

BRITISH WORKMAN



The Wounded Hound. Engraved, by special permission, from the celebrated Painting by R. Ansdell, Esq.

WHAT WILL IT COST?

That Sabbath Excursion cost too much. The last cost you dearly. It was so much as you could do, during the day, to banish painful thoughts from your mind. And when the guilty pleasure of the day was ended, and the twilight time was arrived—the still twilight of Sabbath eve—those thoughts rushed in, like a mighty flood, and quenched them. You thought of the bargain you made, and called yourself a fool for making it. You thought of earlier days, ere your heart had learned to sin so badly. You thought of mother, once the guide of your youthful steps, now an inheritor of the heavenly world. You thought that from her far-off home, she came to upbraid you, and to warn you of your danger. Ah! it was no wonder you thought that, excruciation cost you too much. It did cost too much. Take care, the tempter is coming again. Do not argue with him; do not listen to him for a moment. Sabbath-breaking costs more than it comes to, a thousand times over.

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Worth Remembering.

The Rev. Mr. McChesne, in writing to a youthful parishioner, uses the following language:—“You read your Bible regularly, of course; but do try and understand it, and still more to feel it. Read more parts than one at a time. For example, if you are reading Genesis read a Psalm also. Turn the Bible into prayer. Thus, if you are reading the first Psalm, spread the Bible on the chair before you, and kneel and pray. O Lord, give me the blessedness of the man that walketh uprightly. Let me not stand in the way of sinners.” Let me not sit in the seat of the scornful. This is the best way of learning the meaning of the Bible, and of learning to pray.” Search the Scriptures!

Sowing and Reaping.

Young man, stop! Your sinful course will bring you sorrow, and suffering. There is fearful truth in that text of Scripture, “Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Visit, if you can, the Lock Hospital, you will there see terrible proof of the truthfulness of this declaration. Men who once had strong and noble frames, are there gradually being eaten away with loathsome disease, as by a cancer,—reaping the fruits of their licentiousness.

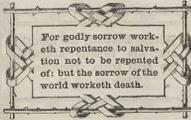
Swiss Custom.

It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys, and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instruments, “Praise the Lord.” This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsmen on the top sang, “Good night,” which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting-place.

Kindness.

“Can you manage your donkey, my man, without using a whip?” I inquired. “O no, my Niddy needs no whip. I feed him well and treat him kindly, so he gives me no trouble. He’s a singe, a Christian, sir!” He knows the houses where to call, as well as I do. He knows Saturday night too, as well as anybody, for he has no work to do on a Sunday; that’s his rest-day, as well as mine. If donkeys were rightly used, sir, they would rarely want a whip. Kind words and pats are much better than curses and blows any day!”

It is not hasty reading, but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bee’s touching of the flowers that gathers honey, but his abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most, that will prove the choicest, sweetest, wisest, and strongest Christian. Reader! initiate the little bee.



When Antignous heard some of his troops rather despondingly say, “How many are coming against us?” he asked, “But my soldiers, how many do you reckon me for?” Whenever we think of our foes, and then of the Captain of our salvation, we may truly say, “more are they that be with us than they that be with them.” Greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world. Chear up the great Captain of our salvation, and He never lost a battle.

A NOBLE CABMAN.

Not long before Mr. Williams’ second departure for the South Seas, he had been attending a public meeting a few miles from town; and being obliged to return that night, a fly had been ordered to take him home. The journey was rather long for so late an hour, he intended to have given the driver some extra remuneration. But to his great surprise, when he alighted at his door and inquired the fare, the cabman replied: “Oh, sir, I shall not receive from you. As I have been to the meeting to-night and heard you speak, and I think it an honour to have had you in my fly.” Most gratifying, however, as would be supposed, the driver means content to deprive the driver of his well-earned reward; and he, therefore, pressed him to receive payment. But it was in vain. When the money was held out, he fell back, and, as Mr. Williams followed him, still holding his purse, to escape any further importunity, he sprang upon his box, and again saying that he had been well paid by what he heard, he smacked his whip, and drove off, leaving Mr. Williams standing near his house, smiling. “Oh, sir, I shall not receive from you. As I have been to the meeting to-night and heard you speak, and I think it an honour to have had you in my fly.” Most gratifying, however, as would be supposed, the driver means content to deprive the driver of his well-earned reward; and he, therefore, pressed him to receive payment. But it was in vain. When the money was held out, he fell back, and, as Mr. Williams followed him, still holding his purse, to escape any further importunity, he sprang upon his box, and again saying that he had been well paid by what he heard, he smacked his whip, and drove off, leaving Mr. Williams standing near his house, smiling.

Rise and Fall of Empires.

Arran the fall of the Portuguese Empire in India, a Portuguese ecclesiastic was asked by an Englishman when he thought his nation should become able to resume its power. “As soon,” replied he, “as the wickedness of your nation exceed that of mine.” This man was master of the true key to the interpretation of history, and the causes of social prosperity, and rise and fall of empires. “Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.” Great Britain, or any other country, is truly “great, glorious, and free,” just in proportion in which her people walk worthily of Christianity, and maintain among one another the peace and influence of religion, and diffuse throughout colonial and continental territories the civilizing and enlightening knowledge of the Gospel. “Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord.”

Drinking Fountains.

We understand that the efforts of the “Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association” are seriously impeded, through the want of funds. This benevolent movement richly deserves the support of all classes. Working men throughout the Three Kingdoms are specially interested in its success. The Committee desire to erect one hundred fountains in the chief thoroughfares of London, prior to the Great Exhibition, when myriads of visitors will throng the metropolis during the best months of summer. We cannot but hope that the funds will be forthcoming. Contributions should be sent to Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., Treasurer of the Association, 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Cruelty.

“Do you see,” said a gentleman, “that cruel young man there, abusing that poor overburdened donkey? Mark my words. As he will come to no good end. Long observation leads me to affirm that those who act with wanton cruelty towards animals, generally suffer severely in their own bodies. A judgment seems to follow them even in this life. I have, crippled, and disabled men are there to be found amongst those who have had to do with horses, donkeys, and cattle? Let those who desire to settle this matter, examine the records of our hospital and workhouse wards!”



The Four Seasons. SPRING. By Bickel Foster.

All, how wonderful is the advent of Spring! of the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron’s rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, gentle, and yet irresistible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain; like love, that wins its way, and cannot be withheld by any human power, because itself is divine power. If Spring came but once in a century instead of but once a year, or hurried forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God’s power seems less wonderful than his withdrawal would be.—From the writings of the poet Longfellow.

It was inspiring and animating, this first awakening of Spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sward and tender blades; and the trees and shrubs in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flowers. The bleating of this now-dropped lamb was faintly heard from the thatched eaves, and leading hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous winter strain; and the ark, springing out from the reeking boom of the meadow, towered away into the light fleecy cloud; young ferns, towers of sweetest melody.—Washington Irving. Thus crowned the year with Thy goodness; and Thy path drop blessing. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.—Isa. lv. 11, 12.

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The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind, But brutal actions show a brutal mind: Remember, HE who made Thee made the brute; Who gave Thee speech and reason, form’d his mate. He can’t complain; but GOD’S all-seeing eye Beholds thy cruelty—HE hears his cry. He was design’d thy servant, not thy drudge: And know—that HIS Creator is THY JUDGE!

“A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.”