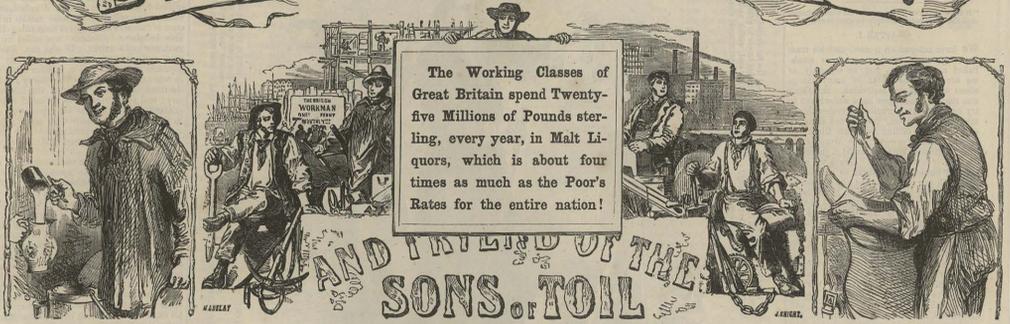


BRITISH WORKMAN



The Working Classes of Great Britain spend Twenty-five Millions of Pounds sterling, every year, in Malt Liquors, which is about four times as much as the Poor's Rates for the entire nation!

AND FRIENDS OF THE
SONS OF TOIL

No. 31, July 1st, 1857.]

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co.; MESSRS. CASH; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON.

PRICE ONE PENNY.
Post free for 12 months, 2s.

"Strike at the Real Cause, Doctor."
A WEALTHY invalid, who was far too fond of the bottle, sent one day for his physician, and after detailing him some time with a minute description of his pains, aches, and nervous affections, summed up with these words,—
"Now Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish

you to strike at the real cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it?"
"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.
"Now then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments;—banish the 'bottle,' and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."
Working Men! here's a lesson for you, and for me.

For many years past, statesmen, politicians, and reformers of every grade have been trying to improve our social, moral, and religious position. Notwithstanding much has been done, yet it is a melancholy fact that new prisons and new workhouses are always being built, or old ones enlarged, and it is also true, that the inmates of these huge buildings are chiefly supplied from our ranks, and that through our drinking habits. Acts of Parliament are very good things in their place, but like the doctor's pills and draughts they will

not do much to raise our morals, if we do not strike a blow at the 'bottle.'
"Who would be true, Himself must strike the blow."
Follow working men! let us strike the blow earnestly instead of spending twenty-five millions a year as we now do in Public Houses, Gin Palaces, and Beer Shops, let us act wisely and take this immense rich mine of wealth to our own homes. A WORKING MAN.



"Now then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments;—banish the bottle, and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

THE WIDOW'S SON;

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONS. (Continued from page 119.)

As soon as Alfred left the house, Mr. R. sought his daughter's room, which she had retired with a trembling heart, to await the result of an interview, the meaning of which she well knew.

"Florence, my child," he said, seating himself by her side, and taking her trembling hand within his own, "since your mother's death, have you ever felt for a single moment that she ever loved you, and care for your happiness with a constant care?"

"No, dear father," she replied, looking up into his face while the tears came to her eyes. "Why do you ask me that?"

"I am glad you had trembled within his still more," he said, "I see that you are conscious of the subject upon which I am going to converse with you. In speaking of it to each other, then, let us lay aside all reserve. Tell me, then, in the beginning, do you feel an affection for Mr. Lennox?"

"I cannot deny it, father." "How long have you felt this sentiment, Florence?" "It has been growing upon me for some time," replied the blushing maiden, "but so insensibly that I hardly dared to acknowledge it to myself, until he made to me a declaration of the love he bore me."

"What reply did you make him?" "Mr. R.—a quick interjection. "I never loved him, father, of course."

"Without acknowledging a kindred sentiment."

"By words, father." "Mr. R.—paused a few moments, and then resumed: "Suppose, my dear, that I were to object to your marriage with him, do you think that you could weigh, rationally, my reasons for my objection?"

"I do not know, father," Florence said, leaning her head upon her arm, as she looked at her face with her hands, and gave way to an involuntary gust of tears.

"I am heart of Mr. R. was moved. He knew the power of the sentiment that it was too evident had been formed in her heart. He knew the affectionate nature of his child, and was conscious, that if once her love were called out and placed upon its throne, she would be capable of happiness, it might be of hope. Under this feeling he hardly knew how to proceed to act. After a long alacety, as the agitation of Florence's mind began to subside, he said—

"You are aware, my child, that in many instances, we see only the appearance of truth around us. That is often far from the judge of a man's real character. That—"

"Dear father, speak plainly," Florence said, looking up earnestly into her father's face, "surely you cannot mean that Mr. Lennox is not a man of good character?"

"Perhaps that would be too strong a term, Florence. Still, to speak out plainly, I think that you would be happy as the wife of Alfred Lennox."

"O father! what do you say so? I am sure I feel all that you express to me." "My dear child, I appreciate your feelings; but do you not think, that as a man with my years and experience, I ought to be able to judge of another man's true character, much better than you do?"

"I certainly do, father." "And are you not willing to repose some confidence in my judgment?" "Have I not always confided in it?" "You have, Florence, and I trust are still willing to confide in it, especially in a matter of so much moment."

"Yes," "You are often together and seem to be intimate."

"My father, I could not have believed it." "And worse than all this, he would certainly run the fearful risk of a drunkard's life."

"Not after having witnessed the heart-aching grief of my aunt Anna," was the reply of Florence.

"I am glad you have alluded to your aunt," Mr. R. said, "she was warned by me, as I am now warning you. Was she my youngest sister, and the favourite of us all; but

was unwilling to confide in my judgment in a matter where her affections were concerned. I knew the man who addressed her to be addicted to the vice of immoderate drinking, and I warned her not to marry him. But she would not heed me; but went so far as to tell him what I had alleged against him, thus making him my bitter enemy. I need not tell you the result in her case."

(To be continued.)

THE PEDLAR AT BALMORAL.

BY THE REV. J. W. WILSON.

A GREAT drunkard in the Highlands of Inverness-shire was led to attend a lecture on temperance. He was induced to become a member of a temperance society. For months the craving of his appetite for strong drink was excessive, but true to his resolution, he set his face like a flint against every temptation. The marsh of his heart being thus drained of one poison, he next received the seed of the word into his soil. It was hid there until quickened by the sun of righteousness, and nourished by the rains and dew of the Spirit, when it brought forth fruit in Christian life and character.

For lordship will exact more—I cannot drink the Queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water. —Light and get the best of his reasons. "My lord," said Donald, "I was a drunkard. I became an abstainer, and I trust by God's grace I have become

of such strong temptations, could maintain his principles with integrity and honour. Donald left rejoicing to think that he had been enabled to "drink" to the glory of God.

THE USE OF A PENNY. What could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny? I answer at once. Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trousers-straips, and sell them for twopeny. But another proposition—"What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny? I have known boy's caps made out of the narrow scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter with a bit of wood—a tinner with a bit of solder—a fannemaker with a piece of paper, and a bit of wood—a designer with a black-lead pencil

and a sheet of paper—a glazier with a bit of glass—a needlewoman with a needle and thread—a gardener with a small basket of seed and a square yard of ground—a tinker with a little colour and a piece of cast-board—indeed, anybody with anything resolved upon making a beginning may do it.

Many will say, that, had they a few pounds, they feel that they could do something. "To be sure," says a sage—light and get the best of his reasons. "Do not let life slip away in opportunity, you are laying the want of opportunity."

From "How a Penny makes a Thousand Pounds."



BALMORAL CASTLE.

out as a pedlar. In the course of his peregrinations, he found himself at Balmoral, and thinking that if he could get the patronage of the Queen it would help him greatly, he resolved to make the attempt.

There was something in his look and manner which at once commended him to the favour of some of the household officials, who had in his power to put him under the notice of the Earl of Carlisle, then attending the Court as a minister of state.

The noble earl, with his usual frankness and goodness of heart, sympathized with Donald, and promised to recommend his case to the Queen. When her Majesty came to know it, Donald was commended to appear in the Royal presence, and met with a most gracious reception. Not only did the Queen purchase his wares, but gave him permission to wear the royal arms as the Queen's Pedlar, and sent Donald away with a lighter heart and a heavier purse than when he had entered the royal chamber.

On leaving, the Earl of Carlisle took him to his room, and there Donald was presented with a glass of wine with which to drink the Queen's health. Looking at it, he felt at first a kind of trembling, but then, lifting his heart in prayer to Divine aid, he said—

"Your lordship will excuse me—I cannot drink the Queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water. —Light and get the best of his reasons. "My lord," said Donald, "I was a drunkard. I became an abstainer, and I trust by God's grace I have become

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A carpenter with a bit of wood—a tinner with a bit of solder—a fannemaker with a piece of paper, and a bit of wood—a designer with a black-lead pencil and a sheet of paper—a glazier with a bit of glass—a needlewoman with a needle and thread—a gardener with a small basket of seed and a square yard of ground—a tinker with a little colour and a piece of cast-board—indeed, anybody with anything resolved upon making a beginning may do it.

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THE NURSEY CARPET; or, A HINT TO MOTHERS.

This baby, now nearly four months old, lay kicking and crowing on a clean coloured quilt or nursery carpet, which was one of Anne's household treasures, and a treasure to which her babies were mainly indebted for their strong, healthy limbs. This carpet deserves a mention, and as it is within every one's reach to procure, it may not be out of place to describe it to you here. First of all, Anne had sewed together two or three wide, stout grey calicos, and formed thereof a bag of about two yards square. This bag she had filled with oat-straw, as they are usually called, obtained for a few pence of the corn dealers, and forming a tolerably easy mattress for the purpose. The patchwork quilt was of old dresses of various colours and dates, and had all harm and bumps, or bumps, or tumbles, the children of Mrs. Wright had passed many an hour in idleness. They had none of them those sad bent legs, so commonly seen among the children of the poor, and as commonly to be traced to bad nursing. Her children did not seem to walk very young, for the good reason that they were never tempted to do so, until they were strong enough to bear their own weight; but when they had taught themselves, and become outrageous enough to leave

the chair by which they manifested the art, every one confessed that they stepped nobly and firmly along, and did their self teaching child. Now, believe me, this nursery carpet is worth your trying. If a child is none the better, let it be a poor, weak, or delicate, for the constant heat of the lap or the nurse's arm. The enjoyment with which it will first kick and then crawl on the mattress, will soon convince you that you are right in your experiment, that your baby, at a very early age, like liberty. Of course you will watch that it does not feel neglected or alone; a word or two, a smile, a little song may be required, to tell it a little one that you do not forget it, and when it shows symptoms of restlessness, it should at once be taken up; but I believe, in most cases, we do too much with our babies—we do not cherish them enough, and are too anxious to keep them constantly excited and alive. German nurses and mothers are great examples in this respect; they teach their little ones that which we too often disturb—habits of tranquillity and patience. Even an infant needs rest for its newly awakened faculties.—From "Caring Homes," one of the HOUSEHOLD TRACTS, published by Jarrold and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

* This is one of the very best series of Tracts we have ever seen. Ed. D. W.

Column for Widives.

HINTS

FOR THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

By one who has lived amongst them.

CHAPTER II.

DO NOT SWEAT AT THE PLOUGH TURN. BEYOND SWEATING IS AN IDLE TRADE.

There are golden rules, and ought to be printed in large letters over our mantelpieces, and to be read by every man, woman, and child, in all things.

You have a proper time fixed for rising, a proper time for work, for meals, for retiring to rest at night, and oh! I trust also, for thinking in your families, the Great and Merciful Giver, all His blessings you enjoy.

Just picture to yourself a woman who has trifled away the first precious hours of the morning. Her children are late for school, she is late for her work, her time is irretrievable. To make up for lost time, she scolds, and hurries, and bustles; her house is in confusion, the husband's breakfast, his dinner all uncomfortable, not half cooked; words arise, anger and strife rule the place of affection and peace. Oh! my dear good friends, if I were to write a hundred pages on the subject, I could not say enough, and perhaps a few correct words with God's blessing, may suffice. Do every thing in the best manner, and you will never waste time, are very rarely to be hurried, they go steadily forward, and ve. such

Things are never done properly, they are done in a careless, hurried manner, we remember and set down for a truth, that in early morning hours are the most valuable for household work. Then as to the second rule of putting things into their proper places. This in reality forms a part of character, and is a sign of wisdom, who can be neat without it? Just think of a woman going to sit down to rest, and losing at least half an hour in the morning, in the search for a needle, she finds perhaps a reel of cotton all dirty in a bread tin, pins and needles half rusty, scattered about in drawers. Her things are nowhere to be found. Her scissors broken by the children, who had no business to play with such dangerous things as these. Now how much time she would have saved, by having a neat, orderly, and well kept up a box of some kind, or even a bag, to contain these several little articles together, in some proper place, and so save her time and pain. Many, many sad accidents have occurred through want of care in restoring things to their proper places, and so many lives lost through it.

You will know how fond little children are of tasting things they see lying about, and how their little unwary footstep, stumble about in dangerous places, and in mercy to their helplessness, try to order it!

Among many instances of the accidents caused, I can give you the case of a poor little creature, falling into a cauldron of scalding water, left in the way by its heedless, though nevertheless, very loving mother. Just fancy her feelings! All medicines, turpentine, liniment, and other remedies should be very carefully put out of all reach of children; who, also, as soon as possible, should be taught not to meddle!

ON SECRET PRAYER. "But then, when thus thy prayer, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, enter to thy Father which is in secret, and he will see thee in secret shall reward thee openly."

St. Matt. vi. 6.

Go with pure mind and feeling, Sing earnestly though thy heart be sore, And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee, All who are loved by thee; Pray for them, and let them late thee, If any such there be.

Then for thyself in meekness, A blessing humbly claim, And link with each petition, Thy best Redeemer's name.

Oh, if 'tis e'er denied thee, Be not distressed, nor grieve; Should holy thoughts come o'er thee, When friends are round thy way;

Even then the silent breathing Of thy spirit raised above, Will witness to thy Father which is in secret, Who is my friend, and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing, With this I can compare, The power that He has given us, To pour out souls in prayer.

THE SABBATH—THE WORKING MAN'S BONN.

He that hath never prized the boon aright
Let him sit down and pierce to himself
A land without a Sabbath. Stalwart men
Would be no more, all would deteriorate.
The race would divide: the robust and strong
Would sicken, and the mad be multiplied.
Worse men would fill the senate and the exchange,
Worse women would fill the parlour, nursery,
Worse children fill the playground and the school.
Books would be little read, and men would grow
Base and emburied. Commerce would decline,
The wheel of business would stand still; and yet;
Few public worshippers would then be found,
And fewer private ones. Men would lose faith
In God, in one another, in themselves.

Morals would loosen, public conscience droop,
The bands that bind society would slack;
All would grow lawless, brutal, wicked. Men
Would rather live to get than get to live,
And who would reach his threescore years and ten?
And for woman's virtue then; alas
For man's high honour. Influence would be
Demoralised, and intellect befogged.
The labourer would be a tame animal
To sad incessant toil. The artisan
Would be defrauded of one-seventh his time,
For he never says the son would earn no more
Than did his sire in six.

From "Upward and Onward," by S. W. Partridge.



"DIG A WELL."

It is related that a disciple of Mohammed came to him one day, and said, "Oh, prophet, my mother is dead; what is the best I can do to honor for her good?" The prophet replied "Water—Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty." The man did so, and said "This well is for my mother."

The idea was an excellent one. Not that the well could do the mother any good; but in that thing, desert land, it would be the best monument for her that could be erected; it would answer the twofold purpose of perpetuating her remembrance, and of giving water to the weary and parched travellers. Thus "Jacob's Well," for so long a time, has not only reminded pilgrims of the patriarch, but refreshed them with water. The world is a spiritual desert. But there is a Fountain from which every soul may quench its thirst. Our Saviour said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me." This is the fountain; and they who labour to bring souls to Christ, "dig a well." The founders of the Bible and Tract Societies, for example, in this sense, "dug a well." Thousands drink, are instructed, and saved. Still, the supply of water might be greater, if the well were deepened. Every contribution to the funds helps to deepen the well.

Would you perpetuate the remembrance of a dear departed mother? "Dig a well." In her name set apart a fund for the advancement of the Saviour's Kingdom.

Do you wish some educating monument of a dear departed child? "Dig a well." Set apart, for the spread of the gospel, that which would have been devoted to her that is thus, than in rearing costly monuments of marble.

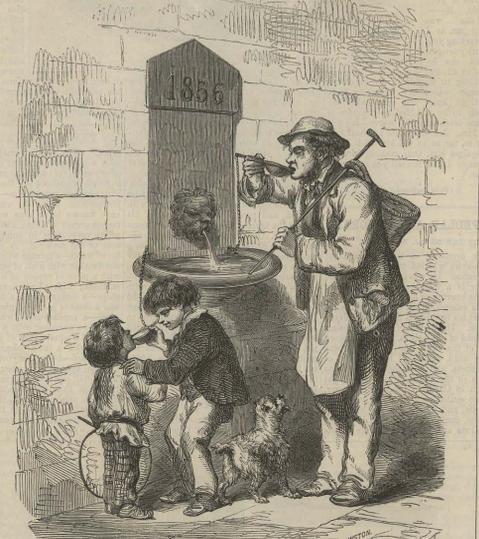
Would you rear a monument to your own memory? "Dig a well." Paul, and Howard, and Henry Martyn, and Harlan Page, each "dug a well." They are Artesian wells. We trust many good men and women are now digging their wells. They are laying up for themselves enduring riches; building lofty monuments which time will never crumble.

Do you wish a fountain to slake your own thirst? "Dig a well." The person who digs a well, not only supplies others, but also supplies himself. It is an order of Providence that Christian beneficence shall react for the good of him who exercises it. "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." This is the very figure we have been using. It is God's idea. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." Facts seem to confirm these scriptures. A striking instance has just been reported. A gentleman in 1853, gave £20 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; in 1856, he gave £22,700; in 1858, £28,600; and for 1856, he proposed to give a much larger sum. When asked how his charities increased so largely, he replied, "The more I give, the more I get." Reader! forget not the motto, "Dig a well."

SUNDAY TRAILS.

In a letter headed "Flander by Railway Companies' Servants," by Mr. John Beag, of the Lochmarg Royal Distillery, in the Times of 4th April, 1857, after detailing the losses to which he has been subject by the dishonesty of the employes on various railways and steam boats, he says:—"I may mention that Sunday seems to be the most convenient day chosen by these people for committing their depredations. At one time I could never send a cask by the line (if not over Sunday) but it was sure to be brashed. I make a point now to avoid sending whiskey to be out over Sunday."

Can it excite surprise that these who employ servants on the understanding that they are to break the Fourth commandment, should find those servants guilty of a breach of the eighth?



One of the Liverpool Drinking Fountains, from a sketch by Mr. W. Stubbs.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we call attention to the following extract from the Liverpool Year Book. "One of the most spirit and practical efforts ever made to increase our local sanitary appliances has emanated from a private individual, Mr. C. P. Melly, of this town. Since March, 1854, Mr. Melly has erected at his own cost numerous drinking fountains, in different parts of the town, which afford a constant supply of pure and refreshing water to the thirsty wayfarer. The first fountain was erected on 31st March, 1854, at the south end of Prince's Dock; it was of polished Aberdeen granite. In the course of the same year six small cast-iron fountains were erected along the north end of the dock property. The cost of these latter was, to a certain degree, refunded by the Town Council, who promised to erect several more, and to maintain a good supply of water to all. In neither respect did they fulfil their promises; and, in the commencement of the past year (1855), Mr. Melly, despairing of seeing the number of fountains increased by the Town Council, and finding from statistics that their usefulness far exceeded his most sanguine ex-

pectations, again commenced erecting some new ones at his own expense. Mr. McDonnell, of Aberdeen, seconded him, by offering to furnish polished granite fountains, according to Mr. Melly's design, at prime cost, without profit to himself; and we have the pleasure to announce that fourteen polished drinking fountains have been erected in the course of the year. Each fountain has two galvanized iron lutes attached by eight chains to the wall on each side, and is ornamented with a handsome bronze head of lion, boy, sailor, or other design, furnished by Messinger and Sons, of Birmingham. On the 6th and 7th July, the number drinking at different fountains along the south end of the docks exceeded Two thousand five hundred persons per day at each." We are glad to learn that Birkenhead and Runcorn are following the good example of Liverpool, and we trust that in London and many other places, gentlemen will be found with hearts as large and purses as heavy as Mr. Melly's, by whom WATER FOR THE POOR will be provided by means of these public Drinking Fountains.

WATER! GIVE US WATER!

Who can pass along the crowded streets of London, during the hot summer months, without feeling sympathy for the poor dumb animals? Their parched tongues and panting bodies, speak as plainly as suffering nature can do, "we want water—give us water."

When we reflect upon the service rendered to society by the brute creation, it but a slight return to us to give them a refreshing draught of water.

We rejoice in the fact, that during the sultry days of summer, for many years past, a tub, with a constant supply of water for the poor dogs, has been placed under the window of Burton's confectionary shop, adjoining to St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. All honour to the kindhearted individual by whose consideration such an excellent provision is made for the dumb, even in one of the most crowded streets of London.

We hope that the law is not far distant when good and drinking troughs will be found, not only on the village greens, but in all parts of our busy towns and cities. It is indeed a heart-rending fact, that the poor cattle and sheep which are driven to the various markets in our land, are frequently tied up in the pens for six, eight, ten, or twelve hours at a time, without having a single drop of water. God has said, "Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb;" and on behalf of these poor unfeeling creatures, that have to be slain for our food, we would cry aloud, "Water—give us Water!"



A TAME STORK.

A GENTLEMAN at Carshalton, in Surrey, has a stork, which, through kind treatment, has become so very tame that the bird never seems so happy as when in the society of the labourers who are employed on the farm, or in following the ploughman up and down the field.

During the haytime last year, the mowers had scarcely taken a stroke with their scythes, before the stork was at their heels, and he never left them until their work was done.

When the men were at dinner he would refresh himself by taking a short sleep, standing on one leg, in which posture not only storks but other birds usually go to rest.

CHARITY.

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her vision seems the weakness of a child;
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her heart's breast;
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however stung and ta'd,
And if, perhaps, made angry, soon appeas'd;
She rather waits than will dispute her right,
And, injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight.

Christian charity is a great enlarger of means.

A NOBLE SIGHT.

A FEW weeks ago, the parish of Islington, in London, was placarded with bills, intimating a series of week-night services in the old church, specially for WORKING MEN. The well-known names of the Revs. J. C. Ryan, Robt. Maguire, J. C. Miller, C. J. Goodhart, J. B. Owen, and the Dean of Carlisle were announced as the ministers. At the foot of the placard were these words:—"The body of the Church will be reserved for Working Men and their families. Come in your working dress."

"Will they come?" was asked by a faint-hearted one. "I cannot think that they will on a week-night."

"Yes," responded a friend, "there is no class of men in England more susceptible of kindness than working-men, and such a disinterested effort for their welfare as this, will be sure to be appreciated by them. The result proved the truth of this remark; night after night the smock frocks and fustian jackets crowded the noble edifice, and many were able to gain even standing room."

A few Sabbath evenings after the above, a series of services were commenced in Exeter Hall for the working classes. "What said the Scriptures?" The vast assemblage listened with the deepest attention, and during some portion of the prelate's discourse, we saw the tears tracing each other down many a weather-beaten cheek.

It was a noble sight! No seats were reserved, but it were open alike for peasant and poor. On one side of the Bidoop sat a poorly clad old man with his red cotton neckerchief, whilst on the opposite side were the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Hon. Arthur Kimdair. England waits none of this kindling of the various classes; or as the dying Judge Talford so emphatically expressed in Synagogue, "We are all brethren, we therefore hail all such efforts as the above, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon them."

