

# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.







starving, for after we had spent our last shilling we need to get a good price for every drop of water that we fetched from the river, besides being able to bring in a little stock of fuel for our own use. I mean, I thought you would like to know of our success, and please tell Master Frank that I have saved his specimens of the different kinds of earth, besides some very pretty shells, which, if I cannot come round myself and leave as I go home, I will send to him.

"I remain, madam,  
"Your obedient and obliged servant,"

"JAMES BROWN."

"There was great rejoicing at the farm over this letter. Congratulations were duly sent to Mr. Brown, and especial messages to the good donkey.

Several months had passed, and we had ceased to talk about diamonds and diggings, when one evening, a little before sundown, the boys rushed in, saying, "Oh, mother, here's Mr. Brown."

"Which Mr. Brown, my dears?"

"The watchmaker, mother, you know, from the Diamond Fields."

We were very glad to see the good man back, but what a change a few months had made; first of all he was as brown as an old Indian, and instead of having a smoothly-shaven face, he had grown a fine grey beard and moustaches; then, instead of walking with a donkey-cart, he arrived in a beautiful Cape covered cart, drawn by a pair of good horses, with a fashionable servant as driver.

He stayed that night with us, and we were soon in possession of the ass's; the three small stones had been, as he hoped, the forerunners of many more, some of which were large, and for which they had obtained a good price; he and his partner had at that moment three thousand pounds in the bank, besides some beautiful gems which he was taking down to Cape Town with him. Morris was still at the fields, superintending the working of the claim, where young Brown was now about to take his father's place for a time; indeed, Mr. Brown was so anxious also to see the fields, that he had almost thought it likely that they might all go in together.

The donkey was still there, and knew his way from the claim to the tent, and would often take a load of earth to the settling-places quite by himself; and when the buckets had been emptied, walk back to the trough of the claim again.

Frank had his very nice little geological collection, which he prizes to this day, and both boys had a wonderful assortment of crystals, beautiful agates and pebbles.

Mr. James Brown eventually invested in a sheep farm, and with the aid of a good owner, has been, I believe, very successful as a sheep farmer. Young Brown always a steady, intelligent lad, worked and gained his parents' permission to put himself to a good school in England for three years. He returned a fine, manly fellow, not in the least to be married to one of the prettiest girls in the district, and Frank, going down to be absent man.

M. CANNING HENRY.

## Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

VIII.

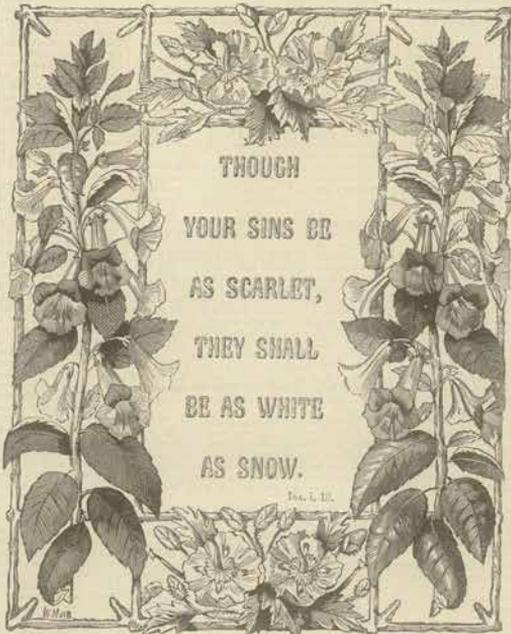
St. Peter's Lesson on Forgiveness.—St. Matt. xviii. 61.



I have to thank Peter for many things. If he had not been so outspoken, we should have missed many lessons. We may, therefore, readily forgive his mistakes for the blessing that may be brought to ourselves through them. St. Peter at this time was a

and if not, Christ would read his heart as easily as his face. "Ye illustrate, therefore, the meaning of this sower. Our Lord tells a story or parable. A king had a servant who owed him 10,000 talents, probably a steward, as the sum owed was so large—a single talent being of the value of £187 10s. The man was unable to pay, and the command was given that he should be sold and all that he had—to answer the debt. The man says: 'But the servant ran and cried for mercy. 'Have patience with me and I will pay thee.' His lord had compassion upon him. He did not say, 'I will have patience with thee,' but he forgave him the debt; he cancelled it. Before continuing the story, let us read the meaning here. We seem to see, as in a picture, that the king is God, and the 10,000 talents are our sins against Him. David looked upon his sins as a great sum (Ps. xxxviii. 4), and felt them to be a heavy burden (Ps. li. 15). Oh, that men and women could but feel this! It is a fact, whether they feel it or not. Suppose some one were to run into debt, would you have that debt run on, or would you not rather find it out and stop it? How many there are who do not know that they owe a great debt to God, yet if they never find it out, it must run them out at last. Christ has taught us to pray

"Forgive us our debts," showing us that we are all debtors to God. It will not do for us to say, 'It is not a large sum, for God has said if we offend in one point, we are guilty of all.' If one link in a chain gave way that held you suspended over a precipice, you would fall just as surely as if every link in the chain had snapped. There can be no doubt that one broken law condemns us. Therefore, if we say in our heart: "Ten thousand talents does not appear vast; I have not been such a sinner as that; a debt of one talent to God would be enough to condemn us. The great debt I owe is a mass of pictures of God's pardon. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isaiah i. 18). "Thou hast made all my sins red like scarlet, and thy blood hath cleansed me from all unrighteousness" (Lamentations iv. 17). See also Ex. xix. 12, and Isaiah vii. 18. It is curious if the very strongest language possible is used in the



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YOUR SINS BE  
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THEY SHALL  
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AS SNOW.

Isa. i. 18.

question to ask, Our Lord, and the answer to this question will be found to be full of important and blessed teaching. "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him, till seven times?" The number seven usually stands for perfection in the Bible, and perhaps Peter thought that in forgiving his brother seven times, he would be doing all that soon possibly be required of him. But Christ's reply was "I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven," or 490 times, meaning probably that there was to be no limit to the forgiveness, but that it should be granted often. This no doubt appeared a hard thing to Peter. Perhaps his face showed his surprise, even as some faces express at once the feelings that pass through the mind and heart. He does not seem to have said anything, but perhaps he looked many things,

Bible on this subject—the forgiveness of sins. God likes to be asked for this pardon. The servant's cry at his lord's feet, begging the blessing, "A good place is that—out of God's feet. It is in his love. It is to take the place of the pullover, when he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and who, so crying, was accepted, and "went down to his home justified." We have now to lay out the part of this forgiven servant to his fellow-servant. When he had gone out of his master's presence he forgot, it seems, all that he had left behind him—all that he had received. It is not so too often with ourselves? While we pray our hearts are soft, but we go forth and forget it all. The fellow-servant's debt was a small one—small as the period,—yet he had no mercy shown him. "The cry was the same cry—"Have patience with me and I will pay thee all," but the man to whom he cried had

no pity, no remembrance of his own need and his own blessing. The poor debtor was cast into prison, and the result of the sad story was that the matter came to the lord's ears, and the sinful servant had to bear his punishment. The secret of a forgiving spirit is here. It is necessary that we should grieve about with a remembrance of our great debt to God, and compare it with the much smaller debts that there were to us. No one can ever sin against us as we have sinned against God. Has God borne with us notwithstanding all? Yes, he has borne with us marvellously. How often do we read of God's forgiveness? (Ezek. xxiv. 6, Ps. lxxxv. 10, and this is to be our model of patience and forgiveness for others.)

"As Christ forgave us, so also do ye" (Eph. iv. 31, 32; Col. iii. 13).

There is nothing like an unforgetting spirit for keeping the heart hard. A long quarrel has often been like a shadow over a man's whole life. The heart that is not at peace with its fellow-men will not know God's peace. If we have indeed been forgiven of God, let us seek to cast out from our hearts every unforgetting thought and action towards others.

M. E.

#### "FIFTY YEARS HENCE"

"If the various countries maintain the present rate of increase, fifty years hence the United States will have a population of 180,000,000, Russia approximately 138,000,000, Germany 83,000,000, the United Kingdom 82,000,000, Austria-Hungary and Italy together 64,000,000, France only 49,000,000. Germany is already in round numbers 7,500,000 more than Britain, and France, but Algeria is not taken into account. For war purposes, however, the balance is not so heavily against France, for whereas in Germany there are only 465 miles to every 1,000 females, in France there are 891. Germany has, therefore, only 31 millions of males more than France.

#### HUMAN LIFE—HUMAN LIFE IS COMPARED TO THE CIRCLE—IS IT NOT THE CIRCLE?

All lines that are drawn from the centre to touch the circumference, by the law of the circle are equal. But the lines that are drawn from the heart of the man to the verge of his destiny—do they equal each other? Alas! someone so wise, and some length on as for you—L. C. W.

grown boy of eight, had just begun to attend the new National Schools, opened in the neighbouring village a few weeks since by the Prince of Wales. And it is with young Samuel that this short history is chiefly concerned.

It was about half-past four on a bright summer's afternoon, when Samuel, in a great state of passionate excitement, burst into the kitchen of his cottage home, where his mother was getting up some fine baked vegetables.

"I'll never go there again, I won't—I won't," he sobbed out chokingly.

And as he spoke he flung his cap from him on to the top of his mother's sewing handwork, and threw himself down in a corner of the room.

Mrs. Ashmead put her iron on to the vest,

another's shoulder, and tell her all about it. He rubbed his knuckles into his eyes, and then he got up slowly from the floor, and made two or three steps forward, with his head down, like a young goat going to butt.

But his companion was not afraid of the tumbled, curly pate. "Looking at those curls, him, and stretching out her hand still further, Mrs. Ashmead got hold of her young man's jacket sleeve, and drew him to be his side, and put her arm round him.

"And now, little son, what is all this business about, and where won't you ever go again?"

"To the school," muttered Sammy, with a great gulp.

"Oh—h!" ejaculated his mother, with just a shadow of a frown on her face. She began to hope that there was nothing more serious than a longer spelling lesson or a harder sum than the small scholar approved, and that, at the expense of a few minutes of her own time that evening, she would soon be able to get him over that difficulty. For he was not at all inclined to be a hairy boy generally.

"And why do you never wish to go to the school again, mother's only wit?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

For answer she got another question—a stern, dry, too.

"Ever you give me such a horrid, horrid name?"

"Such a name?" exclaimed Mrs. Ashmead, looking fairly bewildered now. That she could not find it in this name before the child wrenched himself from her arm, and exclaimed passionately—

"Yes, mother, such a horrid name—as—my name—as—Samuel, I hate it!"

And he stood there before her now, with his small red fists clenched, his cheeks flaming, and his eyes brimming over with angry tears, he looklessly looked as if he meant what he said, and a great deal more.

His mother regarded him more tenderly than ever, as she asked with a tone of pity—

"What has put you out so with your name, then—what has gone wrong with you and it today?"

Sammy's head went down, as though he were both ashamed to be the owner of such a name, and ashamed to answer the question. His mother repeated it.

"Tell mother, dear, won't you?"

"I'll soon—soon—laughed at—horrid," came the choking answer at last. "All the time, laughed at it. They've been calling after me, 'Soft Sammy,' and 'Shy Sammy,' and 'Sowmy' and all that, and—and—and for ever of other things. And it was—was—horrid of you to give me such a bad name, it was!"

And with that last word, Sammy turned about, and was preparing to run off to where his wounded feelings lay in solitude. But Mrs. Ashmead caught his arm, and drew him back to be his side, kissing the hot, wrinkled forehead as she did so, and before she said gently—



"HEAT RASPBERRY AND CHESTNUT JAM WAS ESPECIALLY GOOD JAM."—Page 86.

## Mrs. Ashmead's Child.

### CHAPTER I.

MRS. ASHMEAD LIVES IN VALEDALE TIRE.

MRS. ASHMEAD WAS A LANDLADY, HER husband kept a small market-garden; her two daughters, aged fourteen and seventeen, pleasant-tempered, willing girls, aided their mother's industry, were numerous and blossomed up at the Lecher, and the third child, and only son, Samuel Ashmead, a fine-

lited her boy's cap from amidst the handkerchiefs, and placed it for the minute on a chair, before she spoke. Then she said gently—

"Come here, little son; tell mother what's the trouble."

Mrs. Ashmead never stormed at her children; never added fuel to fire. She drew another chair forward now, and sat down, and held out her hand to her crimson-checked, sobbing child, to recede the loving invitation of her lips. Samuel looked up under his frowning eyebrows, rather sulkily, for a few moments, and hesitated.

Yes, he must go, for his heart felt like burning with its feelings of mingled mortification and anger. And even for silliness sake he could no more resist the longing to lay his head against

and ashamed to answer the question. His mother repeated it.

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another time when ill, she begs an old man from the garden "in order to make a little weak broth."

It seems that it was the custom at the convent for the nuns to justly receive a room, which was a room for a lifetime, provided they had sufficient private means. Those who had no means were sometimes dismissed. Sister Maria complains that she had been compelled to give up the small room which she formerly possessed by her sister Arcangelo, in consequence of that sister's ill-health, and confesses, "I am quite a pilgrim, having no corner of my own, wherein to pass a quiet hour. . . . I only want some quiet room, I could be quiet and retired. . . . I do not think that for the sake of this thirty crowns, you will hesitate to do this great kindness, which I ask for the love of God." In the monastic condition, I could have no greater necessity for anything than what I have already explained; that is, to possess some place where I could be quite private and retired."

Meanwhile Galileo had finished his work entitled: "A Dialogue on the 'Galilean and Copernican Systems,'" and set out for Rome, hoping to secure the Pope's consent to its publication; for the sanction of the Papal authorities was imperatively necessary ere this could be done. He succeeded in obtaining modified consent; provided he would alter the title-page, so as to express opinions more in accordance with the order of the Church; and allow the book to conclude with an argument written by the Pope himself. He might have the necessary license. Then he had to go to visit the authorities in order to gain their permission to print it in Florence. But the plague was raging there, and Sister Maria Celeste wrote again and again, expressing anxiety for her father, on account of his exposure to infection. His son Vincenzio had fled to Prato with his wife, so as to be out of the way of danger. Besides the limitations which their allegiance had caused to the aged man: But his loving daughter comforts and exhorts him, again and again, in the midst of his distresses. She says again and sweetly, "I know that your lordship values better than I do that tribulation in the temptation which is ordained for the consolation of our love to God." Again, "I pray not to take the knife of these crosses and disturbances by the wrong end, so that you may not suffer more than I do. Only in our gracious God can we find rest. For neither the love of children, nor pleasure, nor honours, nor riches can give us true happiness, seeing that all these things are too unstable. Oh! what rejoicing will be ours, when the time will that unfolds us is near, and we are able to see the Most High face to face." At the end of this year (1831) his brother Mathiascolo died, and left a whole family depending for support upon the aged astronomer.

In the beginning of 1832, the "Dialogue" appeared, and was received at once with great applause and respect. But scarcely had it appeared, when the order was promulgated by the Master of the Sacred Palace, to sequestrate every copy in the shops throughout Italy, forming this order upon the charges of heretical doctrine. Not only so, but in replying to the Great Duke of Tuscany, who had defended the work and demanded an examination, stating that the order was framed by the Papal authorities three times, the Pope said that he had above smelt kindness in Galileo, in not having done as the friends of the Jesuits would persecute him most likely."

So it proved, for they rested not until they had brought him before the judgment bar of the dread Inquisition. In October of the same year an order was served upon him to appear before that tribunal, to answer the charges of heresy. Thus the poor old man, in his sixty-ninth year, was at last hounded down by the dogs of the Inquisition, for the crime of teaching astronomical theories, which only in seeming contradicted the words of Scripture. In spite of severe sickness he had to go to Rome, and no argument of mercy could be found to prevail for him, and on the 22nd of January, 1833, he was set out in the Grand Ducal litter. Weakly, heart-sore, and worn out by his many sorrows and persecutions, he set himself to face the greatest trial of his life. He reached Rome on February 13, and was received at the great of the Tuscan Ambassador. He remained there some weeks awaiting his trial.

Galileo was brought to trial early in April, and after a few formal questions, was remanded as a

prisoner of the Holy Office. After having been brought up there three times, and threatened with the torture if he did not make full confession, he received sentence of death. This sentence was then to be suspended for ever, and commuted him to imprisonment during the pleasure of the Inquisition. He was to wear a black habit, and recite the Penitential Psalms—once each week for three years, and to sign a long abjuration, of which the following is a part— "I, Galileo Galilei, do hereby solemnly and publicly declare, that I have been judged vehemently suspected of heresy, that is, of having held and believed that the sun is the centre of the universe, and not merely one of the stars; that the earth is not the centre of the same, and that it does move. . . . Nevertheless I abjure, with a sincere and unfeigned faith, the said error and heresy, and generally all and every error and sect contrary to the Holy Catholic Church. . . . I, Galileo Galilei, have abjured as above, with my own hands." It is said that Galileo muttered the words *Epiphanes* or *sonus* (I'll do some thing) tumultuously after his abjuration. If he did, he must have done so at a very quiet table, seeing that had any expression of the Inquisition been shown, Galileo would have been committed to confinement and death with certainty. It was finally deemed that all the works of Galileo were to be placed on the list of the Index Expressus, which he himself was to remain a prisoner in the Villa Medici waiting the Pope's pleasure.

As some mitigation of his trouble, he was permitted to go to visit his aged mother, who was the archbishop's wife, and his young nephew, who had charge of her father's affairs at home, although he thought by deputies—his wife was not allowed to leave her convent—solicitor his money, and wrote him consulting letters frequently. But her letters were now scarce. She fell within her own walls, and she died. She watched the sick, compounded medicines, cheered her father's lonely mind, probed her patient with all the ways that her life decreed, but too insignificant and too unworthy to be noted by history. Still, she lingered to see her father once more before he was granted the grace of his imprisonment in the archbishop's castle at Siena, as once more permitting Galileo to return to his native Arcetri. His wife, Maria, heard of his wife's words, "I do not think I shall live to see that hour. Yet may God grant it, if it be for the best." She was permitted to see him, and to write with him upon his deliverance out of the fangs of the Inquisition, but further weakness came on, and in April, 1834, she passed away, at the age of thirty-three.

While mourning her loss, Galileo received another mandate from Rome, strictly commanding him to reside in his own house at Arcetri, and forbidding him to visit Florence. This was an additional pang, and a cruel one, but the grand old man was obliged to bear it patiently and joy. He wrote his "Dialogue on Motion," and worked hard at mathematics. Blindness began to threaten him, but before that actual calamity came on him he discovered the moon's libration. Thus, complete prostration and total blindness came on him, and he was utterly broken down. As a special plea the Inquisition, which persecuted him, also allowed him to be carried to Rome Mass at a little church, distant a few paces only from his house.

Thus he lingered out his few remaining days, cheered by scarcely any of his old companions, and subjected to ever-recurring attacks of gout and low fever. At length, after two months' agony suffering, he breathed his last on January 8, 1642. The enemy which had followed him so cruelly, and so persistently during his lifetime, broke forth after his decease, for the millions of the Papacy declared that his body could not be interred in consecrated ground, neither could he legally have a will, on account of his heretical opinions, and the legal authorities declared that the part of the dead body, and was the day.

His life was one long protest against ignorance, prejudice, narrow-mindfulness, bigotry, and persecution. He was persecuted, tortured, and suffered accordingly. Yet the poor travel-worn, injured old man was now lying faint, while his persecutors were proceeding to bury his body in an indignant scorn. Faith in eternal, and in spite of dungeons, cardinals, popes, penances, and abjurations, goes its conquering way through all ages.

EMMA BARWOOD PRYAN.

## Go Work.

"To thy work in my vineyard," said Jesus, thy  
 He thy labour with blessing shall richly re-  
 ward."  
 And a call of thy Saviour is ever "To-day,"  
 For His work cannot wait, so thou must not  
 delay.  
 Thou haste thou, oh, Christian, for the night  
 findeth on.  
 There is much to be done, and thy day sees its  
 close.  
 There are perishing souls, whom thy work it  
 were,  
 And though hardly they treat thee, thou shalt  
 not them scorn;  
 But will tell those of Jesus who died on the  
 tree.  
 That they find from the power of their sins might  
 be free.  
 And tell them He's waiting choicest blessings  
 to give,  
 To be daily renewed, while they here on earth  
 live.  
 And the children, so dear, whom you constantly  
 meet,  
 You may lovingly lead, you by one to Christ's  
 feet;  
 To be tender in heart, in the dew of their  
 youth,  
 And are quickly impressed with sweet lessons of  
 love.  
 But their hearts will grow hard, so you cannot  
 delay,  
 Still to win them for Jesus, while yet it's  
 "To-day."  
 When thy work is all done, and thy day is  
 all spent,  
 And you yield up to God all the talents He  
 lent,  
 Then thy Lord shall thee greet with a blessing  
 "Well done."  
 And shall welcome thee home to the rest thou  
 hast won:  
 To partake in His presence of joy in full  
 view,  
 And abide in the light of His face evermore.  
 HENRY BAXBY.

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