farmer and one especially tedious, save where, here and there, a clump of wood, may form a kind of oasis. From the stems, either of summer or winter, they consequently no shabby, and the wide expanse is thus scarcely habitable. Such few as there were of earlier settlers did their best for their own protection, and planted trees of a class which rapidly increased in size and strength, such as the cotton-wood and similar species. These they set around their rude dwellings in such manner as should best shelter them from the severe winds and storms that swept over the naked plains, but though thus able to improve their own condition, yet their cattle suffered terribly.

At last, after much thought and deliberation, one of the officials of a Western State—Governor Morton, of Nebraska—devised a simple, single

million trees were planted. The new May-day festival coming, as it did, at one of the brightest times of the year, and calling people forth to a pleasant and novel occupation, soon spread beyond Nebraska, and is now, it is stated, formally adopted by seventeen of the United States.

Not in it confined to the West alone. The Northern and Eastern States, thereby, at one time more densely wooded, have had their forest glories dimmed by axe and flame, at all events in some districts. With a view of improving the condition of these parts, new trees have been planted by thousands, and on May-day grand processions of school-children, with bands and banners, go forth to repair the losses caused by the necessities or carelessness of a former generation.

The movement thus taken up by the young is now likely to die out, and the "Arbor-day" of the New Country bids fair to be as lasting as the "May-day" of the Old.

It is to be hoped that the name of the originator of this useful custom will not, as too often happens, be quite forgotten, and that among the worthies who from George Washington downwards have done so much for the Great Republic, there may be a place kept throughout the generations for Governor Mason, of Nebraska. W.

## Susie's Trial.

RARE the know of the cliff, and overlooking the sea, stands the greatighthouse, its white sides glistening in the mirroring sunlight. To the right hand, and on the lower ground, are visible the roofs and chimneys of a considerable town, while to the left, mile after mile, stretches the cliff, covered with the golden pines, but kindly and cheerful, and with no dwelling or habitation to be seen. By the lighthouse, and within a neat facing that surrounds it and there, are two neat, trim cottages, one occupied by the head keeper, Silas Gregg and his wife, and the other by his assistant and deputy, Henry Barton, the latter as yet unmarried. Silas Gregg is a short, finely-set, elderly man, with a shaven yet kindly cast of features, a man who had passed his earlier years upon the coast, but who through the interest of a friend, had been appointed lighthouse keeper, a post at which, as he himself put it, he hoped to "ride at anchor" for the rest of his days. His wife Betsy was a brisk bustling dame, well content with the neat house and comfortable wages that she and her husband now enjoyed, and which relieved her of the anxiety she had formerly suffered during his absence at sea.

The morning was bright and clear, and Silas, high overhead, was busy with his lanterns, while his helpmate was equally engaged with her household affairs. But neither of them was so intent that they could not now and again cast a glance at a young man,

who, leaning against the palings, was earnestly conversing with a girl of about his own age, by her dress and demeanor apparently in domestic service.

The girl's face was troubled, the young man's grave and even anxious.

"Can't you remember where you put the brooch, Susie?" he asked.

"No, Harry; except that I think I hid it on Mrs. Lawton's table—the table in her bedroom—meaning, you see, to put it in her drawer. But I couldn't be sure."

"And when was it missed?"

The girl looked up at her companion through her tears.

"Every one doesn't think so well as you do of me, Harry," and they were silent awhile. Then Susie, remembering herself, said, "I must go now, Harry. I oughtn't to have stopped; but I have to go to the town, and must hurry back."

As she moved a few steps, busy Mrs. Gregg came out of the cottage.

"Why, Susie, lass, how are you?" Then, catching sight of the troubled look on the girl's countenance, she added, "Is anything wrong?"

"We all like to tell our troubles to friendly ears, and Susie was no exception. A few sentences explained matters to Mrs. Gregg and also to Silas, who by this time had descended from his lantern. Mrs. Gregg was loud in her expressions of sympathy, but old Silas only growled, "Just like women. Have a parcel of gimcracks and stick 'em, and some cancer o'er's a' allus in a pack o' trouble over them. Chest up, lass! Mrs. Lawton'll find her brooch before long. I'll go back!" and he moved away, muttering to himself, "They're little better than buttons after all, with their rings and brooches and what not, only they don't wear them through their noses!" while Susie, with watery eyes, had a little comforted by telling her trouble, bade Mrs. Gregg good day, and moved swiftly away, not as swiftly, however, but Harry kept pace with her, as she went along the road leading to the town, not perceiving him her till they parted in the latter street.

The girl hastened on, troubled in mind and heart, honest as the day, the implied accusation, if not of dishonesty, at least of gross carelessness, vexed her sorely. That her mistress set great store by the brooch she well knew, but only for its intrinsic value, but also as having belonged to a near and dear relative now dead.

Her piousness would have hastened back as rapidly as she had come.

The day passed on, and, though nothing more was said about the brooch, yet Susie fancied that her employer's manner had changed slightly towards her. Nor was this entirely fancy. Mrs. Lawton, though kindly natured, had unfortunately lost heavily by a previous servant, and this had made her suspicious. As, moreover, nothing was seen of the brooch, and the other servants, when questioned stoutly denied all knowledge of it, she began to wonder whether Susie would

be impulsive to be believed. After a day or two she returned to the subject, only to meet with a firm, almost indignant denial on the girl's part.

"I put it on your table, ma'am, as well as I can remember. I know it was carried to leave it there, but I forgot for the moment."

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Lawton, coldly, and poor Susie felt the implied doubt in the words, and said no more, though her heart was swelling with pain and sorrow. The day passed on, but the same came an which Susie's wages, as a monthly servant, were due.



"WENT BACK TO THE CLIFF, WHERE SHE OPENED."—See page 53.

"The night before last, I had just gone in after—there was a little hesitation—after leaving you, when Mrs. Lawton called me up, and asked me where the brooch was. I told her, positively enough at the moment, that I had put it on her table. But she said that she went up to her room a few minutes afterwards, and it wasn't there. She had looked everywhere, and couldn't find it, and she thinks I've taken it," said poor Susie, breaking into a sob. "I know she does."

"No, Susie, she can't think that. No one could."

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