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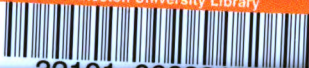
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EULOGY ON THE  
LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE  
JOHN ZUG, ESQ.

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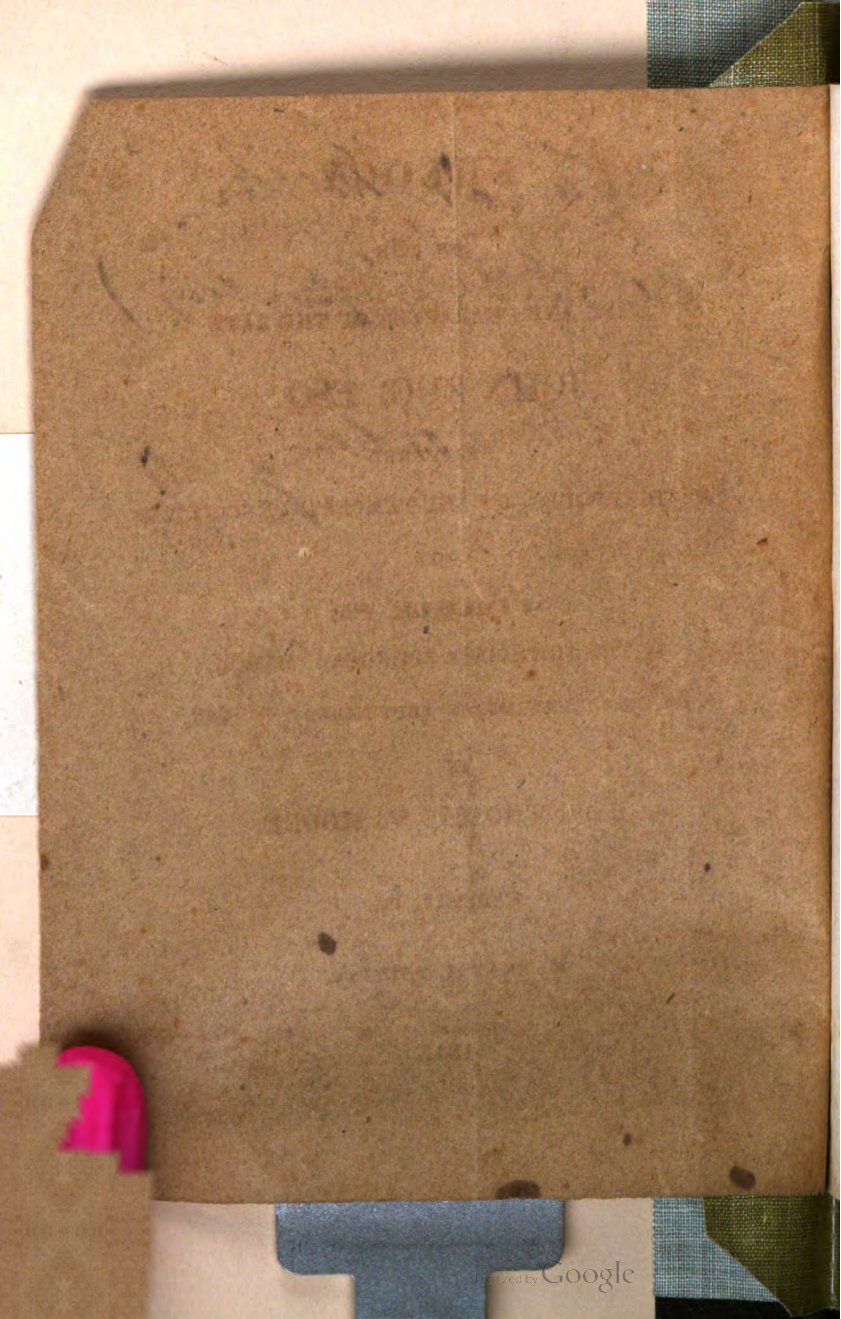
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**EULOGY**

**ON THE**

**LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE**

**JOHN ZUG, ESQ.**

**DELIVERED**

**AT THE REQUEST OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES**

**OF**

**CARLISLE, PA.**

**IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,**

**ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 18, 1843.**

**BY**

**REV. THOMAS V. MOORE.**

**CARLISLE, PA.**

**E. BEATTY, PRINTER.**

.....  
1843.

**I**



## MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

At a meeting of the members of the several Temperance Societies of the borough of Carlisle, Pa., being convened in the Court House, on Wednesday afternoon, September 6, 1843; called for the purpose of expressing their sentiments relative to the decease of JOHN ZUG, Esquire.—On motion, the Rev. JACOB SQUIER, was appointed Chairman, and T. H. CRISWELL, Esq. Secretary.

After the meeting was organized, Rev. Mr. THORNE offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the present occasion of the assemblage of the several Temperance Societies of this borough, being convened to present the last testimony of respect to a deceased and worthy brother, is an affecting one, calculated to produce the most solemn sensations; and should impress the minds of all with the conviction of the uncertainty of human life, and the urgent necessity of so "numbering our days that we may apply our hearts unto heavenly wisdom."

*Resolved*, That we appreciate the services rendered to the community in general, and the exertions made in behalf of the Temperance cause by our lamented friend, JOHN ZUG, Esq.; and, especially, the grateful estimation in which he was held while he resided in the city of Baltimore, and while associated with that eminent band of Washingtonian brethren, from whom he learned the first principles of that noble and philanthropic cause, which, as yet, is unsurpassed in moral sublimity, and in the actual relief of domestic misery, and the creation of domestic happiness, by any human occurrence that has been recorded in the annals of ancient or modern history.

*Resolved*, That, while we bow with due submission to this afflictive dispensation, and regret the apparently untimely death of our young and promising brother—whom we fancied had much good treasured up for many years,—yet we will cherish a lively sense of his many virtues—of the amiability of his disposition—the modesty and amenity of his behaviour,—and especially, of his humane and untiring exertions in the great cause of Temperance—a cause so near and dear to all our hearts, and having so intimate a connection with time and eternity—with our present and future existence.

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*Resolved*, That this mournful event should quicken us all, as members enlisted in behalf of the common cause of Temperance, to diligent and prayerful considerations, that the Almighty Giver, in his infinite goodness and grace, may raise up other associates and coadjutors, whose lives and labors seem so essential to the extension and success of our Temperance operations—especially so, in the comparatively combined efforts which are now being made to oppose and neutralize their salutary influence.

On motion, JOHN IRWIN, Esq., ISAAC TODD, Esq., J. H. DEVOR, Esq., the Rev. J. V. E. THORNE, and C. BELL, Esq., were appointed a Committee to procure a person to deliver a Eulogy on the character of deceased, at an early opportunity.

On motion, *Resolved*, That we adjourn to meet in procession, and take such a position in the funeral procession, as may be desired by the friends of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be given to the parents and family of the deceased, and to each of the editors of the several papers in this borough for publication.

JACOB SQUIER, *Chairman*.

THOMAS H. CRISWELL, *Secretary*.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

CARLISLE, September 29, 1843.

REV. THOMAS V. MOORE:

DEAR SIR :—The undersigned, a Committee deputed by the several Temperance Societies of this borough, having listened with pleasure to the Eulogy delivered by you last evening in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the Life and Character of the deceased and lamented JOHN ZUE, Esquire, and having heard a desire expressed by many of the audience, to see it in print, beg leave respectfully to ask you to furnish us, at your convenience, with a copy of it for publication, and much oblige,

Yours, Very Respectfully,  
 JOHN IRWIN,  
 ISAAC TODD,  
 J. H. DEVOR,  
 J. V. E. THORNE,  
 CHARLES BELL.

CARLISLE, September 29, 1843.

GENTLEMEN :—I have the honor of acknowledging your polite note of this morning, requesting a copy of my address last evening, for publication. Were I to consult my own feelings, or my intentions while preparing it, I should decline to permit a composition so hastily written to come before the public eye. But in view of all the circumstances of the case, I do not feel at liberty to consult any personal feelings that would lead me to deny your request, and I therefore herewith transmit you a copy of the Eulogy, to be disposed of as you may think proper. With my thanks for the kind terms in which your application was made, I remain,

Very Respectfully, Yours,  
 T. V. MOORE.

To Messrs. JOHN IRWIN,  
 ISAAC TODD,  
 J. H. DEVOR,  
 J. V. E. THORNE,  
 CHARLES BELL,

} Committee





## EULOGY.

It is a tribute that Nature demands of the living, to cherish the memory of the dead. Human life is at best so brief and uncertain, that a factitious prolongation in the recollection of survivors, seems but a suitable compensation for its frailty. And there is something in the deep yearnings of the soul after its immortality that demands, if not a foretaste, at least a recognition of this glorious boon, in the remembrance that is preserved of the departed. Some of the ancients were accustomed to erect their tombs with much more ornament and stability than their dwellings, because they said that of the one they were but temporary occupants, while of the other they were permanent residents.

There is a high and touching beauty in the feelings that link us to the dead, that is one of the gleams of a nobler and loftier nature than that we usually exhibit. True, this beauty may not be seen by the giddy and frivolous, the besotted and sensual, or the depraved and superstitious; who have no desires deeper or holier than those they share with the brute; and who have no sympathies that can live in the atmosphere of sorrow and bereavement: but it will be seen in all its mellowed loveliness, by those who have felt that it was a luxury to retire at times from the bustle of the living, to hold sweet and hallowed communion with the dead. It

raises the soul above the level of its ordinary stand, and gives it a transient glimpse of the glorious things that lie beyond the prison walls that girdle it on all sides and limit its usual excursions. It gives us a felt relation to the great family of being, and creates an ampler feeling of brotherhood with the mysterious world of hidden and invisible things. It perpetuates the existence of those we love, and enables us to feel that they are not entirely lost to us, but only separated for awhile by a veil which will soon be removed.

Inspired with these feelings, some of the ancients were wont to place the embalmed bodies of their friends at their banquets, and set before them a portion of the viands, that they might testify at once their confidence in the soul's immortality, and their deep longing for affectionate communion with the departed. Others, for similar reasons, erected the statues or placed the portraits of their ancestors in the most conspicuous parts of their dwellings.

From this sentiment arose very naturally in cultivated minds, a disposition to mark with tokens of affectionate remembrance the last resting places of the dead. The amount and kind of respect that is paid to the remains of the departed, is usually an index to the advance of civilization and refinement among a people. Where there exists an utter disregard of these, there is either the sottish degradation of New Zealand and Caffraria, or the polished barbarity of infidel France. Where there are none of what may be called the courtesies of death, there are

few of the courtesies of life. But wherever Christianity has breathed the lofty tenet of immortality, the dignity of the soul has been imparted to the body, and to a superior refinement of the living has ensued an increased respect for the remains of the dead.

It is true, a flippant and shallow philosophy may ask, what recks it to the unconscious dead where their bodies slumber? The sea may rage and dash its billows over the bones that are bleaching in the green caverns below, but they startle not the deep slumbers of death: the shock of the earthquake and the fury of the storm are alike unheeded by the mouldering residents of the grave. Why, then, be solicitous where you bestow the remains of those you have loved?

All this may be true and would be pertinent, did we perform these offices for the sake of the dead or with the foolish hope of affecting their changeless condition. It is to meet the yearning demand of feelings that stir in the hearts of the living that these testimonials of respect are given to the dead. We cannot follow them to that silent spirit-land to which they have fled, to atone for remembered neglect and unkindness, to compensate for words of harshness thoughtlessly or hastily spoken beyond our recall, or to extract some of those thorns we unwittingly planted in hearts that despite our unfeelingness to them, were still faithful to us; but we feel that our sadness will be relieved, if we may be allowed to pay a melancholy though soothing tribute of affection to their unconscious dust.

However we may philosophize, yet we shrink with an instinctive recoil from the desecration of our remains by placing them on a level with those of the brute; and notwithstanding we may be satisfied with such a fate for others, there are few who would choose it for themselves. Indeed, it is one of the most chilling thoughts connected with the earthly effects of death, that so blank and oblivious a forgetfulness begins so soon to settle over the memory of the unreturning dead; that so soon the vacancy is filled, and the momentary disturbance in the affairs of common life subside, and the wave rolls on as it rolled before. And however we may have endeavored to school our feelings into stoical apathy or cynical misanthropy, there are few who cannot feel the beauty of the Oriental benediction, "May you die among your kindred, and sleep with the dust of those you love!" And few who cannot conceive that when the weary head of the pilgrim is laid to rest in the still and dreamless sleep of the grave, it might slumber yet the more sweetly, were it laid in some green and quiet spot, where the footsteps of those he leaves might turn aside at times to drop a tear to the memory of days that are gone forever.

It is but a modification of this feeling, that has led men in every age and country, savage as well as civilized, to unite in paying public and solemn testimonials of respect to the memory of those who during life have been distinguished for some excellence of character, or have rendered some valuable

services to their fellow men. It is the spontaneous tribute of the heart to the excellence of those while living, whom they thus mourn and regret when dead. It is the natural vent of that sense of loss and bereavement, that is felt in every mind, when the good, the great, the wise, and the just are removed from their places in human society. And it is due to the self-denying martyrs of wisdom that remain, as well the veteran votary as the youthful aspirant to know, that although they must act from a loftier motive than mere human applause, yet their efforts are not entirely unappreciated by those for whose benefit they are made.

It is therefore no unworthy or unauthorised motive that has brought us together this evening. Death has entered our community, and in the lamented *ZUG*, has selected a victim of more than ordinary interest. In the morning of life he has been cut down, full of hope and promise, and has dropped into an early though not an unhonored tomb. Life opened before him as broadly and brightly in the flashing light of his early hopes, as it ever glittered in the distance before the youthful eye, but long ere the glancing goal was reached, that ardent eye was shrouded in death. Possesing much in his warm and affectionate heart, that might have made life happy and useful, he but adds another example to the melancholy rule, that as the parting rays of the evening sun swiftly and suddenly leave the green and glowing spots of the valley, while they seem

to pause and play around the bleak and solitary  
mountain-top, so

“Tis thus with young and kindly hearts  
And eyes where generous meanings burn,  
Early the light of life departs,  
But lingers with the cold and stern.”

But it is not alone because he was early called to his reward, that we come together now to mourn his loss. His life was short enough to make his end appear sad and untimely; and yet long enough to perform that which may embalm his memory among the benefactors of his kind. It is to testify your sense of his services in this respect, especially as a devoted and distinguished friend, and I may almost add a martyr, to the great cause of Temperance, that we have assembled this evening. In further discharging the melancholy task before us, let us take a brief glance at the leading incidents of his life and the prominent traits of his character, that we may see to some extent the amount of our loss.

Of his boyhood and early youth nothing need be said at this time. They were spent in your midst and present perhaps no points that would throw any new light on his character. At an early age he entered Dickinson College, and continued to prosecute his studies while a member of it with great ardor and success. During his connection with it, he became a subject of permanent religious impressions, under the preaching of its distinguished President. These impressions took afterwards much of their

form and hue from that noble and lamented one,\* whose eloquent tones have so often been echoed by these walls, but have long since been hushed in that fathomless grave, where the billow was his winding sheet, and his dirge the deep roar of the ocean.

It is from this point that his character dates its epoch. The strong impulse that was given him when his heart was touched by a coal from the living altar, carried him warm and glowing along his track, until the fire of the soul consumed its frail receptacle.

At the age of eighteen, in the summer of 1837, he graduated with the honors of the Institution, in the first class that was sent forth from his time honored ALMA MATER under her present auspices, with a mind whose cultivation reflected honor on the ability of his instructors, and a heart that but imaged forth their virtues.

During his collegiate course, his feelings became enlisted in what was the ruling idea of his life, the great cause of Temperance. On every suitable occasion he was found its advocate, in different parts of the county, with a zeal and ardor, to which your speaker, from some companionship in these labors, can fully testify.

After his graduation he commenced the study of law in the school connected with Dickinson College, and prosecuted it with his characteristic assiduity for nearly a year. About that time his mind became interested in the cause of African Colonization,

\* The gifted and devoted COOKMAN, who was lost in the President.

through the instrumentality of the lamented BUCHANAN, and offering his services as an agent of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, for a few months, they were gladly accepted. In this enterprise again was your speaker allowed to co-operate with him, and again can he testify to his zeal and fidelity. It was a task that combined labor, fatigue, disappointment, mortification and self-denial, to an extent that no one can know fully except by experience; and yet he not only promptly undertook but cheerfully performed it, at the expense of his professional studies and other valuable considerations. On the expiration of this engagement he returned to the study of law and in November, 1839, was admitted to the Bar, and life with its tremendous responsibilities was before him.

This important point in his career cost him much anxious reflection. While he loved and admired the noble profession to which he had been admitted, he yet was in doubt whether he had a call of God to enter it, thronged as it was by those who could discharge its important functions, not only ably, but honestly and faithfully, while other fields were neglected. And in looking at some of the brilliant and dazzling temptations to which his integrity might be exposed, and those nameless and absorbing fascinations connected with its practice, that might lead him away from his God, he pondered anxiously whether he would be warranted in subjecting himself to an ordeal so dangerous to his spirituality. His mind was never fully at home





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either in the study or practice of law at this time, owing to these fierce strugglings of conflicting views and feelings. Without coming to any settled determination as to his course for life, he opened an office, and commenced the practice of his profession. Before he had time to receive much business, the Principalship of Dickinson College Institute becoming vacant, he was called to fill it temporarily until the summer of 1840, when he took his Master's degree with an Oration.

At this time he was in doubt what course to adopt, when one of those trivial circumstances, that often seem to determine our destiny, decided him to that which materially affected his life, if it did not hasten his death. Happening to be in Baltimore on a casual excursion, the plan of a Classical Institute, was submitted to him by some gentlemen whose interest in him was created mainly by his addresses at the commencement of 1840. After some deliberation he concluded to engage in the enterprise, and accordingly in the fall of that year removed to Baltimore and opened a flourishing Academy.

About six months before his settlement there, that wonderful social phenomenon, the Washingtonian Temperance movement was commenced, but it had not as yet begun to attract much public attention. About the time of his removal to the city, the first public meeting was held, and if we mistake not, he was one of the principal speakers. From this time his labors in the cause of Temperance were un-

remitting. Scarcely a week passed in which he did not make a public address, either in the city or the neighborhood, sometimes at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles from his residence, and many calls were made for his services which he was forced to decline. Such was his zeal and fidelity in public and private, striving to promote this great cause, that he was familiarly known by the soubriquet of CHRISTIAN KEENER, Jr., an epithet which, to those who know the character of CHRISTIAN KEENER, will sufficiently evince the estimation that was put upon his labors.

What was the precise result of those labors we know not fully, nor will they be known until that day, when the history of the human race shall be read by the light of a burning world. But we know at least that he was directly instrumental in closing several tippling houses, and in reforming more than a score of drunkards, besides the preventive good accomplished through the hundreds of temperate people who were induced by his efforts to subscribe the Washingtonian pledge. The reformed inebriate has been seen to leave his dray on the streets, and run to grasp his hand and pour out the full tide of grateful affection, to one whom under God he regarded as the instrument of his temporal salvation. And doubtless there are many eyes that will moisten at the fate of our departed friend, which, but for his labors, would have been dimmed and swollen with sorrow, or rolling with the maudlin and idiotic leer of a sot. In addition to his other labors he assumed that of a class-leader in his church,



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the duties of which he faithfully discharged while he had sufficient strength.

The constant excitement of mind and body to which he was exposed during the winter and spring of 1840-41; the frequent addresses made in the open air; the transition from heated rooms and crowded assemblies to the keen and frosty atmosphere of a winter night during a long ride home, when throat and lungs were excited with speaking; the confinement and anxiety of a school-room during the day, when the system demanded quiet and repose from the excitement of the evening; all these combined were too much for a pulmonary system that had betrayed its weakness more than a year before, by a slight discharge of blood. The lungs became engorged and inflamed by this constant irritation, and finally, on the 29th June, 1841, whilst reclining on a bed reading, he ruptured a blood-vessel, and a slight hemorrhage ensued. Not feeling much alarm or giving his case that attention it required, he performed the duties of his school for two days succeeding. On the evening of the second day, July 1, after much fatiguing labor, he threw himself on a bed, and immediately the blood gushed from his mouth, and a profuse discharge occurred, after which he was long and dangerously ill. Recovering in process of time from the immediate effects of this hemorrhage, he came to Pennsylvania, and in the latter part of July was married, soon after which he returned to Baltimore. During the following winter, he was employed with his pen in the cause

of Temperance, and besides some newspaper articles, he prepared and published a History of Washingtonianism, which remains a monument of his devotion to a cause that he loved.

The experience of this winter and the following spring convinced him, that it was his duty to seek repose at least, if not recovery, in a change of employment. Accordingly, in the summer of 1842, he returned to Carlisle with his wife and child, to find either a way to live or a place to die. With the futility of all his efforts to recover his wasting health, we are all, alas! too well acquainted. He continued to struggle with alternate hope and fear, and with the insidious phases of his treacherous disease, until Tuesday, September 5th, 1843, when in the calm enjoyment of a Christian's hope, and the sweet assurance of a Christian's reward, his spirit returned to God who gave it.

Of his character, we say first of all what is best of all, that according to every evidence by which man can judge, he was a Christian. His piety was of a warm, ardent, and active nature, ever seeking to embody itself in deeds of kindness to others, and especially alive to the condition of the unfortunate and the impenitent. Whilst he practised law in this place, more than once was his office made a place for meeting, conversing and praying with inquiring sinners. This phase of his religious character gave a delightful purity to his motives in the general tenor of his actions, to which those who knew him best, can best testify. Of this there



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is no other proof requisite than the fact that though young, and subject to all the passions and seductions of youth, instead of yielding to them as so many have done, lending an ear to the notes of pleasure, the persuasions of indolence, the sweets of literary ease, or the trumpet-call of ambition, he gave himself up to the good of his fellow-men, with an ardor, which alas ! for them, was but too unmindful of self.

The glowing hue of his religious feelings was no doubt greatly tinged by what were probably the prominent traits of his mind, great simplicity and openness of character, and enthusiastic devotion to whatever he undertook. He was subject to impulses which, however, were not usually fitful and evanescent, but directed to an object, which was attained before they subsided. This gave a variable tint to his feelings, so that they were often marked by an almost April chequer of sunshine and shade.

His scholarship was of a superior order, and characterized mainly, perhaps, by its accuracy. As a speaker, he was warm, impassioned and energetic. He was heard always with interest, for however his reasonings may have appeared to others, it was evident that they were not only believed but felt by himself. It was this profound earnestness of his own convictions, which he transferred, or rather which naturally transfused itself into his manner, that constituted the principal charm of his oratory, and made him so efficient an advocate of

the cause of Temperance. In speaking, as well as acting, what he did was done with all his might.

In private life, he has left nothing to regret but his loss, in public, nothing to deplore but the brief period of his services. He lived just long enough to make his life useful, not only in promise but in fact; and died just soon enough to prevent him from marring the one, or disappointing the other. He lived long enough to give us much to mourn in his death, and died just soon enough to give us little to regret in his life. If we must sorrow that he was allowed to develop no more of that good which was peculiar to him, we may rejoice that he was permitted to exhibit no more of that evil that is common to all. Of his life, we think with admiration; of his death, with regret; and of his eternity with hope. Because we thus admire his life, we so sorrowfully regret his death, and so confidently hope for his eternity.

Such was the man whom we have come together this evening to mourn. What he would have been, had life been spared to him, we cannot tell. But possessing the mind and heart he did, may we not well adopt the mournful and beautiful words of the Mantuan bard,

"O Miserande puer ! si qua fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu, Marcellus eris."

But alas "the silver cord has been loosed, the golden bowl has been broken, the pitcher has been broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the csern, the dust has returned to the earth as it was,



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and the spirit to God who gave it." His voice shall no more be heard to plead for the cause of the unfortunate inebriate—its earnest tones are hushed in the grave. His form shall no more be seen in the ranks where he once loved to stand; it is resting beneath the green sward of the grassy hillock, until the time when the earth shall give forth her dead.

But he being dead yet speaketh. To you, who are engaged in the same great work, has he bequeathed the cause for which he lived, and may we not add for which he died. The voice that issues from his early grave, is a voice that says solemnly, "work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh in which no man can work." True, your efforts may cost you time, labor and money, for which you will receive no physical or pecuniary return; you may struggle with much apathy and coldness; your motives may be ridiculed by the shallow and frivolous, undervalued by the flippant and ignorant, misrepresented by the malignant and interested, and misunderstood even by some who are otherwise benevolent and good, but what of this?

When was it otherwise with the benefactors of human kind?

But you shall not lose your reward. The blessing of him that was ready to perish shall come upon you. The homes once dark and cheerless, that have smiled again with joy by your efforts, shall be your reward. The grateful heart of childhood, rescued from degradation and misery, shall fondly cherish your memory; the bursting and joy-

ous spirit of the wife whom you have saved from more than widowhood, shall murmur you in her prayers; and the trembling hand of decrepit age shall be raised to call down blessings upon those who prevented the gray hairs of mourning parents from descending in sorrow to the grave. And when you shall go down to the last resting place of man, the unfortunate and the wretched shall feel that they have lost a friend. Many a heart shall mourn your departure that would have been broken with sorrow, and many an eye moisten at your name, that would long ago have been scalded with tears of sadness, but for your efforts; and of you it will be said as of him we mourn,

"How sleep the 'good' who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest;  
When spring with dewy fingers cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould;  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

By fairy hands their knell is rung  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Let your motto, then, be "Onward!" Onward until the last source of this volcano-vice shall be dried up; until the last home it has made wretched shall be happy, and the last heart it has saddened shall be made joyful; until for the last time the scalding tears that burst from a broken heart shall fall on a drun-





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kard's grave; until for the last time the strong spirit shall be chained and degraded, and the man become first a brute and then a fiend. When all this has been gained, then may you furl the banner, sheath the sword, and unbuckle the armor; but until then, like the departed ZUG, when you draw the sword, fling away the scabbard; when you unfurl the banner, nail it to the staff; when you gird on the armor, rivet the clasps; and though like him you may fall, yet like him fall "with your back to the field and your feet to the foe." And when your form shall rest beneath the green sod of the valley, though no monumental marble should mark the spot where it slumbers, yet a holier epitaph may be found in the book of God's remembrance, that "here lies one who by the blessing of Heaven upon his feeble efforts, left the world happier than he found it."

To young men particularly, is there a voice in this Providence that ought not to pass unheeded.

It is a voice of cheering encouragement. Are you toiling to make yourself worthy of the approval of your fellow-men and the favor of your God? Remember that you shall not lose your reward. Our departed friend was young, and gained few of life's flattering distinctions when alive, yet now when dead, the wise, the learned, the good, the great, the fair and the gifted, combine in attesting his worth. Press onward, then, the prize is glorious: not the possession of some golden trash, which may be but the price at which you will sell Heaven to buy Hell; not the breath of a reputation

that will be forgotten before your body has returned to its primitive dust; but the high behest of virtue, an approving conscience and an approving God; that calm and lofty consciousness of rectitude, that "from the eyrie of its eagle thought looks down on Kings;" that crown of deathless reward that awaits the good; that inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled and unfading, reserved by the Lord for those who love him, and love his creatures.

It is a voice of startling appeal. Are you among that melancholy crowd of the young, who are wasting their days in idleness and their nights in revelry; who dream of no higher destiny for themselves than the gorging of polluted appetites; who have no higher ambition than to excel in that wherein they but emulate the nobler because less gifted brute; who strive to forget in midnight bacchanals, the calls of duty and the voice of love, the authority of a father and the tears of a mother: are you thus steeped in ignoble ease or guilty pleasure? Then from this solemn Providence there comes to you the words that startled the dead of Nain: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." Break that Circean spell that is around you, and remember that you are a man. Go to that freshly-turfed grave, and blush for your brutality. Shame on such a desecration and prostitution of the powers that God has given you!— Shame on the mind whose powers are wrapped in the sorcery of so foul an enchantment! Shame on the heart whose appetites are so grossly depraved.



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and degraded ! Remember him whom we mourn when dead, and cease to be him whom we mourn while alive. Remember that a living death like his is better than a dead life like yours. And if he, with all his gifts and graces, could not escape the shaft of the destroyer, will it more certainly spare you ? True, your path may seem to you bright with the rosy hue of pleasure, but that brightness may be after all but the crimson rays of your setting sun. Remember, then, that when like him you may be laid in a premature grave, those who weep over your dust may mourn, not that like him you were so early called, but that you were not earlier called away, before disgrace had settled on your name, and you had brought down the gray hairs of those that love you, with shame and sorrow to the grave. Then—

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join,  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death;  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon ; but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

But there are those of us who mourn not only a coadjutor in the cause of Temperance, but a friend with whom in other days we have taken sweet counsel together, a brother, a son, a husband, endeared by all that hallows those precious relations. In the stroke that has sundered all these ties, it is perhaps

hard for us properly to recognise the goodness of Him who holds the sword, and we call it a mysterious Providence. But have we pondered the thought that the righteous are but taken from the evil to come. He was early called, but he was early crowned. He has gone to his reward, but not until he had done his work. His task was soon finished, his cup of bitterness was soon drained, and his earthly labors ended.

The Captain of his salvation has but transferred him from this out-post of his dominions to a place nearer himself, from the dust and toil and strife of the army on earth, to the triumph and glory of the army in heaven. The harp of unutterable melody is in his hand, the flashing crown of immortality is on his brow, the green and deathless palm of victory is wreathed around him, and the radiant bloom of immortal youth has supplanted the paleness and ghastliness of death. Why then grieve for him?— He can no more return to us, but we may go to him.

But still we cannot crush the remembrance that he is gone, and gone forever; that no more his form shall be seen in our midst, his hand be grasped in friendly recognition, or his voice be heard as in other days. He sleeps calmly beneath the green sward of the valley; the tall grass shall soon wave over his lowly bed; and his memory shall mingle with the fading recollections of the unreturning dead.

“Green be the turf above thee  
 Friend of my early days,  
 None knew thee but to love thee  
 None named thee but to praise.”

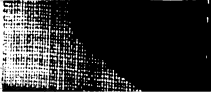
Then fare thee well, though not forever. Fare thee well, for a few more days of toil and weariness and struggling, and the path thou hast trodden shall be threaded by us, the goal thou hast passed shall be reached by us, and the strife and warfare of life shall be ended.

Gone to the land of silence, to the shadows of the dead,  
With the green turf on thy bosom and the gray stone at thy head,  
Hath thy spirit too departed? Doth it never linger here,  
When the dew upon the bending flower is falling like a tear?  
When the sunshine lights the green earth, like the perfect smile of God,  
Or when the moonlight gladdens, or the pale stars look abroad?

Hast thou lost thy pleasant fellowship with the beautiful of earth  
With the green trees and the quiet streams around thy place of birth,  
The wave that wanders seaward, the tall gray hills whereon,  
Lingers as if for sacrifice, the last light of the sun?  
The fair of form, the pure of soul, the eyes that shone when thou,  
Wast answering to their smile of love, art thou not with them now?

Thou art sleeping calmly "ZUG,"—but the frame denied thee when  
Thy way was with the multitude, the living tide of man  
Is burning round thy sepulchre, a holy light and strong,  
And gifted ones are kneeling there to breathe their words of song.  
The beautiful, the pure of heart, the lights of earth's cold bowers  
Are twining on thy funeral stone, a coronal of flowers.

Aye, freely hath the tear been given, and freely hath gone forth  
The sigh of grief that one like thee should pass away from earth.  
Yet those who mourn thee, mourn thee not, as those to whom is given  
No soothing hope no blissful thought of parted friends in Heaven.  
They feel that thou wast summoned, to the christian's high reward  
The everlasting joy of those, whose trust is in the Lord."



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