



"MY ACCOUNT WITH HER MAJESTY." DRAWN BY J. D. WATSON.

REPRODUCED BY ENRIE & DANIEL, CLARENCE-CLOVE, LONDON.





OUR TREAT AT STOCK TAKING.

It was once staying in a populous town, in Kent, when the conversation with my host and hostess was about treats to workpeople. "As the matter is generally managed," said my friend, (an extensive draper) "the young people employed are not benefited. I know places where the custom is to give a supper and wines of different sorts, and the result that follows are intemperance, and quarrels, leading to loss of situation, partings in anger, and many painful things that make the annual treat anything but a benefit, either to employers or employed; for I hold it as a sound maxim that whoever injures the true prosperity of the employed, also injures the employer. Their interests are identical."

"Then you do not give a supper, and a merry-making when your stock-taking is over?" said "No," replied Mr. W., "we give a treat of another kind. To every one of our assistants, including the apprentices, we give a book. A large list of good works is made out and given to them, for them to select from, and on the evening that the books are presented, we have a comfortable social gathering, and a friendly talk over the year that has closed, and the prospects of that which has opened; and although there is no wine on our table, and no expensive luxuries, we are all very merry, and the bonds of friendly intercourse are drawn closer; while the books given are not only valuable and interesting in themselves, but they are keener, and in future years will remind our young friends of the day."

I thought the plan a good one, and when I shortly afterwards saw a young man who served three apprenticeship, and lived some years after, in the employ of my friend, leave to take a share in the business of a relation, he took with him few handsome volumes as the permanent records of the stock-taking treat, and the friendship of his employers. I thought how forcibly in after life, they would remind him of the superiority of mental over mere feasting table pleasures, pleasures that merely gratify the senses (happy if they did) but often leave a rankling thorn behind, that produces irritation and annoyance of every kind."

My many a young apprentice who reads this, put a high value on the present of a book, and preserve it as a treasure in after life, they would remind him of the young man should desire to possess—a library.

"For books are men of higher stature, For future times to bear." C. L. S.



MR. JOHNSON, ADDRESSING A CROWD IN THE "NEW CUT."

WHAT A COMMERCIAL MAN DOES.

HAVE you ever seen Lameth New Cut on a Sunday morning? It is a sad sight! Thousands and tens of thousands crowd in and the adjoining streets. It is a regular fair. Shops are open just as on Saturday, the only difference is that there is five-fold more buying and selling going on than on the morning of that day! Several self-denying men go forth every Monday-day morning, and endeavour to do good amongst the crowds who 'know no Sabbath.' Perhaps none has been more zealous in this service than Mr. Johnson, a Commercial Traveller.

His mode of gathering round him, and attentively listen to his instructions. As a pleasing proof that his visits are appreciated, his auditory, in clothing many 'natives' have subscribed for, and presented him with a handsome mahogany stand from which he now addresses the crowd. The stand is portable, so that Mr. Johnson can fold it up in a few seconds, and carrying it under his arm, quickly pass from one part of the 'Cut' to another.



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

This Penny Monthly Periodical is now issued in an enlarged form, with numerous and costly Illustrations. The YEARLY VOLUMES, 1861, 1862, and 1863, with 100 Illustrations in each, by Gilbert, Weir, Foster, Ansell, &c. may be had. It is stiff covers, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; Gilt edges, 2s. 6d. each.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PENNSYLVANIA WORKING PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION.—We are glad to find that this Society is doing much good amongst the classes for whose benefit it has been instituted. Although in its infancy, the number of Members already amount to 762; each of whom receives a copy of the British Workman monthly. Any person desiring to become a Member, or to have his name entered on the list, by sending a similar illustration, may obtain particulars from Mr. Simpson, the Hon. Sec., Sandey's Production, Manchester, on sending him a stamped and addressed envelope.

ACQUITS AND SONS on the British Workman. W. Williams, 11, Paternoster Row, &c. May be had through any Music-seller. Mr. S. Moore of Birmingham, the composer, has sent us a copy of this piece of music. Although we regret that we do not observe all the kind and complimentary words of the poem, we are glad to state that the music has been pronounced "very good."

THE PUBLISHER will forward packets of the 'British Workman' to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, Shetland and Orkney Isles, France, or Belgium, upon payment, as under:— 8 copies for 4s., or for one year 4s. MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE. 4 copies for 2s. 6d. (not to be sent to any part of the Continent without a guarantee.) Addressed to SAMUEL W. PARTRIDGE, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITION. This gratifying success of the Surrey Working Men's Industrial Exhibition (got up by Mr. Murray) has induced the working men of other districts to inquire "Cannot we have an Exhibition?" Already "North London" is moving, and it is contemplated the working men of other districts to inquire "Cannot we have an Exhibition?" Already "North London" is moving, and it is contemplated the working men of other districts to inquire "Cannot we have an Exhibition?"



W. ROBERTS AND HIS MODEL OF WORKING MEN'S COTTAGES.



WILLIAM THOMAS PARTING WITH HIS BABY'S HOOD.

THE BABY'S HOOD. (Continued from previous page.)

was noticed, that whenever William met an infant child better dressed than usual, he would rush instantly to the public-house, and act like a madman. And, often in his dreams he saw one of the most pretty and innocent of all sights—a baby in a little white hood, that dream was to him, the bitterest torment. But, in the mercy of God, a change was to come, and a blessed William, "Drunk with judgement—in drink in aid," "Do without strong drink altogether. Away with it entirely." Such words were at last heeded. He listened, and he sprang up in his bed, "Drink has been my tyrant many a year. It found me happy, and it has made me miserable. I found me a man, and it has made me a demon. I'll try sobriety!" He passed. He would have said, "God helping me," for he told me afterwards, he thought those words, but he trembled to utter them. He had used his Maker's name so profanely, that he dared not take it upon his lips. But he who made the heart knows his thoughts.

From that time William Thomas became a new creature. He lost his self-confidence, and instead of saying as he had once, "I know I can drink and not be a drunkard," he now said, "Lord help me to avoid the very appearance of evil." A year passed, and Oh, the wondrous change! William had gone courting once again. He had sought his wife, and they were re-united. Ourselves were in a happy home, and not only was there the blessing of his own friends, but he had found another home—in the House of God. He can say, as on the Sabbath he takes his seat there, that he had true wife by his side—

"Here would I had a settled wife, With others as she comes; No more a stranger, or a guest, But like a child at home."

William Thomas is now in the third year of his new life. He is a prosperous man—respected by his neighbours, and earnest to win others to the plan, which, by the blessing of God, has so benefited him.

A DUEL PREVENTED.

Two young soldiers, not finding a convenient place in the barracks in which he was quartered, went one night, when dark, into an adjoining field, for the purpose of secret devotion. Two men belonging to the same regiment, in whose breasts enmity had long subsisted against each other, were resolved to end it, as they said, by a battle that night, being prevented from going, during the day, by the fear of punishment. They were led by Providence to the same part of the field where the young man was engaged in his secret exercises. They were surprised at hearing, as they thought, a voice in the field at that time of night; and much more so, when they drew nearer and heard a man at prayer. They were blessing the prayer had such an effect on both, as to turn their enmity into love. They were drawn to each other by the hand, and cordially confessed that there existed no longer, in their hearts, hatred to each other.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to THY WORD. PSALM cxxxix. 9.

LOUIS BONAPARTE ON WAR.

"I HAVE been an enthusiastic and joyful as any one after victory; yet I confess that even then the sight of a field of battle not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick. And now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing on life as quietly as possible, but in striving, on the contrary, to destroy each other, as though time itself did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think, that war, and the pain of death which society draws upon itself, had not crumpled barbarians, an inheritance of the savage state."

FIFTY THE POOR DOGS.

DURING the hot months, much suffering amongst the poor dogs might be prevented, if persons would do what the benevolent Mr. Burton of Fleet Street did; that is, keeping a supply of water in a small trough or bucket, from which the canine travellers can "lap" as they pass by.

WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITION. This gratifying success of the Surrey Working Men's Industrial Exhibition (got up by Mr. Murray) has induced the working men of other districts to inquire "Cannot we have an Exhibition?" Already "North London" is moving, and it is contemplated the working men of other districts to inquire "Cannot we have an Exhibition?"

"I'M NOT DRY"

ROBERT SMART, Esq., of the Royal Hospital for Consumption, City Road, writes us as follows:— Some evenings ago, as I was proceeding along the Liverpool Road, I overtook a working man with his basket of books, apparently returning home from his daily toil. At the same moment he was recognised by a fellow-worker on the opposite side of the road, when a dialogue ensued to the following effect:— "Tom, my boy, how are you? Why I haven't seen you this age." "Thank'ee, Jack, I'm quite hearty, and hope you are the same. How's misses and the young ones?" "Jack—(Crossing over)—"All right and tight. And now, what will you have?" "Tom—'Have I I don't want anything." "Jack—'Nonsense! Come along, and have a drop of something to drink." "Tom—'Drink! I don't want to drink; I'm not dry." "Jack—'No dry, I stuff and nonsense! you're only joking your fun at me." "Tom—'Not dry, indeed, Jack, I quit serious; and see no fun in drinking when a chap's not dry, and, therefore, with you good night!" I wish that many thousands of our working men would have the nerve to follow Tom's example.

"Trust in God.—The faithful servants of God may be assured that he will not cast them off in old age, nor forsake them when their strength fails them. He is a Master that doth not cast off old servants."