

# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1847.

No. 25

## WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

BY C. JACKAY.

There is a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.  
Cañon balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battle by its aid;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
The pen shall supersede the sword,  
And right, not might, shall be the lord,  
In the good time coming.  
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,  
And be acknowledged stronger;  
The proper impulse has been given;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
War in all men's eyes shall be  
A monster of iniquity,  
In the good time coming.  
Nations shall not quarrel then,  
To prove which is the stronger;  
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
Hateful rivalries of creed  
Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
In the good time coming.  
Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
And flourish all the stronger;  
And Charity shall trim her lamp;  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
And a poor man's family  
Shall not be his misery,  
In the good time coming.  
Every child shall be a help,  
To make his right arm stronger;  
The happier he, the more he has;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
Little children shall not toil  
Under, or above, the soil,  
In the good time coming;  
But shall play in healthful fields,  
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;  
And every one shall read and write;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
The people shall be temperate,  
And shall love instead of hate,  
In the good time coming.  
They shall use and not abuse,  
And make all virtue stronger,  
The reformation has begun;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
Let us aid it all we can,  
Every woman, every man,  
The good time coming.  
Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
Make the impulse stronger:  
'Twill be strong enough one day;—  
Wait a little longer.

## MEMOIR OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

The following condensation of this celebrated man's history is from the *London Christian Witness*, the paragraphs in small type being our own.

John B. Gough was born at Sandgate, on the coast of Kent, England, in 1817, and was brought to America when twelve years of age. He shortly afterwards obtained a place as errand boy in the Methodist book store, New York, where he learned book-binding.

His affairs soon began to look prosperous, and he sent for his father, mother, and sisters. The latter came, but his father was unable to leave England, on account of his receiving a pension. "Oh! how happy did I feel," says he, "that evening when my parent first made tea in our own home. Our three cups and saucers made quite a grand show, and in imagination we were rich in viands, although our meal was frugal enough." But this happiness was not destined to last long. In the summer of 1834, his mother was suddenly removed by a stroke of apoplexy; and here began his ruin. His key-stone was gone—the arch soon followed. His sister separated from him to board near where she worked, and he was left alone. Having a fine voice and a good stock of songs, his company was courted by dissipated young men, with whom he laughed, sang, and drank, till both character and money were gone. He then joined a company of strolling players, as an actor in low comedy; but they quitted the town without paying, and so left him as poor as ever. He then returned to his trade, but left it from the love of drink: then took to the sea, of which the first voyage was enough: and he once more returned to the bookbinding at Newburyport. Here he married, and might have lived comfortably enough but for his invincible love of drink, which returned upon him with such power that in a few weeks he sunk as low as ever. And here a generous Englishman perceiving that he had talents, and those of no common order, assisted him to set up in business for himself; and he was again on the high road to prosperity, but his old enemy conquered; he shall speak for himself:

"Five months only did I remain in business, and during that short period I sunk gradually deeper and deeper in the scale of degradation. I was now the slave of a habit which had become completely my master, and which fastened its remorseless fangs in my very vitals. Thought was a torturing thing. When I looked back, memory drew fearful pictures in lines of lurid flame, and whenever I dared to anticipate the future, hope refused to illumine my onward path. I dwelt in one awful present. Nothing to solace me—nothing to beckon me onwards to a better state."

His business declined—he grew poorer and poorer—his days dragged heavily on; life itself was a burden. He could not sit alone without rum, and drank glass after glass till he became stupified. After drinking without intermission for three days at one time, he could not sleep until he deadened his nervous excitement by smoking; but the ashes from his pipe set fire to his bed, and he was exposed as a drunkard to the friends who came to his rescue. What followed is best described in his own language.

"The fright produced by this accident, and very narrow escape, in some degree sobered me: but what I feared more than anything else was the exposure. Now all would be known, and I feared my name would become more than ever a by-word and a reproach. Will it be believed that I again sought refuge in rum? No sooner had I recovered from the fright than I sent out, procured a pint of rum and drank it all in less than half an hour? Yet so it was. And now, cramps attacked me in my limbs which raked me with agony, and my temples throbbed as if they would burst. So ill was I, that I became seriously alarmed, and begged the people of the house to send for a physician. They did so; but I immediately repented having sum-