

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



would be to save them, and separate them. Moses desired that they should be a separate people. His own name meant *drawn out*, and he desired that this should be true for his people also. Christ desired that His followers should be "separate," said, when in His prayer to His Father, He twice declares of them, "they are not of the world, even as I am not here," "they are not of the world." Christ would have all His servants clearly marked out as His servants. There should be no mistake about it.

Moses is so mentioned by God's gracious answers that he goes on to make a large petition. "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory" (v. 18). Moses never smothering his God, and he longed to know more. As an earnest student thirsts for knowledge and eagerly longs to add to that which he already knows, so Moses thirsted for God. He was man of the "bleared" ones, who "hunger and thirst after righteousness" (St. Matt. v. 6). Thus David thirsted for God (Ps. cxli. 1). St. Paul mentioned everything else but loss, if he might but know Christ (Phil. ii. 8). It was God's glory that Moses would see. But God told him that he could not see His face and live; the glory would overpower him. The sight of God's face has almost always terrified men; how much more, then, would a vision of God strike earth-born and hearts with blindness and terror. The beloved disciple St. John lays on Christ's breast, but when his Master had put on glory how did John feel? He fell at His feet as dead (Rev. i. 18). "We could not bear now to look upon that Lord. Shall we ever see His face?" "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him" (Rev. i. 7). That is the terrible side of the picture. Sinners must see God, but there will be no joy in the sight, only weeping and wailing. There is another side of the picture, blessed be God for this Christ prayed when He said, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me, shall be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me" (St. John xiii. 34). Christ's prayer will be answered, His servants shall see His face" (Rev. xvii. 6). Moses will be there, his prayer will be fully answered then. It was partly answered when he saw Christ's glory on the Mount of Transfiguration, for Moses was there, and saw the Face of Christ after the many years later than the time we are here considering. But what answer did God give to Moses at once? God sometimes partly answers prayer at once, and more fully long afterwards. It was thus with Moses. The present answer that God gave to Moses was that He told him He would put him into the chest of a rock, and that He would then let him have some glimpses of God's presence. His "back part" should be seen, as the Lord passed by, covering Moses as He did so with His hand. Such is the manner in which we see the things of God. What a picture we have here of the silver side of the "Book of Ages"! In this position the silver shines to the glory of God. The Book was closed when Moses was hidden, and it is the omniscient Christ, who is the Hiding-place for the soul. There the sinner is covered, and can king with David, "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength; Thou art my

Rock and my fortress" (Ps. xviii. 1). We often sing the hymn—

"Book of ages closed for me,
Let us hide myself in Thee."

Is it a reality to us? Then we shall not be afraid to see God.

MARGARET BERRILL.

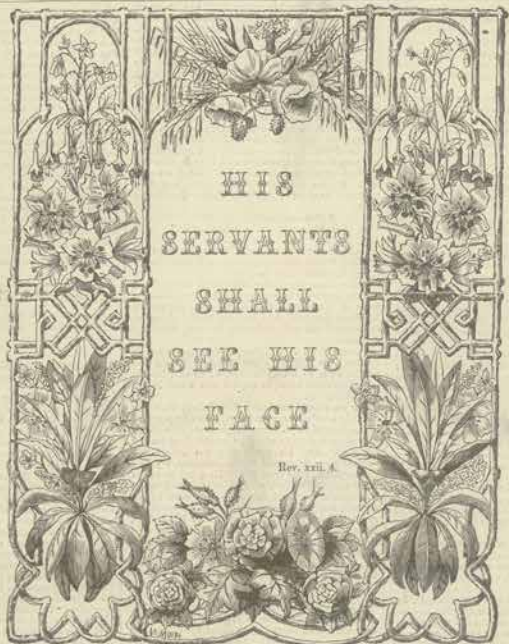
Two Masters.—A divided heart never paid an undivided service. If we be of the world, then just as surely will we be worldly in tastes, desires, and actions; and nothing can the world detect sooner and more surely than, whether or not we be of, and for it, or against it. Two horses no man can ride; and it is trying to serve two masters that makes the life of many a man a just and spot, if not a face and a sin.

eggs hatch into caterpillars, which grow through the lumpy cells, often destroying a large number. Besides devouring the pupa of the bees, these caterpillars convert yellow wax into a white substance, by means of which they can pass swiftly from one part of the hive to another; and these waxes greatly distress and impede the bees at their work, entangling them by their legs.

Moths being such universal pests, it is not wonderful that methods for their removal should have been sought for centuries. Pliny states that strips of which have been laid upon a funeral urn secured against being attacked by insects; and Plinius recommends wrapping swollen articles in a linen or arian, or in the catkins in the house as a sure preservative against the ravages of these insects.

Besides the large number of moths which devote themselves to the formation of the acridian, no less than five different species feed upon cloth, fur, leather, or animal substance, as stuffed birds or insects. Most of these moths are so small that they can readily insect themselves through the keyhole of a wardrobe, or the chink of a cabinet, and thence creep at will on the furs and woollen garments of the fire place, or on the cherished collections of the naturalist. Camphor or turpentine may sometimes kill the moth itself, but will not harm the eggs when already laid. In destroying the eggs the moth is careful not to place them too near each other, aware probably of the scarcity of the caterpillars will display when hatched, and select a position where they will offspring with sufficient space for passage. A naturalist, who has frequently discovered caterpillars of the clothes-moth feeding upon the shreds of cloth used for mending his friend's, but he never found more than one caterpillar attached to each shroud. This distribution of eggs contributes to the extensive damage of articles attacked by moths, as the material suffers in many places at the same time.

Once hatched, the caterpillars will gnaw on the surface of destruction. This commences by providing themselves with a domicile, which they use as a screen, they cut slits into the wood or fur in which they are lodged, and construct of these threads a new round like-looking. An caterpillar grows larger it increases this covering; and by shifting the insect to different coloured stuffs, it can be made to wear a parti-coloured tissue like a Scotch plaid. Sometimes the caterpillar grows stout as well as tall, in which case the creature detestably enlarges its body by making slits in the two opposite sides, and letting in pieces of fresh material. If a caterpillar of this species gnaws from a naturalist's collection—say of butterflies or other insects—it finds in the soft, feathery wings of the specimens a happy hunting-ground for the supply of materials for its case. The slits made by the caterpillar are not transformed by it into a kind of silver tapestry, always of the same colour as the material from which it is manufactured. For instance, a caterpillar gnawing first on red cloth and afterwards upon blue, would construct a red covering, with blue cells, and blue segments at the sides. The caterpillar fed food as well as clothing in the stuff which they destroy.



Rev. xvii. 6.

Moths.



BETWEEN the farmer and the insect world is a feud of long standing. Locusts, flies, and beetles have tormented the agriculturist for centuries. One description of insect, however, is equally dreaded by all classes of the community who have anything to spend. Moths

are the plague alike of the careful housekeeper, anxious for the safety of her carpets and woollen garments; of the naturalist, with whose collections they play havoc; of the farmer, the despoiler of his harvest. One description of moth—the hoary moth—does infinite mischief to wool, by slipping into their lives, and laying its eggs in the honey-comb. These

For building, they select the longest hairs or threads; for eating, the shortest. Caterpillars are, of all creatures, the most voracious. Lord Dunsford found that a silkworm would consume in thirty days vegetable substances equal to sixty thousand times its own weight when fed with the best quality of food, surprising that furs or cloths to which such a large animal is so voraciously injurious.

In spite of their destructive qualities one must admire moths for their beauty, grace, and the ingenuity they display in the construction of houses for their young.

Out of the two thousand species of native moths and butterflies enumerated by naturalists, many of the former are remarkable for the delicacy of their tints and beauty of their coloring; while even the most destructive of the race do their very injuries with a delicacy and ingenuity worthy of observation. One minute species of moth (*Agrotis*) is most destructive to the leaves of shrubs (particularly

but the thread proved of inferior quality to that of the ordinary silkworm.

Despite their beauty, moths must be ranked rather among the foes than the friends of humanity. The damage inflicted by the indoor varieties is great; the ravages of the caterpillars of the outdoor moths most serious. We owe a debt of gratitude to the birds, who keep down the increase of these devourers of vegetation. In 1782 the ravages of the brown-tailed moth created such alarm in this country, that in some places prayers were offered up in the churches for deliverance from the plague. In 1721 the caterpillars of the gold-tailed moth overran portions of France, injuring the forest-trees as well as the fruit-bearing ones.

Superstitious terror, as well as actual injury, has been caused by moths. In 1553, the inhabitants of some parts of Germany were alarmed by discovering red spots, resembling blood, sprinkled on plants, leaves, buildings, and the showers of blood.

but among his reasons is the somewhat unpalatable one that few debates of soap or mind are ever pursued, without a consulting caterpillar, and that if these insects were really injurious, half the world would be poisoned!

Moths and caterpillars commit as many real offenses that it is needless to lay fearful crimes to their charge, and accuse them of poisoning, as well as robbing, mankind. C. L.

3 Blue Ribbon Victory.

THE Temperance Society had been organized now for twelve years. It had weathered many a storm of opposition and persecution, and had proved a great boon to the neighbourhood, as many a family could thankfully testify. I could see the happy results of its influence all around me, for I had left the place while the society was in its infancy, and had not had time to see the progress that time had made. But now I had come to stay for the summer months, and planned many facts concerning the village, both old acquaintances and more recent converts.

Just now, however, the Temperance cause languished; some of the converts had been tempted back to the ale-house; they had found it impossible, they said, to gather in the hay without the stimulating aid of strong drink. Even the totalitarians were losing interest in the work; slouching abstainers, for whom we apprehended little personal danger, were growing rather boldless of the command to "love their neighbors as themselves." Friends doubtfully sought their heels, and menials to the cause joyfully greeted a speedy and effectual dissolution.

This was serious, and some of our totalitarians were greatly troubled, and met together to consider the best means of reviving the work.

It was evident that something must be done, and at once. Some means must be adopted that would not only attract outsiders, but revive the interest of the abstainers. One suggested that a Blue Ribbon mission should be organized here, as had been done in many places throughout the country, with such marked success. Volunteers came forward with a promise of peculiar assistance, and the suggestion was acted upon. Very soon the whole district was buzzing with the intelligence of the forthcoming mission.

Having some leisure now, I undertook the distribution of notices, and superintended the printed invitations with verbal ones.

At one house to which I called I met with bare civility, certainly no interest. These people—at an elderly gentleman and lady—were entire strangers to me, as they had but recently come hither to reside. He was a fine-looking man, tall and powerful, with white hair and beard; his wife was fragile, with a somewhat weary expression of countenance.

"I have no faith in this kind of thing," observed the gentleman, looking contemptuously at the notice I held in my hand.

"Had you known this neighbourhood ten years ago, sir, I ventured to respond. You could not fail to admit that it has proved a great blessing here, and this is only a representation of the good it is doing over all the country."

"It is an assurance that it is making a great stir at the present time, and that enthusiasts and fanatics are multiplying. Were moderation allowed as persistently and untiringly, I believe the results would be great."

I shook my head incredulously.

"Well, well, make us, we will not discuss the matter, we are not to be angry, but I will bid you adieu impatiently." "Oh, no, you need not trouble to leave a paper, thank you, we shall not require it. Good morning."

With a stiff bow I was dismissed and went on my



"THE ITALIAN TRADE-DEALER."

On the leaves of many shrubs, also on those of the primrose, the path of his mining caterpillar may be traced by dark marks, but the surface of the leaf is never broken. The caterpillar of other descriptions (such as the green house fly rolling up a leaf or part of one to serve as a covering. Unfortunately, all these constructions result in the destruction of the leaf experimented upon. Farmers know to their sorrow the work of the caterpillar of the blue moth, which gnaws the roots of the hop plants and cause them to wither. The caterpillar of another description, the currant hawk moth (*Agrotis signata*), attacks themselves especially to currant-bushes, which they destroy by burrowing into the bark as well as by devouring the leaves. Loewenbeck has described the ravages of a minute moth (now common in England than on the Continent) which is most injurious to corn stored in granaries. The caterpillar, which is of a dirty white, eats several grains of corn together with a thread which it spins, and which it rolls up, and which it uses as a case with silk, forming a strong covering for itself; its head also protrudes from the envelope. This protected, it leads a pleasant existence, and is scarcely discovered. Another description of grain moth makes its home in a single grain of wheat or barley remaining out of the ear, but leaving the exterior of the grain unharmed. When all the interior has been devoured, the caterpillar spins itself a nest of silk in the now hollow grain, and sustains there by its subsequent transformations into an adult moth.

The caterpillars of the baby moth feed upon leather, and will also eat butter and animal substances. Réaumur found a caterpillar of this species devouring chocolate, and selecting that which was of the best quality. Of all the varieties of the moth and butterfly species, the silkworm alone is of utility to man. Through all the ages, the power of spinning threads, and generally produce a kind of silk for lining their nests or covering their own bodies. The cocoon of the silkworm is the only one used by manufacturers. The caterpillar of the superior moth spins a cocoon of strong silk, protected against the attacks of other insects by a bunch of needle-shaped points, and which she opens to permit the exit of the young moth, but keep out spiders—a reversal of the principles of construction of the old-fashioned rat-trap. An attempt was made by a German manufacturer to still the silk;

were supposed to be the precursors of all manner of calamities.

In 1828 a similar prodigy occurred at Aix, where the philosopher Buffon was residing. He discovered that these red spots were produced by a species of moth or butterfly, which discharged this substance as it emerged from the pupa state. An unusual number of these butterflies appearing at Aix that year, occasioned the spots to be observed. The butterflies of the spinous caterpillar, which feed upon nettles, if kept in a box for purposes of observation, frequently leave a red stain at the time of their transformation from the chrysalis to the perfect insect.

According to Pflüger, a deadly poison was prepared by the animals from the gregarious moth of the fir (*Herodesia piceana*), and during an invasion of caterpillars in France there was a panic that injurious results might follow from eating vegetables in soups and salads, which had been created over by the insects. Réaumur refuted this idea at length;

he was assailed with questions, all of which more or less astonished him.

"Do you remember me as well as I remember you?" asked Gerry loudly.

"His answer was so laboured that he did not know that he had ever seen that boy-cooed, excitable little young lady in his life before."

"Did anybody else ever give you any more cake?" cried Gerry.

"Do you think that poor little baby liked the cake?" whispered Mrs. Peol.

"And then Ned Barnes began to have a finer recollection of the little incident in his oh-angelical life which had occurred more than a month ago, and he answered with a blush and a smile—

"I hope the baby did, Missis. It looked much as though it was hungry."

"But you looked very hungry, too," said Gerry, "so why did not you keep it?"

"Not blessed more than ever."

"But used to being hungry, Miss, an' I thought maybe the baby want'. An' the baby was little an' weak, an' Fat had an' strong; heastways, I mean kigger an' stronger than the little 'uns, an' so better able to put 'm with a bit of stuffin'."

As he said these last words in a low tone, a hand was laid firmly but very kindly on his shoulder, and he started to find that his audience was increased by Colonel Osborn, who, now that the sick boy was completely well, had left him to the further care of his wife and the servants, and had returned to the hall to look after his children and his other unexpected visitors.

He had apprehended in time for her that answer, and in his face he recognised Gerry's succedee, and began to understand why the strange man's His daughter's explanation of in the road had been quite unswayed up in anxiety about her unswayed hand and pity for the child. Not now that his thoughts were free again, memory returned to the recollection that he had indulged to an absolute pleasure to hear as a student in a summer's day of one of the many thousands of unknown and unremembered boys who wander about some mean miles of London streets. The boy's own words now pleased him very greatly. "But one thing struck him—

"How comes it, my lad, that a boy with such good and noble principles is nothing more than a vagrant about the streets?" he inquired, or more fully what means, that mark the other good points in your character?"

"Oh, thin, sir, that makes me a vagabond," said Ned in a simple and sad tone that won't fall on the heart.

"And as he spoke he lifted up his arm, and for the first time they saw that it ended at the wrist."

The tears rushed into the bright eyes of Gertrude and her sister, and they cried in a hoarse voice—

"Did you never have more than one hand?"

"Oh, yes. I had my two more an' got 'em both, till two years ago, an' then it got lost on the Tuesday I worked at in the machinery, an' of course I couldn't work no more no more. May 'I be allowed after a night pass, with a sign—' somewhere else, it says. All work seems to want two hands."

"Dear boy, poor boy; how you must have suffered!" muttered Colonel Osborn involuntarily, and shuddering as he spoke.

"Was it very, very dreadful?" whispered Gerry.

"Well, it were damn'd, Miss, for a bit, but it might be less so to me. The other poor chap were killed."

"The children turned pale, and their father was glad that a diversion was made by Mrs. Osborn coming out of the dining-room with the quilt recovered stolen, and resewing into the boys down to the kitchen with the servants, to get a good dinner."

"Before you leave you must tell me where you live, my lad," said Colonel Osborn to Ned Barnes, as he turned to go downstairs.

"Ned stood still with drooped head and lowered mouth."

"Please, sir—"

"Well, I see the Colonel, encouragingly, "don't be ashamed to tell me. I don't expect to learn that you live in a palace, an' I will do to one, an' I don't suppose that in your application you can even show your own possession. So now, where is it?"

"Thank you, sir," murmured Ned; "but, if you please, sir, it isn't anywhere."

"Nonsense!" said the first voice, all together, "little Clara's suit boxes being his best possession."

"Poor Ned looked more deeply than ever as he murmured again—

"No, I don't live nowhere. Lastways, I should say, I live everywhere, anywhere, this last 'er the year. You see it saves money for food, and one can move him like up somewhere for a few hours' quiet sleep."

Colonel laughed, but there was a good deal more pity than merriment in his laugh as he said—

"I won't expect to see him last as an address at my rate. I will not volunteer to search Hampstead Heath for you, although it is such a beautiful place for a ramble."

However, since he was so particular and I do, it will evidently be easier for you to find me than for me to find you. I have to go to my work, and I'll expect to meet you here next Wednesday at one o'clock. That is to say, if you really wish to work, instead of idling by begging."

An eager, brilliant look of hopeful happiness on Ned's pale face was sufficient answer.

"Two words more," said Colonel Osborn. "In the first place, remember that I am an soldier and very punctual, so mind that you are the same; and in the second place, will you tell me the name of the factory where you last year had?"

"Oh, you, sir. It were Mr. Peol's out at Walworth. The biggest one I expect there; every one knows it."

"An' you ought upon a year, an' it's two year since I left it."

And then Ned Barnes was dismissed for the second time to the kitchen, and the Osborns started into the dining-room to eat their own somewhat hurried early dinner. Two hours later they were in the train on their way to the country.

It must be confessed that for a while Ned Barnes was rather forgotten by Gertrude, and her brother and sister, in their visits of spas and booklets, apparently endless days to be spent on the seashore or amongst hills and dales where the wild flowers were, and the springs, at which were the village girls busy at spinning. But as Mr. Osborn's much amends by an earnest discussion of plans for his future welfare.

CHAPTER IV.

"GERTY TOOK BREATH UPON THE WATER, AND YE SEAS RAN BY."

OSBORN'S OFFICE WAS SITTING IN Mr. Peol's private office at the great Peol Works, which he had no difficulty in finding when once he got to that outlying district. As Ned Barnes had told him, "every one" in Walworth knew the great Peol Factory.

But to Colonel Osborn's disappointment, although certainly not much to his surprise, the matter of many months of "hands" did not remember the name of the boy who had lost one of his hands whilst in his employ.

"I do remember," said Mr. Peol, thoughtfully, "I do remember to have heard an account about two years ago of a shocking accident here, but I was very ill at the time, and I expect all particulars were lost from me. It is quite possible, though, that my foreman may be able to tell you much more than I can do about the fact, but you are interested in it, will you like called?"

"Two minutes later a hard-featured, shrewd-looking man entered, and Mr. Peol at once questioned him on his visitor's behalf."

"Long as it was since he had seen him, and he numbers to be that he had seen him by his watch since, Mr. Graham had not forgotten the name of Ned Barnes. He scarcely ever did forget the names of those who were under him."

It soon told the tale of that terrible affair of two years since, by which the poor boy had been so great a sufferer.

"Yes, my, sir, Jim Reggs always was a careless chap, poor fellow, and that day he let the band of the 18-inch loom, while he was standing inside up to it. What was in his mind at the time you can never say, for the band whirled round him, dragged him up to the wheel, and he was killed in a few moments, and he was laid to rest in the workhouse. Oh, if I could move the lightning we couldn't have saved him; no mortal power could have done that. One day, by the risk of his new life that poor little Ned Barnes who was always helping accidently, if it was only an ill-used cast caught at the band, but luckily for him his hand was torn off at the first catch, and he was not hurt or even so much as injured, but he was killed as well as Reggs."

The two gentlemen correct their eyes for a few moments. At last Mr. Peol asked, rather sternly—

"How comes this poor lad to be wandering the streets now, a helpless, homeless beggar? You know well, Graham, that it is not only against my feelings of humanity, but against every rule of my manufactory, to leave those in destitution who have suffered in my service. I should have been doubly anxious to show compassion to this poor, wretched-spirited little fellow."

"So was I," said stern but iron-hearted Herbert Graham, "but after lingering on all at the hospital a much longer time than had been expected, he ultimately took a favourable turn, and when I went to see him one afternoon I found that he had been discharged some days, and that I had long to find I have never till just now been able to come upon your track of him."

"That is to say, Wednesday, about three o'clock, Ned Barnes is a new mill of servicable studies, given him by Mr. Peol, and with a well-filled box beside him, the gift of the same gentleman, was travelling to Hastings with Colonel Osborn, and pushing himself every now and then, and treading on his toes, to convince himself that he was really awake."

Although he was seated comfortably in a railway carriage, he was so overwhelmed with wonder that he felt as breathless as if he were running to the seaside, instead of being carried there.

The delight of Gerry and her brother and sister when they saw that father's companion, may be imagined. For the present he was to make himself generally useful, and in time Colonel Osborn would see what he appeared too fitted for.

A few days yet may learn how honest industry and brave determination served Ned Barnes, the one-handed boy, up far beyond what a two-handed companion, who gladly accepted for aid.

GRACE STERBING.

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