

and I do not exaggerate when I say it, that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance. I do not know of any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honor of approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. (Hear, hear.) Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the advance of his country and of its people. His name is indelibly written in the annals of time and on the hearts of the great and overspreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind."

John Bright's domestic life was one of extreme felicity, Quaker plainness in all outward things and Quaker contentment at heart. The place where he worshipped is thus described: "Leaving 'One Ash,' the mills lie across the road, and their magnitude is indicative of an immense annual output of cotton, of plush, and of carpets which are the commodities manufactured. Next we turn towards the Friends' Meeting House, at which Mr. Bright was a regular attendant whenever at home and able to go out. It is a little structure of grey stone, very plain and unpretending, in George Street, about a mile from 'One Ash.' It has a burial ground attached, and here one notes a distinctive example of that rigid simplicity which forms one of the tenets of Quakerism. About half-a-dozen plain gravestones are laid upon the ground. "Then there have not been many interments here?" you remark to the remarkably polite janitress. "Oh yes; the ground is mostly occupied. Here lies Mr. Bright's first wife, here his second, here his father, here his stepmother, and so on; and, following

the directions given, you perceive gentle undulations in the grassy turf, and find that this bit of God's acre has indeed pretty fully served its solemn purpose, but that a stern resolve to pay no homage to worldly pomps and vanities has deprecated the placing of any tablet or memorial stone. There is no actual prohibition, however. It is a matter of option, though the "Book of Christian Discipline of the Religious Society of Friends" very closely prescribes the extent to which "monuments and inscriptions of a eulogistic character over the graves of deceased Friends" shall proceed. Within the meeting house, again, simplicity reigns supreme. No pew, but plain black forms, provided however, with backs and cushions. Mr. Bright was accustomed to discard the latter luxury. Accordingly the cushion of the bench on which he invariably sat stops short at the seat, and the rugged old Puritan was content to rest upon the plain board. A square room, lofty, with bare walls painted in blue distemper, and lighted by uncurtained windows. Such is the temple in which Mr. Bright has been a fervent and regular worshipper, and to join in the service at which he made his last appearance out of doors. The meeting house dates from 1808.

In this quiet, quaint corner of England beneath a low mound that the sun will soon kiss into luxuriant verdure lie the remains of John Bright, but his soul and his memory are immortal; and the good works he done in his life time, and the noble example he set will continue to bless his fellow men through time without end.

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The Christian is he whose life-work glows and grows under his hand, who is conscious of an unceasing call for strenuous activity, who takes for his watchword the great apostle's question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Rev. A. P. Peabody.