



THE HALT (OR THE "TRAVELLER'S REST"), Engraved, by permission, from the painting by I. F. HERRING, Esq.

ENGRAVED BY BIRCH & BOWLES, CLARENCEWAY, LONDON.



The Landlord of the "Grapes" emptying the casks and demolishing the bottles in his cellar.

Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and heke the bottles into the torrens of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succour who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of many independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a respectable man, and an 'honest publican,' I knew that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—death of many of those careless drinkers, who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they' bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I have been in erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures' I talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to neglect their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bounding brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a pious Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a Stand by I am holier than thou! In my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions and my sin is ever before me.—PSALM li. 2, 3.

SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

ONE Lord's-day afternoon, the late Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, receiving some of his letters to be drowsy, as soon as he had read his text, he struck his hand three times against the side of the pulpit, calling out, "What! asleep already! I am often afraid I should preach you asleep; but the fault cannot be mine to-day, for I have not yet begun!"

THE WIFE AT HOME.

"Oh, Jane, Jane!" exclaimed a mother, who was the wife of a working-man, as she stood at a neighbour's door, "you know I was out 'charring' yesterday, and earned a shilling, which was a little help to my husband's wages, but what do you think? while I was out, some of the children broke my new eightpenny pitcher, and they either scolded or melted nearly a whole quarter of a pound of butter, and I had nothing but dry bread for my supper."

"Well, now," replied her neighbour (who was one of the wise mothers who would not go out to work), "I am truly sorry — your shilling is more than lost. It has long been my opinion, and here is a proof of it, that a wife and mother should be a keeper at home."

HOME MANNERS.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eye than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge freely in the warm and glowing, emotional, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, every-body, and every thing that is lovely; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be a studied object of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts, and ardent affections. Bind your family together by those strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, and love to man. Dr. Hall.



THE MOTHER AT HOME.

Fault-finding—There is a disposition observable in some to view unfavourably everything that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to depreciate what they allow to be worthy in itself, by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too low in your manners; you are too frugal or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn or too free in your speech; and so of the rest. Now, guard against this tendency. Nothing will more conduce to your uncomplaisableness than living in the neighbourhood of ill-nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in this unworthy science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy; a child can deface and destroy; dullness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can carve and find fault; and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudices, and envy, with a handle of reproach.—W. Jay.

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In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me. They vows are upon me, O God: I will render praise unto thee.—PSALM lvi. 11, 12.