

THE WORKMAN'S SONG.

"AM poor, I know, I am very poor,
As poor as a man need be;
But my Saviour was poorer still than I,
I never so poor as he.
I toil for my bread, I toil for my wife,
I toil for my children three,
But hard as I toil, he toiled as hard
In the valley of Galilee.

"My raiment is coarse, and I'm rude of
speech,
Of learning full little have I,
But I think that he loves me no less for that,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
His carpenter's tunic was coarser than mine,
His country talk was as rough;
And of learning, away in his Nazareth home,
I guess he had little enough.

"He lived in a cottage, and so do I;
He hardened his hand at the tool;
With his clothes to earn, and his bread to
win,
He hadn't much time for school.
I warrant, like me, he oft longed for rest,
The fall of the Sabbath eve,
When the holy day, from his toil and toil,
Brought with it a glad reprieve.

"But soon as he taught on the mountain
slope,
With the grass for a pulpit floor,
He lifted on high his toil-worn hands,
Saying, 'Blessed shall be the poor.'
And blessed we are, for he cares for us,
Stoops low to be one with us all;
So I love him, and trust him, and go my
way,
Until I shall hear him call.

"Then I'll climb the ladder of gold, I ween,
While the angels are looking down;
And my God, my Saviour, the Carpenter's
Son,
Shall give to me mansion and crown.
Come much, then come little, to spend or to
spare,
I tell you it matters not much,
For Jesus, in love to me, made himself poor,
That I in his love may be rich!"
—J. Jackson Wray.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, whose death took place recently in Philadelphia, was born in the little village of Sandgate, which lies between Hythe and Folkestone, on the shores of the English Channel, in the grand old county of Kent. His father was a veteran of the Peninsular War, who wore upon his breast the clasps of Corunna, Talavera, Salamanca, and Badajoz, and who served from 1798 until 1820 in the 40th and 52nd Regiments of the line. His mother was the village schoolmistress, and to her the love of the boy turned, although his respect and admiration for his stern but upright father was great. Poor as his father was he sent his son to the seminary of a Mr. Davis, of Folkestone, until he was ten years of age, by which time he had made some progress in elementary branches of education. When the lad was twelve years of age his father placed him in the hands of a family who were on the point of emigrating to the United States, and in 1829 he reached New York. The first two years of his life were passed upon a farm in that State, but in 1831 the lad determined to seek his fortune in the city, and left the family in whose charge he had been placed, and who appear to have been unfaithful to their trust. He was fortunate enough to secure work in a book bindery, where he learned bookbinding, and in 1833 felt justified in sending for his mother and sister. They joined him, and that winter he was unable to find employment, and he and his suffered greatly. The following year his mother died and his little home was broken up. He had a fine voice, and this brought him into associations not the best for him. He at last sang in a theatre, and began to

be very unsettled in his habits, drinking a great deal. For the next seven years his life was a strange one. He drifted about the country working at his trade, singing, reciting and even acting; drinking always. In 1838 he became a sailor, making a three months' voyage to the Baie de Chaleur, and on his return he married in Newburyport. He worked at his trade for a time, but he had now become almost a confirmed drunkard, and upon the death of his wife and child he sank into a state of hopeless apathy. In 1842, in Worcester, at the close of a long debauch, he was one day met by a gentleman, who asked him to sign the pledge. This he promised to do, and on the following night did so publicly, making his first public temperance speech on the occasion. In his autobiography he has left a most vivid picture of the torture he experienced during the six days that followed, but he was supported by those who saw promise of good in the young man and stood fast by him. He began speaking at once, although, as he himself says, he had to wear a heavy overcoat buttoned close up to the chin, in order that the rigidity of his clothing should escape notice. His talent was appreciated, and in a short time he became known as a temperance lecturer and devoted his life to this work. He did not easily shake off the appetite for liquor, and broke his pledge in Boston a short time after he had first signed it, but he owned his fault before the temperance society of Worcester, and was publicly reinstated as a temperance worker. His fame increased with years, but during the first year or two of his work as a lecturer his life was hardly an easy one. He travelled 6,840 miles, and his remuneration was so scanty that six dollars was the largest sum he received for a lecture during that time. In 1843 he married Miss Mary Whitcomb at Worcester, although his wealth was small, and he was indeed in debt. His increasing fame enabled him to widen the sphere of his labors, his remuneration increased, and his name began to be widely known in connection with temperance. In 1850 he visited Canada for the first time, and spoke in Montreal twelve times in all. In 1852 he was again in Canada, and he himself relates with much gusto the manner in which he split his coat from top to bottom while speaking in Cobourg. For the honor of that town he said the circulation gave him a new one. In 1853 he visited Great Britain, upon the invitation of the London Temperance League, and delivered his first lecture in Exeter Hall, and so great was his success that for two years he continued his work there. He lectured in every part of the British Isles, and upon his return to America his place was assured. He was the first of American speakers, if not the first of popular lecturers, with a world-wide reputation. In 1857 he again returned to Great Britain, and lectured there until 1859. In 1861 he began to lecture upon other subjects than temperance, the first of the course being an address upon "Sinner's Life in London." This was followed by "Lights and Shadows of London Life," "The Great Metropolis," and these three combined and condensed into one, called "London," he delivered 127 times. He was as popular as a lecturer as he had been while devoting himself entirely to temperance work, and from a monetary point of view eminently successful. Mr. Gough had lived for many years at Boylston, in the vicinity

of Worcester, Massachusetts. Up to within the last year or two his health had been good, and he had several times appeared upon the lecturer's platform, although in 1875 he publicly withdrew from active work. He was the author of several works: "Autobiography," first published in 1846; "Oration," in 1854, "Temperance Lectures," 1879, and "Sunlight and Shadow," in 1880.

WORK AND PLAY

THE SCIENCE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.

How many of our boys and girls know what is meant by the science of anything? The word "Science" means true knowledge, and to know truly, perfectly, about an object we must know of what it is made, or what causes it, and what properties it has, such as form, color, and weight.

How shall we make our soap-bubbles? Of soap and water, you will say. Only soap and water? One such a bubble will be gone before you can send another to catch it. In my childhood days I thought it real fun to see them burst, but more fun to make them last a long time.

Now, the secret lies in getting just the right mixture. Put into a common white bottle one and one half ounces of castile soap, one pint of water, and three quarters of a pint of pure glycerine. This is Plateau's solution, and from it he makes bubbles that are very, very beautiful, though, being blind, he can see them only with the eyes of his mind.

A bubble consists of a portion of air inclosed by a film—something very thin—which is made of soap and water. So we have the three forms of matter—the solid, liquid, and gaseous.

When blown from the mouth, the air inside of the bubble is warmer and lighter than the outside air, and our bubble will rise. When filled from bellows the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. The rising and falling is due to pressure of the air, which some of the boys will tell us is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch.

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily shown by putting into a vessel of any kind a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin, and a gas will be set free, which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence may be shown by putting in a lighted match.—*Select.*

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

An English paper tells this pretty story about Jenny Lind, the charming singer, which show the wisdom and practical piety of making the best of things:

"Once upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman called Sarah in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make her plait, and whenever Sarah took them to market to sell them she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a good little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could. However, one fine day she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness, but, noticing the cat as neglected as herself, she dried her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till pussy fell asleep. Then she opened the

window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with lighter heart as she worked at her plait. And as she sang her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen. The neighbours told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and, in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish Nightingale,' became the most famous singer of her day."

Think how different her life might have been if she had pushed the lonely cat aside, and, thinking only of her own goods, had spent the afternoon in tears! God surely smiled upon the little act of self forgetfulness in nursing poor Kitty when her own heart was so heavy!

Everybody needs to learn this art of looking on the bright side, and the way to do it is to really believe that God's side is always bright! This is true, as we shall always find, for "the Lord God is a sun and a shield," and you know the sun never stops shining.

RIGHT IS MIGHT.

T. M. TOWN.

(Note for a little girl.)

IN a filthy and narrow back alley,
The darkest you ever passed through,
Lived bright little Katy O'Malley,
Without either bonnet or shoe;
The scrap of a tattered old apron,
Kept on with a common tow string,
Had through a burnt-hole perforation,
The most unaccountable thing.

A little soiled piece of white ribbon,
Tied strongly, with all Katy's might,
And fought for amid great rebellion,
As Katy stood up for the right.
But when left alone by the gutter,
Little Katy sat down with her pen,
Her old drunken father and mother,
Looked out with half sober surprise.

And while like a little brown sparrow,
She chirped out aloud her complaint,
'Gainst the rum, and the gin, and tobacco
With which she had been well acquainted,
The spirit of good Father Mathew
Gave faith and mother new sight,
And they cried, "Sure Katy, we love you,
We'll put on your ribbon of white!"

"OVER THE WAY."

"Come on," said Joe, to Harry.
"Let's go over the way," and the two
boys started off.

It isn't always safe to go over the way. Many a boy has just gone over to see the fun, and has come back much poorer than he went.

"What!" you say, "are there pick-pockets there?" Yes, and worse! A thief can only take what may be replaced, but bad men and boys know how to steal honour, and truth, and all that makes life worth the living.

"Over the way" is where the loungers gather. Where the saloon lights up brilliantly. Where the cigar stores hang out its sign. Where the sensational story-papers are sold, anywhere where Satan is reaching out after his victims!

The right way is a straight way. It does not turn to the right or the left. It is a narrow way. There is no room for doubtful doubt. It is a safe way. No evil shall touch those who walk in it. It is a good way. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way."

Let us make this one prayer.
"Order my steps in thy word."

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.