

reader among his poor neighbours, and more recently, by his writings, as a defender of Christian truth. The Earl of Aberdeen, who was for some time Prime Minister, was a Christian. Earl Shaftesbury has taken the lead in all the Christian benevolence of the country. The late Lord Glenelg was the author of the beautiful hymn, "When gathering clouds around I view." And the Duke of Argyle, at a very early age, cast his crown at the feet of Jesus. In the House of Commons we had the solid Christian profession of the late Sir Robert Peel. We had for long Sir William Heathcote, the personal friend of Keble. Mr. Gladstone proved his Christianhood in books and letters, which were an attempt to solve the difficult problems a statesman has to consider, and in the high-principled, unhalting Christian life he has led. Some of the most distinguished law members of our day—Page Wood, and Roundell Palmer, and Coleridge—have been very earnest Christians. And it was an unspeakably important thing for Christian influence, that the two most advanced Liberals in the House were so entirely and sincerely Christians—both in thought and life—as the lamented Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. The time was, in days not so far behind us, when a word of Christ's, quoted seriously in a debate, would have been followed by cat-calls. That time is gone; and a word so quoted would be welcome now, as bringing the greatest light there is into any discussion bearing on the deeper interests of national life. This influence has permeated the entire life of the land. It is visible in our public doings, in our thoughts, feelings, sympathies, and literature. Every thoughtful observer is aware of its presence. Every worker for Christ can calculate on its aid. It is a great reserve force diffused through our national life, which supplies strength to Christian enterprise and makes it fertile beyond its fondest dreams.

—*Rev. A. Macleod, D.D.*

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AN UMBRELLA CHURCH.—At Rowland Hill's chapel one day, when the attendance was thinner than usual, it suddenly filled during a shower of rain. He said, "I have often heard tell of religion being used as a cloak, but never before as an umbrella." In his latter life he used to come to his chapel in a carriage. He got an anonymous letter rebuking him for this, because it was not the way his Heavenly Master travelled. He read the letter from the pulpit, said it was quite true, and that if the writer would come to the vestry afterwards with a saddle and bridle he would ride him home.