



PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES

WINDSOR CASTLE

FREDERIKSBERG CASTLE







"We certainly are not in circumstances to drink; you generally, but when we have our friends to see us, we must of course do our best, and put some thing on the table for them to drink health and prosperity to me in; and these beautiful decanters and glasses will look so neat and genteel. So I call them useful."

"It's a foolish custom, Harriet."

"Ah, well, but it's a custom, and we can't look strange, and be different to everyone. Everyone, with any pretence to gentility, brings out a little wine, and we must do so, my dear."

William was not convinced, but he yielded; for a young husband would scarcely depart the wishes of his bride about household management at the very beginning of married life. They both knew that very great economy would be needed in order to live respectably and honestly. Mr. Trimple was a clerk in a commercial house in the City, but with a small salary. His wife was an orphan who had inherited a small legacy by the death of a widowed mother—that little sum had furnished their petty house, and given them a clear start in the world. The connexions of both were in what is called good circumstances. Harriet's mother had possessed a life annuity that enabled her to live in comfort, and out of which the legacy had been saved, the rest of her personal property had gone to a married son in the north of England, to whom the young couple had been making their wedding trip.

William was one of a large family, the youngest of which were all engaged in public offices, or commercial pursuits, and though none had a large income, yet while they lived together, a very good household and a large circle of acquaintances had been kept up. Neither William nor Harriet were quite aware that they must begin in rather a different way of life in the city which they had moved, and that a more rigorous economy would be required of them.

"HE WON'T STAND PEAKING."

One day I was being shown through the great Salfaire Mills, near Bradford, when I observed a man passing a piece of Alpaca cloth over rollers, which enabled him to detect any flaws by the reflection of the light from the window. "What is he doing?" I inquired. "Oh, he is 'peaking' or examining the cloth. You see he has just found a bad place, and he will deduct something for it from the girl's pay. You see, sir, when the cloth is held up to the light, it shows what wasn't seen before! When a man's character isn't what I should be, sir, we say of him, 'He won't stand peaking!'"

Ah, thought I, here is a lesson for both me and my readers. Let us search and pray that our conduct, both public and private, be such as will stand the light—it will bear "peaking."

USCUL JONES.

Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins.—Ps. xix. 12.



THE WEDDING-PRESENT.

"What a beautiful pair of cut-glass decanters, and a dozen wine-glasses to match! How very kind of Cousin Mary to give us such a pretty and useful present. William," said Harriet Trimple to her husband, as they took possession of their neat little house at Camden Town, a fortnight after their marriage, and were busy unpacking their presents.

"Yes, indeed," she added, putting the sparkling crystal on the table, "they are very good and pretty."

"Not very useful, though, to us," said Mr. Trimple.

"Why, I don't see that," replied the young wife,

out pretty strong,—hope they may be able to keep 'em."

Then, of course, there were invitations in return, and a round of visits, which had not half been paid, when William's scruples about drinking, and wishes not to begin with wine, all vanished, and he was as ready as his wife to say, "We must do as others do."

Let us look at this young couple two years after their first party. It is long-remembered, there is the sound of wheels in the quiet street, a cab stops at the door, and the bell is pulled vigorously. As soon as the street-door opens, the cab driver, who is a young man, who cannot stand, and with the aid of the young woman at the door, he is pulled through the passage into the parlour, and

laid on the sofa. "My fare is five shillings, ma'am!" says the cabman. The pockets of the helpless drunkard are turned out, there is eighteen-pence found. The young woman seizes her own pocket, counts up some sixpences and coppers, routed out of her workbox and writing-desk; she is still a shilling short, and the cabman, by no means sober, begins to abuse her,—in a right, to stop his clamour she gives him a little silver pellicane, instead of a shilling, and hastens to shut out her torment. She has no sooner done this, than a voice from the staircase calls to her. "Mrs. Trimple, I give you notice, I cannot live in these lodgings of yours with all this dirtiness."

"Very well," says the poor faded woman, retreating to the parlour, where her husband is shouting her name, and her child just woken from its sleep, is shrieking with fright. To catch up the poor infant in her arms, to sit down by the side of her husband, and strive to quiet him, to check her own strong impulse of distress, and try to speak calmly while her heart is breaking; is a part and only a part of the miserable work of that and many similar nights.

Yes, that coarse man, sprawling and cursing on the sofa,—that pale woman, trembling and cowering in a half-stifed voice, are William and Harriet. The little parlour, once so neat, has become worn and shabby. They have had to take lodgers to eke out their means, and so they are crowded into the two little rooms, open



ing into each other, once so smart as a sitting-room. If Harriet's winter, and only a few feathers smoulder in the grate, his gown is torn, her feet in thin old satin slippers, she looks with despair at the mud that covers her husband's clothes. It is his only suit. How is it to be got ready for him to wear with any decency at his employment? How is she to get him to bed? As to thinking of going there herself, that is impossible.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch. You see men reeling in the streets, have you ever thought of the honours they make, of the wives who with aching hearts await their return? Have you ever thought of the strick, the wails, the blows, that the dreary night brings to scores of poor widows, who, but for her babies would be thankful to lie alone and die.

The wine, and the spirits, and the ale, and the company, have each and all had their part in raising the young couple. Their friends grow thin. One morning after such a night as that described, a note comes to tell him he is dismissed from his employment. Then poverty in all its rigour sets in. Where are the traces of friends who drank the health of the young couple at their house-warming. They are gone. They have passed as hollow and as brittle as the bright cut-glass decanters.—

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How grandly solemn is this arch of night!  
How wonderfully beautiful and vast!  
Crowded with worlds crowded in living light,  
Covered with the immeasurable past!  
With what a placid and effluent face  
The mild moon travels 'mid her golden lanes,  
And on the earth, asleep in night's embrace,  
Pours the soft lustre of her quiet smiles!  
Canst thou, oh God! who tremblest here with us,  
Doubt the Designer, seer at the design,  
Former now that all is of Thy wisdom, Thine,  
Fashioned by Thee, and governed by Thy law?  
I marvel at that being who can see  
In these, Thy mighty works, no evinces of Thee.  
Izic, Chester.



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AN APPEAL.

The following is a copy of a circular that has been left at the houses in the West-end of London. We hope that many friends will concur and warmly second the efforts of an important section of the working-classes who are striving to secure the books of the Sabbath.

THE JOINTED MEN AND PORTLETTERS for the last 12 months have been engaged in endeavouring to obtain one year's rest in peace. They have been on the average 15 hours per week, and quite one hour on Sunday. The Sunday work is quite unnecessary, there being so little for Public Markets on Sundays, the goods would be equally fresh and delivered on Monday. Last season 2000 applications were sent by post to retailers at the West-end. Meetings were held and several letters making known the journeying expenses were inserted in the Times and other newspapers. The result has been a very large reduction in the Sunday orders for Fish and Poultry. You are requested to purchase your provisions entirely from SUNDAY TOLLS, by giving strict orders for your Sunday's order to be delivered on Saturday. The 3rd of October makes the Queen. The Duke of Buckingham, the Countess of Warrington, and the Duchess of Devonshire, the Queen of the Year, and a great many others of the Nobility and Gentry have directed.

The Committee feel sure that if the agitation they have commenced can be sustained for a few weeks, their efforts will be crowned with success. They ask all who are interested in the cause of the Sabbath to be active in carrying out the agitation. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Trustees of the Sabbath School, No. 1, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

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