

and help, they not only neglected him, but of one it is recorded that she hated him.

A pathetic picture is given by one who saw him not very long before his death, as he sat in a small chamber hung with rusty green, his hands and fingers gouty, and marred with chalk stones. He died of "gout struck in," November 8, 1674, and was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

The Girl we Buried To-day.

BY R. F. GROVER.

Yes, stranger, a very big funeral—at least, for down this way—
Never lived a better girl than the one we buried to-day;
I was born in this 'ere township more'n sixty years ago,
Knew her when she was a baby, so I ought'er know.
Many's the time I rocked her to sleep—she was pretty then,
But when she got older, playin' 'bout with her brother Ben,
I use'er think her face looked just like a Madonner,
Specially when the day was bright, an' the sun was shinin' on her.

Well, stranger, "Tempus keeps fugitin'," our minister use'er say;
'Tis a good many years from then to this twenty-fourth of May,
And she is havin' the first quiet rest that she ever knew,
From the time that she was ten years old till she died at fifty-two.
Her life was one long struggle, with all the odds agin her.
Did seem kinder hard she should be treated like a sinner,
When she was always good herself. Life is a riddle, they say,
And 'twas a hard one for her—the girl we buried to-day.

Set down, set down, stranger—this 'ere log is better than standin',
And I'll tell you somethin' 'bout her. She lived down to the Landin'.
Her father had bin a sailor—pretty rough one, too, I guess,
Till he drifted inter this 'ere port, and saw Dick Burton's Bess;
They was as little alike as ever was darkness and light—
He was as cross an' crabbed as she was sunny an' bright.
'Twas the strangest kind of a match ever seen, old settlers say,
And she was mother to the girl that we have buried to-day.

Well, stranger, her mother died when she was ten years old.
Arter that the old man took to drink, an' then their home was sold,
And they went to live in a shanty—it was more like a pen—
But she grew fairer an' fairer an' stuck to her father an' Ben.
Somehow she took to larnin', an' could tell a verb from a noun
Quicker than any youngster that ever lived in this 'ere town;
And she would study an' study, an' never would stop to play,
Till she was fit to keep a school—the girl we buried to-day.

Well, stranger, Ben grew to be worse than his father ever had bin;
Seemed to have a hankerin' after every kind of sin;
And while she was workin' away, keepin' the village schools,
Ben and his father was drinkin', and actin' worse than fools.

And arter the old man died (killed in a drunken fight;
They brought him home on a stretcher, 'twas on a New Year's night)
Folks often use'er toll her 'twas 'nt safe for her to stay,
But she wouldn't leave her brother—the girl we buried to-day.

Then, after her wretched brother was sent away to prison
(He broke inter the corner store, took things that wasn't his'n),
She give up keepin' school, and went to live in the city,
Where she could be near Ben—she did, stranger without pity.
For years she took in washin', workin' early an' workin' late,
And then day after day she would come to the prison gate
With somethin' nice for Ben. Stranger, she wore her life away
For that wicked brother of hers—the girl we buried to-day.

You've heerd the story told—maybe you've read it, stranger—
About One who came from heav'n, begun life in a manger;
And they say that he died on purpose to save us, sinful men—
Well, she was in one way like him, for she give her life for Ben.
He served his time in prison, an' got out to see her die—
You could almost see the angels that bore her to the sky.
I'm Ben, myself, an' I mean to travel in the narrow way
Where she has left her footprints—the girl we buried to-day.

Curiosity of Science and Nature.

GOLD beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 232,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them, laid on any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book, twelve hundred would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of fifteen hundred volumes, with four hundred pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold necklace. Platinum and silver can be drawn in wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol or carmine will tinge a gallon of water so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will at that period have lost little of its weight. A burning taper uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one-thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silk worm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread. But that of the spider is finer still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach four hundred miles. In water in which vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules of which many thousands together do not equal a grain of sand; and

nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complete as those of the whale or of the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of the globe.

Spiders' Work.

By study, by art, and by rule
The wheel of the workman is made;
But the spider he needs no tool,
And he never learned his trade.
No human model he takes
Of iron, of wood, or steel;
No plane, no measures he makes;
Yet how perfect his flimsy wheel.
His lines, his circles, his curves,
So regular, yet so unsolved—
A method that never swerves,
And a knowledge that none have solved.

Long practised and early taught,
Until habit and skill combine,
The lace-maker's work is wrought
After pattern and fair design;
But the spider copies none,
As in bush and shrub he traces,
All silver-white in the sun,
His wonderful gossamer laces,
No pillow, no loom needs he
For the delicate web he weaves,
Spread out on the breezy tree
Like a veil on the trembling leaves.

A long time science require
Ere its cleverest sons are able
To perfect electric wires
Or to lay a telegraph cable;
But the spider wins his goal
With an instinct swift and fine,
As from garden pole to pole
He stretches his plastic line.
Can the human artist cope
With the marvelous little elf
That skilfully spins his rope,
And then walks along it himself?

Man, working by second causes,
Look only on natural laws;
'Tis well, when he sometimes pauses,
To remember the great First Cause.
The wisdom that man attains,
For which mortals must pore and plod,
The insect untutored gains;
But alike 'tis the gift of God.

The Little Hero.

ONE of the pathetic little stories which John B. Gough used to tell with telling effect should teach happy, well-cared-for little children to be grateful for all the good things God gives them. The orator went one day with a friend away up to a small garret room.

A feeble voice said, "Come in," and they went in.

There was no light, but as soon as their eyes were dilated to the gloom, they saw, lying on a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a singularly sweet face.

They asked the boy, "What are you doing there?"

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? what for?"

The child showed his white, delicate arms, covered with bruises, and swollen.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Hush! don't tell him; my father did it."

"What for?"

"Poor father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the ragged school, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and told me about God in heaven. I will not steal, sir, if my father kills me."

Mr. Gough's friend said, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said:

"But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

They thought it strange that, lying there without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, he could sing a hymn. How could he sing the Lord's song in a strange land? But they said, "Yes, we will hear you."

And then, in a sweet, low voice, the child sang:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my infirmity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought,
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.

"That's my little hymn; good-bye!"

The gentleman went again in the morning, mounted the stairs, knocked at the door—no answer; opened it, and went in.

The shilling lay on the floor, and there, too, lay the boy, with a brave smile on his face, as if to make the best of it; and so he had—for he was dead.

In the night he had gone home.

Drink and Work.

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man; to which observation an old man replied thus:

"That is right! You drink and it will make you work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that will do you good. I was once a very prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and used to live happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now! At seventy-two years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

There is a powerful warning in this incidental anecdote that ought to be heeded by every boy or young man. And it is forced home as a true out-ome of dabbling in strong drinks. They will beat you in the end.