

thrown out of employment and, worst of all, his mother died in extreme poverty. Reduced to direst extremity and heartbroken, he wandered about the streets in desperation, and eventually connected himself with a low theatre in Boston at five dollars a week—though he never received the money. In the meantime he had acquired some reputation as a singer of comic songs and one who could tell a funny story with great *gusto*. He fell into bad company and bad habits, which dragged him down to the lowest depths of misery and degradation. He became a confirmed inebriate. One Sunday evening in October, 1842, as he wandered out into the streets pondering his miserable condition, a stranger tapped him on the shoulder and, looking at him very earnestly said, "Mr. Gough, I believe? You have been drinking to-day. Why do you not sign the pledge?" The kind words moved a heart that had long been a stranger to such feelings as now awoke within him. A chord had been touched which vibrated to the tone of love. Hope dawned once more. He resolved to enter on a better course. He signed the pledge. A change for the better soon followed. From regularly attending the Temperance meetings, it was not long till he was recognized as a popular platform speaker. His fame spread abroad, and applications poured in upon him to address temperance meetings in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other cities. In the meantime he had married his second wife, Miss May Whitcomb, from whom he derived more comfort, strength and encouragement than from any other human source; he had also connected himself as a member of Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, to whose wise counsels and unvarying sympathy he makes frequent allusion. In 1850 he visited Canada, lecturing in all the principal towns from Halifax to Hamilton to crowded audiences, everywhere inducing thousands to sign the pledge. In 1853 he was invited to deliver a series of lectures in his native country. He went, intending to remain a few weeks or months, but he remained two years. The same marvellous results followed his eloquent appeals there. At the Surrey Gardens, London, he spoke to over 17,000 people—the largest audience he ever had. He was enthusiastically received in Scotland,

too. He left the old country loaded with valuable presents and leaving behind him memories that will be handed down to generations unborn. The average cash receipts from his lectures were from \$2.77 in 1843, to \$173.39 in 1867, and out of his savings—though he was a generous giver all the time—he was able to purchase a small farm, and to make not merely a comfortable but an elegant and refined home for his declining years. Mr. Gough died in harness. In the middle of an impassioned address in Philadelphia, he was suddenly seized with paralysis. His last words were "*Young man, make your record clean.*" He lay in a state of unconsciousness for three days, and then the great orator and philanthropist passed away to his overlasting rest and reward, in the 69th year of his age. The story of his life is full of instruction, encouragement and warning. While it shows how easily a man of good natural abilities and amiable disposition may be dragged down by the demon of intemperance to the verge of perdition, it also shows that the grace of God can restore such an one and make him a blessing to the world. It further illustrates in a very striking manner the aphorism—"A word spoken in season, how good is it!" It was to Joel Stratton, a hotel waiter, the man who tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to sign the pledge, that John Gough, under Providence, owed his emancipation from the thralldom of strong drink, and was enabled to do the grand work for humanity which he did. The practical lesson to all who shall read this narrative is—*Omit no opportunity of using your personal influence for the good of your brother-man.*

Presbyterianism on the Prairie.

BRANDON.

BRANDON is the second city of Manitoba. It occupies probably the most picturesque site in the Province, and marks the spot where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Assiniboine River, 133 miles west of Winnipeg and 1557 west of Montreal. It is surrounded by an excellent farming country, (hence sometimes called the wheat city.) It was planned by