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NATURE AND MAN.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

A few weeks ago flashed around the world, filling with sorrow the heart of every English speaking man and woman, the news that the great temperance orator, John B. Gough, had gone from among us. But he died as every true soldier wishes to die, in harness. He was lecturing on temperance in the Frankford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 15th of February, when, in the middle of his discourse the fatal paralytic stroke fell, and though he lingered on in his home just alive until the 18th, he never spoke again. His last words, thundered out on that platform with much of his early energy and fire, were "Young man, keep your record clean!" and well may every boy and young man in our country pray God to help him heed the warning. One thing to be noted with extreme interest concerning this man is that he and the great evangelist Mr. Moody were both the spiritual children of the Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, and that he was often of great assistance to Dr. Kirk in revival meetings, and was a member of that church until the day of his death.

The Rev. Joseph Cook in closing his oration on the veteran's death said, "This man has given our own day and all future time an example not merely of breadth and courage, but of intensity and tenderness. His philanthropies were as countless and abundant as they were unostentatious. The central rule of his work was Christ's own method of going about from house to house doing good. How could he hold audiences ninety nights in succession in Exeter Hall (London)? Simply, because he spent his days among the poor and told at night what he had observed in the day. How could he wear so long? Only by keeping himself close to man's heart and to God's heart.

Let England follow this man! Let the isles of the sea follow him! My conviction is that in his breadth of principle—and especially in his last positions concerning legal enactments in regard to the liquor

traffic—he made himself one of the Pilgrim Fathers of the twentieth century, will be remembered with more honor in the next generation than even he possessed in this, and that therefore the youngest man here

fair sample of his well-known intense earnestness, a passage from his Farewell Address in London.

"Come with me," he said, "to the Yosemite Valley: yonder stands El Capitan—the

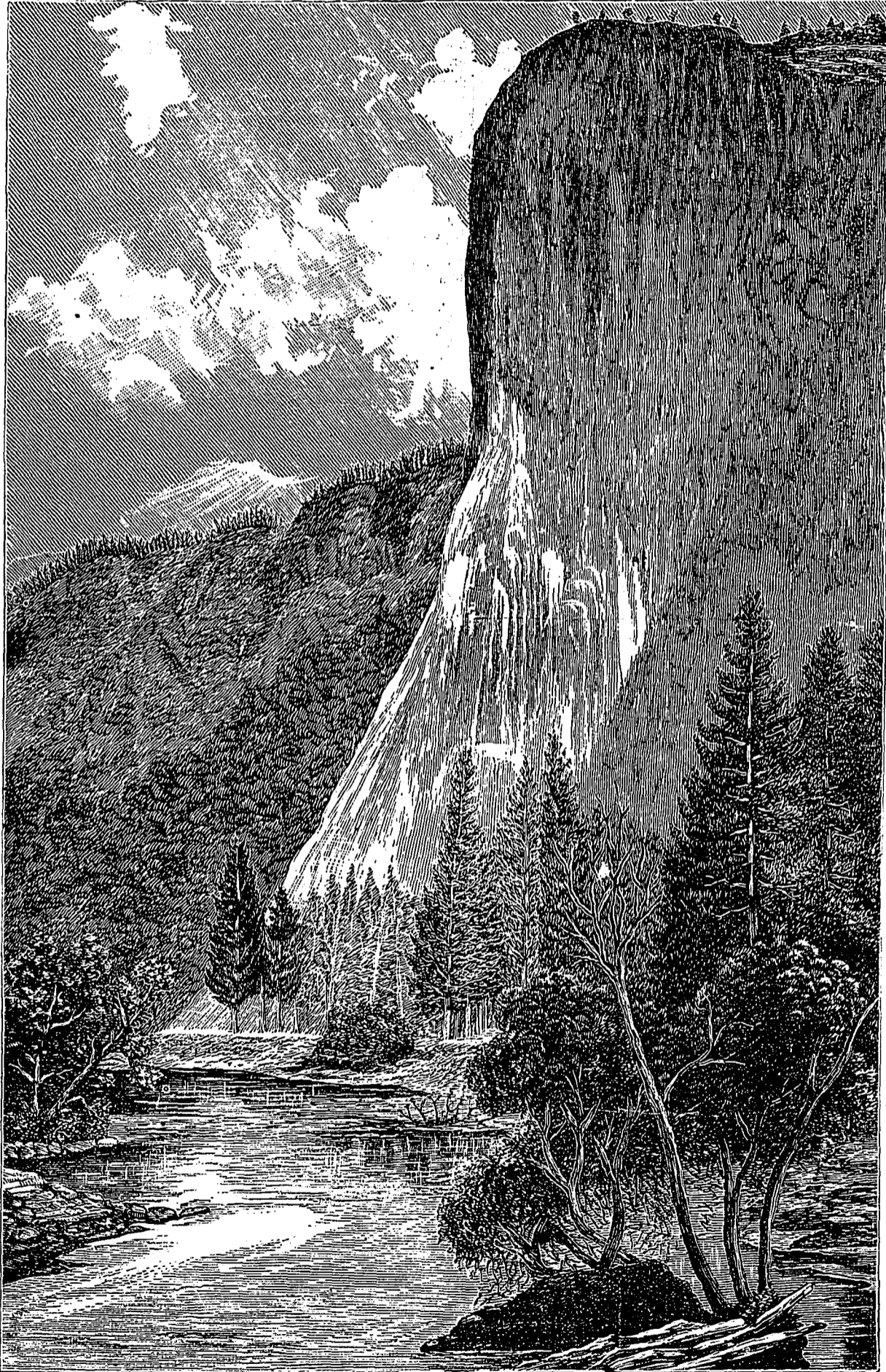
hundred feet in height, three feet and more in diameter. Do you see that bend in the face of the rock? That is a fissure seventy-five feet wide. Nearer yet, still nearer. It seems as if you

might touch it now with your finger. Stand still under the shadow of El Capitan. A plumb-line from the summit falls fifty feet from the base. Now look up, up, up, 3,000 feet—two-thirds of a mile—right up. How grand and sublime! Your lips quiver, your nerves thrill, your eyes fill with tears, and you understand in some degree your own littleness. "The inhabitants of the earth are but as grasshoppers." How small I am! I could not climb up fifty feet on the face of that rock, and there it towers above me.

Yonder is the great South Dome, rising sheer up 6,000 feet—more than a mile—seamed and seared by the storms of ages, but anchored in the valley beneath. There are the Three Brothers, there the Cathedral rocks and spires, there the Sentinel Dome and the Sentinel Rock. How magnificent! See yonder the wonderful Yosemite Falls leaping through a gorge 1,800 feet before it strikes, coming down like sky-rockets, exploding as they fall; striking, it leaps 400 feet, and again it leaps 600 feet. More than half a mile the water pours over. What a dash, what a magnificent anthem ascending to the great Creator!

Now look around you in every direction, and you feel the littleness of man. Oh! I am but as the dust in the balance, but as the small dust in the balance! But God created man in his own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and made him—not gave him—but made him a living soul; therefore I am a man, a living man, but that is a dead rock. I am a living man. The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world be removed like a cottage, the Milky Way shall shut its two awful arms and hush its dumb prayer for

ever, but I shall live, for I am a man with the fire of God in me and a spark of immortality that will never go out. The universe, grand and magnificent and sublime as it is, is but the nursery to man's infant soul, and



EL CAPITAN IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

may take the hand of John Gough without fear of outgrowing him as a leader."

The story of Mr. Gough's life has already been told in the MESSENGER and we cannot now repeat it, but will conclude with, as a

atmosphere so clear it seems as if you might strike it with a stone. Approach nearer; how it looms up; how it grows and widens; how grand! See yonder those shrubs in the crevice. S

ABERT
GALLON QUE
214 M. P. ZOR
152863