

JOHN B. GOUGH.



JOHN B. GOUGH, after an absence from England of nearly twenty years, now visits us for the third time, for the purpose of delivering a few lectures. He now looks the picture of perfect health. He is rather stouter than when last in this country, and although his hair is well silvered, he still looks young and hearty. Our portrait is an engraving from one taken in his fiftieth year. Mr. Gough's reception in London took place in Dean Stanley's Garden at Westminster, and was attended by the leading men of the temperance world, and many of the most prominent of the clergy and ministers. Nothing could show more clearly the great advance that has been made in temperance principles amongst the clergy and educated classes, than the great array of earnest workers who assembled to welcome the American philanthropist.

The greeting was of the most cordial nature, and earnest hopes were expressed for long life and happiness to the guest of the occasion; while many hearts were doubtless asking the blessing of God upon the forthcoming meetings. Wherever he goes Mr. Gough will be listened to by delighted thousands. We sincerely pray that his life may long be spared to labour for the redemption of mankind from the thralldom of drink, and that, while with us, his labours may do much to stay the progress of the giant evil which is threatening the very life of the nation.

The following extract from one of his lectures gives some idea of his style of speaking. Referring to the pioneers of total abstinence, he said: "They were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. . . . They worked hard; they lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone; they laid it amid persecution and storm; they worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with 'love, truth, sympathy, and goodwill to men.' Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strow the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descend-

ing, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery; through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind;—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase;—when they shall come up to the last distillery, and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains,—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world! The last poor drunkard shall go into it and find a refuge there. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard; and there shall be joy in heaven when the triumph of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumph of the Cross of Christ."

Mr. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane London, has just issued a very interesting biography of this celebrated orator, under the title of "The Life and Times of John B. Gough." It is published at 1s. and 2s. 6d., and we should recommend all our readers to get it.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

WHEN I was a little girl I often stayed for week together with my Aunt May (uncle Philip's wife,) and one of my greatest pleasures was to go with her to the homes of those whom God seemed to have called Aunt May to comfort and assist. There was one place in particular to which I loved to go, and from which, perhaps, I gathered more beautiful thoughts than anywhere else in the whole world. It was a poor place, yet clean and tidy, and that not so much because the widow who lived there was so inclined, as that her eldest boy strove with all his power to make life comfortable, and smooth for her. I well remember one day when the autumn wind was high, and winter seemed ready to snatch hold of every leaf in his way, just to show, as it were, that he was a great king hurrying to the throne of his power, that we went out prepared to call upon the widow Pritchard, and her dear, noble boy. She opened the door for us in her usual lifeless way, while the shawl which she seemed to wear to add to the untidiness of her looks, hung off her shoulders down to the floor, which good, patient Jim, had either swept or scrubbed. Joe, the youngest child, was no doubt very tiresome, and yet I pitied him, when he struggled to get out of the cheerless place, to play and frolic with the other young ones in the court. It was only natural for so young a child—he could not, you see, understand the beauty which Jim's unselfish love cast around him.

"You shan't go, Joey," his mother began; and then she went on, as was her wont, to tell Aunt May of the many cares and troubles of her life. Jim, who mended boots and shoes for the neighbours, or did anything whereby he could earn an honest penny, raised his dear, anxious, loving face. "Mother," he said kindly, "don't fret, and don't vex the lady. There's a good time coming, only God doesn't think fit to send it yet." Poor Jim, the light in his eyes was beautiful, and I seem to see him now.

"Aye, aye," and his mother rocked herself in her chair; "but 'tis a long time first."

Then Aunt May told her of the good time in heaven, and that often our trials here were sent to prepare us for the full enjoyment of the glory awaiting us, when the good time we are told to hope for shall at length come.

We went away, leaving her, I believe, all the happier for our visit; but when next day we again called, a sad tale met our ear. Jim had been carrying home his work, and how it happened no one could say, but he was knocked down by a carriage of some sort, and then the wheels of the said carriage passed over his poor body, and he was no more. His face had not been crushed, and he looked just as before, only his eyes were closed, but his mouth was peaceful and sweet, and Aunt