

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.





now in her white dress and lace ribbons, and the light streaming on her golden hair.

"Philly," she said, "you must come near, for my voice is not very strong. This is the strongest way in which you can be made to come brought to know each other. I had a feeling when I saw you in the Court that they think you were kindless and without friends. And little did I think that those friends would be my dear old servant, Margaret, and her husband, Adam Lee. They are both very kind, and you know, Philly, and say you are of great use to them, but they may be taken from you, and you ought to have some friends." The man would be the lawyer for you, and so would a carpenter. It must be a trade that you could follow without too much labour. How would you like to be a tailor? These delicate hands of yours look as if they might learn to cut and sew and use a machine. If you think you would like it, I know a man in Redbank, not far from Gallows Acre Lane, where you could go daily to learn. My father has often gone to leave it for you, and you can still see him with Margaret, for you are to call her home home. Your aunt did not seem to wish to be responsible for you, and, indeed, you ought to be as much as we can expect her to take care of."

"Philly," Miss Kiplington said, "I am afraid you have never learned much about God, and Miss Lee, whose you stepfather stood over me, when she stopped, and put her hand to her heart, 'I can't,' she said, 'ever speak of that moment without a pain.' It is very curious. 'What he stood over me with the pencil I prayed for him that he might not hurt me, as well as for myself. I pray for him still, and when I talk with fourteen years more in his hands, I may live to miss out of prison a better man. Philly, you and I must never forget to pray for him, and that prayer will never be forgotten again, in the book of us. The book of us."

"This praying of herself with another, the beautiful high-born lady, is only her motto; and a foolish, unfeeling man and stray—somebody wonderful. I believe the thought of that prayer, being for prayer, being for prayer, some think about which were to overlook him, and I always prayed as she told me, 'The good me the girl, with the words which she said, 'I am in—' and I have it now, yellow with time, and faded—but the spirit which put that prayer into words, lives, and it was answered."

Margaret Lee and I joined hands in the twilight, Cherry asleep on my knee, and Margaret arguing well in his greatest sleep.

"My dear young lady is to be married," she said, "if her health is strong enough, but, Philly, I fear she is not long for this world. The goodman has no more for many years, ever since she was quite a little girl, and he is worthy of her, and she is crying a good cry."

Margaret asked me how I felt the notion of being a tailor, and told me as I should be able to make Adam the best suit for Sunday, and keep my self in clothes.

Adam sat as before we got to Gallows Acre Lane. He thought we were late, and he was getting anxious. "I am in the same old story, but I am not listening to all that Margaret had to tell him. He sat at Gallows Acre Lane, and looked Cherry from me, as he would have her to be carried home by the night."

"I'm thinking," he said, "of getting a bit of ground at the back of our place and turning it into a garden for vegetables. For I am sure you are likely to stay in those parts. There's a plan now for two new squares, and a church, and my master has got the contracts. He'll be in to see to-day. Meg, and has just got up, and you two little girls, my wages are nearly a barrel now."

"I'm so glad," Margaret said, "and there is still going to be a talk on the way, well or no, indeed!"

"Ah! God is good to us!" Adam said, reverently, "and He does give His blessing."

"And that makes it all the more so," said I, "for you are, as the story stopped, before the gate of their happy home."

(To be continued.)

## The Little Outcast.

The black shadows of woe and pain—  
Of human wretchedness and sin,  
Looked they not carelessly without,  
But yet more fondly within.

The broken windows, dark with dirt,  
With interior garments wet with rain,  
Were choked to stay the wild's chill blast  
That swept upon the window pane.

Yours Christmas Eve, and more at hand  
The snows were dark with Yule-side cheer;  
And softly smelt the passing things,  
But all was gloom and sadness here,  
As brightly, one dwelling I approached,  
And it was dreary and forlorn;  
Its rooms were empty and the door  
Lay rudely from its hinges torn.

I entered for a while, and found  
And wondered what the place had been;  
A ruin now it was—and I  
Was strangely moved to enter in.  
I climbed the narrow, ladders stairs  
By light of a flickering street lamp here;  
But all within was dark and dull—  
Was wall and silent as the grave.

Still higher in the dark I crept,  
A street, strange lamp-light glared on me,  
Till I had reached the topmost stair,  
And all the flickering light was gone;  
The passage in the gloomy place,  
Around the staircase descender,  
A wooden ladder met my touch.

This led me "neath the roof of fate;  
The place beyond a veil of the night;  
The sun never shone a light here,  
To see the welcome Yule-side cheer.

The holly and the Christmas tree—  
When shadows dimmed with play,  
Shone brightly in their glory here,  
With an more tranquil than the thoughts  
Of coming joy to fill their hearts—  
This time around, and all things,  
Crowded on his bed of slumber old,  
With no more covering than snow.

To drive away the scolding cold,  
With music sweet his friends were staid;  
The few were placed with pain and woe,  
I did but touch him yet he comforted,  
As if beneath a threatened blow.

"Why come you to this dreary place,  
My little lad, this Christmas Eve,  
And standing in lambed and flickering light,  
The flaming candles way replied,  
"Oh, hush! please hush, don't speak your mind,  
Or he will find out where I'm hid,  
He's looking for me now, I know it,  
To lead me, yule-side, to bed."

"Who was that man you're talking of,  
And who is seeking for you, my boy?  
What have you done that you should be  
Flinging yourself away from home?"

One frightened look he cast upon me,  
"My father lost me, sir," he said,  
"But please don't tell him, else he'll hate  
Me harder than he ever did."

"And who's your mother my poor boy?  
Why has she left you then?" I said,  
"She would not leave me, sir," he sobbed,  
"But she would not give me anything to eat."

"Why did your father beat you so,  
Nor any-amount of mercy feel?  
"My father, please sir, he was drunk,  
And beat me, but I was not to speak."

"I used to be a street child once,  
And then I got on pretty well,  
Till I went to a mistress school,  
And then I often hear that she'll die."

"Of God and why good damn did,  
They taught," "They shall not steal," and still  
Will never, never there's a man  
Thoughtful, but he had no will to die."

"You shall not do my poor dear child,  
Stay here awhile and by-and-by,  
I'll come and fetch you from this place,  
Of woe and sorrow and misery."

"Oh, thank you, sir, but 'fore you go  
I'd like to sing a little hymn?"  
And there upon those stony old  
Among the shadows woe and sin,

He sang to woe and falling tears,  
That seemed to stream through the gloom,  
The little hymn that he had learned  
And sung within the marble room.

"Gently Jesus meek and mild,  
Look upon this little child here,  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee,  
"Pain would I to Thy love brought  
Gladness and comfort to me,  
In the kingdom of Thy grace,  
Give a little child a home."

Indeed, indeed, indeed, and I know,  
He got his little hymn well sung,  
For well he knew he soon would be  
Within the Palace of the King.

And then no more, but with his lips,  
His eyes in a music and a glow,  
Or sound from heaven that should rise,  
But sang triumphant in the skies.

Before my mind I happy gazed,  
A vision of the children came,  
Who sang beneath the mistletoe,  
And laughed beside the Yule-fire's flame.

I must needs be a sick child,  
And then two years were about me,  
I laboured then and toiled then,  
And kept through the rest of my days.

The help of strangers still was there,  
And about the table sat my friends,  
But he was older than that day,  
For his young life had ebbed away.

He felt not now the hour with its beauty,  
Or smiled at each passing hour,  
His part was later now,  
On aged wings for ever fled.

A prayer—  
A sadness in his face,  
But an inward, welcomed guest,  
Whose royal guest upon his brow,  
And answered was of his prayer,  
For joy and his favour made,  
He soon had found the joyful place,  
For which he had toiled for so long.

There was God I would be thankful,  
That He who said so long ago,  
"Turn not the little ones away,  
But surely them to come to Me,"  
Had met the children of the poor,  
Or children who are richly clad,  
Or those born into high estates,  
With fortune's smiles to make them glad.

To reveal and to be glad,  
Who have no earthly home or friends—  
Whose lives are full of bitterness,  
His humble messenger He sends,  
And angel messenger on each,  
Though all answer to loving eyes,  
He sends to cheer the fasting soul,  
And witness of heavenly mercy.

And bring them forth from pain and sin  
Up to the white and purty gates,  
Where He who felt their woe and woe—  
Their dark misdeeds—shows and washes.

George J. Wynne.

## New Year's Thoughts.

THE RAT in that rapping at the door,  
Is a stranger? Should we let him in?  
"No," you say, "I'll not let him in."  
"You have no choice, I am coming  
whether I will." Coming to you, a new  
friend on a long, long, long, long, long  
months we run as you please. If well, you will  
not see anything on my short life which has not  
you, if I'll you will be my life and be  
double ever to repair the injury, let I depart on  
the 31st December, 1896, never more to return.

Strange visitor, strange visitor, what a  
great question on your visit we are what in your  
attentions, for you are what in your company  
business, why do you not see and look in the  
manner to this guest, who will be a good friend  
to us, and who will be what on us many valuable

gifts, and it will be our own fault unless if we make bad use of these gifts? Let us resolve to make a fresh start in this New Year, resolve to overcome again our fault or failing, to commence, if only one good practice.

General rules are well-nigh useless, for the lives and habits of men and women are so various in this busy world, but there are very many who, with a little self-denial, could rise half-an-hour earlier and devote the time to learning five verses of the Bible. By this means many a character would be learned by the end of the year. And oh! the deep typical-sad happiness of having our loving Saviour's words and things done away in our minds, precious treasures always in our possession, precious jewels.

Spent this New Year well; time flies quickly; let us take good heed what we make of it, the fleeting moments and hours can never be recalled. They will re-visit us with us all our lives, a bitter memory.

"The night cometh when no man can work." If however every man being to make the best use of the time given him; think of the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will be with him.

He was ever going about doing good, healing the broken-hearted, healing the sick, doing acts of love and mercy. Follow humbly in the blessed Master's footsteps.

Some of the most unhappy and miserable there are those spent on self, with no thought, or self beyond self. Love of self engrosses him, lives almost unknown or unnoticed, but after a time he takes his life and needs to be rescued out.

Those who are conscious of a too great love of self, root it out this New Year. His is a rank weed, upon it rest, now in its stead the sweet flower of love for others.

In this great world there are always vast multitudes at hand to help and help the poorest, the most unlearned can do something for a brother or sister's good. A clasp of the hand, a smile, a kindly word, do more a times than silver or gold. Watch carefully in this coming year for opportunities of doing good, and be sure in the end you will reap a goodly harvest.

G. B.

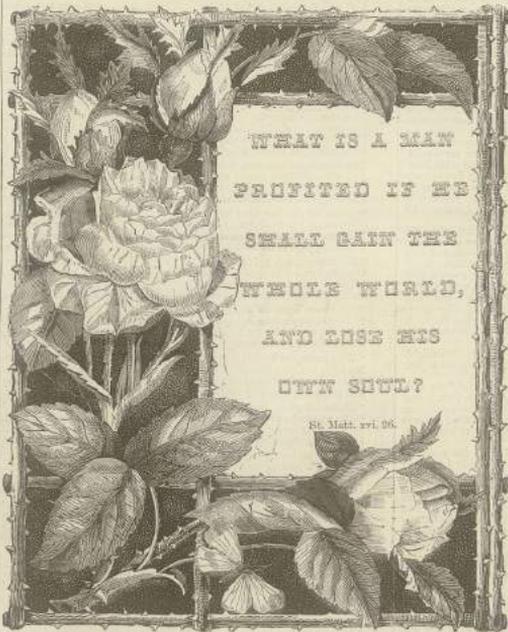
## Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

I.

THE life of a good man must be a good study. Many have learnt more from men than from books—young women as well as young men should read good biography. The best biographies, however, are the Bible. And why are they the best? They are the best because they are written by the Best Hand.

They are the best because they are written by One who knew the inside of man as well as the outside. In the Bible the faults of men and women are not passed over. In the histories of their lives the evil things are written down as clearly as the good things. We shall find that this is so in the history of St. Peter. This warm-hearted, impulsive man, acting rashly often, less confident in himself, too weak to stand alone, and then, at length, so loving for Christ, until he died for His Name's sake; it has been said of him, "he is the man of all others among the apostles whom one would choose for a friend." Shall we think so as we simply read, step by step, his life story? St. Peter's birth into the world is not recorded. There is given to us, however, the account of another birthday—the birthday of the soul.

Christ. "What a wonderful little time must that have been! What words of love, what words of power those two men must have heard that day! It was their first opportunity, and they seized it, and used it all at once. How many opportunities we have had! Have we used them, or have we let them slip? Let us remember, when we sit at home, one day to give account for every opportunity. If a man has had but one call to come to Christ, he must answer for the way in which he has either listened or refused to listen to that call. How comes it to pass that God gives men and women so many calls which seem to be in vain? The reason is this—the heart, the ears, the eyes, are all wrong (as Matt. xiii. 14, 15), and the soul, and mind, and soul in soul do not hear the voice of Christ. John's two disciples are a beautiful instance of an opened ear, and the result "they loved him speak, and they followed Jesus" (John i. 37). Andrew was one of these men, and he had a brother, Simon Peter. Andrew had his brother in his heart very quickly after that visit to our Lord. Peter came to his mind at once. It was in that there was a beautiful brotherly friendship between the two men, and now Andrew had found a treasure and he would keep it to himself, Peter must share it. He could not but speak for himself, and Andrew could say, "I have found the Messiah." There was a great blessing certainly here—it was not we think, or we kept, God's love, and it was such language as John knew to use in his Epistle. However good he use the little words "we have," words of unswerving faith, words of unshaken trust, and John could say, "that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." These are the true steps to be trod by any one who seeks to win another soul to Christ. We must know for ourselves the power of the blessing that we wish another to share with us. Suppose you were laid upon a sick bed and a friend should come in to bring you some remedy in his hand and say to you, "I have tried this myself; I have been sick as you are, but I need this remedy and I am cured; would not that be a strong recommendation to you? would you not have far more confidence in trying that remedy than if it all you knew about it, and the man said, 'Andrew could tell Peter of what he had himself found.' He had 'found' Christ. The very word 'found' implies, perhaps, that he had been seeking—seeking for Christ. Those who seek do find (Eph. xiii. 13). Some seek for a long time and others are only seeking a short time before they find. Some seem to take one quick step to Christ, while others have to take many slow and painful steps before they find Him; but the result will be—most by no God is true, the same for every seeking soul. Simon or later there will be but one testimony—that of Andrew—"we have found Him." When any man can say that he will feel as we do, and that he is the merchantman who has become possessed of "one pearl of great price." You will not need



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AGGIE'S WISH.—"IT IS HARD TO SAY WHO WAS HAPPIER."—See page 22



patient forgiveness, that shall be adequate return for all they owe to me in childhood?"

"Was not my Fairweather poor Aggie's out of his arms on the grounds with her daughter Fritz's (Fritz was the name of Florida's little dog), how you caught the well-known maid of Fritz's apartment?"

"Oh, do, papa, cease and look at him," she said, eagerly, and seizing her father's hand, she dragged him up the bank to look over the wall.

"Look at him, papa, cease and look at him," she said, eagerly, and seizing her father's hand, she dragged him up the bank to look over the wall.

"He looks like a little pig," he said, laughing, "and very miserable."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Aggie, shocked.

"Dear me!" with what different feelings she gazed at her cousin's innocent son. She longed to call on and tell her friend of papa's promise, but she was afraid Florida would bitterly blame her, and it would be so difficult to explain all about it, in her very loud tones over the garden wall, so she would wait till the morning and get nurse to take her down the lane to meet Florida, and then she would tell her everything.

"Miss Aggie, Miss Aggie!" called nurse from the other side of the shrubs, "it's past bedtime."

"Oh! how provoking!" remarked Miss Aggie, in an undertone, with a good deal of sighing, and she had stood there watching Fritz for another hour.

"I'll carry you up to bed, little woman," said nurse, condescendingly.

"Do central here to the nursery, and stand low on her bed. "Good night, dearest old papa," she said, hobbling her hands tightly clasped round his neck.

"Good night, my precious child," he answered. "Good God how sad," dismounting himself from her embrace, he said to himself.

"Nonsense, when do you think?" the child went on when he was gone. "I go to have a little Fritz of my own on my next birthday."

Nurse shook her head and looked doubtful. "I am sorry, Nannie," she reiterated, "but I shan't tell him. I shall tell him all his wicks and I shall tell him, Nannie."

"Still nurse shook her head, not that she doubted papa's indulgence, but only what mamma would say and think."

"Aren't you glad, Nannie?" Aggie asked in a childlike tone of disappointment. "I wish mamma had some beans from Mrs. Myerson's that I might tell her."

"But mamma did not come in to give her 'good night's kiss' till Aggie was sound asleep. "I'll call him Mustard, Nannie, like Uncle Charles's dog," had been the child's last waking word.

After all it was papa who first broke the news to mamma.

"I've promised Aggie a pet dog on her birthday," he said, "so I shall give up all thought of that picture. I had no idea her heart was so set upon it."

"O, Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairweather, with assembled eyes and a deep sigh.

"Well, my love! haven't I done right?" he asked, politely.

"I'm afraid not," she replied quite solemnly.

"I ought never to have thought of that picture," he went on in explanation, "and the money will be better spent in making the child happy."

"Isn't it so much the picture," the sympathetic wife answered with a loving smile, for she now knew to appreciate the child's happiness. "But I'm afraid Aggie ought not to have the dog."

"And then she had been husband the whole story, how determinedly Aggie had taken for it and how she, the mother, had kept the knowledge of the longing from him, that he might not be tempted to rob the child of this opportunity of a victory over himself."

"Well, it's too late now, my love," he said, when he had heard his wife to the end, "I've given her my promise, and she's got a shrewd way upon it. Whatever happens, her father's promise must stand."

"Of course, of course," continued Mrs. Fairweather, and then she closed her eyes to think and pray instead of to sleep. There was one she knew, who could overrule everything for good, but she had to turn, and in she was treated.

"I'm passed away," said July and August came and went, and, at last, after a long and anxious season to Aggie, September broke. It wanted

but a fortnight to the birthday. Already all the story of summer had gone. "There had been nothing but wet days and drizzling rains and the leafless trees looked and tasted like money going in the thick cold atmosphere. (It was an unusual season very early autumn, and the worst of it was that frost had come with the dew) and Aggie was raging so terribly about Aggie's hope that she was kept a prisoner in the house and made. The family days she was usually allowed to run up and down the gravel paths with her hoop, or skip on the terrace. It was well for her that she never met Fritz's young wife, for she was forbidden to climb the wet, sodden lawn.

"If I had only had my Fritz," she would cry to herself in private all this wet weather.

She always spoke to him as "my Fritz," not that she had any idea of calling him "Fritz," on that point she was quite decided, though what she should call him, she could never make up her mind. She thought a great deal about it, and hunted in all her story books for the names of dear pet dogs; and the above Fritz's father counsel and asked for advice and suggestions. Sometimes she would pretend to be calling a little dog, but she knew very well that she would not, and sometimes she would write down a number of names on different bits of paper, and get nurse to read them to her as she sat at her dressing. But yet here she was, within a fortnight of the birthday day, and the knotty question was still unsettled.

She had written a column for him, herself in her favorite colors, but she, though she could not make it up till he arrived, because, as nurse said, it was quite impossible that she should know the size of the three. But it was a comfort to think that it was already for him, and mamma had promised to make it up in a very short time so that she might not have any of the trouble.

Monday, the first week, and first one and then another in the more, suddenly inhibited part of the suburb was laid low, and indeed Aggie could see from her nursery that a fine, pale, misty wind up the opposite hill. They looked especially gloomy in the mist, the black houses and a black sky, or two, and half-a-dozen men on in black clothes. Aggie would gaze at them with wondering eyes. "How sad and terrible dark seems! How well that still not come near her! For the time she would forget her dolls and toys, and was "my Fritz," and speculate in her childish way.

One day there was a leisure with some fine white pills lying about on the wall was often low.

"Why are they white, to-day?" asked Aggie of nurse who was standing beside her looking out.

"Because it's a young person," answered nurse, smiling more information.

"How young?" next asked the child.

"I don't know exactly," said nurse cheerily.

"As young as I am myself, Aggie, to being her studiously in the face."

"A little younger, I think," returned nurse, making her finger to wind giving the child's measure, she asked her.

"Then I might die?" said Aggie solemnly and had followed nurse.

"Don't think of such things, my precious one," answered nurse as a frightened tone.

"But I do," said Aggie, and mamma has told me so often, but I never quite understood about it before, and many times that day her thoughts returned to the new light which had been kind in upon her.

"As night when she was warm and snug in her little bed, and the rain was still dripping outside, rather, rather uses the greater her mother took over her to give her a last kiss.

"The year had passed close down to me, Nannie," the child said, "I do not know any thing something Nannie mustn't be. For nurse, she was afraid, would put her off as before."

"What would you do with 'my Fritz'?" whispered, "I don't know."

"A pang of anxious foreboding went to the mother's heart. "Those four, my darling," she said, "you will live many years longer than your Fritz."

"But if I were to, mamma; what would you do with him?"

"Whatever you wished, my dear love," answered her mother, kissing her fondly.

"I should like to have him, for a moment or two was silent, then she said—

"Mamma, if I were to," the strong emphasis on "was," was intended to suggest as a comfort the extreme improbability of such a thing; "I'll try to do you good by thinking to never to have had her him?"

"How do you mean, my love?" asked the mother puzzled.

"Do you remember, mamma," and the child smiled sweet and the voice sank lower. "Don't you remember your fondling me when I used to wish for a little dog to snuggle, when I had so many, many pretty things, and some poor little dog that I don't know; and you would not make me dog angry, and I know you were sorry when papa promised to give me one, so I thought, if I die, perhaps if I were to die, I could be sorry too, and you wouldn't be sorry for 'my Fritz,' because it would remind you that I had been naughty. Ask Nurse to get out of the room for a minute or two, and let me say part of my prayer over again."

"With how happy and thankful a heart did Mrs. Fairweather lay herself down to rest that night; she had not trusted in vain. The uncontrolled child had been over-ruled to even greater good than she had dared to hope.

The next day was the great and most earnest consultation between mother and child, one result of which was that in a few days Mrs. Fairweather had in her hands the price of "my Fritz," to be spent by Aggie for her birthday, as she should prefer either mamma's suggestions or her own.

Well, the very first day Miss Mamma and Aggie went up by a morning train to London, and when they came back nurse, who was then at the station, had a large brown paper parcel given her to carry.

"You don't tell papa, Nannie, send you don't," said Aggie, "I'll call it dear me, what shall I do if I tell him myself?"

"Oh, mamma and nurse lay down, and she went on, "if you see I'm going to, you'll say I'm going to."

Her mother smiled and promised.

It was a great struggle to keep her secret, but at last the birthday dawned. Aggie looked at her father's door, and Papa rose to come down to breakfast with her this morning," she said, when her father had given her his birthday kisses and good wishes.

She took his hand and laid him down, and there was mamma, who had made her greetings already in this nursery, standing smiling behind the singing urch, and at papa's end of the table was something covered up with a little-maiden.

"Papa, this is my birthday present," she cried, "and I give it to you—Come, my little lady and look!"

The father came to do his bidding, and, lifting up the parcel, Aggie said, "I have a little dog. A little pet dog? No—but what—what—the picture of his dear old home! Yes! Aggie had had all the story told her, and when she had her own free will had chosen to spend papa's £20 on the picture instead of on the puppy."

"This your birthday present, my darling?" Mr. Fairweather asked in a voice hoarse from emotion, and he looked towards the mother, whose eyes were now shining with admiration.

"Yes, papa," answered Aggie, eagerly, "it's my birthday present, only it's for you."

"Oho! how, my precious child," he said, "and let me see you."

"And the child ran to him, and he held her in a close embrace, his heart throbbing beyond the power of expression.

The mother came and joined them, and, slipping down on her knees beside her husband, she took one hand of each dear one in her own, and her tears fell fast. "No one could speak,"—

Aggie's little "oh!" heart swelled and closed her eyes. "Mamma, I'm happy with papa's arms round her, and her hand in mamma's, but I should have a little toy to relieve her unvarnished feelings."

"Then her father released her from his hold, and said, "Oh! bless you, my own child, not you, my darling wife!"

Aggie scrambled down. "Oh! how much, much better she is than I am!"

Her father mastered his emotion, and said, cheerfully, "But when are Aggie's other presents? The child must have a good many more, and so."

"It was Aggie's wish that they should not be

