

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



The Transfiguration of Christ took place upon a mountain. This mountain was probably Hermon, whose top, covered with snow, can be seen rising above and beyond the deep blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. The Lord Jesus had gone up into this mountain to pray. He was a Man of prayer, and was not alone in the Gospels that, especially before any important time in His life, He was occupied in prayer to His Father. This was the case before His baptism (St. Luke iii. 21), also before His calling of His apostles (St. Luke vi. 12, 13), and at other times. Now if the Lord Jesus would not and could not live without prayer, how is it possible that we can do so? We can have no power, no wisdom, no comfort, without prayer. He is a happy man who has learnt this great secret. "Prayings, by prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, to make known thy requests unto God" (Phil. iv. 6, 7). For observe the promise that is joined to the command to pray about "everything," and the name of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds." While Christ prayed on the mount the "fashion of His countenance was altered." He became glorified. And though no such change can come to us, yet a blessed and truly wonderful change is worked in us and for us by prayer. We know how weak, we "have strength?" The appearance of Christ at the time must have been very remarkable. His raiment was "white as the light," "exceeding white as snow," "white and glistening," and "His face did shine as the sun." He looked no longer a mere man, there was "majesty" in His appearance, even as Peter long afterwards expressed it in His Epistle, when he speaks of himself as an "eyewitness of His majesty." Moses and Elias appeared—Moses, who had died and whom God had buried (Deut. xxxiv. 6), and Elijah, who had never died, but had been caught up to heaven (2 Kings ii. 11). It has been thought that these two men may be the figures to us on the one hand of those who will rise, and on the other of those who will be alive when Christ comes. Certainly their appearance is a proof to us of resurrection. These men had passed away hundreds of years before, but they were not lost, but appeared as "men," and shared Christ's glory on the mount. St. Luke tells us that they "spoke of his decease."

It was the greatest subject upon which they could speak. Peter, as we saw in our last paper, could not hear to Christ's death, but Moses and Elias, these glorified men, loved to speak upon this wonderful subject, went as "the angels desire to look into" it. Yet men and women who are much conversant in the things of the Lord neglect His great salvation; and how shall they escape? Heb. ii. 2. The disciples were heavy with sleep during Our Lord's Transfiguration. It is supposed to have taken place at night, which may account for their sleep. Peter, awakened by the voice of His sleep, exclaims, "Lord, it is good for us to be here, let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses,

and one for Elias." It would be "good," Peter thought, to stay always in the mount. The cross was not "good" in his eyes, but this glory was "good." Yet Peter was mistaken again. "Would Moses and Elias have been willing to stay? and had Peter no other work to do? The Christian life was not to be all so easy as that. The Best is to leave (Deut. xii. 9 and Josh. xxi. 45, 46).

"How we fight the battle."
 "And there shall wait the crown."
 "Behold a bright cloud overshadowed Him, and behold a voice out of the cloud which said: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him.'" This voice was sent doubtless to strengthen the disciples' faith. That faith would be sorely tried by Christ's death. Could He be the Son of God, and yet die? This was the second

Grandmother's Prayer.

CHAPTER I.

ONE of the prettiest cottages at Hanton, a village in the south of England, was the one that belonged to Mrs. Nelly Lang. Peter Lang had been a farm labourer in his time at the great farmhouse on the hill, but he had afterwards met with an accident that had lamed him for life. His master had such a good opinion of him, and so valued all his faithful services, that he made him a present of the little cottage they lived in, and added to his gift a small pension. So that Peter was able to bear the enforced idleness of his old age, and not feel

that he was a burden on his wife and grandchildren, whose sweet face made the light of that house. Nelly Lang was the child of her own only son, who had died shortly after his wife, many years ago, leaving Nelly and Tom, their twin children, in their grandparent's charge. They had been brought up well and religiously, but nothing had ever succeeded to make much impression upon them, and Mrs. Lang feared, as she watched their lives, that there was no real love for God, nor any real duty to His will in the heart.

One day when Tom was seventeen, he and his grandfather had some high words, Tom seemed to go with some bad companions to the race, and Mr. Lang simply refused to let him.

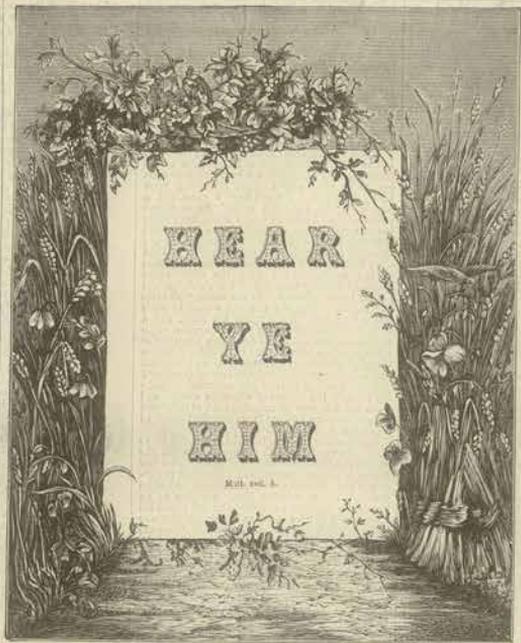
Next morning, Ted had gone, he had run away to sea, and much as Mrs. Lang regretted the step he had taken, he could not regret having acted as he did. He could not have succeeded. Ted's going to Hartley race, and he felt he had acted rightly, however serious the consequences were.

That was the first show on the bright hills home, and though all went on apparently the same as usual, it was sad to see Nelly's eyes often fill with tears and to hear her sigh over her breakfast.

Every night they had prayers, and as Mrs. Lang was a better scholar than her husband, she always read

They were very simple prayers, and did not take up very much time; anyhow, however true they were, or holy, Mrs. Lang always made time for that quiet ten minutes. It is astonishing how time can be made for a thing if it is really wanted. When people say they have not time for anything—no time to go to church, no time for family prayers, it is very often the case that they do not want to find it. Let there be the real desire, and the ways and means will soon be found.

Perhaps if they people had not thought they could manage it, or did not know what prayers to say, they could not do so. It is astonishing how the Langs prosper. Mrs. Lang read a few verses of the Bible, generally from the Gospels, as they are the easiest for people who have not much education to understand, and then they all knelt and said the general confession from the Prayer



time that God spoke from heaven in the life time of His dear Son. The first time was at His baptism (St. Matt. iii. 16, 17); and there was a third time, not long before His cross, and when He was entering into its shadow (St. John xii. 27, 28). "My beloved Son" and yet God gave Him—His God. How wonderful that every man does not rise up and praise Him for it!

"Hear ye Him." It was the Father's command that we obeyed. How many voices we are willing to listen to—Sin's voice, Satan's voice, the voice of pleasure, and the voice of business; but the ear is closed to the voice of Christ. If we will not hear it in its warning mercy, we must one day hear it in its wrath. May it be ours to "hear Him," God's "beloved Son."

M. E.

Book together, the Lord's prayer, and a few collects.

But now this great trouble had come to them, and day after day brought no tidings of Ted. Mrs. Lang felt she must add a few words from her own self.

"Dear Lord, if it be Thy will, bring Ted safe home again."

I was, grandmother, what is the use of your saying that night after night with no answer comes? And Nellie, one day when six years had passed and there had been no tidings of Ted—

"What's the use, Nellie?" asked Mrs. Lang, taking off her spectacles and laying them on the table with its red velvet cover. "For they always went into the front parlor for prayers."

"Why, there must be use in praying."

"I can't see it," said Nellie sadly, "I know I

don't think much of religious myself, but I mean even for those that do. It seems so good praying about things. God knows that Ted's gone and He will bring him back if He chooses, praying won't mend the matter."

Mrs. Lang looked perplexed for a moment, and a shawl crossed her beautiful old face, framed in its silvery hair.

"Then, suddenly, radiant look came."

"It's this way, Nellie. God knows quite well, but He has told us to pray."

"Ask, and ye shall receive, and whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, believing, ye shall receive it." So we're just got to obey, and if we obey we shall get rewarded some day."

"But your prayer doesn't get answered, grand-mother."

"It isn't granted, Nellie, but God will answer some day, though I may not be here to see it."

CHAPTER II.

Nellie said no more, but from that day she began praying for Ted, and feeling that she had need to thank God for what she had done, she had need to thank God for what she had done.

Winter came, and ere Christmas passed—Mrs. Lang was gathered to her rest.

Very quietly and peacefully, after a few days' illness, she went home.

The house she had been ready for so long. As Nellie bent over her the evening before she died, she told her to go on praying, and Nellie promised.

The night after she died, Nellie had to read prayers, and her voice trembled when she opened the well-worn Bible and read from the pages yellow with age and use. Then, at the close of the prayers, she said the same old words that they always spoke of as "Grandmother's prayer."

"Dear Lord, if it be Thy will, bring Ted safe home again."

Two years more passed and every night the prayer went up.

Nellie was much changed now, and she had found in her Section all she needed.

One spring day she came into the parlour and there found her grandmother reading a letter. He was seated in his favourite chair in the window where some sweet flowers were in a vase on the table.

"Here, Nellie, my girl, read this—its grand-mother's prayer answered."

And Nellie bent over her grandmother's chair, and eagerly read the precious page.

Yes, it was a letter from New York from Ted.

He had led a wild reckless life since he had run away to sea, but he had met with an accident a year ago, and had been laid up in a hospital in Chicago. There the good chaplain had been the means in God's hands of bringing him to God, and for the last year he had been a changed man.

He had not written before because he had hardly dared, but he was afraid of himself to say he had turned for the better.

But now he said he could trust his Saviour to keep him from falling, and he was happy in His service, and he was coming home.

It was a joyous homecoming all over these years, and Ted, now an altered man, lives with his grandmother and makes all happy around him. And Nellie is married, and her great happiness and care is to teach her little children the great lesson

Little and Good;

Manners Make the Man.

BY EMMA MARSHALL,
Author of "Daydreaming," "Life's Aftermath," &c. &c.

PART II.

CHILD XVII.

"FOLLOWED Cherry and my brother to the Downs, thinking, as you may be sure of the rest, and would be sure to the future. The bag was a proof positive that the pain of old Jonathan had been connected with the evil deeds of my stepfather. Then I thought of the sweet and gentle lady, who had now entered into her rest, and of the she had spoken of, which bound her to the man who had robbed her soul to me—the tie which prayer for those who do or wrong makes so strong. Even in my most unbelieving days of darkness and sin, I used to think of her prayers, and say to myself, if there is a God, He would surely answer such as she was. Mr. Campbell had married again abroad, and Greydon had been deserted for years, but we heard that the family were coming home, and only child of our dear lady was born not very long before she died, and was at this time about seven years old—Master Arthur, as I can't help calling him to this day. With my thoughts full of the past, I followed, as I said, Edward and Cherry, and I came upon them seated on a bench under one of the fine elms, engrossed, not with the cricket match, but with each other."

It was all plain enough to me, and a thrill of pure joy made me stop and put my hand to my side, as if it had been a physical hurt. I had loved Cherry so dearly that I ever thought of asking myself how I loved her. Now I knew. When she turned round away from the salivatory mentioned, I had been only too well pleased, but now that I saw her listening I was sure to Edward's tale of love, I could scarcely bear it."

"If, my brother Edward, have her?" I murmured, "she is not worthy. How dare she think such a thing?" And then I stopped short in my half-murmured burst of indignation. "How dare I dream that Cherry would give up Edward for me. He is tall and straight and handsome—very handsome above most men—and I—'Little and Good,' was the last my own could say of me—'Little and Good.'"

"I mentioned the query and the pool years ago," I said, "and I wanted to see if that had been the last. We had better be turning homeward now. No, I won't sit down."



"A LETTER FROM NEW YORK FROM TED."—Page 77.

of prayer, and also prayer for others. So in many ways grandmother's prayer was answered. I. R. DUNSTON.

SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.—In 1884 upwards of 6,000 petitions with more than six million signatures, were presented to the House of Commons in favour of Sunday Closing Legislation. This year up to May 8, 3,574 petitions, with 1,301,620 signatures, have been presented, and 250 petitions, with 38,832 signatures, in favour of County Legislation, making in all 5,828 petitions, with 1,339,974 signatures in support of this movement. We are requested to add that the Rev. W. H. Perkins, M.A., Secretary of Sunday Closing Association, 13 Devon Street, Manchester, will gladly supply written petitions, signatures, &c.

When the two under the tree saw us coming they moved further from each other, and Cherry felt Edward and came towards me.

"Tillie, how kind you ladies! Come and sit down. Why did you stand by that hated dog's side? It was enough to make me say ill!"

"I mentioned the query and the pool years ago," I said, "and I wanted to see if that had been the last. We had better be turning homeward now. No, I won't sit down."

