

I CANNOT WORK ON SUNDAY!

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



FRANK EDWARDS, a young married man, employed as a workman in an English manufactory, was converted. His conversion was deep and genuine; it reached both heart and life. The change was complete, and from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless, he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

A good workman, he had constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health, and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another home in the town where they lived more pleasant than that of this young pious mechanic.

In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door; poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble. One day a good order came, and all hands were set to execute it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished. On Saturday evening the overseer said to the men, "You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him under all circumstances to refrain from labour on the Lord's day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer.

"Sir, to-morrow is Sunday."