

**Somebody's Darling.**

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,  
Where the dead and the dying lay  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day,  
Somebody's darling—so young and so brave,  
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,—  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace

Matted and damp are the curls of gold  
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;  
Pale are the lips of delicate mould;  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face  
Brush every wandering silken thread;  
Cross his hands as a sign of grace;  
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for *Somebody's* sake;  
Murmur a prayer soft and low!  
One bright curl from the cluster take;  
They were somebody's pride you know.  
Somebody's hand had rested there;  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Kissed farewell in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
Somebody wafted his name above,  
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand!  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,  
There he lies, with the blue eyes dim,  
And smiling, child-like lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—  
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

**John B. Gough on Temperance.**

The following are extracts from Mr. Gough's address at Woodstock, on July 4th.

I have come to talk to you on temperance. I have been now forty-one years speaking in my way. I suppose you would like to hear something new. There isn't anything new. Some people prefer the old to the new. A man went into a store and, leaning against a post, asked: "Have you anything new or fresh?" "Yes," was the response; "that paint you are leaning on is fresh." Probably he would have preferred the old to the new.

People say: "Gough is a mere story-teller. Who can't tell a story?" What ought I to give the people but a story? I never have been into a school since I was ten and a half years of age; neither a Sunday-school nor a day-school. I had nothing to fall back upon; but I had a story to tell. It was a story of crime, a story of gloom, a story of sunshine, a story of God's infinite mercy, a story every word of which I felt in the deepest depths of my own soul. I began to tell the story, and I have continued to tell the story, and I thank God there are some men who, through stories, have been able to make the remaining chapters in the stories of their lives better. So it is the same old story.

I will tell you my idea of the liquor traffic very briefly. God forgive me, I do not speak of it boastingly, for my sin is ever before me; seven years of my life was a dark blank. I know what the burning appetite for stimulant is; I know all about it, and I have sat by the dying bedside of drunkards; I have held their hands in mine; I have tried to lead them at the last gasp to the Saviour who never turned any away that came to Him; and yet, in the light of my own experience and the experience of others that I have received through my observation, I could say: Father in Heaven, if it be Thy will that man shall

suffer, whatever seemeth good in Thy sight of temporal evil, impose it on me, let the bread of affliction be given me to eat; take from me the friends of my old age; let the hut of poverty be my dwelling-place; let the wasting hand of disease be laid upon me; let me walk in the whirlwind, live in the storm; let the passing away of my welfare be like the flowing of a stream and the shouts of my enemies like rain on the waters; when I speak good let evil come on me—do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the bed of a drunkard! And yet, as I shall answer to Thee in the day of judgment, I had rather be the veriest sot that ever reeled through your streets than I would be the man who sold him his liquor for money.

I think it is the most awful business that a man can possibly engage in. There is no good in it. How much benefit is it to a town that a man shall start a saloon. Let him bring a few specimens of his work. He can't do it. The raw material is always worth more than the manufactured article; always. As a boy said: "I know So-and-so's saloon is finished." "How do you know it?" "I saw a fellow coming out of it drunk." A liquor-seller was very angry with a boy who, when he saw a drunken man had fallen down in front of a saloon, said: "Mister, your sign has fell down."

In New York State, a very respectable man, except for one thing, occasional intoxication, went into a saloon and got intoxicated. It was in the afternoon. He went home and struck his wife a blow that killed her. He was arrested that night; spent the night in jail. The keeper came in the morning to wake him up, sleeping off his drunk on the floor of the cell. He woke up hardly conscious from his drunken sleep and said: "Wh—where am I? It seems to me I am in jail." "Yes; you are!" said the keeper. "Why you got me in jail for?" "Don't you know?" "N—no; I never was in jail before in my life. Why—why—why you got me in jail for?" "You are in jail for murder." "What! You don't mean that?" "Yes; I do." "And I killed anybody?" "Yes." "O, my God! What will become of me? Say, tell me! Does my wife know it?" "Why! It is your wife you have killed." He dropped on the floor of the cell like a dead man. The keeper of that prison holds a license to sell liquor, and the sheriff who will hang him if ever he is hung owns the place where he keeps his liquor shop. If you punish the one, why not punish the other?

I remember hearing of a nobieman who wanted to have a grand entertainment, and he wanted fish and there were none to be obtained. One of his servants said to him: "There is a man in the hall has a very fine turbot; but he asks a very curious price." "Never mind the price. Grant it." "He asks a hundred lashes on his bare back." "Well, he's a fool, if he wont let it go for less than that." They brought him in and laid on fifty lashes pretty lightly, when the man said: "Hold on! I have got a partner in this business!" "Well, bring in the other, if there are two fools." "Your porter wouldn't let me in at the gate until I promised I would give him half of what I got for the fish." They brought in the porter and gave him fifty lashes, and laid them on well. If you put a man in prison for getting under the influence of liquor,

how about the man at the other end; the man that sold the liquor?

I have not a boy, and sometimes I am glad I have not, when I see the wrecks of men around me like one who once came to me, a graduate of Edinburgh University. After I had talked with him some time, said he: "Will you shake hands with me? I am obliged to you for giving me your time. It is no use. God pity me, Mr. Gough, I am a lost laddie. Good-bye." A lost laddie? Are there no lost laddies in Connecticut? Are there no mothers mourning over a lost laddie? I am glad I have no son in these days of temptation; but, if I had, I would rather take him to the lowest grog-shop you have in Connecticut and keep him an hour than take him into your respectable, social, moderate drinking society, where the father and mother drink, and the minister who preaches the everlasting Gospel smiles with approval, if he don't take it himself.

You may take a boy brought up in this grog-shop, give him a glass of liquor, and he will say "Father, I don't like this; I don't like the smell of it. What strange looking people come here. What makes that man look like that?" "Drink, my boy; will you have some?" "They are using horrible language, what makes them talk so?" "Drink, my boy; will you have some?" "No." Let me show him the results, and he won't touch it; but in the social circle, where the mother offers it to her guests, then he will take it. I tell you I had rather have given that man that shot himself dead at the age of thirty-two, in the presence of his wife, mother and child, mad with delirium tremens—I had rather have given him his last glass than the first. If he had not taken the first, he never had taken the last. I don't say all men become drunkards. God have mercy on any young man who hears me, if he permits the fetters to be bound on him, coil on coil, more binding even than the withes that were put upon Samson, until he cries in bitterness of spirit: "Who shall deliver me from the slavery of drunkenness?"

I want to say a word to the young men. It is a grand thing to be a young man; to have life before you. Life is behind us. My record is pretty nearly made; yours is to make. I can't change my record to save my life. I can't undo a deed that I have done or unsay a word I have spoken to save my soul. No more can you. You are making your record. We old men have our record nearly made, and we can't change it. It is an awful thing when a man is sixty-five years of age to look out upon a stained, smeared, smudged record, and know he can't change it. Thank God, there is a Man who can wipe out the iniquity sufficient to save us, as a school-boy wipes his sum off the slate. Even if a man is forgiven, it leaves a mark upon him he will never recover from—never.

Young men, you have life before you, and you will have to map out which direction you will take. They tell us that eight miles above us nothing animal can exist. It is death to all animal life eight miles in that direction. It don't depend on the distance you travel, but on the direction; and when a man takes a wrong direction he knows it. Young men, you need not tell me when you are doing wrong you don't know it. You do. There is not a young man that is breaking his

mother's heart by dissipation but knows it; knows that every glass he drinks will be a thorn in the way for him. He knows it. What do young men say? "Oh! young men will be young men." They ought to be. I always look with suspicion on old heads on young shoulders. You young men can be young as long as you live. Years don't make a man old. There is many a man forty years of age who is younger and fresher at heart than some young old men of twenty-five who have broken themselves all down by dissipation. William E. Dodge never was old. He was young a seventy-eight, and entered into perennial eternal youth without ever knowing what old age was. So can you.

I thought it was a terrible thing to be old. The first time I ever heard myself called old it was in a railway station. I was looking after baggage and one of these baggage smashers said: "Old man, what are you looking after?" It sounded queer. I don't mind it now. I don't like it when they say: "Let us pray for our aged friend." I don't like that. That is a little too much of a good thing.

Young men, did you ever meet a man sixty years of age who would say, I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I am sorry I never learned to use it when a boy? One gentleman, seventy years of age, on this ground, said to me: "I never drank a glass of liquor in my life." Our young men say: "Oh, you temperance people always present this matter of drunkenness in such a terrible light." I will tell you one great danger we have. We look at simple intoxication as a small affair. Getting tight once in a while is nothing, will happen to anybody. Did you ever hear a man say: "If you call me a thief, I will knock you down. I know I steal occasionally, but I am not a thief." "If any man calls me a liar, I will thrash him. I know I don't always tell the truth; but I am not a liar." "I am not a drunkard. I get 'three sheets in the wind,' a 'brick in the hat.' I am not a drunkard." If a man steals once he is a thief. You don't call a man who drinks himself full once a drunkard!

A Scotch lairdie went to the squire with his man Sandy, and they got to drinking whiskey from night to morning. The next morning, on their way home on horseback, Sandy following the lairdie, both very drunk, they came to a little bit of a burn, and the lairdie, pulling on the bridle, pulled himself over the horse's neck over his ears, splash into the water. "Sandy, Sandy, something has fell off." "Oh, no, there's nothing fell off!" "Sandy, I heard a splash." Sandy got off his horse, and said: "It is yourself that has fell in the water." "It can't be me; for I am here." Sandy got his master on his horse again; but wrong side before. "Now," said the lairdie, "Sandy, gimme the bridle! Gimme the bridle, Sandy." "Lairdie, you wait until I find the bridle." "I must have a bridle." "Lairdie, there isn't any bridle, and there isn't any place for a bridle. Lairdie, here's a miracle; the horse's head's off and I can't find the place where it was and there isn't nothing left but a piece of his mane." "Give me the mane then, Sandy. Whoa! He is going the wrong way." And so the story went on. Because we laugh at some of the phases of drunkenness we lose the ability in