

BRITISH WORKMAN



Robert's House before it was repaired.

Robert's House after it was repaired.

No. 40, APRIL 1st, 1858.]

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE POOR MAN'S HOUSE REPAIRED.

BY A WORKING MAN'S WIFE.

For fifteen years of my married life I was as miserable as any woman could be. Our house was the picture of wretchedness externally, and it looked still more wretched within. The windows were patched, the walls shattered, the furniture defaced and broken, and everything was going to ruin.

It had not always been so; for, once my home was happy, and I used to take much pleasure and some pride in hearing the neighbours say, "How neat and trim neighbour N——'s house always looks!" But they could not say so long. One thing after another changed. Our table was no longer spread with comfortable food, or surrounded with cheerful faces; but there were scanty meals, sour looks, and loud and angry words; while, do the best I could, I was not able to conceal the sadness of my own and my children's

clothing. My husband is a mechanic; his employment is good, and he might have made his family as happy as possible, had he not begun the habit of drinking. He thought it did him good; I knew it did not, for I found him every day more and more unkind. Our comforts, one by one, were stripped away, till at last I saw myself the wife of a confirmed drunkard.

I well remember one evening I was sitting by the fire, mending my poor boy's tattered jacket. My heart was very sad. I had been thinking of the happy

evenings I had spent with my husband before our marriage; of the few pleasant years that succeeded; of the misery that then came; of the misery yet to come; and for me there seemed no ray of hope or comfort. My husband was a terror to his family, and a nuisance to the neighbourhood; my children were idle, ragged, and disobedient; myself a heart-broken wife and wretched mother. While I thought of all this I could no longer retain my composure, but, dropping my work, I leaned my head upon my hand and



"Who can describe the joy with which I have welcomed Robert home and read to him whilst he enjoyed his evening meal?"

WHAT BECAME OF NOAH'S CARPENTERS?

"Many will say as we do in this story, 'Look! how many workmen were employed in building the ark! I presume upon them, I never saw any more, and I feel much as if I were a workman of iniquity.'"



It was a late hour at night. The city of New York, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of these rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the water side to a beautiful villa, where one was a resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings of which, the people of New York, and the students of—colleges, mutually shared. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, an impatient lad, of whom he will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian laborers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depot of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quiet, but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry; "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters." "Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best-proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What! do you not think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waves?"

"No doubt," said Henry, in a half-timid, half-titling manner, "perhaps I should have got on the rudder?"

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love.

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day after day, in building an ark in New York, by which many I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruit of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will be by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

We reached the house and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding school in —. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above, had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of wide-spread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive, of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

Sabbath-school children, who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

Teachers in Bible-classes and Sabbath-schools, who point their pupils to the Lamb

of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide-posts that tell the road, but are not travellers on it; or like Noah's carpenters, who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

Careless parents, who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters, and must expect their doom.

Printers, editors, folders, and binders, engaged in making Bibles and religious books; booksellers and publishers of religious newspapers, who are doing much to increase the knowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but so many of whom who are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing that, while their toils have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack-men that carried a load to market without tending it, or like Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which they never sailed.

Worshipful and liberal, but unconverted men, who help to build churches, and sustain the institutions of the gospel, but who "will not come unto Christ that they may have life," are heaving the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think they will be safe on the "rudder," but they may find, too late, that when they would ride they must swim—that when they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds, unmingled with faith, as a millstone about their necks.

Moralists who attend church and support the ministry, but who do not receive into their hearts the truths they thus sustain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Perhaps the reader will be encouraged by this narrative to speak a word in season to some of these ark builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged. "These things ought they to have done." The danger is, that the great thing will be left undone. Run, speak to that young man. Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that "getting on the rudder" is vain, and all other human devices for salvation are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the ark is open, that it is safe, that it will save him. The dove and the olive-branch are in the ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it. Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But, if ignored or neglected, when once the door is shut, they can only that in the ark will "remain alive." Who can advise that

norm? Who can buffet those waves? Who will survive that deluge?

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a CASTAWAY."—1 Cor. ix. 27.

REV. L. S. COOK, New York.

THE GOSPEL A GUNPOWDER.

There is perhaps, no part of the world which at the present moment presents such a pleasing spectacle of the power of the gospel as New Zealand. The Missionaries of the cross, have, by God's blessing on their self-denying labours, been the means of transforming the moral aspect of that stronghold of cannibalism.

Sometimes ago, the Rev. T. S. Grace, one of the valued laborers of the Church Missionary Society, when about to land at Pukawa, Taupo, was honoured with a hearty welcome as Queen Victoria received from her loyal subjects. Mr. Grace writes—"They struck up a song which, unknown to us, they had prepared for the occasion. While this was singing, the canoes moved on in a stately manner to the land, until the notes of their song were lost in the shouts of welcome which reached from the shore. We landed, and after our little European company had bent their knees at the water's brink to return thanks to God, we all assembled for native morning service and special prayer."

Mr. Grace gives a remarkable testimony to the honesty of the New Zealanders, he says—"Before I bid farewell to our journey, I must pay a tribute to the honesty of the natives. During all the time they were with us, though temptations were strong, though many packages had to be opened on the way, though not

more than a couple of cases had locks on, though our baggage was scattered on the different parts of the road for twenty or more miles at a time, yet we never missed a single article. One or two matters were lost in the river, but that was accidental. And at this moment, my two stores on and near the coast, are in the hands of strange natives, and could be stolen, especially by any one. In making provision for a station, I confessed to have made one mistake, and that is in procuring locks."

From New Zealand let the mind turn to the mission work on the Sabbath, except in cases of real necessity. It deserves to be made more generally known that such numbered 10,000 and upwards are Sabbath-keeping camps, they having only six-day licences. Canoes numbered under 10,000 have seven-day licences.

A CRY FROM THE CABMEN.

ONE of the London cab proprietors has pasted the following printed notice in all his cabs:

The Cabmen of London appeal to the Christian and benevolent British public, to emancipate them from SABBATH SLAVERY, by not requiring their services on the Sabbath.

There are about twelve thousand poor cabmen and omnibus men in London, who have "no Sabbath!" Cannot something be done for these Sabbath-less ones? Reader! do your part, by never employing them on the Sabbath, except in cases of real necessity.

It deserves to be made more generally known that such numbered 10,000 and upwards are Sabbath-keeping camps, they having only six-day licences. Canoes numbered under 10,000 have seven-day licences.

the natives rather than the gospel. The fearful ream has been told in floods of infamy and blood. Oh, that whilst England mourns over the past, she may now be faithful to her solemn trust, and give to the teeming millions of India that Goan, which proclaims "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."



HINTS FROM HELPERS. No. 4.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Liverpool:—

"I have obtained eight new subscribers amongst the men and apprentices in the manufactory wherein I am employed. I have also put in operation a suggestion which, if adopted by the readers generally of the 'British Workman,' will increase the circulation to a great extent, viz., to present copies to LONDON-YOUTHFULS for the use of their lodgers."

EST. WITH 400 engravings. A complete Edition of the British Workman may be had, bound in plain cloth, price 4s. 6d. Crispin cloth and gilt edges, price 5s. The three Yearly Parts may also be had separately in paper covers, price Eightpence.



THE LANDING OF THE REV. T. S. GRACE AT PUKAWA, TAUPU, NEW ZEALAND.