



The Hartley Colliery Accident.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

Drawn by John Gilbert.





# THE RANSOMED SLAVE



### A BRITISH

merchant was in the East, and took a passage in a small Turkish vessel. In discourse of his voyage, he became acquainted with an intelligent, warm-hearted and unusually interesting man, who was the slave of the captain.

Seeing that he looked very unhappy, this gentleman inquired into his history, and found he had been born free, and had been made a slave by law. Having known what freedom was, this poor man felt all the misery of being a slave, far more than he could have done had he been always in this state; this was the cause of his sorrow.

The traveller felt great compassion for him, and longed to release him from his wretched condition; and at last he began to think of purchasing his freedom, but found it would be greater than all the profits of his voyage. Still he could not bear to leave the poor slave in his misery, so he resolved to pay the sum, and offered the price to the captain, who agreed to sell his slave to the merchant. While they were talking, the slave happened to pass by, and hearing only that what was said, he thought the merchant was going to buy him for his own use. Impressed with this thought, he sprang forward, his eyes sparkling with rage, and cried out, "Do you call yourself a free-born Briton, and an enemy to slavery, and will you buy me for your slave! Have I not as good a right to freedom as you have?"

He was going on in this way, when the merchant turned round, and looking kindly at him, said, "I have bought you to set you free."

"What a change came over the poor slave's feelings! He burst into tears, and falling at the kind merchant's feet, he cried out, "You have taken my heart captive! I am your slave for ever!"

Reader! turn to the Third Chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and there learn of a greater ransom-price paid by infinite love for you!

## "CHOOSE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE."

On the first Sunday in March, the writer on returning from a Place of Worship, walked down the Elgworth Road, and saw there a sad sight. There were more than a hundred work-men, dirty, unclean, with their clothes all tumbled, their boots neither cleaned nor leaved, and their whole look wretched in the extreme. They were lounging at the corner of the Harrow Road, and against the lamp posts, waiting for the opening of the public-houses in the neighbourhood. They sat where they stood in the keen East wind, and all had a sad, or sorry look upon their faces, as if they were weary of life. They did not look poor, for their fustian jackets and strong boots, if they had been clean, would have looked decent and comfortable; but it was plain to each and all had been late at the public-houses on the Saturday night, had returned home to quarrel, to fight, or to lounge with uncleanly folk in miserable beds, and now they had crawled out to get more drink.

Meanwhile, coming along the road, was an old man, in a three-button coat and well-washed boots. The writer knew him to be a poor man; but he feared God and kept holy the Sabbath-day. He had been at the House of God, and his poor dress looked bright and clean, and on his face was the glow of that "peace that passeth understanding." Oh, to see the contrast!

Do not the servants of Satan serve a bad master, who robs them of all the earnings of the week, and man, and gives them in exchange a miserable life, a hopeless death, and a dreadful eternity? n.

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. 1 Timothy ii. 5, 6.

### Singular Anecdote.—

Some years ago, a charity sermon was preached in a chapel in the West of England. When the preacher ascended the pulpit, he thus addressed the hearers—*"My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of this evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have elapsed since I was last within the walls of this house. Upon that evening among the hearers came three men, with the intention of not only sitting at the minister, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assaulting him. After he had spoken a few sentences, one said, 'Let us be at his now,' but the second replied, 'No, stop till we hear what he makes of this point.' The minister went on, when the second said, 'We have heard enough now, throw it!' but the third interposed, saying, 'He is not so foolish as I expected—let us hear him out! The preacher concluded without being interrupted. Now mark me, my brethren—of these three men, one was executed at Newgate; the second at this moment lies under sentence of death in the goal of this city for murder; the other (continued the minister, with great emotion), the third, through the infinite goodness of God, is now about to address you—listen to him!"* "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts."

**The Bright Side**—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand penance prayers. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not neck—When Fenwick's library was on fire, 'God be praised,' he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man. This is the true spirit of cheerfulness and submission—one of the most beautiful traits than can possess the human heart. Resolve then, my fellow traveller, to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset."

### A Sagacious Dog.—

A very curious incident is related of the sagacity of a Parisian shoeb-lack in training his dog to a very cunning trick, which shows the sagacity of the dog, more than the honesty of his master. An Officer in the Forty-fourth Regiment, who had occasion when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirt by a pool-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man, who was stationed on the bridge, and had then cleaned his boots. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his caution was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeb-lack was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice, and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a year or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master pursuing him old trade on the bridge."—*Extracted from Jean's Gleamings of Natural History.*

We knew a dog which would, on the ringing of the bell by the postman, scamper to the gate and bring the letters to the house.



"Keep this book for me, if you won't have it for yourself—it belonged to my poor mother."

### "IT BELONGED TO MY POOR MOTHER."

"I, for one, vote that we burn the book, as a testimony against its opinions." "Arrested, agreed!" shouted the throng; and the plan would have been put in immediate execution, had Henry Wilson stepped forward with a flushed face, and said, "I am an unsteady step, yet his mother's memory not utterly obliterated." Taking up the book, he exclaimed, "You'll ask my leave first, the book is mine!"

"Why, Henry, you tarred Methodist? you left the noble words of the Moral Reformation?" "I shamed many voices."

"No, no, no, 11" returned the youth, "I may burn your own Bible, if you like; it's not because it is a Bible, I save it, but for another reason that I'm bound to tell—the long and short of it is, you don't burn my books without my leave, and I won't give it."

Blessed, groans, laughter and glee were freely uttered, and filled the room with discord; when the filldiers, afraid that the party would break up in confusion, effected a successful change in the feelings of the assembly by striking up a tune to a popular song with such a company. Meanwhile, Henry effected a retreat from the place, and too much excited to be the waywardness of youth, with a love that "looph all things, believeeth all things, endureth all things," he was not cast down. If the good seed has been sown in faith and prayer, and recalcitrance your moral sight may never behold the produce, yet at the great day you shall reap a joyful harvest.

Henry Wilson made a desperate effort, when the child's prayer was concluded, and knocked at the open door to announce his presence, when he cried out, "Looph all things, believeeth all things, endureth all things," he was not cast down. If the good seed has been sown in faith and prayer, and recalcitrance your moral sight may never behold the produce, yet at the great day you shall reap a joyful harvest.

"Why are you here, what do you want?" she inquired.

"To give you this," faltered the girl, presenting the Bible to the startled girl. She put it back gently, and was declining the present, when he said, "I have not time to say more, but I have a great deal to say to you, and I am not able. Keep this book for me, if you won't have it for yourself—it belonged to my poor mother. I don't use it properly, and take care of it, I'm not worthy to have it."

From "The Wanderings of a Bible," by Mrs. C. L. Dallan.

## SHEEP, IN THE FIELD AND THE FAIR.

One of the loveliest sights in the country is that of the sheep and the lambs enjoying their freedom in the beautiful green fields. One of the saddest sights to be seen in the city is when these same innocent and harmless creatures are cruelly beaten and goaded to the fair, or the slaughter-house. These poor animals which have to be killed for the food of man, are surely caitiffs, at least, to be treated with kindness and consideration. If these lines fall under the eye of any friend, we hope that they will remind him that God who has declared not a parrow falls to the ground without His notice, is not unmindful of cruelly practised on the defenceless caitiff.

### A word fitly spoken.—

A man of sceptical opinions, travelling in a stage-coach, who had indulged in a train which he betrayed heedlessness and indelicacy, seemed hurt that no one either agreed or disagreed with him. "Well," he exclaimed, as a funeral procession slowly passed the coach, "there is the end of all!" "No!" replied the voice of the person directly opposite to him; "No! for *eternum* death is the judgment!" The words uttered a good effect at the time, for they silenced the speaker, and, by so doing, they were, in fact, the end of all.

And above all things have fervent charity that cover the multitude of sins. Grudge not to another without grudging.—1 Pet. iv. 8, 9.