

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.



"Here, Master, let me have threepen'orth of those cherries, will you?"



THE HIGHLAND KEEPER'S COTTAGE. FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

HIGHLAND KEEPER'S COTTAGE.

THOSE of our readers who are striving to improve themselves in DRAWING, will thank us for giving them the above engraving, from Mr. Taylor's much-admired painting.

THE SONG OF THE "SEVEN-DAY" CABMAN.

Is a pitiless, pelting storm,
On his box a cabman sat;
The snow lay thick on his coat all worn,
And dripped from his napless hat;
As he sat by a closed church door,
In a voice neither sweet nor strong,
He sang, with a feeling well known to the poor,
The "seven-day" cabman's song—

'Drive, drive, drive,
In sunshine, frost and rain,
Ever to labour, yet never to thrive,
The brand of the outcast Cain;
Dinner, and church, and play,
Bail, and rout, and ball,
Till life and health are worn away,
And never a rest at all.

"The charms of 'My ain fieselle'
Are blessings denied to me,
And I scarcely know if my children grow,
For their faces I seldom see.
The tools of my trade I seem
To hold with such constant grip,
That during my short repose I dream
I am grasping the reins and whip.

"A stomach that needs no meal,
And limbs that need no fire,
A heart that knows not how to feel,
And limbs that can never tire:
Such are the gifts I want
For a 'seven-day' cabman's race,
Besides the power in chains to dance,
Or with death in my soul to smite.

"My six days' roam of toil
I'd cheerfully work my best,
Nor grumble nor grow at my troubles while,
If I had but the Sabbath for rest,
Dejected, and ready to sink,
One way of escape I see—
The thoughts that I think, can be banished by drink,
And that is a blessing for me.

"If I change but a trifling moe,
To pay for the Sabbath I lose,
With scorn I am ordered away from the door,
And threatened if I refuse.
Let those who believe themselves good,
Consider before they condemn;
If they think so little of robbing their God,
Can they wonder if I rob them?"

"Ladies in caps to church
Each Sabbath-day will roll,
Nor seem to care, if I drive them there,
What fine ladies my son will
And all their worship, too,
In the church of their choices must be,
While the sound of a rattle, and sight of the
wells,
With a *traet*, is enough for me.

"One day I peeped within
A holy house of prayer,
But the beads assumed me that this was a sin,
And said I'd no business there."
"Tis true I was scanty and sad,
With my heart in a pitiful state,
But I thought that God's house was a house for
As well as the noble and great. [The poor,
In Sabbaths I have no part,
My part in my soul I doubt;
A tempest is raging within my heart
That rivals the storm without,
For it's drive, drive, drive,
Till labour shall stop my breath,
Body and mind alike diseased,
And both at the door of death.

"Oh Christians, when will your eyes
Be opened to see my need?
You revel in Gospel luxuries,
While I am an a-wanting bread.

"This is a fact, and can be verified.

In the pitiless, pelting storm
Yet still that cabman sat;
While he shook the snow from his coat all worn,
And polished his napless hat,
His ear caught the closing peal,
(And he thought of his rival there),
But it brought to his soul no soothing balm,
For his mind's sore no inward cure,
And he shivered in mate despair.

J. R. GRAY.

[Formerly a London Cabman; now Missionary to the Colmen of Edinburgh.]

See the above verses published as a four-page tract, and may be had through all booksellers. Price 1s. 6d. per 100.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

THE driver of a cart had failed, after harsh and cruel treatment of his horse, to mount the hill leading from Willis's Rooms to Piccadilly. He then got out of his cart, turned the horse round, gagging him cruelly by the bit, kicking his legs, and bending his head.

A gentleman, remarkable by his title, as well as in character, witnessing the savage treatment, checked the driver's violence, and requested permission to try what he could effect in managing the horse. The gentleman quietly took the bridle-rein, turned the horse, *putted him*, and treated him kindly. The horse took to his collar *honestly and firmly*, and without stopping, easily dragged the load up the hill—and the applause of the by-standers.

Dr. J. B. DUNNELL witnessed the case, and related the gentleman in his kind and humane exertions.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

If men have been termed *pilgrims*, and life a journey, then we may add that the Christian pilgrim far surpasses all others, in the following particulars:—in the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller when he has finished his course.—*Colton.*

MANY who find the day too long, think life is too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitution, and their estates.—*Colton.*

THAT which is won ill never wears well, for there is a curse attendant, it which will waste it, and the same corrupt disposition which inclines men to sinful ways of getting will incline them to like sinful ways of spending.

THE WEEKLY REST-DAY.

THE Sundays of man's life,
Threaten'd glorious on Time's string,
Mice uncles to rob the wife of gold,
Of the eternal joys to come;
On Mondays heaven's door stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful as dove,
More plentiful than hope.
Thus sung the heavenly-minded George Herbert on his death-bed, on the last Lord's-day he spent in this world.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY.

SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P., deserves the warm thanks of the lovers of the dumb creation for the good he has done by offering prizes at the Surrey Agricultural Show, for the best donkeys. A friend writes us, "The proposed prizes have made quite a stir amongst the donkey owners in Croydon. The poor asses are getting such grand suppers of thistles as they never got before!" We hope that Mr. Gurney's good example will be followed in every county in the land. Those who are in-



terested in improving the condition of the poor oppressed ass, are recommended to lead a copy of C. E. B.'s attractive little narrative of "Dick and his Donkey," to the owners and drivers of donkeys.

* Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. By C. E. B. Illustrated. 3s. W. Partridge. Price 2s. Post free.

THE WEEKLY REST-DAY.

"More than half of the tradesmen of London, with their assistants have no day of rest!" This statement, made by the Rev. Canon Champney, is a sad one, but we fear it is no exaggeration. We rejoice, therefore, to find that the "Sunday Rest Association" is at work, and has had 8000 large placards, with the following inscription, extensively posted on the walls of the metropolis.

FAIR PLAY.
PLEASE
NOT TO SHOP
ON
SUNDAYS.
"The Gentleman has his Sunday to himself, and the Mechanic, and WHY NOT the MECHANIC—BOTH and the TRADESMAN?"
[Minutes of Evidence taken by a Committee of the House of Commons, 1847.]

Those who desire to further the objects of this Association, are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec., The Rev. A. Jones, 8, Parliament Street, London, S.W.

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