

Poetry.

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

ISAIAH 38: 15.
 "Himself hath done it" all; oh how these words
 Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
 "Himself hath done it" He who loves me best,
 He whom my soul with His own blood hath
 bought.
 "Himself hath done it" can it be aught
 Than full of wisdom, full of tender love?
 Not one unneeded sorrow will He send
 To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.
 "Himself hath done it" yes, although severe
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
 'Tis His own hand that holds it and I know
 He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.
 "Himself hath done it" oh! no arm but His
 Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary load;
 But while I know He's doing all things well,
 My heart His loving-kindness questions not.
 "Himself hath done it" He, who searched me
 through,
 Sees how I cleave to earth's ensnaring ties,
 And so He breaks each need on which my soul
 Too much for joy and happiness relies.
 "Himself hath done it" then I fain would say,
 "Thy will in all things evermore be done,"
 Even though that will remove whom best I love;
 While Jesus lives, I cannot be alone.
 "Himself hath done it" precious, precious words,
 Whom my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Whose faithfulness no variation knows,
 Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.
 And when in His eternal presence blest,
 I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
 I'll glory with all His ransomed saints,
 "Himself hath done it" all, from first to last.

The Fireside.

BY E. C. LODEY.

"Uncle Henry, won't you show us what's inside
 of that lock—won't you show us, please?"
 I pressed the spring, and the little trinket flew
 open. I dare say the children expected to see
 a pretty face or a lock of hair; but they only were
 disappointed, for there was only a round piece
 of white paper on which was written, "THOU
 SHALT NOT STEAL."
 "Nettie's blue eyes, and Charlie's black ones,
 opened wide in astonishment.
 "Why, uncle, how can you? What does that mean?"
 "It's a long story," I replied, "shall I tell you?"
 "Oh, no, uncle Henry; we'd like to see it!"
 "Well, Charlie, I was just about as old as you
 are at the time of my story; a long time ago, you see."
 "It was three o'clock on a sunny afternoon
 in autumn when our village school was dismissed,
 and the scholars scattered in every direction; some
 going home, others stopping to play ball and mar-
 bles. I alone looked and felt unhappy, as I
 went by myself to walk the two miles between the
 school house and my father's dwelling. On the
 following Saturday there was to be a boys' picnic
 at Keller's Wood, and each one was expected to
 bring a basket of something nice; but my parents
 had refused to let me join the party. They did
 not like the character of some of the boys who
 were going, and didn't wish me to associate with
 them. This was why I was so soberly walking
 home.

I had gone but a short distance, when I heard
 some one call—
 "Hello, Harry!" and the next moment Sam
 Tribb, a boy some years my senior, joined me.
 "Well, Harry," said he, "about the picnic. Ain't
 you going? You'd better!"
 "What's the use of talking about it, Sam. You
 know I can't go without taking something, and
 there's nothing to be got at home, and I haven't
 a penny."

"It's too mean," said Sam, sympathizing; "I
 didn't think your parents were so tight. I war-
 rant my father would never begrudge me a bushel
 basket full of goodies!"
 "It's not the eatables nor the money," said I.
 "Father don't care for them. I've told you he
 didn't want me to go."

"But why not? what reason does he give?"
 "I reddened, but said nothing."
 "Come, out with it, Harry," he urged, with a
 sharp look at my hot face.

"Well, I'll just tell you, Sam. Father don't
 know you and some of the boys as well as I do,
 and he thinks you are not the right sort of company
 for me. There, now, I dare say, I've made you
 mad."

"Sam bit his lips, but he said:
 "Oh, no, you haven't; but it's too bad you
 should miss all this fun, just because your father
 has some absurd notions about our set being a lit-
 tle wild. I tell you what, Harry, can't you manage
 it without his knowing?" cried I. "Go without
 permission!"

"Oh, nonsense," Sam said; "don't put on such a
 long face. I don't suppose your father really ob-
 jects to your going; he only thinks it's wasting
 money."

"I do then," replied Sam. "But look here, I
 want you to go, and I'm sure your father won't be
 grudge you a basket of those fine peaches in the
 corner of the garden that he just told me he
 had. But, Sam, father has only two trees of that
 sort, and never let's me touch them."

"Oh, well and good," said Sam, shrugging his
 shoulders. "I thought you wanted to go, or I
 wouldn't have spoken of it. I didn't suppose Mr.
 Franklin would miss a few; he doesn't count them,
 does he? Of course I didn't think you'd tell.
 But good-bye," said Sam turned away.

"All the way home Sam's words were ringing in
 my ears. At first I was inclined to be angry with
 him, but the more I thought about it, the more I
 began to think my father mean and hard-hearted.
 So by the time I reached home my mind was made
 up to go to the picnic, whether my parents wished
 it or not, and to take the peaches with me too."

"I ran into the house, picked up a basket
 and then hastened toward the corner of the garden
 where the pear tree stood. They were beautiful,
 and some of their branches were so laden they al-
 most touched the ground."

"I glanced round. Was anybody looking? Not
 a soul—only Peto, my pet dog, stretched on the
 ground near me, looking into my face with his
 great brown eyes."

"Peto won't tell," I muttered, as I stretched
 forth my hand and grasped a mellow pear, and
 then in quick succession there dropped half a dozen
 or so of the golden fruit. Then I gave the
 branch a gentle shake, and down came a shower;
 hastily filling the basket, I flew, rather than ran,
 out of the back gate, through the old apple orchard,
 and over a high hill, behind which was Mr. Tribb's
 house. Sam was in the garden, and to him I en-
 trusted my treasure, for I dare not leave them at
 home; he received them with a loud laugh and a
 knowing wink."

"On the following morning my father came to
 the breakfast table with a dark cloud on his face.
 Mother anxiously inquired what was the matter,
 for my father did not usually have a clouded look."
 "Mother," he answered, "some one has been
 robbing my finest pear tree. If I ever catch the
 rascal I'll make them pay dearly. Harry, my boy,
 you must keep your eyes open and find out who
 they are, and I'll give you a half dollar."

"Shame flushed my cheeks as I muttered, 'I'll
 try, sir.' My good father little thought the thief
 was sitting beside him in the person of his own
 dear son. I tell you I felt especially mean just
 then, and the feeling followed me to school—just

when I had not listened to Sam Tribb's arguments
 I would have come to father and confessed it all.
 But Sam called me a knave for thinking of such a
 thing. I used only take a few more pears, and
 I'd have enough to go to the picnic, Saturday,
 had glorious time, and the event would slip from my
 father's memory."

"All this sounded very fine. I listened and de-
 termined to take a few more. But I found it hard
 work, for father stayed in the garden nearly the
 whole afternoon. Towards evening, however, I
 found myself alone under the pear tree. I hastily
 shook down about a half dozen, and tied them up
 in my handkerchief. It was too late to take them
 to Sam's that evening. What could I do with
 them—hide them under my bed? No, no, I could
 never trust them in the house. A bright idea
 struck me. I hastened to one corner of the garden,
 dug a hole with a trowel, and filling my bundle
 snugly in, covered it lightly with earth, and scat-
 tered some leaves over it."

"Not much sleep did I have that night, and the
 sun's first rays next morning found me up and on
 my way to the garden to dig up the pears, and
 carry them to Sam's, before any one was up. To
 my surprise I found my father walking around the
 garden with Peto."

"Why Harry," he said, "up so early. Are you
 looking for the early worm? Look there. I ex-
 pect Peto has found it, or a mole."

"I raised my eyes, and to my dismay saw the
 dog clawing over the very spot that contained the
 bundle."

"Come here, Peto," I cried, "come here! Don't
 you hear me, sir. What do you mean. Hunting a
 poor mole? For shame!"

"Peto stopped clawing, and I turned away with
 father."

"Come into the house, Harry," he said, "and I
 will look over lessons with you."

"I was standing, look in hand, waiting patient-
 ly for father to finish talking to mother, and won-
 dering how I was to get the pears to Sam, when I
 heard father exclaim—

"Hey, Peto! what have you got in your mouth?"
 "I turned round, and a cry escaped my lips as I
 saw Peto trot across the floor with a white bun-
 dle, which he placed at father's feet. I sprang
 forward to snatch it, but Peto was too quick for me;
 he gave it a savage shake, the knot came untied,
 and out rolled half a dozen large, golden pears!"

"The handkerchief was marked in one corner
 with Harry Franklin's name, and I need not tell
 you how sorry my parents were. I dare say you
 think I got a whipping, but I did not; all they
 did was to give me this lock, which they com-
 pelled me to wear."

JOHN B. GOUGH.

BY REV. E. L. CUTLER, D. D.

To John B. Gough belongs the unique distinction
 of having addressed more human beings than any
 man now living on our globe. And no man living
 has been the innocent occasion of so much hearty
 laughter, and as many honest tears. Spurgeon
 began ten years later than Gough, and has not
 spoken more than half as often. Henry Ward
 Beecher died a few days before Gough, and he
 had been for a half dozen years the prince of plat-
 formers. For thirty years no speaker has commanded
 such crowds who were eager to pay for the priv-
 ilege of listening to the most exciting of discourses
 delivered in the most dramatic voice and gestu-
 lation. It may seem presumptuous to say it, but I
 have often thought that Gough is the only rival
 of Garrick. The great English actor recited the
 brilliant words of Shakespeare and Sheridan, but
 Gough composes his own orations. Garrick had
 the help of scenery and companies of fellow actors.
 Gough makes his own scenery with his tongue,
 and stands up alone, Garrick had the widest
 variety of topics, but Gough's most splendid
 triumphs of speaking and acting have all been
 achieved on that old, very old and "thursbare
 theme of temperance." Garrick only aimed to
 produce laughter or tears. Mr. Gough, as a great
 Christian philanthropist, aims to persuade, to re-
 form, and to convert his fellow creatures to sobriety
 and temperance. Rarely has a man employed his
 peculiar gifts more nobly than has my well-beloved
 friend and brother John B. Gough.

He is a native of Sandgate, in England and was
 born in a poor little cottage, on the 23d of August
 1817. His father was a common soldier in the
 British army. I need not recount his familiar
 history, how he came to America with but half a
 dollar in his pocket, how he struggled along in the
 most utter poverty, how he ran behind the pauper's
 house that bore the body of his poor fellow moth-
 er to the Potter's Field, how he fell into the most
 degraded drunkenness, how he was rescued by Joel
 Stratton, the Worcester shoemaker, and signed the
 total abstinence pledge with a trembling hand,
 how he relapsed and signed again, until at last, by
 God's grace, he stood up as an emancipated and
 converted man. Mr. Gough's hope of remaining a
 reformed inebriate, is founded on the "Rock of
 Ages." He trusts God, and not himself. The
 most attractive trait in Brother Gough's noble
 character is his earnest and devout faith in his
 Redeemer.

Soon after Mr. Gough's reformation, he began to
 lecture in behalf of total abstinence. At first he
 spoke to a few country folk in school houses and
 churches. Then he went to Boston, where, after
 three hundred public addresses, he can draw larger
 audiences than any man alive. Deacon Grant was
 his early benefactor, and was always proud of hav-
 ing befriended him. For many years Mr. Gough
 was a member of Dr. Kirk's Church, but of late
 he has been connected with the Congregational
 Church at Boylston, Mass.

Next to the grace of God, and the prayers of a
 godly mother, our friend owes most to his faith-
 ful Yankee wife. He married Mary Whitcomb, of
 Worcester county, on the 24th of November, 1843.
 At the time of their marriage he was worth the
 coat on his back, and ten silver dollars. That
 same evening he fulfilled an engagement to talk
 temperance in a school house. She took him on
 my ears. At first I was inclined to be angry with
 him, but the more I thought about it, the more I
 began to think my father mean and hard-hearted.
 So by the time I reached home my mind was made
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OUR CHILD IN HEAVEN.

We have a little child in heaven
 So sweet and fair,
 A little pledge in mercy given,
 To guide us there.

We have a little child in glory—
 Oh, blessed thought!
 Whom Jesus tells the wondrous story
 Of his bright thought.

We have a child before His throne
 By day and night,
 All clothed in raiment not his own,
 Garments of light.

We have a child whom Jesus guides
 In pastures green,
 Watches and cares for, and provides
 With bliss unseen.

We have a child who sings His praises
 Midst angel throng—
 A little voice 'mongst them which raises
 The Lamb's own song.

We have a child from sorrow free,
 And all alarms—
 Safe, gentle Shepherd, safe with Thee,
 In thine own arms.

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