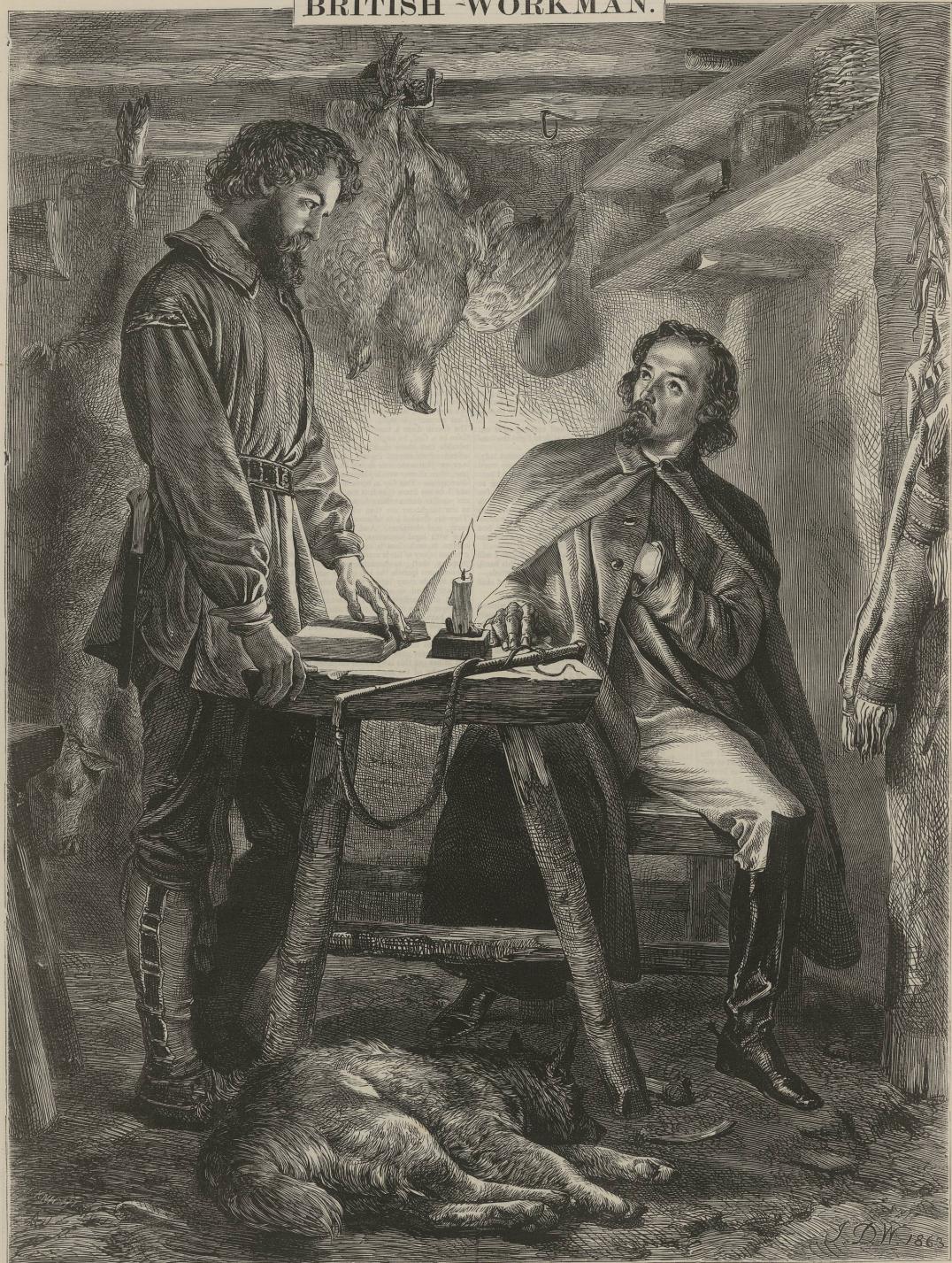


BRITISH WORKMAN.



THE ASTONISHED SCEPTIC, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE OLD BIBLE.

J.D.W. 1863

THE ASTONISHED INFIDEL, AND THE POWER OF THE OLD BIBLE.

A YOUNG BACHELOR, who was the Chairman of a noted Infidel Club, was once travelling, on horseback, through Kentucky, with his hand-bills of the value of twenty-five thousand pounds. When he came to a lonely forest, where robbers and banditti were said to be frequent, "I'll sleep here," thought he, "there's no danger." The darkness of night came quickly over him, and he had to escape from the imminent danger he knew not. He lay down on the earth, and slept on. At length he awoke, and, supping his horse forward, he at length came to a wretched-looking cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was away, but he would certainly give him shelter for the night. The gentleman tied up his horse, and entered the cabin, but with feelings which may be better imagined than described. He had lost all his money, and, perhaps, in the house of money, alone, and perhaps in the houses of those robbers whom death was a terror to the contrary.

In a dark corner of the room he sat, gazing, fatigued, at a deer-skin hunting shirt, a bear-skin cap, seemed much fatigued, and in a talkative mood. All his hold the infidel no good. He felt for his pistol in his pocket, and, as he did so, it dropped upon the floor. The infidel asked the stranger to return to bed, but he declined, saying that he would sit by the fire all night. The man, however, told him that he had lost his right arm, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fears grew.

At length the backwoodsman rose, and, reaching to a wooden shelf, he took down old book, and said,

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is not safe for me to sleep in a room where there is a gun before I go to bed."

What a change of countenance! Tom prodded him, avowing himself an infidel, he had now confidence in the Bible!

He felt safe, that the man who kept an old Bible in his possession, and read it, must be honest. Tom Evans was no religious man, but he had a simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as soundly as any man in his father's nest. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his own conversion, to prove the folly of infidelity.

THE POWER OF A BURNT BIBLE.

It was a dull winter's morning; the sky was leaden, the air was damp and cold, and the trees, now quite denuded of their summer clothing, shivered in the wind. All was silent, save the crackling of the fire, and the voices of Tom Evans' house. He had come down stairs noisy and sullen to breakfast. His wife had prepared the fire, and two little ones sat close and ate at the table, but Tom was one of them, and looked dull and discontented.

What was the matter with him? "Oh! nothing," he would have said, if you had asked him. But why? He had a wife, a kind and healthy wife, his healthy wife, his healthy children, and his business so far prospering as to give them all a comfortable living. Tom had even given up the idea of ever making him happy, but all would not do, for his wife died.

Breakfast was finished; the wife clasped things away, and turned to dress to go to school, and Tom took off his cloth, and sat himself cross-legged on the floor, and so, with his needle and thimble, for the day.

"How dark it is," he exclaimed, looking out to the window. "I wish I could get up to do what I used to do. What a small, dark window this is; I never was in such an uncomfortable house, and all this work to do, too."

"Ah, then," said Tom, "you're not the same, I suppose. I fancy she won't be able to get up again, that's all I've got to say for everything; for nothing that we have to do deserves it. I don't think, dear Tomas, that you will be disappointed in me. I have great many blessings which He has withheld from others."

"Don't talk to me of blessings, and the Bible, and such drivel. You know I don't believe in any of them."

Jane was silent; her countenance was pale. Tom was at his work. "Ah, then," said Tom, "you're not the same. Why, here she is, and I'm not the same, either. I'm civil to her; don't be rude, that's a good man."

A knock came to the door, Jane opened it, and Miss Laverton stood in and sat down. "Tom looked at her and said, "Good evening, Mrs. Laverton."

"I am going the round of my district," said Miss Laverton, "to look after the wants of people, and particularly to inquire whether they are well supplied with Bibles."

At the mention of Bibles Tom scowled, and Jane trembled, for she knew how her husband disliked them, and, indeed, she did.

No one spoke, so Miss Laverton said again: "How are you supplied with Bibles in your house, Mrs. Evans? I was just failing our answer, when her husband burst into the room again, and said, "I have no Bibles in our house; and I don't mean to have any either."

"The Bible all!" answered Miss Laverton. "Well, Tom, sorry to hear this; because no house can be really happy without the reading of God's book. But why is that, you have an objection to the Bible, Mrs. Evans? I have, indeed, no objection to any one's having it, and I am sure it has done a great deal of good."

"I say what I say," answered Tom. "I haven't a Bible in my house, and don't mean to have one."

"I am not going to insist upon it. Now, I will tell you what, Mr. Evans."

I don't want you to spend a penny upon what you don't like, but I will make you a present of one. There," said she, putting upon the table a nice little Bible, "I think it is a good one; and you will take it as a present from me, will you not?"

"Leave it or not as you please, ma'am," answered Tom; "I have said there shall not be a Bible in my house, and that's all I have to say."

"Well, but surely you'll let me have it?"

"Oh, yes, I leave it if you choose; but I leave you, too. As soon as you cross the threshold of this door, you will be a man of God, and you will be near the fire. I'm a man of my word, and I'll do it."

"Mr. Evans," said Miss Laverton, "you are calm as death, while his wife trembled with emotion. "I will hold you to your word," said she, "but I will let you have it."

Miss Laverton rose up and took her husband. She crossed the threshold, and closed the door. "I have a sort of worms in my soul, for the salvation of your soul!" And she uttered a silent prayer that he, in whose head is all the wisdom of the world, would be merciful to the poor infidel, and use his own words as his instruments.

Miss Laverton rose up and took her husband. She crossed the threshold, and closed the door. "I have a sort of worms in my soul, for the salvation of your soul!" And she uttered a silent prayer that he, in whose head is all the wisdom of the world, would be merciful to the poor infidel, and use his own words as his instruments.

Tom sat down again, and, leaning on the Bible, "There,"

he said, "hold it out at arm's length, "I am a man of my word; this book shall not stay in my house to trouble me."

A column of smoke curled up from the embers; then the flames caught it, and it blazed with a bright glare in the chimney. Jane went out of the room, silent, pale, and with a face full of tears. Tom followed her, a gust of wind roused it, and fanned about the burning leaves. The infidel stood over the fire till all appeared to be consumed, and then sat down to his work.

The infidel worked, and desired his wife to light the candle, then they sat over the fire together.

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"TOUCH HIM IF YOU DARE."

COMICAL DOGS.

In the life of that remarkable man, Samuel Drew, of Cornwall, an amusing account is given of two dogs belonging to his family. He states: "Our dairy was under attack by vermin; I had to turn into which the fowls found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered dust on the pans below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this a favorite cock of hers, who had the treacherous habit of peeping into the kitchen when she went into the dairy, followed by our little dog; and finding dust again on the milk-pans, she exclaimed, 'What! is the hen dead?' Not long after, she being with us in the laundry-field, was surprised to find the dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was drawn up to her knees in a fit of rage, and, in a fit of the hastily-uttered wish, and snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the dog a beating. The dog seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he saw his master, and, with a low growl, turned and ran off; she brandishing the stick, and saying in a loud and angry tone, 'I'll pay the cost for this hy-and-ly!' In the evening, when she told the master what had occurred, he said, 'Well, if you like to put her threat into execution, when she goes to bed, let me know, and I will bring the dog into the corner of the room, and the large dog standing over it. Endless fun would be had, I warrant you, by first driving off the large dog, to have thy plan carried out; but as I am not at all disposed to relinquish my post. She thought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fierce growl of the large one apparently struck her with such terror, that she evidently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was that she abandoned her design." From "Our Dumb Companions," by Rev. T. C. M.A.

THE EYES.

That fine part of our constitution, the eye, seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself; and at least it is the outward port to introduce us to the world, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and all the rest of those little orbs—Spectator.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes commanding; an eyes an eying eye makes beauty deformed—Addison.

Ton eyes of the lofty shall be humbled—ISAIAH v. 15.

A MODELL RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, which was in the van of railway enterprises—being established by George Stephenson, his son Robert, and Mr. Stephenson and Edward Pease—held its last meeting as an independent company recently at Darlington. It formed now only a section of the North-Eastern system. Mr. Pease, M.P., was nominated by the shareholders on their unexpected and gratifying position as a company. They had been in existence thirty-eight years, and had hitherto had a share in the profits of no less than 1,000,000,000 capital; they were now handing over to the North-Eastern 24,000,000.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

MATTHEW v. 16.

of spending his dinner-hours in the public-house, drinking and smoking with his shopmates, he employed himself in reading and improving his mind. He became fond of mathematics and geometry. One day his master sent him through the shop, when Tom was busy working out one of Euclid's problems, and his master, taking out his book and chalkboard, that he did not observe him. At length Mr. Shepherd, having heard a few words of conversation, and the affections sent for Tom into the counter-room, and offered to lend him books out of his library. Tom was truly grateful for this help. He rose, step by step, until he became a man of considerable eminence, and his former shopmates are amongst his working-men! May the Tom Burtons of our land be increased in number.

* Ton Burtons; or, the Better Way. By the Author of "A Working-man's Way in the world." Illustrations, &c. Partridge.

Sad End of a Soldier.
"One wintry mornin'," says an eyewitness, "when the bleak wind whistled along the road, the regiment paraded to see corporal punishment. Indeed, every eye was turned in pity on the poor delinquent," his offence was "desertion," "until the commanding officer, with his steaming lungs, cried out, 'Strip, Sir.' The soldier, who was so bitterly cold, that a mere exposure of his naked body was itself a severe punishment. The offender was tied, or rather bound, by the hands, his back, from intense cold and pain, and flogged, exhibiting a complete black-and-blue appearance. On the first lash, this poor fellow emitted several groans from his back, from the force of the blow. When taken down, he staggered, and fell to shivering. The poor man never looked up again: his prospects as a soldier were utterly destroyed; and so keenly did his degradation prey upon his spirits, that he at length shot himself in the breast-pocket."

HOW TOM BURTON GOT ON.

WHAT country in the world is there like Old England where working-men may get on if they will? The history of Tom Burton is a pleasing illustration. Instead

of a puddler's hint.
A PUPPLER'S HINT.
A PUPPLER writes us from Farnsall, as follows:—"I put about three table-spoonsfuls of oatmeal into three quarts of water, and keep it in a stone bottle, near me at my work. I shake it up when about to drink. It serves me and my boy during the day or night, as we may be at work, giving the men some oatmeal, and we procure a large tub and boil it over the fire. Some of our ironworks are badly supplied with water. It would be a means of keeping many men from the public-house, if masters would provide a good supply of pure water in this works."

THIN STORES.

A composure seen in New-Jersey leaves the following significant epigram:—Died of thin stores, January, 1839. If the truth were always spoken, there would be many epitaphs of that description.

THE BREAD LOAF.

THANK GOD, my friend, for a good bread loaf this winter. You are "in work," and can afford to eat well, I suppose; but remember that there are tens of thousands of your fellow-workmen who are "out of work," or on "short time." Not many p'nty them, but give a slice of bread to them. Hard times may come to you, live well, and if an accident income, and put a little into the Savings' Bank weekly. Again I say, "Thank God for a good bread loaf this winter, and give a slice to the poor!" UNCLE JOHN.

in a moment lay you aside. Live well, and if an accident comes, put a little into the Savings' Bank weekly. Again I say, "Thank God for a good bread loaf this winter, and give a slice to the poor!" UNCLE JOHN.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

LUKE VI. 27.

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

Our best thanks are due to the Committees of working-men, during the last year, who have laboured so energetically (without fee or reward) to extend the circulation of the "British Workman." We hope that they will continue their efforts, and that their example will be followed by others. We trust that the spirit of self-help among working-men (like the one at Burslem) would soon double our present circulation. Directions for forming Committees may be had on application, by letter, to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

(g) The Publisher will forward, packeted at the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, Ireland, or Orkney Isles, France, or Belgium, four rix, as under:—
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THE HEAVIEST TAXES.

The taxes are indeed heavy, said Dr. Franklin, when the *only* tax is that paid to us by the government were the *only* tax we had to pay, and the most easily discharged by some of us. We are taxed twice as much by the government, than times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from this taxes the commissioners cannot cause or deliver us, by allowing my abatement!

TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

We again express our warmest thanks to the friends who have contributed so much in extending our circulation, by enclosing in their letters copies of the "Suggestions" for improving the condition of the British Workman." If all our readers who carry on an extensive business, would lend a helping hand in this matter, our circulation would soon be doubled. There are thousands of working-men's houses in England, in which the master is never seen. A supply of the "Suggestions" may be had, post-free, on application, by letter, to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

(h) A Catalogue of ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, suitable for Working-men's Reading-rooms; Villages Libraries; New Year and Birthday Gifts; School Prizes, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp to SIR W. PARTRIDGE, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

THE SHEET ALMANAC.

A Friend writes:—"I have been much gratified by the result of visits that I have paid to Lodging-houses, and the homes of working-men, to ask the acceptance by the occupants of a 'British Workman's Almanac.' With

the few words (or lack) than I have taken in my pocket, I have fastened the Almanac on the walls. Warm have been the thanks that I have received.

I have written to the few lodgers (or lack) than I have taken in my pocket, I have fastened the Almanac on the walls. Warm have been the thanks that I have received.