

BRITISH WORKMAN



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LOST AND FOUND
 ON
DICK JONES, THE SAILOR.
 Dick Jones was the only son of a pious widow. He was self-willed, and well-nigh broke her heart by running away to sea. For years she never heard of him, for he gave way to dissipation and vice, and he never sent her even a single letter.

One night, as he paced the deck in his midnight watch, while the vessel went rushing onward through the deep, dark sea, solemn thoughts settled heavily around him. Here, and there, a star looked down upon him with watchful, reproving eye. He felt alone, in the presence of some mighty, mysterious Being. Early memories returned, the lessons of the Sabbath school, the plaintive toll of the church bell, the

voice of his mother, as seated on her knee, she taught him of the dear Saviour, who took the children to his breast, and blessed them.
 A few drops of rain, from a passing cloud, fell upon his head. In the excitement of the reverie, he gasped—
 "These are *her* tears! Yes! Just so they fell on my forehead, when she used to beseech me to forsake the foolish, and live,

and go in the way of understanding."
 These good impressions scarcely wore away during the brief remainder of the voyage. When he saw in dim outline, the hills of his country gleaming amid the clouds, a new joy took possession of his soul. And when his feet rested again on the solid earth, and he received his wages, his first thought was to hasten and share them with his mother and only sister, whom

he had so recklessly forsaken.
 "Will you come to my house, sir?" said a man upon the wharf, near him. "Good accommodations, sir, for sailor gentlemen. Everything, first cut and first cost."
 "Where is your house?"
 "Near by. Here, boy, take this fine young man's chest along. I'll show you the way, sir. The favourite boarding-house for all jolly, noble-spirited tars."



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RAIN OR NO RAIN.

In the little parish of Yellowdale the farmers had long been without a minister. One day Mr. Sarely visited the village, and was asked to stay over Sunday and preach...

Mr. Sharp was a man of consequence, and the younger and less knowing of his neighbours were quite taken with the idea. "That would be a minister worth having," they thought.

THE WIDOW'S SON. "Alfred!" "I am here, father," replied the son, coming quickly to the bedside, and bending over...

"If your mother here, Alfred," the father said, as his son, just verging upon manhood, stood near him. "She has left the room for a few minutes. No, my son, for I wish to speak to you alone."

Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay in, but the day the Stars were to go to Snow-hill it began to rain in good earnest. Sharp lost his visit; but his crops gained.

THE WIDOW'S SON; A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS. (Continued from page 103) He seemed bewildered at all this; he but dimly comprehended its meaning. But he was becoming more and more sobered by its meaning.

THE LATE FATHER MATTHEW. He carried out a noble mission, and the working class have had few better friends than this untiring and selfless advocate of temperance.

"By God's help, I will I O sir, I can never thank you enough for bringing me such a good minister."

"I will, I will, God being my helper," he replied, and he grasped my hand, and then returned to his seat.

A NEWHAWN FISHWIFE. This fishing population on the east coast of Scotland are a very primitive and unsophisticated race. From their habits of constantly intermarrying amongst themselves, their manners and customs have undergone little change for more than a century.

THE LATE FATHER MATTHEW. This celebrated apostle of temperance and benefactor of his country is now no more. He expired on Monday, the 8th day of December last, and his remains were interred in the Cemetery of the Botanic Gardens, in Cork, amid the tears of tens of thousands.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND. "You took me William, when a girl, unto your home and heart. Do be in all your after fate a fond and faithful part."

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MATTHEW TESTIMONIAL, MOUNT PATRICK, SEAN COBE.

march off to the nearest town, for the purpose of disposing of their burden while yet fresh. The money thus obtained, however, they do not account for to their husbands on their return.

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THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following admirable lines, by an American lady, were taken from a copy of a popular gazette in the United States. They had the happy effect of winning the hearts of every club or room, to which his own name was brought.

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A NOBLE TESTIMONY.

We have met with various striking instances of Sabbath-keeping families who have prospered in the world, and of Sabbath-breaking ones who have been brought down to poverty, but have never known a Sabbath fact told with such thrilling effect as the following. Edward Corderoy, Esq., a highly esteemed merchant in the metropolis, was called upon to address a meeting of several thousands of the men of London in Exeter Hall last February on the question of **SEXDAY REST**, and in the course of his telling remarks, which were listened to with the deepest interest, he said—

"I knew a man once, who honored the Sabbath day. He was the manager of large works for a Government contractor, and had to pay some hundreds of men on a Saturday night. I think it was at a time, when, by a change in the colliage, some temporary works were required in haste—(I was just a child then)—his employer told him he must work on the Sunday, and have his men in the yard. 'Sir,' replied he, 'I will work for you till twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, but I dare not work on the Sabbath. I have a higher master to serve.' 'George,' said the master, 'my back is not so broad as yours, but I will bear the blame.' His foreman told him, 'There is a day coming when each must give an account for himself,' and firmly but respectfully, he declined to work on the Sabbath.

"Yet that man was but a servant; he had a wife and six children; had he lost his situation, he had nothing but his character and his skill as a workman to sustain him. You would say—'O yes, he had far more, he had the blessing of the God of the Sabbath!'

"The Sabbath morning came—who that witnessed the sight ever could forget it! The men assembled and went to work under other orders than those they were accustomed to receive. This good man assembled his family—the Scriptures were read—prayer was offered; the frugal meal was despatched—suit then, father and mother, and the six children left the yard (or all walked on the premises) in the sight of the assembled workmen, and walked solemnly away to the House of God.

"I thank God that that working man was my FATHER. "The situation was not lost; the God-fearing workman was all the more honored and trusted because of his religious consistency. He closed the eyes of his employer when the friends of more prosperous times had nearly all forsaken him. The family my father served consisted of four brothers, the eldest of whom was buried with honors in Westminster Abbey—my father attended the funeral of the youngest in an ordinary grave-yard, and none were found to erect a tombstone.

"My friends, *reluctance of property* has been vouchsafed to my brothers and myself, I unhesitatingly attribute, under God, to that honored father's instruction and example, who would not break the commandment to 'Keep holy the Sabbath Day.'"

PERAMBULATING LIBRARY.

We have been much interested by hearing from a gentleman who recently travelled in Cumberland, of a happy looking old man who was wheeling along the high road a novel looking burden. On enquiry, it proved to be the *Perambulating Library*, the large box containing a supply of books which the messenger was taking from Malaga to Bolton New House. On depositing his burden, he would then have to take the books which had been in use at Bolton New House forward to another village, and so on for a series of villages, comprising in addition to the above, Irby, Torpethwaite, Bothal, Bolton Low House, Sandal, Bolton Gate, and Hildale. As some of our readers may wish to initiate this plan of diffusing good literature amongst the rural population, we have procured a copy of the Rules, from which we make a few extracts—

"The management shall be vested in a Committee, consisting of the Mayor, (Sir Wilfred Lawson, Bart.) the President, George Moore, Esq., London, the Vice-Presidents, the Treasurer, the Clergymen, and other Ministers of the district, &c.

"Each person on paying the annual subscription (which will be furnished with a list of the rules, &c., &c., also with a Member's Card.

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SELF-ELEVATED MEN.

GEORGE MOORE, ESQ.
We are anxious to impress upon the minds of the thousands of hard-working workmen who monthly peruse our pages, that it is one of the peculiar blessings of Great Britain, that there is perhaps no one, however humble his position in life, who may not, by industry and perseverance, under God's blessing, *exalt himself* in society.

No nation in the world can boast of such a noble array of Peers, Barons, Knights, Magistrates, Merchant and Manufacturing Princes, who have sprung from the industrial ranks of life.
We have much pleasure in reading with an earnest desire for self-improvement and the wise employment of their leisure hours, we purpose giving, occasionally, portraits, with brief notices of well-known characters, who, although by the Divine blessing upon their industry, are now ranking amongst the wealthy of the land, are not ashamed to speak of their early days.

We have much pleasure in commencing these notices with the portrait of George Moore, Esq., one of the Merchant Princes of the City of London, partner in the celebrated firm of Messrs. Copeslake, Moore, and Crompton, of 11, Abchurch Lane. At a recent festive gathering of the

encouragement which he has afforded to our laborers by the circulation of many thousands of copies of the *British Workman*, and by presenting Yearly Parts* for the railway waiting-rooms on the various lines of railway in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Northumberland. In Ragged Schools, and Reformatories for Criminals, Mr. Moore now takes an active part, and we pray that his life may be long spared to do other philanthropic enterprises.



no **OUR READERS**

We take the earliest opportunity of thanking our numerous friends and correspondents for the earnest response which they have so very unanimously given to our appeal for new subscribers. It is with feelings of gratitude that we announce the pleasing fact of having commenced the New Year with a circulation of eighty-four thousand copies. We indulge the hope that another three months of continued effort will realize the required 100,000.

Amongst the various excellent plans for extending the circulation, we have felt peculiar pleasure in the very successful one adopted by a few ladies in Middlesex. Some months ago, they gave away a copy of each *ctogone* in the village, promising to call again for the names of subscribers. About one hundred agreed to take copies monthly, and the ladies cheerfully undertook to deliver these themselves. The monthly visits have afforded many pleasing opportunities for conversation with the wives and families of the working classes. The subscribers have gradually increased, and we have now a letter before us from one of the ladies, in which she says,

"I am glad to state that we have now the pleasure of supplying about two hundred copies monthly, and that we have met with an interesting case of a reformer drunkard, whose change of life is owing to his perusal of the *British Workman*."

For such a testimony we desire to record our thanks to God. That he has been pleased to bless so feeble an instrumentality is our highest reward. Several other communications of a somewhat similar character we purpose noticing in our next, particularly the one from Mr. Jackson, of the Dunfermline and Charlestown Foundries.

WAYS OF HELPING US.

The following are effective modes of extending the circulation—

1. Getting bookshelves to expose copies for sale in their windows. (A large Show Bill for Bookellers may be had on application to the Publishers.)
2. Recommending Employers to present copies to their men, for two or three months, with the intention of inducing them to purchase the future numbers for themselves.
3. Sending out specimen copies to your friends in the Colonies, and requesting them to promote the circulation.

How to secure Monthly Packets of the BRITISH WORKMAN delivered at your own door, post free.

Packets of the *British Workman* will be forwarded to every part of the United Kingdom, *post free*, according to the following scale, the amount being paid in advance by post office order, (or if under 10s., in postage stamps) to the Publishers, Messrs. FAIRBRIDGE AND CO., 34, PATERNOSTER Row, London.

Packets of	£ s. d.
4 copies for 1/4 Or for one year 0 4 0	0 4 0
" " 0 8 0	0 8 0
16 " " 1 4 "	0 16 0
24 " " 2 0 "	1 4 0
32 " " 2 8 "	2 2 0
40 " " 3 4 "	2 0 0
48 " " 4 0 "	2 8 0

* Fewer than 4 copies cannot be sent at this rate post free.



NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
We are again compelled to postpone the insertion of several Notices.



George Moore

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOL, the chairman, Sir Edward Buteux, Esq., says—

"Mr. George Moore, the treasurer of this society, is an eminent example of the qualities by which wealth is obtained, and of the virtues in the exercise of which it should be spent. He may well be proud of having been the architect of his own fortune. When he came to London he was but a twenty-year-old, and was without a friend. At the age of twenty-two he became a traveller for an eminent firm in the lace trade. His zeal and his abilities founded his reputation. That reputation led on to fortune. He became partner in that great firm which he has since so conscientiously advanced. Well has he since used his advantages, by doing all the good in his power, in promoting charities for the relief of distress and for the education of the young. He has thrown his whole heart and soul into services of that nature with as much ardour as if he were again building up a fortune for his own children."

"Mr. Moore was a Cumberland youth, and we rejoice to find that he takes a special interest in the diffusion of pure literature amongst the working classes of his native County. He established the *Perambulating Library* in the place of his birth, and he is now originating—

A BOOK-HAWKING SOCIETY
FOR CUMBERLAND.
We have to acknowledge with thanks the

ANY YOU NOT surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion, but if you had there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

WHEN we fancy otherwise, it may only be because we know our circumstances, but do not know theirs.

LORD BROSSE, in speaking of his life, said, 'I once attempted to enumerate the happy days I had lived, which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy, and I could not make them count more than eleven, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen.'