

diplomacy of Roosevelt and John Hay. With prophetic instinct he writes, in 1851, "We are on the eve of a revolution in the diplomatic world; the old regime of mystification and innuendo and intrigue cannot survive the growth of the democratic principle."

In 1860 he scored another triumph in the conclusion of a commercial treaty with France. As a result of this, "in 1877 the British exports and re-exports had risen from nine to twenty-five million pounds, and the imports from France to forty-five millions. . . . Within five years of the negotiations of 1860, France had made treaties with Belgium, the Zollverein, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland and Austria."

During the Crimean War craze, Cobden and Bright and the peace party were the most unpopular men in the kingdom, and Cobden had the honor of being burned in effigy, and otherwise abused. Bright's noble protest against the war we have previously quoted. Cobden, speaking of England's foreign wars, declared that for them "God would assuredly exact a retribution." "Oh, but," say the flatterers of our nation's vain gloriousness," he adds, "'we saved the liberties of Europe.' Precious liberties," he bitterly exclaimed. "Look at them, from Cadiz to Moscow!" The truer guarantees of peace and liberty were the golden bonds of commerce, as he showed by the reciprocity treaty with France, which has enriched both nations, and made them friends, let us hope for ever.

Cobden's private life was chequered by much trouble. While he enriched a nation, he himself lived and died comparatively poor. He refused an office of ease and emolument, as he had previously refused a seat in the

Cabinet, because he would not even seem to sanction the war expenditure of the nation. When besieged by place-hunters, including "brothers of peers, ay, 'honourables,' among the number," for his influence with the Government, he proudly replied, "I would not ask a favor of the ministry to serve my own brother."

The death of his son at school in Germany almost crazed his wife and wrung his own heart. His health was broken. His last trip to London was to oppose in Parliament an expenditure on fortifications in Canada. London smoke and fog brought on an attack of nervous asthma, and in a few days he died, his faithful friend Bright sitting by his side. Years before, as he strolled with a friend through the venerable Abbey Church of Westminster, his companion remarked that perhaps one day the name of Cobden might appear among those heroes. "I hope not," said Cobden, "I hope not. My spirit could not rest in peace among these men of war." So the remains of this great Englishman sleep beneath the yews of the little church of Lavington. He lived but sixty-one years. Yet had he witnessed the greatest social and economic revolution England has ever known and to him, more than to any other man, this beneficent revolution is due.

Cobden's biographer makes only a single allusion to the religious side of his hero's character. It is a quotation from an address of Mr. Bright's: "His daughter said, 'My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount.' His own life was to a large extent," continues Mr. Bright, "a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice."