



## SAINT MONDAY.

“**T**HIS is a heavy job,” said Mr. John Thornton to his men, as he gathered them round him on pay night, at the end of the week; “and we must begin the first thing on Monday morning. There must be no shirking, no half days, no late hours; this emigrant’s house must be finished, with all that belongs to it within a fortnight.” So saying, Mr. Thornton paid his men.

The announcement just made was received with different feelings by the different men. There were some who were delighted. Business had not been as brisk of late as it used to be. There had been some talk of dismissing some of the hands, or at any rate of working short hours; and that meant starvation to such as were dismissed, for times were somewhat hard; and under the best of circumstances less bread and butter, and tea; less meat, or perhaps none at all, where there were large families; less new clothes, and more patching of the old, when in truth they had been patched too often already.

As the master said that he expected every man in his place on Monday morning, he looked pretty sharply in the direction of one group of men, of whom his opinion, to judge by his look, was rather shaky.

And good cause had Mr. Thornton to look sharply at them, for they were known in the workshops amongst the steadier men, as "Mondayites"—they were worshippers of Saint Monday; and one or two of them even went farther, and worshipped Saint Tuesday, whom they declared was Saint Monday's son.

It need scarcely be said, that this group, including I am sorry to say, some old as well as young, heard their master's injunction with altogether different thoughts from their soberer, and steadier, and more industrious fellows.

As soon as the pay was over, Darby Griffiths, the foreman, made for home, with a joyful countenance. Darby had a small family of ten children, a very interesting little community to himself, if not to any one else.

"Now, wife," said Darby, as he gave her the week's earnings, with the exception of one shilling which he kept as his own perquisite, "here's good news; the master has a contract for a new emigrant's house, with outbuildings and all complete. Here's a fortnight's good work for us, and over hours if any of us choose. I'm not fond of over hours myself. If men stick regularly to their work, they won't need them; nor will the masters either; a man wants some time for his family and himself, for his body, and his mind, and his soul; and God has given time enough for all, if we'll only use it and divide it as He meant; but I'm ready on my part to stop over hours as long as I can work, rather than let this job fall through. 'Twill be a sharp pull, a near touch at the best, for 'tis calcu-

lated that the thing can just be done, and no more, before the vessel sails, but it must be done; for I'm told that there are more orders where this came from, and that if we turn this out so as to give satisfaction, there is a wooden church to follow, and perhaps a street or two, or a whole town for all. I know."

"There's only one I'm afraid of," said Darby, "and I know if he can he'll be the ruin of us. I never knew luck or grace come from him; I never knew a good thing he did in any workshop, and I know plenty of bad things. I never knew a poor fellow he helped up, but I do know many a one that he kicked down."

"Why who is that," said Mrs. Griffiths, "it isn't Bob Finch, or Dick Thorn, or Tom Jones."

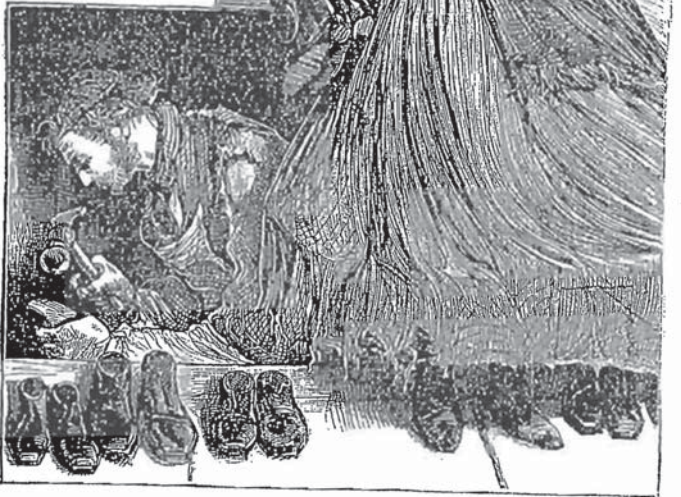
"'Tis a *Saint!*"

"Don't say that," said Mrs. Griffiths. "I don't like to hear folk called 'Saints' in derision. If any man willingly does wrong, he's no Saint, whatever he may profess, and he shouldn't be called one; and if he's a good man, and does go wrong, because a temptation is too strong for him, it isn't because he's a Saint he did it."

"Daddy, Daddy," said one of the little ones, who was standing by, and listening, though no one thought she was, "the Saints are all holy people, there's Saint Peter, and Saint Paul."

"So they are, my child; but the one I'm talking of is cut out of a different piece of timber from them—'tis 'Saint Monday.' He's an awful bad one is this Saint Monday; he knocks down wives, and breaks heads, and he gives people up to the

police, tell me almost anything that is bad, and I'll tell you that that Saint Monday has done. Half the paupers are sent to the workhouses by him, and, if the truth were known, I dare say half the jails are filled by him too. "Yes,"



said Darby, getting excited, "he has plundered no end

of homes, he murders and steals, and gets drunk, and kicks, and scratches, and bites; and runs off with little children's boots, and clothes, and bread and butter. I've known him make away with all the furniture in a house at one go. There are lots of people in the churchyard, whom Saint Monday has killed, great big people, six foot long without their boots; and little people, about twenty-four inches or so; aye, and lots of women, nice young women, who married what they thought were nice young men, and so they would have been, if it hadn't been for Saint Monday; but he made the nice young men turn out very nasty; and blubber all the pretty cheeks with tears, and swell out the blue, and black, and hazel eyes with weeping; and he made slatterns of some, and draggle-tails; and they've lived on, when perhaps 'twould have been better for them, if they had died; and he killed a lot more of them outright." And Darby stamped his foot upon the ground, and wound up by saying, "I call him a devil and not a Saint, that I do, and he says this who knows him well."

"And now I'm afraid," wife, said the foreman, "that he'll be poking his nasty claws into this emigrant's affair; and be knocking the bread out of your mouth, and the young ones; not for to-day or to-morrow alone, but as I have said, owing to this being a pattern house, for many a day to come."

Darby's little girl was comforted when she heard that it was Saint *Monday* her father had been speaking against. She loved all the holy Saints in the Bible; she always looked upon them as God's friends; and indeed in an humble kind

of way, as her own friends too; and she had often thought it would be very delightful to see St. Paul, and St. Peter, and St. John, and all such holy Saints in heaven; and much she wondered if they would speak to such a little girl as she, more especially St. Peter, who had cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, and St. John who had even leant on the very bosom of the Lord.

Little Maggy was, as we say, quite comforted when she heard who the false Saint was; she knew him to be a wolf in sheep's clothing, much more of a devil than a Saint; so she took herself off, leaving her father and mother alone.

"You spoke over sharp, father," said Mrs. Griffiths, when little Maggy had taken her departure, "children often run away with things, understanding only half of them; and I'm glad Maggy knows what you mean; the child loves God, and His people, and His holy saints; and she couldn't bear to hear a word said against them, but 'tis all right, as she knows what you mean."

"Aye, wife, let the blame be on those who misuse and dirt the name of 'Saint,' by putting it to the use they do, making the first working day in the week a day of idleness and vagabondism; starting the week badly, and then having to work over-hours, and keep away from their families, and over do themselves in trying to catch up lost time."

"They say we shall meet lots of strange folk in heaven, people one would have never expected to meet there; but there's one that passes for a Saint, that I'll never see there—and that's Saint Monday."

## CHAPTER II.

THESE were the opinions of honest Darby Griffiths with respect to Saint Monday—the thoughts of a man whose opinion was worth something, those of a man who feared God, and wished to do his duty by his fellow man; be he employer, or any one else.

If there had been anything good to say of Saint Monday, Darby would have said it, even though he didn't like him; but he knew that as men made use of this word 'Saint' in this particular way, there was more devil in it than Saint.

But there were others who unhappily held different opinions from Darby. There was Bob Finch, an old drunkard, who had been a first-rate workman, and indeed was so still, when his hand was steady. But what good was his skill of hand, when that hand got no fair play; but when its owner spent two days out of the seven, that is from Saturday evening until Monday night, in doing all he could to make it unsteady.

It was full Wednesday morning before that hand was fit for work, i.e., for proper work, and the master knew that well. What good was a shaky set of fingers? the utmost they could do was to keep from maiming themselves; even this they did not always succeed in; to say nothing of all the small scratches and cuts. The top of Bob Finch's thumb on one occasion took leave of the rest of his body, and went flying to the other end of the shop. Bob picked it up, and rushed off to the doctor as quickly as he could, afraid he

should lose his life from loss of blood; he had heard that if people's noses were chopped off, and stuck on quick, they fastened on again; and he requested the doctor as well as the pain would let him, to fix the top on his thumb again. But even supposing such a thing could have been done a quarter of an hour ago, the piece was quite stale now; and Bob had to knock off work for three weeks, and then begin again, not able to work near as well, or as comfortably as before. And that was Saint Monday's doing; for all Monday Bob had been having nips of gin, and half pints of beer, and been fuddling himself with smoking; and this was the way the Saint showed his gratitude for all this devotion.

Now, one would have thought that a man, when he carried about with him in daily life such a mark of his folly, would have given up the worship of Saint Monday, especially as he found himself docked of one-third of his wages weekly for his incompetency from drink, and of another third by the cost of the drink itself; but no! Saint Monday Bob Finch had always kept, and Saint Monday he would keep to the end of the chapter.

Now, then, he was determined to go on with his usual ways; why should he put himself out for his master's interest? If the emigrant's house were not finished in time, what affair was it of his, he should get his wages all the same.

"Therefore," said he to Dick and Tom, "let us have our spree as usual; I've kept Saint Monday, for many a long day, and I mean to keep him still."

This was all very fine, but Mr. Bob Finch was



deceiving himself. It was not so entirely for his master's interest alone that the emigrant's house should be finished; there was the other work behind; if there was more work for the master, there would be more for him; but if work became so slack that some hands must be dismissed, Saint Monday did not tell Mr. Bob, that the weakest are the first to go to the wall; and that the worst hands were likely to go first. Oh, no! it suited this kind of a Saint well enough to show Bob what he considered the bright side of things, but it didn't suit at all, to tell him, how many dark Monday's were likely to come on, with no money to pay for gin, tobacco, and beer; Mondays to be followed by Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, all as dark as itself. A pretty Saint no doubt for Bob to worship! He was about to do Bob, as clean as any swindler would have done him; he had already, without giving a moment's notice, not even crying 'Look out,' whipped off a part of his thumb; and if he had done that, there was no knowing what else he might not do; still Bob trusted him, and not a bit of the emigrant's house would he touch till Tuesday morning.

Dick Thorn was another confirmed worshipper of Saint Monday. He was much younger than Bob Finch, but he had already been so long a Saint Mondayite, that he would not give up. I do not say he *could* not give up. I was very near writing that; but the thought flashed across my mind, that that would not be correct. For he *could* have given it up. Many men who have

gone farther in Saint Mondayism than he, have given it up. They have found 'Work Monday' more profitable than 'Gin Monday;' they have taken their gimblet on a Monday morning, and bored a hole into the Saint to see what he was made of; and when they found such bad stuff inside, they have chopped him up altogether. And they have had their reward; they have found five or six shillings at the end of the day, far better than a stomach-ache and head-ache.

Dick wouldn't believe how much laziness and selfishness there was in Saint Monday, how it expected that all the other days in the week were to work hard to keep it in idleness and self-indulgence; and how he was leading himself on to the time when there would be nothing for Saint Monday, or for any other day either.

And yet Dick might have had some serious and profitable thoughts, if only he had allowed himself to think. Feathers show how the winds blow, and there were some little signs of Monday worship about Dick, which he might and indeed which he ought to have observed. The Saint for some time back had been putting his mark on him. It was a regular practice of the Saint to disfigure more or less all his followers, and he didn't mean to make Dick or any one else an exception.

Folk are always thinking that, although every one else may come to grief, they themselves are pretty sure to escape; and Dick, though he knew what had happened, not only to Bob Finch's thumb, but to all the rest of him, did not think that the like would in one way or another happen to himself.

Dick Thorn knew that his eyes occasionally watered, indeed this had already cost him nearly five shillings for pocket handkerchiefs. "Dick, why did your eyes water? you know you had not a cold; you never had a cold in your life. You wanted to make out that you had one; aye, you have wished that it was so; you'd rather have had a cold all your life, and bought two dozen more pocket handkerchiefs, than own to yourself what your conscience, which hated Saint Monday, kept whispering in your ears; that it was he who was making your eyes water, and making your eyelids red." Moreover, Dick thought it very odd that he could not pick up little nails, and hammer them in as well as he used to do. The big ones he could manage as well as ever, he could knock them as true and as hard as in the best of his days; but those little tacks, how in the world was it? they now got into his nails, and when he did seize them, they seemed to slip out of his fingers; then they went to every side of the place where they were intended to be, except the right one; and when he did succeed in so far fixing them, as to get them to stand upright to be hammered, as if they were bent on going wrong and spiting him, the very first tap on the head, they wobbled to one side, then the next tap they twisted over to the other; then they became crooked; then they did something else, what that something was we need not say; enough, that it was always what they should not have done. The Saint was beginning to meddle with the tips of his fingers as well as his eyesight; and so between the two, the nails went

wrong. Dick could not hit them straight on the head, even when they were in their proper place.

Saint Monday meant to do a deal more to Dick Thorn. He had an eye on his lips, and teeth, and tongue, and nose, on his legs, even on his very clothes; but he was taking him easy at first; at the time of which we now write he was only just beginning with him; at any rate he had not gone far with him; still, far enough to secure his ruin, unless something happened to stop him on his downward path.

Alas! how many fine young fellows there are, who like Dick Thorn throw themselves and their earnings away, who might make fine hale old men; who might sit by their own fire-sides in ease and comfort in their old age, but who idle, and smoke, and drink away one-seventh part of their time in the service of Saint Monday.

Never have I seen any one to whom Saint Monday ever gave a sovereign when he was in want; never any one to whom he offered a bit or bed. I never heard of his saying to any of the people who worshipped him so diligently, "Now then, old fellow, you served me faithfully in your youth, I'll not desert you in your old age."

I never heard of his taking a slate and pencil, and making out an account of how much a man spent on him, and repaying him again.

He never said anything like this. 'Now, my friend, you are fifty years old to-day, and you look nearer seventy. You're battered about a good deal, and 'tis high time for you to knock off work; and as I must own, you're battered before your

time in my service, and I couldn't bear to think of any one's losing anything by me, I'll pay you back all you ever spent on my account. Now let us figure it out on a slate.'

'You're now fifty years old, and when did you begin to keep Saint Monday?' 'When you were twenty; ah! yes, I remember; now 20 from 50 leaves 30; so you have been keeping Saint Monday for 30 years. Well, there are 52 Saint Mondays in every year, and 52 times 30 comes to 1560; one thousand five hundred and sixty. Now I owe the wages of 1560 days, which I acknowledge you'd have earned if you had been at your

business instead of worshipping me, we'll call it five shillings a day,

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that is seven thousand eight hundred shillings for wages. Then you spent at least half-a-crown on drink

and tobacco, so that makes 3900 shillings more, now I'll put them together

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that makes £585. Five hundred and eighty-five pounds. For interest of money, and odds and ends of losses by me, I'm safe in putting down £200 more, so we'll call it £785, or in round numbers £800. This at £5 per cent., which can be had with perfect security, will give you £40 a year for the rest of your life, and then you'll have the £800 to leave your family; or if you like to sink it for so much a year, you'll get what will make

you right comfortable to the end of your days. Stay, stay, I nearly forgot; you lost the position of foreman through me, that was worth more than £200 during these twenty years; and you were out of place one way and another to the value of another £100; here, without going too close into it, or raking up any more things, for there is no knowing where we shall go to, here is £1000 for you. Here, take it in crisp Bank of England notes, or would you like it in gold!"

But get you gone, you good for nothing Saint. I shall waste no more ink and paper on such talk as this. You know you never said anything like this to any poor fellow that you cheated all his life long. You never gave back to the value of twopence to any poor fellow, any of the quantity that you took from him. Not you. Here is what you have turned him into—a poor scare crow at



last. 'Tis all 'take' and no 'give' with you; and I shall be only too glad if I can stick you through and through with my pen; and hold you up on the point of it, and turn you round and round, so that folk may see what you really are; and then when they do, perhaps they'll say, the less they have to do with you the better.

### CHAPTER III.

It was bad enough that Bob Finch and Dick Thorn had determined to keep Saint Monday, even if they had kept their bad doings to themselves.

They were both beholden to their master; who might more than once have turned them away, for their irregular hours; and had he done so, not a voice in the factory could have been raised on their behalf.

Now that there was a press of work, one would have thought that they would be only too glad to shew their gratitude, and help on as much as ever they could. But Saint Monday does not do much for his worshippers in improving their character; so these ungrateful worthless fellows determined to go on just as usual. But this was not all.

There was in the factory a nice lad named Tom Jones. Tom was the only son of a widowed mother, and he gave promise of being an excellent workman. He was a funny little chap, up to all sorts of tricks, but "good hearted," as we say, and very fond of his mother. Jones' mother expected great things from him; and so indeed did the master, in whose service Tom's father had lost his life. That was why the lad, at so tender an age as ten, was in the factory.

Everyone felt an interest in the orphan boy. They were all ready to lend a hand—to tell him anything they knew; and to give his work a friendly touch, so as to make it look as well as possible. Tom was not entitled to any wages, but the master gave him five shillings a week as a help to his poor mother; and he intended very shortly to raise it to seven and sixpence.

The two men of whom I have been writing—Bob Finch and Dick Thorn, liked Tom, just as well as any of the other people of the shop. Tom was always ready to do them a kind turn; and many a small nail had he picked up with his nimble little fingers for Dick Thorn; and many a time poured out Bob Finch's varnish; when that worthy's hands were far too unsteady, and must have emptied out the whole bottle.

Now, one would have thought that to try and turn this poor little orphan lad into a Saint Mondayite was about one of the last things that would have entered into the minds of full grown men like Bob Finch and Dick Thorn. Moreover, if such had come into their minds, one would have thought that they would have chosen some other time besides the present.

But these two men, who for some time had had their eyes on Tommy, were just now rather vexed at what the master said about shirking, and half days, and late hours; more especially as he had looked hard at them; and as the other men had seen and noticed it, and jeered them somewhat about it. Accordingly, they determined that even if the emigrant's house went to the dogs they would



keep Saint Monday more than ever the next week; and, moreover, that they would try and get Tommy Jones to begin. Bob Finch had often offered Tommy a half-pint for his service in pouring out the varnish; and when the boy refused it, he gave him his choice of a glass of milk punch, or cream gin, or sugared spirit of one kind or another instead, but the lad had always refused it hitherto.

And there was good reason for his doing so. His poor father had known only too much of "Old Tom," and cream gin, and the like. It was owing to these that he fell down the workshop stairs, and broke his ribs, an accident which led to his death. He had not been drinking much the day this accident happened—only just enough to make him a little uncertain of his footing as he came to an ugly turn down the awkward staircase from the timber loft.

Good Mr. Thornton never knew it; and so he treated Tom's father as though he had lost his life in his service, paying for the doctor, and the funeral, and giving the widow five shillings a week, besides taking in her boy, as we have already said. But the widow knew it. She need not have been beholden to charity if her husband had done with his money as he ought; she need not have been a widow now, if it had not been for beer and gin. No wonder, then, that she guarded her little son against these things as much as possible; and placed him under good Mr. Griffiths', the foreman's, care; begging him to give an eye to the lad, and shield him from the influence of unsteady men, and generally from all workshop harm.

I don't know, good reader, what you may be inclined to say about it, for some people are too genteel to say out what they think, but I am an outspoken kind of man, and I say it is a devilish thing—yes, one worthy of the Devil, in one of his worst moods to tempt an innocent boy. 'Tis bad enough to tempt those who ought to be able to take care of themselves, but to tempt a child—ah! this is a nice day's work even for the Wicked One himself. Well, this was the work which Mr. Bob Finch set himself to do; and he got Dick Thorn to join with him in it.

It was not out of down-right wickedness that Dick did this; it was more out of want of thought, out of desire for what he called a spree. But sprees are dangerous; at least so, more or less I have found them to be, ever since I had any opportunity of observing them.

There was a small difficulty, however, in the way—how were they to get Tommy to the public house? The boy, taught by his mother, and warned by the example of his father, had a dread of it—moreover, he knew well who and what Saint Monday was; and he had no desire to become a worshipper of him.

But when folk wish to do wrong, they generally find the means of doing so; and Bob Finch laid a trap for poor little Tommy, which was worthy of a Saint Mondayite, and that is, in my mind, saying a good deal. Only let him get the lad to the Dragon, and once there, he would make a Saint Mondayite of him, whether he liked or no—but to get him there! that was the point.

However, the thing was to be done, even, as all evil things are, when there is the Evil One to help on; so Bob gave Tommy a little parcel on Saturday evening, with directions to run with it to No. 4 Grove street, on Monday at dinner time; "and, mind you, Tommy, here's sixpence for taking it; and the gentleman 'tis for, will give you another sixpence when you deliver it—now mind, you promise; for I know if I have your word, you'll be sure to do it."

Tommy took the parcel and the sixpence with great glee—he didn't know where Grove Street was, but Bob Finch had given him sufficient directions to find it out. Half an hour would be quite enough for earning the shilling—the first almost he ever had of his own; then there would be the other half-hour for his dinner, and he would be a rich lad. Twenty times over did the poor boy spend this shilling in his mind—now it went for marbles, now for tops, now for balls, now for sweets; but ever at the end of each thought, the figure of "dear mother" rose up before his mind, and it ended in something being bought for her.

I wonder if that would have melted the heart of the Saint Mondayite if he had known it—I don't think it would; so it does not matter whether he did or not.

This message, and the shilling that was to come of it, were the first secret which Tommy Jones ever had—even almost all his thoughts his mother had known up to the present. But now, to let her know anything about this message, would be to destroy all the pleasure of the surprise which he hoped to

give her. Accordingly, the boy kept the matter close. That Saturday evening, while Tommy Jones was helping his mother to tidy up for Sunday, whistling and singing, and occasionally, in the fulness of his heart, leaping over a chair or basket when it was in the way—Mr. Robert Finch, of whom the reader already knows somewhat, (perhaps he thinks quite enough) was as he thought, ‘enjoying himself’ at the Dragon. They were having a jolly evening of it at the Dragon—what with beer, and gin, and rum, and tobacco, and cards, with blazing lights, and noise, and the pressing of the barman to bring in something more, it is easy to see when and how the evening would end.

But as yet the party were not quite fuddled; they had quite enough consciousness to enjoy anything that was mischievous. Accordingly, when Mr. Finch, on being asked for a toast, or song, or a story, rose, glass in hand, all eyes were turned upon him. “Gentlemen,” said Mr. Bob Finch, “charge your glasses. I’m going to propose a health which I hope you’ll all drink; it is a new customer for the landlord.”

“Hear! hear!” shouted that individual.

“Gentlemen, I’m going to propose the health of Mr. Thomas Jones, and three times three.”

“And who may he be?” cried out one and another after the health had been drunk, and the shouting was over.

“Don’t you hear,” said the landlord, “he’s a new customer.”

“Yes! that’s enough for you,” cried a voice, “but not for us; we want to know who he is.”

"Well, gentlemen, come on Monday evening, and you shall see."

"Well, gentlemen," said Bob, "there ain't one of us here, but what believes that an Englishman should be independent."

"To be sure, Bob."

"And that he should do what he likes with his own."

"Bravo, Bob."

"And that if he likes, he needn't work on Mondays."

"Go it, Bob—Hurrah," cried the company.

"And that anybody as interferes with him is worse than a policeman."

The name of these guardians of the peace was received with many hisses.

"Well, gentlemen, there's a master as says we're not to keep Saint Monday; and he has a little boy in his shop as he says musn't keep Saint Monday—anyhow he don't like him to do so, and on Monday next that little boy is a coming here. He don't know he's coming—he's at home asleep with his mammy, I dare say now, but he's a coming here on Monday; and I'm going to stand two tumblers all round for him; and he's going to take two tumblers himself."

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Monday came, almost all the hands at Mr. Thornton's workshop mustered in their places. Two, however, were wanted—they were the two Saint Mondayites, Bob Finch and Dick Thorn.

Great was honest Darby Griffiths', the foreman's

indignation when he found that, after having been forgiven so many times, they had not now the gratitude to respond to their master's call, when the exertions of everyone were needed to the utmost. Mr. Thornton was soon made acquainted with their absence; and he very quickly took measures to supply their places. He knew of half a dozen men who would be glad of a good permanent situation, and before an hour was over, he had them at Bob Finch's and Dick Thorn's benches.

And in truth, these men were wise—a good permanent steady every-day-work situation is much better than a chance-jobbing way of living, with plenty, aye, even too much to do to-day, and nothing at all to do to-morrow.

These worthy fellows were only too glad of such a place, with such a master; and they did such a morning's work as made Mr. Thornton say to himself, "why should I, to my own hurt, employ such shaky-fingered fellows as Bob Finch and Thorn, whom I can't depend upon, even at the greatest pinch? they shall never return here again. If they don't care for their own interests, I must care for mine. They have put themselves out of bread and butter here for the rest of their days—whoever chooses to have them, I shan't."

"Whoever chooses"—yes, and who would the 'whoever' be, who wanted a shaky-fingered, half-sighted Saint Mondayite for a workman? Mr. Finch, you didn't know how far you were sending yourself to look for some other situation, when you threw yourself out of Mr. Thornton's.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bob Finch and his companions

were at the Dragon—they were enjoying themselves during the day with bowls and some other amusement, having plenty of fun in store for the evening. But as dinner time drew near, they were on the watch. They were sober, and wide awake enough about this hour of the day to carry out their plan. The landlord at the Dragon also had been quite ready to help them, for he expected the announcement of Saturday evening would bring a full parlour.

As to good little Tommy Jones, he had gobbled up his dinner as fast as he could; and without saying anything to his mother, started off at once for Grove Street. By asking his way here and there, Tommy at last arrived at his destination; and then, very much to his horror and indeed fright, he saw that No. 4 was a grand public house, and the name thereof the Dragon.

For a few moments the boy could not think what to do—should he leave the parcel on the door-step—should he go in and put it on the counter and then run away?—but the thought of the shilling was too strong for him, and he went in.

Once inside the door, he was met by the landlord himself, who took the parcel, and told him to come into the parlour for a sixpence.

Poor Tommy, suspecting nothing, thought no harm could come of his going so far to get what he had been promised, and what was lawfully his own; but once in, then the door was sealed—the landlord would not let him out until he had had a little glass—the smallest little glass in the house; and almost in spite of himself—nearly indeed by

force, poor Tommy had to take a little glass of cherry-brandy.

The liquor was very sweet, it was a beautiful colour, it did not seem to have any strength; but while the artful landlord kept the boy for a few minutes looking at the pictures round the room, the liquor began to work; and in half an hour the poor boy's head was wagging from side to side, and in a few minutes more he was fast asleep.

It was no difficult matter to get a little more spirits down poor Tommy's throat, as he lay snoring upon the sofa of the parlour with his mouth wide open; and so well did Bob Finch and the landlord manage things, that when the evening party were all assembled, poor little Tommy was quite ready for anything. His sleep was now over, but his powers of resistance were gone, consequently he was for the present Bob Finch's servant, to do exactly as he wished.

The company were now assembled; and a worthless lot they were. They were Saint Mondayites, every one of them. Not a man of them had done two pennyworth of work that day; aye, and several of them would not be able to do two pennyworth to-morrow.

There were ten of them in the parlour that evening, and those ten had depending on them ten women and fifty children—an average, taking them all round, of five each. I wonder if it would have sobered these jolly fellows if the ten women and fifty children had been ranged round the room, all looking hungry, and miserable, and shame-faced—all silent—not saying a word! Oh, dear no! it



would be out of place for them to speak there—only quite silent, with tears in their eyes, no doubt—no one could blame them for, or hinder their crying. Ah! I should not like to be at the Green Dragon such a night, to see such a sight as that—ten women and fifty children all round a room, looking on at their husbands and fathers—ten Saint Mondayites at their devilment; and the widow's only son—the poor little orphan in the midst.

“Here's the new member,” shouted Bob Finch, as he introduced poor Tommy. “Make the gentlemen a bow,” said Bob, as he put his hand to the back of the boy's head, and tilted it forward.

“Now, gentlemen, there isn't a man here who'll allow himself to be said by master, or foreman, or wife, or anybody else. You're true Britishers, every man of you. Hurrah for Saint Monday! I've kept him all my life, and I mean to keep him until I die. Here's a little chap as should be taught when he's young to do the thing as is right—and that is, not to be put on by a master or anyone else—and he's come here to keep Saint Monday, though the master wants him very much to-day, cause he's in a hurry, you see; but ‘Britons never will be slaves’—say, ‘Hurrah,’ Tommy,” shouted Bob Finch giving the little lad a shake.

“Horraye!” said the poor little fellow.

“Now, landlord, a tumbler hot and strong for every man at my cost—and one for the new member.”

The tumblers were received with another Hurrah; and another shout was raised as Mr. Finch ordered pipes, and the longest one the landlord had

for Tommy—to have yet another added to it, as the poor child had it stuck into his mouth. “Now then,” said Bob Finch, “you’re a Saint Mondayite for ever. You’ll be a jolly dog, Tommy, and can make holiday, while others work”—but anything further which Mr. Finch had to say was cut short by the poor boy’s falling off the chair to the floor, looking like death.

As anyone looking like death was quite out of place amongst the jolly Saint Mondayites, and, moreover, the landlord, whose business it was to keep his own senses sharp enough, while he allowed other people to take away theirs, now thought things were taking a serious turn, he said, “gentlemen, I hope you’ll entertain yourselves as you always do, and I’ll look after the boy”—and, as it was plain poor Tommy could henceforth afford no more amusement, but the contrary, he was let go.

The publican’s resolution was soon taken. He found out from Bob Finch where the little fellow lived, and he gave his wife directions to get a cab and take him home as quickly as she could. She was just to get the boy out at his own door, ring the bell; and drive off as fast as she could. She did all this—she got Tommy to the door, and was off before she could be even seen, much less stopped. Great was the amazement of poor Mrs. Jones, who, after searching here, and there, and everywhere, and being at the police offices around, had returned home to cry her eyes out. In vain had she been to the workshop, and to Mr. Griffiths’, the foreman’s; but now she had her boy again.

Of course she could get nothing from him then,

but she hoped on the morrow, he would be all right; and she could know all that had occurred.

But it was many morrows before this happened. Bad fever set in, and for days, and even weeks the boy hung between life and death. During his delirium, he muttered strange things, and more than once talked of pipes and punch, and Saint Monday. He didn't say much about these things, for he had not been in a state at the Green Dragon to take in much about them; but enough to shew that there was some great mystery to be explained.

It all came out, however, when he got well, and pity not blame was what every one felt for the boy.

Saint Monday had nearly done with Bob Finch, though this worshipper of his did not know it.

'Twas on a Monday night—what fitter night could there be for the event—that Bob left the Green Dragon well primed with liquor and smoke.

He had heard that his place was filled up at Mr. Thornton's, and not being able to get another, though he tried in all directions, he took to drinking more and more; and on a Monday night, as he was going out of the Green Dragon, he slipped and broke his leg.

There was no cure for him. The inflammation, which is so ready to set itself up in a drunkard, spread fast and far; and his life was soon given over.

He died a wretched death, shrieking and shouting, and trying to keep some one away from him, while his two poor motherless children looked on in horror and despair.

Bob Finch died, and his last words were:

“Saint Monday’s killed me for this world and the next.” Yes, Bob was a murdered man—murdered by Saint Monday and himself.



As to Dick Thorn, he was never taken into the factory again; he wandered about, earning odd pence here and there; and many a time, as cold

and hungry, he saw the men leaving the factory with their wages, he said to himself, "I too might have been a decent well-to-do man, but for Saint Monday."

At last he ended his days in the workhouse—one of Saint Monday's paupers—a burden to himself and to the rates—a drink-made pauper, living on the hard earnings of others, and dying without one to weep over him, or miss him.

As to Tommy—so far from having been made a Saint Mondayite, he would as soon have seen the Evil One as this Saint, supposing the latter could have been beheld in the flesh. He remembered that night at the "Green Dragon" to the end of his life.

He became a great believer in the Saturday half-holiday, thinking that that was the day to end work—but Monday, the beginning of the week, was the time to begin it.

When Tommy's mother died, Darby Griffiths, the foreman, took him in, delighted to have so promising a boy in the factory, holding his own views about that so called Saint. And it may be interesting to the reader to know that in process of time Tommy married the little girl who was so fond of all the saints—I mean the real ones; but never, under any circumstances, would they or theirs have anything to do with that greatest of humbugs—that thief of money, honesty, time, health, and everything good—

SAINT MONDAY.