

# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



## The Teacher's Prayer.

Hear me, Saviour, to proclaim  
All the wonders of Thy name;  
In my life and actions show  
That I in Thy grace do grow.

Give me, Lord, such faith as Thine,  
That from doubt I never be;  
Give me wisdom, that I may  
With all wisdom, love, and awe,

Give me virtuous, learning skill;  
Make me ever true and mild;  
Teach me how that I may lead  
Lest my scholars to Thy love.

Thus Thyself hast taught me how  
Work to live, except that Thou  
Dost not remove it with success,  
By Thy Spirit's plenteousness.

Faith give us, and I must do,  
If Thou dost not graciously give;  
Help my faith on that to live,  
And this Thou wilt surely give.

Wisdom, too, I greatly need;  
That I may in all succeed;  
Wit not woe the compassed heart,  
And right light thou dost impart.

Grant me patience, I shall with love,  
And all shall come from above;  
Hence me, hence me, thus I pray;  
To this help me day by day.

— GIVE, O LORD, BY THY WILLINGNESS.

## Her Mission in Life.

ALICE KING.

Author of "Pearl and Precious," "Queen of  
Marsden," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

FOR YOUR MOTHER'S SAKE.

JOHN HARDWICK soon found that to have grown up all wild and irregular living was good for him in this world as well as for the next. His employer, who, when he learned the sort of occupations with which he was beginning to mix, had expected to show any particular liking for him, now looked upon him with more favour and interest. He obtained a higher salary, which was useful to him, and he was otherwise enabled to live more comfortably. He saw, too, many friends who were much more to him than he had been, and he was beginning to think that his old companions—thoughtful, self-denying men, whose eyes were fixed on the eternal above.

His intercourse with those and their families did him good, and widened his sympathies. He had him to visit for the first time at Newcombe, to be well for strike his feet in the mill. That character is the exception which our living faith is not true without daily intercourse with the fathers.

The only son of his former comrades of whom John kept up any knowledge was that right-hearted young man, who had been a member of an especially interesting firm. He had come some to look for him through the house, and at last found him employed in a large timber yard. He had been a member of his Christian mission, but he had not so far that one so much younger than himself would be able to lead him back again to the old, wild ways. On the contrary, it was his great wish in seeking him out, to try to bring him into better paths.

But Harry (to which office he was, though friendly and genial, had almost his own little reserve which made it very difficult to get influence over him. To judge from his outward appearance, he was going farther down the wrong road rather than any towards the right one. His suit was shabby, his face was pale, his air was more ungracious and reserved. John did what he could for him, but by talking to him in a friendly, sensible way, but he

was plainly enough that his words had but little effect.

Thus time passed on with John Hardwick. Long's letters were the brightest points in his days, yet still he read them there was pain for him in the thought that there had been something in his life which was, for a time, concealed from her. Even when the spirit of his life is healed it leaves in some way a wound. The day that the women a judge was the serpent will sting him.

There came letters from Winnie, too, letters which made him long to have her at his side again. He was resolved, however, not to be the first to say anything about going home. He thought that if the old man could be so far advanced by separating in some way, he would be more likely to consent to his marriage.

As though the news came to him of Long's being in Aunt Judith's house near Kilton, and of all which had happened to her there. It raised a hopeful feeling within him to learn that Long and his father had actually met, and that he had shown a liking for her; and when he heard of Winnie being in Long's arms, a tear fell from the strong man's eyes on his letter. Was not that the night which it had been the hour of a strongest longing for her?

One Sunday evening, not very long after he had received that letter which affected him so much, he had come home from visiting some friends. It was a cold winter night, and so he went the longest way, which led him round by the Quay. He walked slowly, there was in the water around him a certain charm which he felt, though he certainly could not have described it.

The harbor seemed full of tremulous lights, for both the clear stars and the lamps of the town were reflected in it. The rigging of the ships, lying at anchor, made a fine fanciful network pattern against the background of the sky. The cloud of smoke which always hangs over the city was, in this dim light, a softening curtain which lent to its everyday scene a sort of mysterious grandeur. Two or three church spires were making a vertical jangle with their bells; a strain of music floated from the tower of St. Nicholas; the lights of the river-side; the wind and the water were sighing gently together.

His thoughts were very much with Long to-night; he was picturing her himself looking at him, and he was wondering how much more familiar to him. He saw her in the churchyard, by the brook, near the garden wall. To Harry her face was to see all these things in a new light, which gave them a fresh meaning for him. When should he behold her thus with his bodily eyes; the trees and the river answered "When?" It could be he saw a little way in front of him a solitary man leaning against a wall. He found the figure was not unfamiliar to him, and when he came closer and looked into the face he found he was right; it was Harry.

"What are you doing here all alone, my boy?" said John, saying his hand gently on his forehead. "The young man started as if his light touch had been a heavy blow; but he answered in a light tone.

"Oh! just taking the air."

When John came to look into his face, which he could see quite clearly by the light of a neighbouring lamp, it seemed to him that it was strange and mysterious with his manner; it was resolute and distant, and yet so true.

"I have just had a drink; I wish you had been there with me," said John.

"Do you? I don't then; I have something else to do," was the short answer given in a very pleasant voice.

"I don't see that you can have had such a most elegant night to do standing here," said Hardwick, smiling and speaking in a friendly, good-natured way. "But Harry was apparently in no humor for joking or talking, and John, thinking it best to leave him alone, had just said a quiet "good-night," and was turning to go, when suddenly he felt the young man's arm put into his.

They walked together in silence for a minute or more. John did not make the companion out, and did not quite know what he was. At length Harry spoke.

"Do you know, old fellow, I can't," said "this is likely to be the last time we shall meet for many a day."

"What do you mean?" asked John.

"I have just been to see the Londoner who was the first plan in the commission for the last set of lines, at the office of the Kensington, and he has been told that he has left (Harry).

"Why, I'm going to see to-night."

"Going to see?" repeated Hardwick in great surprise; "why, I don't know you have any turn for that."

"No more I haven't, but I'm going to the bad anyway, and it's pleasant to go there by sea than by land; there'll be something fresher about it." And in Harry's face there was a certain gleam of triumph. "I saw that my friend had not the slightest real taste for a seafaring life, which, unless there be such a taste, is never a desirable position for a young man; but that, therefore, he was going to do a very dangerous thing for both his worldly and spiritual interests. Life on ship-board requires a man to be a very different, steady, and constant in his character. It is Harry would only get more confirmed in those habits which he had begun, and would, therefore, to show greatly deteriorated from what he was when he first went away. Besides, what grief and anxiety this wild feat would cause his relations, if he had any."

"All these things, which had become well known to him since he lived in a large apartment, passed hurriedly through Hardwick's mind as he tried to fix on something lively which might change the young man's resolution. "How is Harry's wife now, he thought, "she could always lead the right word in a moment for everything." At last he said quickly and earnestly,

"Harry, shall I tell you what you are to do?"

"No, I should like to know."

"You're a coward and a madman."

"Harry," cried the other, angrily, "I'm not going to stand this from you."

"I shouldn't have thought it of you," went on Harry, "but you are a coward, and I'm not going to let you do anything that you are in doing what you know was right that when you looked the old man down. Do you recollect that? What makes you so much a coward? It is not for me to advise any one weaker than themselves, and besides it was such a senseless joke."

"You have then some madman told in you, my boy, but not enough to make you stand up for me and your father; and you don't like to see any one weaker than themselves, and besides it was such a senseless joke."

"I suppose you're repeating part of the sermon you've just heard," said Harry, smiling.

"No, I don't derive comfort from that. I am only told to you in a rough way out of my own experience. A while ago I was as good as a coward, and madman as you are, but I was advanced to myself all the time, just as I know you are, but I didn't like the average to give up, and I saw the laughter of the other fellows. But now, by God's grace, I've got back to the right side. Come over after me, Harry; it's only the first effort that's very hard. Give up this wild fancy for going to sea, which will not do you any real work, in making, but learn for you. Stay on shore and work for God and man, as we saw all just into this world to do."

"You're not to be put into the line to give up doing what I've made up my mind to," answered Harry, speaking firmly, but much more gently and gravely than before.

"Will you give it up for the sake of your mother?"

"The fact was a random one; John did not even know what Harry's parents were alive, but it certainly struck home."

"My mother?"

"I'm sure of feeling rushing into his voice and manner. "How do you know anything about my mother?"

"I know that you will break her heart if you go to sea."

"I have been thinking about her so much lately, and I'm sure of feeling rushing into his voice and manner. "How do you know anything about my mother?"

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surprised to find the whole world willing to be at the disposal of him and his family.

Instead of dwelling upon Lucy's kindness, his mind was busy with the telegram which had gone this morning to his wife. The partial softening of his nature caused by the sudden danger of the wife who had been his life's companion for fifty years, and the earnest request of the sick woman herself, had so far wrought upon him as to make him send that message. "But his stubborn will was still as adamant as ever; he had not the slightest intention of saying to his son: "Let this our mutual concern make all peace between us; bring home the woman you love." On the contrary, he was inclined to receive him coldly, but this, doubtless, without his knowing it, arose in a great measure from a certain awkwardness which he felt when he thought of the approaching meeting. His own half wished that he had not been in such a hurry to send for him.

Old Hardwick had been a good deal surprised at the way in which John had stayed and worked on in Bristol, for, as had been said, he had fully believed that he would never remain without some one to lean upon, as he had always formerly leaned upon him. In his inmost heart he was proud of his son showing so much strength and energy, and yet, at the same time, he was displeased with him for being able to do without his father, and this latter feeling had another disagreeable feature to the picture, which his fancy was drawing, of the first hour when he and John should be together again.

But though the old man's thoughts were thus far away from Lucy, it was around him that all here were revolving. When should she reveal to him that truth about herself which must make such a change in their relations to each other? Not just yet, not just yet, cried out all her throbbing pulses; not till by a few hours of forcing service she had made her way a little into his parents' hearts. The old man was evidently in some degree softened by trouble; he had seen that in his manner when he last spoke to her; perhaps beyond this she might catch some lucky moment of joy, deeper feeling for selling him what she had to sell. Who could say but that then he might relent entirely, and take her as a daughter to his heart. It was a sweet thought, but who could judge in it concerning the old man who sat there, with his face darkened and hardened by what was in his mind? She turned away from him and tried to look at something else.

She had often been upon this road, but how different it seemed to-day from what it had ever done before. The row of the cottages appeared to have taken new shapes. The old man working in the garden did not look as he usually did. The mill-wheel, whirling busily in yonder hollow, had some thing fresh in its sound. The bark of the dog which ran out from that farm-yard, and the grating of the strap jugs, were not like what they used to be. Yet Lucy knew the change was not in things around her, but in her own situation.

And now they had stopped at the garden gate at Blackdown, the gate which she had often crossed, but wondered how and when she should enter as she gazed at it from afar.

"What is he to call you?" asked old Hardwick, as he gave her his hand to help her down from the trap. "Though I've seen you so often at the turnpike, I don't know what your name be."

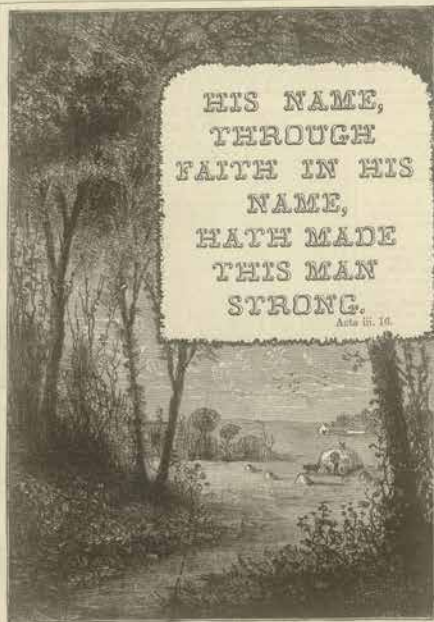
"Lucy," she answered, rather faintly.

A momentary shadow passed over his face as if his

name awoke in him unpleasant associations, as indeed it did; then he said with all his former warmth of manner.

"You be welcome here, Lucy, for you be come to do us good." (To be continued.)

HOUSE OF MEX.—"If you will come sufficiently early that Eighth Commandment, the whole 'rights of man' are well cared for; I know no better definition of the rights of man: *They shall not die; they shall not be stolen from.* What a Society were that: Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, were emblems of it. Give every man his life, his accretions, the price of what he has done and been, no man shall any more complain, neither shall the earth suffer any more."—*Carlyle.*



## Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

St. Peter's First Miracle. Acts iii. 1-16.

WHEN considering the pouring out of the power of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost we are that a special gift was then bestowed upon the apostles—the gift of tongues. This gift was not continued by God after the early days of the Church. The power of working miracles was also bestowed upon the apostles. Miracles were to be a sign of the truth of the message delivered by the apostles. Miracles have ceased now, being no longer needed. The many hypocrites who have come to Christ and trusted in

Him—who have found Him to be an all-sufficient Saviour, and who have died peacefully in His blessed name—these are witnesses to the truth of God's Word.

To Peter was given the great honour of working the first miracle recorded in the truth. Peter and John, the two who seem to have loved our Lord best while He was upon earth, were found much together in the earlier chapters of our Gospels, going together to the Temple at the hour of prayer—"the ninth hour," o'clock in the afternoon according to our reckoning. The Jewish hours of prayer were three times in the day, as we find from Ps. lv. 17, and Job. i. 19, that Mid-day prayer is perhaps not for all, but

for each one of us, as well for the most busy, how important it is to begin the day with prayer. To begin the life of every one day without prayer is indeed most rash, for not one of us can stand in those moments of trial and temptation that must come to us each day, unless we pray. Peter and John might have thought that prayer was not so necessary for them who had so much of God's Spirit; but we find that they went up to pray at the appointed times with the others also. And if they could not live without prayer, how can we expect to do so? If it is possible that any one of our readers is living without regular prayer, may such a one begin his day at once to take up the words of David, "My voice shall thou hear in the morning; O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer to thee and will look up to thee." (Ps. v. 3). The more of prayer we do those who have done great things in the world.

A poor cripple lay at the Temple Gate, a gate called "Beautiful," and said to be of some workmanship to be seen. Day by day this poor man was carried there, hoping for pity and alms from the passers by. At last a wonderful day came for him. The morning began as usual, but what had happened to him before evening? His whole life was indeed changed. The cripple asked alms of Peter and John as they were going into the Temple. Peter was a poor man still and had no money to give away, but he had a blessed gift to bestow—"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Immediately the lame man was restored. It was no partial cure, it was "perfect soundness," and the lame man stood, and walked, and leaped in his joy, and praised God (v. 8). There is a

great lesson here—one too often forgotten. How much God gives us, and yet how little do we thank Him. Sometimes a great gift is bestowed upon us—our life is given back to us from the brink of the grave, or the life of one we love is restored, or some great danger is averted from us. Is our first thought to praise God? We are nearest to heaven when we really praise Him. As the result of the miracle, a great crowd of people were gathered together, thus giving Peter a blessed opportunity of speaking of his Master. Peter would not take the honour and glory to himself, but he said, "as surely as we can, as though by our own power and holiness we had made this man to walk?" Peter desired to point the people's hearts away from himself to the Christ who had made him strong. "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." (Acts iii. 16). Peter used to be full of himself, full of "I," although all shall be "He." That was the language of the old Peter. And it is not just this which is very often the language of our

Isaiah? We are so confident that we are all right—that we shall not fall. Ah! how blind we are when it is thus with us, how like Peter in his old nature! But Peter was a new man now. He had been permitted to work a great miracle, yet it was "not I, but Christ" (Gal. ii. 20). Blessed Peter, to have heard that miracle! He must have rejoiced in being allowed to work this cure for the lame man, but he did not say, "see what I have done." No, his cry throughout was "His Name!" If our Christianity has done anything for us, it has begun to lay self in the dust. There is a thorn in the heart of each one of us. Either self or Christ must be slain.

The great question is, which is it? There is a further thought with regard to this miracle. Every bodily cure of which we read in the Gospels or in the Acts may be considered a picture of soul cure. Sin has made cripples of us. God has commanded us to walk in His ways (Deut. v. 33). But man is crippled by sin, and he cannot walk—not even one step—in God's ways. What will enable him to do so? The same power that raised the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple; sin's chains must be broken, and then the cripple will walk. Faith in the name of Christ will bring about this blessed miracle of soul healing.

David said, "I will run in the way of Thy commandments." A lame man could not do that! What are we doing? Here we begin yet to walk in God's way? Do we believe in the power of Christ's name to give us "perfect soundness" that according to His promise we may "run and not be weary," we may "walk and not faint" (Isa. xl. 31), M.E.

## "Come Ereth Croth."

LD Mrs. Winton sat at her window one summer evening facing a Jesus window. Everything appearing in her was suggestive of peace and contentment, her knitting-needle clicked, as they usually did, an even accompaniment to whatever might be going on.

But in reality her thoughts were far from peaceful, and just now were full of anxious solicitude.

Yet it was a common picture enough on which her eyes were fixed so intently. Only two figures crouching up and down the gravel-walk outside.

One, slim and girlish, with fingers pulling absently a rose to pieces, was Mrs. Winton's grand-daughter, Elsie; the other, tall and attractive-looking, his hands clasped behind him, and his straw hat pushed off his forehead, Robert Howe.

The watcher at the window gave a little sigh. Elsie was very dear to her, having come under her care since she was left an orphan of four years old, and the grandmother had, meanwhile learnt by heart every crevice of that winsome face and figure. Now she noted with ever-increasing satisfaction the interest in which the girl talked and listened to her companion; half-an-hour ago her merry laugh had been pealing out through the still evening air, but now the clearest of mirth seemed to have disappeared from their conversation altogether.

she had absorbed herself on some slight pretext. He was praying for those in the parish who were "afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate," and in his prayer pleaded "shallow afflictions" as crosses in this life, and crows them broader where all tears are wiped away.

No thought of a probable cure that may be soon touching his own life occurred to him. He was interested with all earnestness indeed, but as yet he knew little of the meaning of the petition he quoted.

It was always a matter of course in Redstone why Elsie Winton had engaged herself to their young pastor, and as usual all the sympathies of the parish went with the man. So far from any crosses in this life, they said. Perhaps not. Few would have been, for he was an admirable type of a thoroughly competent, hard-working clergyman. He understood his work, ever-learned his work, ever-faithful of it; but those who were most desirous to help him to understand, Elsie was altogether beyond the range of his comprehension. He was decidedly attached to her, and it never occurred to his truthful nature to doubt the love he believed she gave him in return. It was his whole-hearted affection that had attracted Elsie when he proposed to her.

No one had ever said of her but just in the same way before, and she was content to accept his love without troubling herself with her side of the question, until Robert Howe suddenly appeared upon the scene. He was the only son of a retired manufacturer, who he had his own to do, and he had been some time at Redstone, and meeting Elsie for the first time at a picnic, he followed up the introduction more ardently than Mrs. Winton approved of. Already Robert was busy in coupling their names together, only Philip saw nothing, heard nothing, but went about his work with the secret sting of earthly happiness within him which others said must fall very soon.

Their engagement had lasted now for about six months, and the wedding-day was fixed to take place towards the end of August.

"And the sooner the better," Mrs. Winton thought, as she sunset faded, and still the long-voiced conversation went on outside. "Another fortnight, and Robert will have gone abroad. I must confess I shall be certain to be in it out of the way—ah, ah!"

"I wish Philip would come back," Mrs. Winton thought with an impatient sigh of the clicking knitting-needle. "Charity thinketh no evil," he would say; but there is such a thing as common-sense, and he has no right to run away to his Services and leave her under another's influence so constantly.

It probably never occurred to Mrs. Winton that it would be an easy thing for her just to lean out of the open window and call in the offending couple, and perhaps, though it would have been easy to do it, it might be a hard task to make them obey the summons. Elsie had had her own way far too long in the household for any one to attempt to thwart it now.

And meanwhile, not half a mile away, Elsie's affianced lover, Philip Whyte, was conducting the weekly prayer-meeting at the schools, from which there he goes at last!

"I did not know it was so late," Elsie said, going up to the parsonage where winter or summer a small wood-fire was always burning. "How cold it has turned to-night, hasn't it?"

"That comes of staying out late in the heavy dew," Mrs. Winton replied, glad of some excuse for grumbling. "I shouldn't even be here if you haven't brought word. I must be about some candle-box for you when you go to bed."



"OLD MRS. WINTON SAT AT HER WINDOW."—See Page 64.





