

moned him, and endeavoured, but ineffectually, to get out of his way when he arrived. He saw at a glance what was the matter with me, ordered the persons about me to watch me carfully, and on no account to let me have any spirituous liquors. Everything stimulating was rigorously denied me, and then came on the drunkard's remorseless torturer—*dolorium tremens*, in all its terrors, attacked me. For three days I endured more agony than pen could describe. Who can tell the horrors of that herable malady, aggravated as it is by the ever-abiding consciousness that it is self-sought. Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling, and on the floors; foul things crept along the bed-cloths, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, which crawled slowly over every limb, while the beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me by its dense gloom. And then the scene would change. I was falling—falling swiftly as an arrow far down into some terrible abyss, and so like reality was it, that as I fell I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, jibing, fiend-like forms were perched; and I could feel the air rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments, and I sank back on my pallet drenched in perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments. By the mercy of God I survived this awful seizure; and when I arose, I was a weak, broken-down man."

He then sent for his wife, and obtained employment; but his employers having discovered his habits threatened to discharge, but on promise of amendment retained him; and he even went so far as to board at a Temperance House, to avoid temptation. At this juncture his wife, who had been declining, was ordered rum,—and he shared the poison. He drank freely, and the usual effects followed. Ten days of suspense ensued, at the end of which his wife and child both died. He then says—

"During the miserable hours of darkness I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and in agony of soul pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to bed after a draught of rum, which I had obtained, and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch. At such times, all the events of the past would return with horrible distinctness to my recollection; and many a time did I wish to die, for hope had well nigh deserted me, both with respect to this world and the next."

Through the love of drink he left his situation, and as the only remaining means of getting rum, he repaired to the lowest *grog-shops*, and there sang and told stories to a set of men who supplied him with drink in return. But still he seems to have had glimmerings of conviction. He says:—

"Through the mists of memory my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee and listened to the lessons of wisdom and goodness from her loving lips. I would see her mild reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice: and, surrounded by my riotous companions, at certain seasons reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven,—and I, while enjoying the loud plaudits of sots,

"Saw a hand they could not see,
Which beckon'd me away."

The sabbath was now disregarded, and usually spent in the country, with no companion but the rum-bottle!

"Utterly wretched and abandoned, I have stood by the rail-way-track with a vague wish to lie across it, drink myself into oblivion, and let the cars go over me. Once I stood by the rails with a bottle of laudanum clattering against my lips, and had nearly been a suicide; but the mercy of God interposed, and I escaped the sin of self-murder. All night long have I lain on the damp grass which covered my wife's grave, steeped to the very lips in poverty, degradation, and misery! Frequently was I tempted to take my life, yet I clung instinctively to existence. Sleep was often a stranger to my eyelids, and many a night would I spend in the open air; sometimes in a miserable state of inebriation, and at other times in a half-sober condition. All this time I often resolved that I would drink no more—that I would break the chain that bound me; but still I continued in the same course, breaking every promise I made to myself and others, and continuing an object of scorn and contempt. I felt

that few, if any, pitied me; and that any should love me was entirely out of the question. Yet was I yearning intensely for sympathy."

Such was Gough's misery, but rescue was at hand. He was sought by a kind stranger, who persuaded him to sign the pledge of total abstinence, which he promised to do at a temperance meeting on the following evening. We again quote his own words:

"I went on my way much touched by the kind interest that, at last, some one had taken in my welfare. I said to myself, 'If it should be the last act of my life, I will perform my promise and sign it, even though I die in the attempt; for that man has placed confidence in me, and therefore I love him.' . . .

"All next day the coming event of the evening was continually before my mind's eye, and it seemed to me as if the appetite which had so long controlled me exerted more power over me than ever. It grew stronger than I had at any time known it, now that I was about to rid myself of it. Until noon I struggled against its cravings; and then, unable to endure my misery any longer, I made some excuse for leaving the shop, and went nearly a mile in order to procure one more glass, with which to appease the demon who so tortured me.

"The day wore wearily away; and when evening came I determined, in spite of many a hesitation, to perform the promise I had made to the stranger the night before. The meeting was to be held at the Lower Town-hall, Worcester; and thither, clad in an old brown surtout, closely buttoned up to the chin, that my ragged habiliments beneath might not be visible, I repaired. I took a place among the rest; and when an opportunity of speaking presented itself, I requested permission to be heard, which was readily granted . . . I lifted my quivering hand, and then and there told them what rum had done for me. I related how I was once respectable and happy, and had a home; but that now I was a houseless, miserable, scathed, diseased, and blighted outcast from society. I said scarce a hope remained to me of ever becoming that which I once was; but having promised to sign the pledge I was determined not to break my word, and would now affix my name to it. In my palsied hand I with difficulty grasped the pen, and in crooked characters, I signed the total abstinence pledge, and resolved to free myself from the inexorable tyrant—*Rum!*"

Since that time John B. Gough has been by far the most prominent and effective temperance lecturer of the New World. The hardened convict has raised his manacled hand to wipe away fast flowing tears under his eloquence. Grave senators have listened, wondered, and been convinced by his pathetic appeals, and even solid divines, who had resisted all other arguments to join the ranks of the temperance society, have given in to his all but irresistible entreaties. It is among the youth of both sexes, however, that he has perhaps produced the greatest impression; so much so, that where he has lectured, drinking usages have in a great measure ceased.

But let us mark the danger of having once formed the drunkard's appetite. When Mr. Gough was in the very zenith of his fame and usefulness, after he had passed through many States more like a triumphant conqueror than a temperance lecturer—after he had induced thousands and tens of thousands to sign the pledge—after he had professed, and it is believed, was truly converted to Christ, he fell once more—and that even lower than before. There is a deep mystery connected with this memorable fall—probably it was a plot against him, certainly he was deficient in prudence; but, however it was, he suddenly disappeared, when on the eve of leaving New York for Montreal, where he had engaged to lecture, and though every means was tried to discover him, it was only after a week that he was found senseless and helpless in an obscure house of an obscure street in New York. He had no consciousness of what had passed from the day when he first disappeared, after having taken a glass of soda water with a stranger who claimed acquaintance with him, into which glass the stranger seemed to drop some drug. For a long time the wretched sufferer hovered between life and death, mind and body being alike enfeebled; but by great care and deep sympathy on the part of the Christian brethren in the church (the Rev. E. M. Kirk's), and his temperance friends, he was again recruited, and is now lecturing with even greater power and success than ever, often alluding humbly and touchingly to his last fall as the most awful proof of the danger of forming the appetite for strong drink. And is it not so? Whoever nurses this appetite within them, and it is first brought into being and fostered by moderate drinking, will certainly find at the last that they have been cherishing a serpent to sting them to death. Reader, are you forming John B. Gough's appetite? Say not that he was a weak man and you are a strong one. Are you stronger than Alexander the Great, Burns, Sheridan, Byron, and a host of other men of mighty mind, all of whom have sunk before this appetite, when once formed.