

they are so confounded stingy, I can't chew them."

"My gracious," replied the good lady, "if that stupid fellow aint eating up all my caps that I put in starch over night."

We understand our friend suddenly became an uncompromising advocate of the Maine Liquor Law, and joined the teetotal society at the earliest possible moment.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

HE is the Paganini of orators. He plays only on one string, but one capable of infinite responses; the life of a drunkard! Oh, heavens and earth; oh, angels, men, and devils; what a theme! running from the cherub infant, through wasted youth, blasted manhood, days of alternate revelry and cursing, a home of unrelieved misery, a death of shame and anguish! It is this that Mr. Gough recites night after night. He paces up and down some 12 or 20 feet of platform, judiciously left clear for him; paces up and down, with hands clenched as in agony, or pawing the air to keep off the ghosts of memory; pouring out words with such spontaneity that they sometimes seem to fumble over one another, and smother meaning in their fall; scarcely stopping at a cheer, never inviting one. He tells you with gestures, even more significant than his passionate and sometimes beautiful words, how he went out from the home of a poor but pious living mother; wandered from the straight road; was whipped by demons over an arid desert; fed upon the hot sand in his burning thirst; felt a word of mercy like cooling water on his tongue; saw a rainbow of hope over the abyss of seven years of sin; and was restored to strength and purity, if not to happiness. When he has told

this, he can turn to other men; can paint society with a vivid pencil and conduct an argument with a vigor the more effective because tolerant.—Sometimes he will introduce an illustration; like that of the boat on the rapids; which will hold an audience in a suspense almost of agony, and force them to seek relief in appropriate tumult.—*London Times.*

LOVE.

BY WM. J. BLACK.

"Nothing in life is half so sweet
As Love's young dream."—*Moore.*

How bright and beautiful is Love,
In life's sweet morning hour;
When the sweet spell from Heaven above,
Throws over us its power.

Hail holy Love! ethereal light,
What doth such sweets impart,
Eternal and forever bright
Bewilderer of the heart.

It is the garland spring of life —
A holy mystic tie;
It is with heavenly beauty rife —
'Tis Nature's poetry.

Friends may forsake us and may rove,
Fond heart from us estrange,
But holy, pure, devoted Love,
Oh, it can never change!

Love is an unseen mystic spell,
That soothes our natures wild;
May such love in our bosoms dwell,
As mother feels for child.

Love will all tests and trials stand,
And knoweth not decay;
Love is no letters traced in sand,
The waves may wash away.

Love graven on the human heart,
Is holy, pure, and free;
It came from heaven, *it is a part*
Of God's Divinity.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Spring has come, its buds are bursting;
Forest songsters all abroad,
Join the joyous notes of gladness,
Mid the brightening works of God.