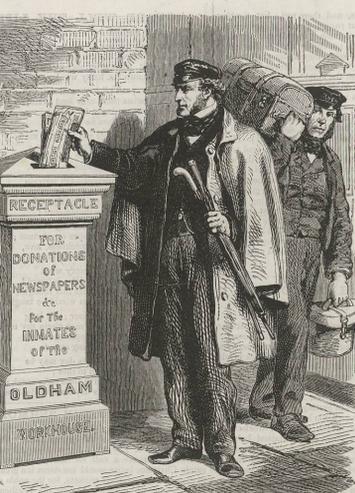




THE WIFE AT HOME—BY JOHN GILBERT.



BOX FOR PAPERS AT THE OLDHAM RAILWAY STATION.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

The Oldham Board of Guardians were very desirous of purchasing weekly a few cheap publications for the instruction and amusement of the inmates of the workhouse, more particularly the old and infirm, but the Poor-Law Officers ruled that the Guardians could spend no money for such a purpose (1). The Guardians then determined to erect pillar-boxes at the two Railway Stations. Mr. Clegg, the Clerk to the Guardians, informs us, "The box at each of the stations produces weekly a large number of newspapers and other publications, which are removed three times in the week by a messenger from the workhouse." By the kindness of Messrs. Jackson Brothers, the photographers, we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving of one of these useful boxes. We hope that they will soon become general.

THE TWO OLDEST INSTITUTIONS.

WHEN God made man in His own image—created him upright, and placed him in the garden of Eden a being crowned with glory and honour, there were two institutions that were established for his well-being. One was marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone."

The other was the Sabbath. One was a merciful provision for human tenderness and social intercourse; the other for hallowed communion with God. One was the tender desire to bind him lovingly to earth and its useful charities; the other was the spiritual bond that united him with heaven, and made him the kindred of all the noblest intelligences who surround with praise and blessings the throne of God and the Lamb. Man in his innocence, when he had not fallen, needed these two holy institutions, for he had a heart that wanted the soothing of sweet kindred intercourse, and a soul that like a flame ascended upward to its Divine Original. Marriage was the solace of his heart—the Sabbath the weekly renewal of the light and life of his soul.

But man sinned and fell from his first estate. He lost his innocence, and became an exile and a wanderer, under the curse of sin and the bondage of pain and death. Yet, lost and ruined in the fall, these two institutions that blessed him in his innocence were continued to him. All was lost but love. That survived the fall. Human love.—The sweet charities of husband and wife, parent, child, brother, sister, friend, these remained to the poor sinner-tempted heart. Heavenly love.—The Sabbath was still given to man a pledge that though he had lost the paradise that God at first gave him, another paradise remained. He who gave him the Sabbath and did not even in His just displeasure, deprive the poor sinnerful rebel of it, gave also His only-begotten Son to die the just for the unjust, that the sinner might, through faith in Jesus, regain a paradise where there are joys for evermore. Oh, what wondrous concession of love is this wherewith God hath loved us poor sinners!

"That's my 'Yard of Land.' I've bought that by giving up drink."

was repelled with oaths and threats by the son of St. Crispin. The visitor thought it prudent to retire, but whilst doing so, politely dropped a copy of the Illustrated Handbill, "Swallowing a Yard of Land." Some months

"This Illustrated Hand-Bill (No. 30 of the Series) has been instrumental in inducing many hard drinkers to abstain. A sixpenny packet containing 50 copies may be had of the publisher, or direct (post-free) from our publisher for six stamps.

Every family, richly venerated, a part of that love of God which blessed man in Eden. Every Sabbath is a sacred memorial of that love which made man immortal; branches into him the breath of life, and made him a living soul.

And Jesus, who is Lord of the Sabbath, made it doubly ours when He died and triumphed over death and hell, giving us another memorial of that love to consecrate that day, which is especially our own, a royal charter given to us to do as for "the Sabbath above." It is a bond of forgiveness. "Write by a friend and with His blood."

If the Sabbath was dear and needful when man had never sinned, how much more dear and needful is it now. When pain-sworn and weary, we want rest. Sad and cheerful Father, be kind and merciful to those who are so dear to thee as thy Sabbath. Hasto.—Sir Amos Pawlett, when he saw too much haste in any matter, would say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."—Advice, good for all.

Representation.—Christ has taken our nature in heaven to represent us, and has left us with His nature to represent Him. "Do as I have done to you." John xiii. 15.

Sympathy.—It is between Christ and His church, as between two loving hearts; so sooner is one struck, but the other trembles. "Ye in me, and I in you." John xv. 20.

A FLOWER.—A COMFORTER.

DURING our late visit to the distressed districts, we met (in a cottage, in Wigay) with a pleasing illustration of the value of a flower. Although the man and his wife were starving for food, and many of the articles of furniture had been disposed of for bread, we were interested by seeing in the window a beautiful plant.

On remarking, "Ah, my friends, I am glad to see that you are fond of plants. He assured that He who cares for the flowers of the field, and the birds of the air, will not be unkind of you; He will surely send you help."

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "I should not like to part with that!"

In further conversation, we found that the little plant was truly a comforter to the worthy couple in their distress and sorrow.

Very similar is this case to that of the poor dying female, who was once found laid on a straw pallet in a garret; not a single article of furniture in the room, but in the window stood a little plant. To the visitor she said, "I have been comforted with that plant ever, I have been comforted with the assurance that God, who makes it, cares for me."

Father and mother's train up your boys and girls in the cultivation and love of plants. It will do to them as well as *consoles*. Flowers are comforters!



Discovery of the "Cordial"—See "Sick-Room and its Secret."

INFANT MORTALITY.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a packet of valuable papers from the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, relative to the fearful mortality now so prevalent amongst infants. We wish the Sub-Committee of Medical Men, formed for the purpose of arousing public attention to this subject, every success, and shall be glad to render them any help in our power. We venture to add, that if every medical man would act as faithfully with nurses as did the one described in Mrs. Geldart's admirable little book—"The Sick-room and its Secret," we believe that the lives of many thousands of children would annually be saved. We most cordially commend this book, from the pen of the able authoress of "Cottage Homes," to every parent. Those of our readers who are connected with Mothers' Meetings will wish to send six postage-stamps to A. Benson, Esq., M.B., Hon. Sec., Sanitary Association, 25, Pall Mall, Manchester; for copies of the very useful "Hints for Mothers," &c., &c., issued by the Association. "The Sick-room and its secret," by Mrs. Geldart. Price one shilling, post-free. S. W. Partridge.

† "Cottage Homes." Price 2d. (post-free, 3d.). Jarrold and Son.

TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

We beg to express our warmest thanks to the numerous ladies and other friends who have materially aided us in extending our circulation, by enclosing in their letters copies of the "Twenty-eight Suggestions for increasing the circulation of the British Workman." We feel assured that if those of our readers who carry on an extensive correspondence would lend a helping hand in this matter, our circulation might soon be doubled.

There are hundreds of thousands of working-men's homes where our little paper is never sent. A supply of the "Suggestions" may be had, post-free on application, by letter, addressed to The Editor of the British Workman, 9, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

This Penny Monthly Periodical is now issued in an enlarged form, with numerous and costly Illustrations. The YEARLY VOLUMES, for 1861 & 1862, with 100 Illustrations in all, by Gilbert, Wray, Foster, Anley, &c., may be had. Inspecificaly, 1s. 6d. Cl. 2s. Gt. eds., 2s. 6d. each.

God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.
Therefore WILL NOT we fear.

PSALM xvi. 1, 2.

"THAT'S MY 'YARD OF LAND.'"

MR. JACKSON, one of the London City Missionaries, on calling at a shoemaker's shop, in the East of London,

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

HAVE not some of our readers, about a year ago, occasionally stopped to listen to the fine chimes, hymn tunes, &c. sounding from the bell of St. James's church, Clerkenwell? They probably thought that the sweet chimes were produced by costly machinery. If they had mounted the steps of the tall steeple they would have found that the melodious sounds were produced by Mr. George Morris, one of the first Bellringers in England. As shown in our engraving, Mr. Morris had the ropes so arranged, that he could ring eight bells at once! viz. the 1st on his right thumb; 2nd, left thumb; 3rd, left elbow; 4th, left hand; 5th, left foot; 6th, right hand; 7th, right elbow; 8th, right foot. Since the above-named period, Mr. Morris has been appointed the steeps-keeper of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, where he may now be seen practising on ten bells with equal facility as on eight!

Amongst the 70,000 bell-ringers in the United Kingdom, we suppose that there are not many so equal, much less so surpass in skill, the persevering steeps-keeper of St. Martin's-in-the-fields.

JUDICIOUS REFERENCE.—Every postman, policeman, and chairman, in Wolverhampton, receives monthly from one of the bookellers in our town, in an envelope, addressed to the receiver by name, a copy of the British Workman; the gift of a gentleman resident in Wolverhampton, the names of whom are the bookseller alone knows.

Birmingham Daily Post.



"That's my 'Yard of Land.' I've bought that by giving up drink."



G. Morris, the Celebrated Bellringer, playing on Eight Bells at once, in the Steeps of St. James's, Clerkenwell.