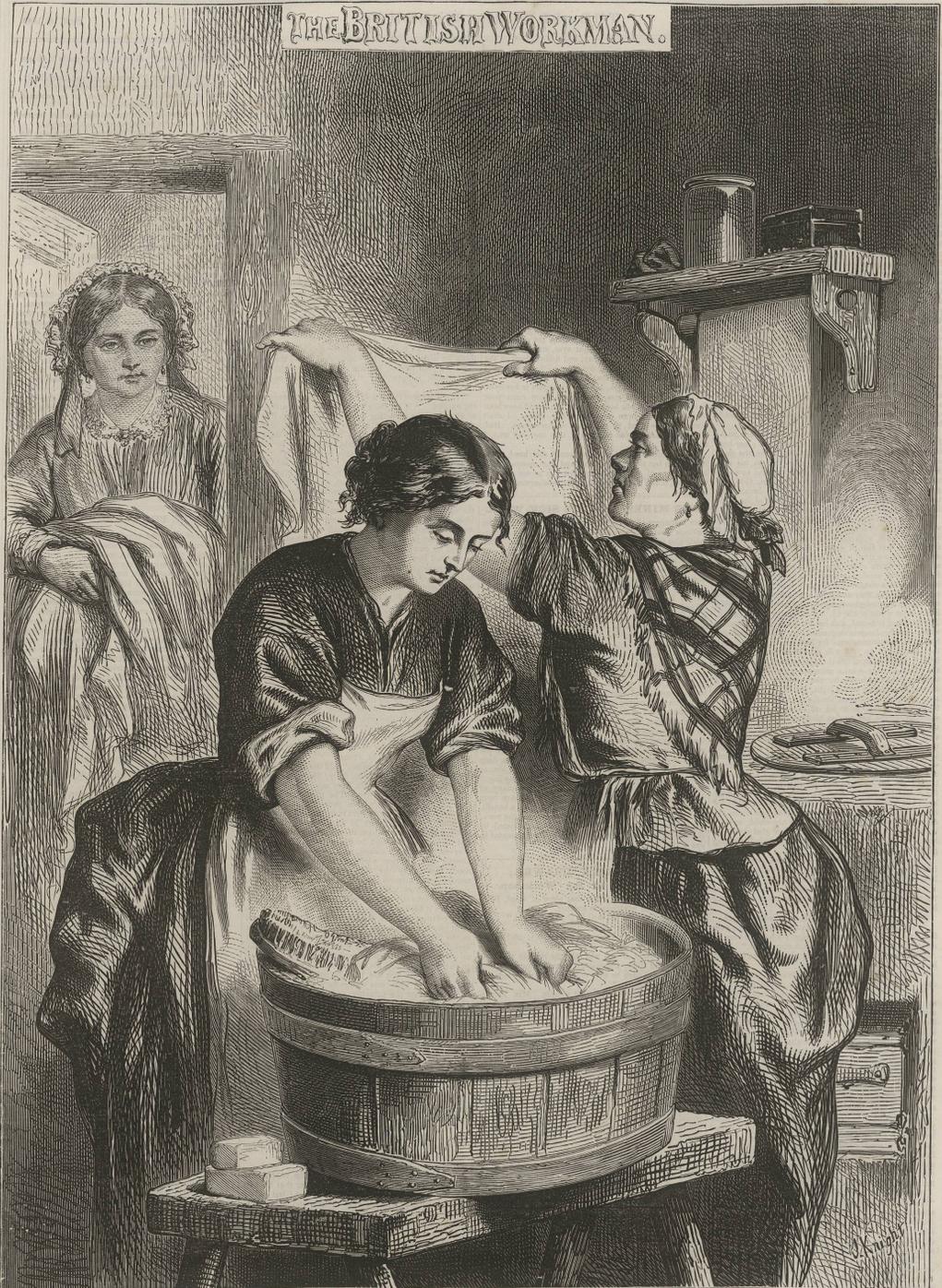


# THE BRITISH WORKMAN.



THE WASHING DAY. BY L. HUARD





when, my little brother was found, his hair was matted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say to young people—never! never! NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate! As he pronounced these words, the drop fell, and was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from myaching loom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung between heaven and earth, as unfit for either, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch anything that can intoxicate. I thought God that I have never violated my promise. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

**Right use of Talents.**  
Men are often applauded on account of the talents they possess, rather than for the use to which they apply them. We do not sufficiently consider that our endowments, whether mental or physical, are gifts of the Creator; and the higher those endowments, so much the greater is the obligation if they are applied in any way to a vicious or noxious purpose.

**REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN.**  
The impression we feel from the scenery of Autumn is accompanied with much exercise of thought: The leaves then begin to fade from the trees; the flowers and shrubs, which till the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; The woods and groves are silent; the sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, so that at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy; or who is able to resist that currency of thought, which from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable state which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself.—*Alison.*

MARKETING TOGETHER—A GOOD SIGN.

Some years ago there lived in Navigation Road, in the City of Cork, a well-known working-man, who, although a first-rate workman when sober, was frequently in a state of intoxication. He was a man of great muscular strength. Not unfrequently did it require the united power of two or three policemen to lodge him securely within the walls of the police station. A member of the Temperance Society visited this man shortly after his release on one occasion from prison. He listened with deep interest to the entreaties of his visitor, and before they separated he agreed to sign the temperance pledge.

On a subsequent call, whilst encouraging the man to persevere, the visitor spoke of the temptations which old comrades would still throw in his way for the purpose of inducing him again to visit the public-house, which he went to, "last night as we visited the public-house together we passed three houses where he used to drink. There were old companions of his, drinking at every one, and they tried hard to get him in."

"How long is it since you went to market together?" "Oh, sir," said the wife, in reply, "he had never been with me to market for ever since before last Saturday night!"

In corroboration of this interesting fact, we may state that within a few weeks of the above interview, we used the pleasure of seeing the working-man allied to, in a cool Sunday scene he had not entered for many years. We hope that this fact will encourage those who are seeking the reformation of the intemperate "perterer" and "never doer."

**Value of 100 Souls.**  
A FRIEND of missions once called on a merchant to solicit a subscription on behalf of the Society for propagating Christianity among the Jews. "So you are going to convert Jews, are you?" the merchant sneeringly asked. "With all your efforts and means will you be able to convert one hundred?" "Well," said the collector, "say a hundred, and as you are a good accountant, will you please sit down and calculate the value of one hundred souls?" "WHAT shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

HOMELY HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

This series of excellent "Hints on Household Management," by Mrs. Balfer, which appeared in our pages two years ago, have, by request, been reprinted in a collective form, and may now be had through any Book-



MARKETING. (From "Homely Hints on Household Management.")

seller, price One Shilling. The various chapters of this valuable little book will be found specially useful as "Readings" at Mothers' Meetings. As a present from a mistress to her domestics, it will be an admirable companion to Mrs. Ellis's "Widow Green and her Three Nieces," which has been read with pleasure both in the "cottages and the kitchen" by so many of our Subscribers.

\*Homely Hints on Household Management, by Mrs. Balfer. With Illustrations by Henry Wallis. Price 1s. Post-Free. Published at the Office of the British Workman, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.



**"I have my Ticket."**  
I was recently in the Railway Station at Worcester, when a young man entered the carriage where I was seated. I took my ticket out, and he said, "My young friend, I have my ticket."

of my pocket, and showed it to him, young friend, I have my ticket."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I see that you have it." I then added, "I do not hope to have it. I have not to ask for one, or to wish I had a ticket. I have no ticket—that is a certainty. Just in like manner, I have no valium. I do not hope to have some day or other be saved; I have not to ask now to be saved—I have salvation. Through God's unpeakable mercy, I am saved!"

The young man looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Well, this is a singular fact about half the fare by the other line; but somehow I could not book that way. Something said I must come by this train, and I fell I must get into this carriage. Now I'll tell you: there is a man works in the same shop with me, and he says the same thing you say. He says he 'has eternal life,' and mind you, he was only says so, but everything he does shows he has. Bless you, he has no fear of death at all; and when he has any trouble, this having 'eternal life' makes him so quiet and happy, that I cannot help feeling that he has got something that I have not. And no matter how we chaff him, we cannot touch him; for he tells us he has found 'eternal life' by reading and believing the Bible. For myself I must tell you, I used to read Tom Paine and Voltaire; but somehow when I got reading at night, I said, 'Tom Paine, thou canst not give me eternal life, and I felt so miserable, I banged the book on the floor."

"As he uttered this sentence, he great the action to the word with great eagerness, and then putting his hand in his side pocket, he brought out a beautiful edition of a Pocket Bible, and said, 'I have now got the book that makes known eternal life, but I cannot say that I have it. I want to feel that I have it.' I said to him in reply, 'When the clerk had your ticket on the window-board this morning, did you say, 'I must feel that I have it, before I take it,' or did you first take it, and then feel that you had it?' "Oh!" said he, "I now see how simple it is! I must first receive salvation, and then I shall feel that I have it." (From Railway Station.)

"ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE."

"You have only five minutes to live," said the sheriff to a young man, who for the crime of murder, was condemned to die. The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now; for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep, and found my self tied and gawped, and the sheriff said,

THE SCAFFOLD.

AUTUMN.



STILL HARDER TIMES!

Last year we urged our readers to exercise the utmost frugality, believing that "hard times" were before a large portion of the working classes. We desire to repeat the word of kindly admonition. In case the American war continues many longer, the effect will, during the winter of 1862, be most calamitous. Those who are now "in work," will do well to add something weekly in the Savings' Bank.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS' BANK.

We are not surprised to find that the great boom centered on the industrial classes, by the opening of upwards of two thousand Post-Office Savings' Banks is being appreciated. Working men can now have government security for their hard-earned savings. Working men! have something in the Bank, even if it be but a shilling. You will find it useful during the "rainy days" that we fear are approaching.

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY MR. SIOGHREY.  
God of the year! with songs of praise,  
And halleluias, we come to thee,  
The bounteous hand, for 'Thou hast blessed Thy manna O'er our wilderness—  
In early spring-time, thou didst bring—  
O'er earth its robes of blossoming;  
And its sweet treasures, day by day,  
Rose quick'ning in Thy blessed ray.  
And now they whiten hill and vale,  
And hang from every vine and tree,  
Those purple bunches bending low,  
Seem 'low'd in thankfulness to Thee,  
The earth, with all its purple bliss,  
Is answering to Thy great smiles,  
And pipes of perfume breathe along,  
And lift to Thee their voiceless song.  
God of the seasons! 'Thou hast blest  
The land with sunlight and with showers,  
And plenty O'er its bosom smiles—  
To crown the next autumnal hours,  
Praise, praise to Thee! 'Our hearts expand  
To view the blessings of Thy hand,  
And on the increase-herd of love  
Go off to their bright home above.  
"Ezra in the Press. GOOD NEVASTA, GOOD WIVES, and HAPPY HOURS. By the author of "Cottage Sketches."

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