

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Twelve years ago, Dr. T. L. Cuyler writes: "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 did not rise into celebrity until Gough had been for a half dozen years the prince of platformers. For thirty years no speaker has commanded such crowds who were eager to pay for the privilege of listening to the most exciting of discourses, delivered in the most dramatic voice and gesticulation. Rarely has a man ever 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 22nd 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 hearth that bore the body of his poor, pious mother 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 schoolhouses 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 having befriended him. For many years Mr. Gough was a member of Rev. Dr. Kirk's church, but of late has been connected with the Congregational church of Boylston, Mass.

Next to the grace of God, and the prayers of a godly mother, our friend owes most to his faithful 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 schoolhouse. She took him on trust, and has stood by him until he has risen into a world-wide fame as an orator and philanthropist. When her young husband—still rather "shaky," and in danger of falling—introduced her to Deacon Grant, the shrewd man talked with her a few moments, and then slyly whispered in his ear, "John, she'll do." She has done, and nobly too, for twenty-nine eventful years. During the long period of his public career, Mr. Gough has made two visits to Europe, and spoken in every considerable city and town of the British Empire. He has had the gifted and the titled among his auditors, yet the common people hear him gladly.

He has delivered over seven thousand public addresses, some of them to audiences of ten thousand people. He has travelled over a sufficient number of miles to have carried him twelve times around the globe. He has secured over two hundred thousand signatures to the pledge. By the help of God he has reformed a large number of those who had sunk into that same abyss of drunkenness from which he himself was rescued. Much of the large amount of money paid him for his addresses, has been generously given away in charity.

As an orator, Mr. Gough reached his climax of power twenty years ago. His voice was then as musical as a flute, with marvellous power in the tender, pathetic passages. Long and hard service has made it somewhat harsh and husky, but it is still an instrument of rare compass and flexibility. Sometimes he overacts, especially when weary. But in the days of his highest glory, no man could surpass him in delineation of character and in impersonations of "all sorts and conditions" of humanity. He has often been a mother, a child, a peading wife, a brutal husband, a planta-

tion negro, a Scotch deacon, a Frenchman, a raw Irishman, a pompous coxcomb, and a poor, besotted toper, all in one hour's address. And he excelled in every character. Truly, God made a wonderful creature when he made John B. Gough. And the grace of the Lord Jesus made a glorious philanthropist and reformer when it converted him to the service of his Divine Master. May he live fifty years longer!

Another writer, speaking of his home in the city of Worcester, Mass., says: "Within the house speaks in very plain language of much taste and culture, as well as of much attention to the solid comforts of life and little to its show and pretension. One needs not to be introduced to Mrs. Gough to know that her husband has what the Good Book declares is a gift from the Lord, but, being introduced, is confirmed in that faith, and finds in even a very short acquaintance that her temperance sympathies are quite as strong as those of her husband, and her literary tastes as carefully cultivated. The home-life, as I saw it that summer day, was a very delightful one, and Hillside seemed to me the very ideal of a New England home.

I had never met Mr. Gough personally before. I was at no loss afterward to know why, not knowing I yet loved him. The personal magnetism which men talk about so glibly and so ignorantly, is, I firmly

believe, in part if not entirely, a spiritual quality. The invisible, the unrecognized spirit speaks out in the man, he knows not how himself, and how should others know? This mysterious magnetism thrills you for the moment you catch Mr. Gough's eye or touch his hand. His warm heart brightens the eye and tightens the grasp of the hand. He is no mere actor, no orator, no public man living in a public atmosphere, and laboring for fame or gold, but a friend; a friend of yours, a friend of every man who needs a friend. His simplicity, his kindness, his naturalness, his unfeigned sincerity, all shine out in even a half hour's intercourse. The orator, you admire; the man, you love. The ancient writers said that the foundation of rhetoric was a high and noble and moral character. Modern writers have laughed at them, but I believe they were right. A rascal may be an actor, but not an orator. A great heart is the first condition of true eloquence; and Mr. Gough has emphatically a great heart.

As among these pictures he showed me



JOHN B. GOUGH.

However, I did not take up my pen to write of Mr. Gough, but of his home. But the man makes the home; hence the digression. A man is judged, it is said, by the company he keeps; and a literary man's books

are his company. He who should judge Mr. Gough by his books would judge him a man of broad and generous culture. Such a library! It is not a huge literary workshop, with a promenade from the table to the chair and another from the chair to the bookcase, but the cosiest and most charming of sanctuaries. Its books are well-used books and no department of literature seems to be unrepresented. But you catch the spirit of the owner when you notice two facts, that its largest departments are Christian literature and art. If I were a preacher I should hardly dare to go into Mr. Gough's library lest I should covet my neighbor's books. I have rarely seen on any ministerial shelves a finer collection of English commentaries and helps to the understanding of the Scriptures. But art, that peers out at you everywhere! Books on art, books of art, great folio volumes by the score, magnificent quartos, in a case by themselves, though that is in the parlor, portfolios after portfolios of loose engravings, the finest collection of English cartoons of all descriptions on the subject of temperance, the finest collection of Cruikshank's works in this country, probably the finest in the world—these are some of Mr. Gough's companions.

It is DISOWNING my belief, wronging my soul, and giving the lie to God, to think but for a moment, that His mercy in Christ is not above all my sins.—Rev. T. Adams.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Pelouet's Select Notes.)
June 28.

REVIEW.
Scripture lesson.—The Golden texts and 2 Tim. 4: 1-8.

Golden text.—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.—2 Tim. 4: 7.

Time.—From A. D. 60 to about 68.
Territory.—Caesarea, Malta, Rome, the Mediterranean Sea.

Persons.—Paul, Peter, Luke, Aristarchus, Julius, Publius.
Books.—The Acts, Ephesians, Philippians, 1 Timothy, 2 Timothy, Hebrews, 2 Peter.

Place in Bible history.—Acts, chaps. 27, 28, and several years after the close of the Bible narrative.

Suggestions for Review.—There may be a general Review of the whole school by means of the Titles, Golden Texts, Central Truths, and Review Exercises.

Assign to the scholars the different books studied, and the principal persons.

Let each scholar make a list (1) of the great truths he finds in these lessons. (2) Of the duties. (3) The things to be desired and sought for. (4) The things to be avoided.

The main thoughts of the Quarter can be massed around two central points:—

I. The last years of St Paul (Lessons I, II, III, IV, IX.). Describe the voyage, its starting point, its aim, how long, the incidents showing Paul's character, the delay at Malta, his stay there, his success, his subsequent history till his death, his character, his greatness, his goodness, his usefulness.

II. The Christ whom Paul preached (Lessons V, XII.). Christ is the centre to which every lesson leads, as rays of light concentrate in a focus; and also from which truth and blessings radiate to all. One could make a simple blackboard exercise with Christ as a central sun, and lines radiating from that centre, and on each ray let the scholar write the thought in each lesson which leads to Christ, and the truth or blessing which radiates from him.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it into the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a stranger lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.—Selected.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "that boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah, he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as eternity.—Exchange.