

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.



CARLETTA AND THE MERCHANT.

Illustrated by John Gilbert.

few days after, poor Oscar was discovered by some fishermen, cold and stiff, near that rock on which were found the shattered remains of John Williams. Some spoke of blind instinct, and some of delirium; but such were the facts, and it is not for us to speculate on cases.

Oscar was carried home to the old steading, and buried in the garden beneath a plot of flowers which had been planted and tended by the hand of his late friend and companion.

These incidents which assumed form several years ago, are here thrown into narrative, and dedicated to the general and mainly defender of dogs—the biographer of "Rab," with whose memorable counsel conclude—

"Every family should have a dog," says Dr. Brown, when speaking of his Toby and Wylie, and Dick, and all the rest; "if it like having a perpetual baby, it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. All mice upon Dick. And then he tells no lies, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late to breakfast, or coming in by the Chubb too early to loaf for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so much; and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."—*W. G. H.*

* We are sorry to take any exception to the words of the generous-hearted Dr. Brown, but we protest against "kicking him instead of some one else, who would not take it so much; and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."—*W. G. H.*

Dignity of Labour.
Wines Lyander brought presents to Cyrus, the prince connected his illustrious guest through his garden. Lyander struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of trees planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable, the beauty and the glowing variety of flowers exclaiming onward throughout the delightful scene. "Everything charms and transports me in this place," said Lyander to Cyrus; "what strikes me most is the exquisite taste of the person who drew the plan of these gardens." Cyrus replied, "I drew the plan and entirely marked it out. Many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands." Lyander, with astonishment, "It is possible that, with those purple robes and sparkling ornaments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered, it is possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?"

"Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you that, when my health permits, I never sit down by my table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other wholesome employment, in which I apply myself with pleasure."

There is a dignity and a health-giving power in labour which the noble and the wealthy do well, like Cyrus, to secure for themselves.

ONIONS AND RENT.
THERE are two cottagers living in an English village under the same landlord, charged the same rent, and each having a small garden. One

of them spends his evenings in cultivating his garden, whilst the other wastes his in smoking and tipping. The former always has his rent ready for his landlord; the latter is invariably behindhand and in debt. The former is a cheerful man, the latter is a grumbler. Passing by the two cottages, we stopped to admire a fine set of dogs of various breeds—"rent free," and having something to say for the poor, as well as leave a "nest-egg" in the Savings' Bank, for "rainy days" and old age.

MY PRAYER.
LET me not die before I have done for Thee My earthly work, whatever it may be. Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled. Let me not leave my space of ground unutilised! Impress this truth upon me—that not one Can do my portion that I leave undone; For each one in thy vineyard hath a spot To labour in for life, and weary not; They give me strength all faithfully to toil; Converting barren earth to fruitful soil. I long to be an instrument of good; To gather worshippers unto thy shrine; To be the means, one human soul to save From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave. Yet most I want a spirit of content To work where or when I wish my labour spent, Whether at home or in a stranger clime, In days of joy, or sorrow's sterner time. I want a spirit passive to the will, And by thy power, to do thy holy will. And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise, "Before a new home both my soul surprise, Let me accomplish some great work for Thee," Subdue it, Lord! to my petition here, "O! make me useful in this world of thine, In ways according to thy will, not mine." Let me not leave my space of ground unutilised: Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled; Let me not die before I've done for Thee My earthly work, whatever it may be.

A CONVERTED COACHMAN.
COACHMEN have many opportunities of doing good. As a class, they are exposed to many temptations, but we rejoice in the belief, that not a few humble and earnest-hearted Christian men are to be found on the boxes of the carriages and broughams which traverse the weathered portions of our great cities and towns. In an admirable tract just issued by that worthy author, MRS. BAYLY, she gives an interesting account of one of the experienced meetings in the Fusteries, at which a coachman rose and said— "It used to be a very true saying, 'Who was a diamond in me, it was religion that gave it polish'; if there was gold, it was unfit for the Master's use till religion had purified and refined it in heaven's own mine. All that I am I owe to religion. 'By the grace of God, I am what I am!' 'Who would not desire to possess the powers, the piety, the usefulness, the respect and honour, the favour and love, both of God and man, enjoyed by the late John Angel James? True religion can do as much for you as it did for him.' 'Godliness is profitable unto all things.'"

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THE RECLAIMED COACHMAN AND HIS ADJUTOR.
THE labours of Mrs. Bayly and Miss Adeline Cooper, are, by God's blessing, tending to reconvert the "lost" man. "The Christian aspect of the Temperance Question." Price 3d.



"OLD OSCAR," THE FAITHFUL DOG.



OLD YACOOB.

TRAVELLERS to Jerusalem, who have visited the Hospital in that celebrated city, have been much pleased with the smiling face and kind manners of "Old Yacoub," one of the attendants. The example of his kind-hearted man, is worthy of imitation by every hospital attendant and nurse. He always has a smile and a kind word for the patients, thereby doing much to lighten their sufferings and hasten their recovery. The importance of cheerfulness of spirits being manifested by hospital attendants towards the patients cannot be too strongly enforced. We have reason to believe that our paper finds its way into many sick wards, and we trust that this honorable mention of a humble resident in the "Holy City" will not be forgotten by the attendants and nurses. In the Hebrew and Arabic languages, "Jacob" is pronounced as if written "Yacoub."

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.
THE late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was a striking illustration of the truth, that "godliness is profitable unto all things."

Addressing the young on one occasion he said, "I owe all that I am now as a minister, all that I now possess of this world's good things, and all that I hope for in heaven, to religion."

"I was a poor, unknown boy, an apprentice in a clothier's shop, and in that humble and comparatively useless situation, in all probability I should have lived and died, but for religion. If religion has done all for me; I must be what I am, given me what I possess here, and here for in the future world. One evening as I was standing in the shop-door with my apron on, I saw my people moving on to the village chapel. The lady of the day was over. I turned into the shop, and asked leave of my master to go, and he said, 'Go.' Rolling my apron round me, off I started. But it was the 'time of love.' The bow drawn at a venture, flew its arrow into my heart, and he who went thither to sport, remained to pray; came back crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' And that 'man of God,' the late lay reverend and ever-to-be lamented Sir John, was he who shot that arrow. "If there was a diamond in me, it was religion that gave it polish; if there was gold, it was unfit for the Master's use till religion had purified and refined it in heaven's own mine. All that I am I owe to religion. 'By the grace of God, I am what I am!' 'Who would not desire to possess the powers, the piety, the usefulness, the respect and honour, the favour and love, both of God and man, enjoyed by the late John Angel James? True religion can do as much for you as it did for him.' 'Godliness is profitable unto all things.'"

Notice.—All the back numbers of the "British Workman" may now be had through any Bookseller or Newsagent.

Homeily Hints on Household Management. By Mrs. Clara Lusk. Sold by all Booksellers.

precipite. It was Oscar! His name was called—loudly and favourably reiterated, but he heeded not. There he sat, looking eagerly, fixedly downwards. Alas! the tale was too certain, too sad were these forebodings. Overpowered, the old man sank to the ground, and was carried home, muttering, amid expressions of deep sorrow and anguish, "My poor ladie! my poor ladie! and Oscar 'w' him tas?" John Williams had gone out an-ersing with Oscar, as he had often done before. He had missed his footing, and fallen a height of more than two hundred feet. Dead, dashed in pieces on the jagged edges of the precipice, the fragments of his body were scattered on the level rocks below like a shower of dotted blood. Nestling! How is it that year after year it counts its victims? Is there, after all, such a charm in the possession of a few wildfowl eggs? It is not in the prize, but there is a fascination, wild and strong, in scaling the dizzy heights, in creeping along the slatereed shelves, and peering into those mysterious crevices, familiar only to the marrot and the weaver. Ay, and there is a fascination in telling of adventures and hairbreadth escapes, the very thought of which makes one's blood grow cold. Brave natures cannot resist it, led on by a love of danger and daring which most possess in some degree, and which well-trained and rightly directed, forms one of the noblest elements in man.

By the assistance of a boat the mangled remains of the hapless youth were gathered up, and carried by sorrowing friends to that home he had "left so late," full of life and hope. There, on that cold eminence, through the long watching night, sat his faithful companion, eagerly watching, his ears bent downwards, his eyes transfixed. Nor would he stir from that place till the morning company moved on, and then he followed at a distance, stopping at intervals and looking back, with that long, melancholy whistle which the traveller hears at midnight, and, somehow, quickens his step homewards. "It is only a dog," you say. True; but that "dumb bray," as you call him, knows he has lost a friend, and felt the separation. Could as much be said of some who flutter in their fashionable morning's?

Covering and trembling, Oscar entered the house and croaked into that corner beneath the old oak table he had so often shared in other days with one now lost for ever. He refused to eat or mind any one, and spurned all entreaties to leave his couch. But our story is soon told. One morning Oscar's place was vacant. No one saw him leave it, no one knew whether he had gone; and it vain was he sought among his former haunts.



"THE PROCEEDS OF THESE WORLD ALMOST PAY THE YEAR'S RENT."