

## Gladstone's Religious Character.

The facts in Mr. Gladstone's public career are widely known, but many facts relating to his religious life and character are not so generally known. In youth he desired to become a clergyman, but his father insisted that he should study law and enter Parliament. The Rev. Harry Drew, his son-in-law, in a sermon delivered on the Sunday after his death, told a number of interesting facts which reveal his profoundly religious character. Among other things he said are the following:—

When Gladstone was a young man in chambers in London, before his marriage, he always had family prayers with his household, and for many years after his marriage, and until the pressure of public life became too great, his constant practice was to write week by week a short sermon on the Epistle or Gospel for the day, and to preach it at Sunday evening prayers with his family and household. As a schoolboy his strict rule was to give one-tenth of his pocket money in charity. On the Sunday morning before his death, when Mr. Drew told him that he was going to the early service, Gladstone said: "Pray for me, and for all our fellow-Christians, and for all our fellow-creatures," and after a pause he added: "Do not forget all who are oppressed and unhappy and downtrodden." He was not an ambitious man, but he was intensely desirous to help all who were injured or wronged. That made him a Liberal at home, and a defender of the oppressed in Italy, Bulgaria, or Turkey; and it made him, though a Churchman, the idol of the Nonconformists, and the best representative of the "Nonconformist conscience."

## Hereafter.

If this were all—if from Life's fitful rays  
No steadier beacon gleamed—no fairer days  
Could dawn for us—who struggle in the night,  
And sigh for wings to bear us in their flight  
To that Beyond of mystery and amazement—  
Surely our hearts would faint beside the ways,  
While Courage, stifled by the deathly haze,  
Would helpless droop beneath our mournful  
plight,  
If this were all!

But, o'er the shadows—with a heaven-wrapt  
gaze—  
Past love grown cold—above the world's dis-  
may—  
Strong, through Life's moment of imperfect  
sight—  
Or to the glowing of a great delight—  
Faith—with her keenest upward glancing, says—  
"This is not all."  
—C. F. Ramsay, in Pall Mall Magazine.

## A Scottish Sermon on Charity.

"The congregation will noo be seated and gie their undivided attention to the followin' intimations. Some o' them are maist as important as the sermon," said the Rev. Tammas MacPherson, as he finished "addressin' the throne of grace."

He was in his eightieth year, and had worn out five Bibles in beating the dust out of the pulpit desk of Auchterbirnie Kirk during fifty-five years. His parishioners worshipped the ground on which he walked, and though he was practically penniless—for he gave most of his income to the poor—they saw to it that the minister lacked for nothing. Their old minister read the announcement, and then said:—

"I hear that Widdy Tamson is in destitute circumstances. This mauna be. Nane o' God's heritage maun suffer in the midst o' the guid folk o' Auchterbirnie. Think o' this on the way to yer hames. We have it in Holy Writ, that niver fails, that 'he that giveth to the paur lendeth to the Lord.' There is a blessed privilege. Think o' the farmers o' Auchterbirnie, being lenders, and haevin' the Lord for a customer! And nae need to foreclose to get back payment, for it'll be returned twenty, thirty,

fifty and a hundredfold. Noo ye can a' raise fine crops o' wheat and corn, and tatties, as I can weel testify; for the Lord has moved yer bowels o' compassion, and ye hae been unco generous to me. Then see if ye can raise guid crops o' britherly compassion, and bring the first fruits o' that harvest to paur Widdy Tamson."

"Sanders Grant 'll send her 'ead o' firewood. Fine doe I ken that; I see't in Sanders generous e'e. And fine kenin he keeps, too, as weel I ken; for I'm burnin' some o't mysel; thanks to Sanders' kindness." Sanders sitting in his pew, the observed of all observers, was completely won over, and would gladly have given Widdy Tamson the earth, and the fulness thereof, had he owned it at that moment.

"And Peter Michie 'll send her a pickle tea. Oh! but it'll no be sair missed oot o' Peter's abundant store. Peter is behouden to the Lord for many things, and is a livin' example o' the niver-failin' truth o' Holy Writ, 'The han' o' the diligent maketh rich.' Peter's a hard workin' chiel, as we can testify." Peter, too, fell in line.

"Jimmy Grant was tellin' me the ither day," continued the Reverend Tammas, "that he was millin' some fine mill noo. I quite believe it. He is the only miller in Auchterbirnie, and there's no miller from Maiden Kirk to John o' Groat's can compare wi' him. Better send a pickle to the widdy, Jimmy, and keep up yer account wi' the Maister." Jimmy registered a full peck of best oatmeal in his own mind.

"Beaton Scott 'll send the widdy some o' the fine tatties I saw in his barn last Tuesday. I treedna ask Beaton for I ken fu' weel he wouldna be backward in daein' a kind act to a de-servin' widdy in Auchterbirnie."

"And oor guid friend, Wull Chapman, by the looks o' him can scarcely keep his seat, sae anxious is he to dae something tae fill the widdy's pat."

"Nae fear o' the widdy's starvin' when the Lord has put the saut o' the earth in the parish kirk o' Auchterbirnie. The Lord has promised to be a husband to the widdy, and He wants ye all to be brithers-in-law, and I'm glad ye respond so nobly. Yere's a gallant lookin' lot o' Christians, and yer hearts are as big as yer bodies. The Lord 'll reward yer work o' love. Noo let's praise His name for raisin' up in Auchterbirnie sae many who honor the faith." There was a hull all through the kirk, and then the minister's voice was raised in prayer.—Berwick News.

## How Sound Travels.

In the clear air of the Alps you can hear voices several miles away, but even in our own misty atmosphere sound has been known to travel extraordinary distances.

The firing of the evening gun from the citadel at Plymouth has been heard at Falmouth, seventy miles distant.

Guns fired at Spithead are heard on the borders of Somerset and Devonshire.

The noise of the battle of Waterloo was heard in the eastern counties of England, a distance of 100 miles.

And the salutes fired at Cherbourg when the Queen visited Napoleon III. were heard in Dorsetshire, 100 miles away.

But the sound of volcanic eruptions travels farthest of all. The great eruption of Krakatoa was heard at distances of 2,000 miles and more.

Three things are great;  
Conscience and will,  
And courage to fulfill  
The duties they create."

It was Dr. Chapin who, when creeping along the deck of a storm-tossed steamer, asked a pathetic passenger, weary of the sea if not of earth, "Why is this ship like the grace of God?" And when the poor, sea-sick victim could see not the faintest resemblance, the good, wicked doctor told him, "Because it is always a-bounding!"

## Unadvertised Good.

In making up our opinion of the world it is well to remember that evil is much more manifest than good and much more widely advertised. A quiet village where churches and schools have done good work for a century, whence young men and women have gone out to take their part in the nation's life and money has been contributed to good causes, may be utterly unknown to the vast majority of the nation. But let one of its citizens commit an atrocious crime, and it is heralded as the abode of criminals from one end of the land to the other. A church may be a light in its own neighborhood, bearing witness by true Christian lives and faithful work, and yet escape large public notice. But let one of its officials fall into sin and be found out and the church is advertised at once to the undesired discredit of its Christian life. Good is taken for granted, evil is abnormal and is wondered at. There is much hidden evil in the world, which now and then comes to the light; but it is of more interest to us as Christians to know that there is even more unnoticed good. Evil is sure to force itself on our attention; it ought to be our pleasure to observe the good. Here is a field of discovery which will bring us endless delightful surprises. We are forced in self-defence, indeed, to be alert against the selfishness of others, but we have no right to let this inevitable care degenerate into the stinging habit which always and everywhere sees evil first and often misses good. Nothing can be more un-Christlike than delight in finding evil in our fellowmen.—Congregationalist.

## Some Other Day.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,  
Some other day;  
And harbors we hope to drift into  
Some other day.  
With folded hands the oars that trail,  
We watch and wait for a favoring gale  
To fill the folds of an idle sail  
Some other day.  
We know we must toil if ever we win  
Some other day;  
But we say to ourselves, there's time to begin  
Some other day.  
And so, deferring, we loiter on,  
Until at last we find withdrawn  
The strength of the hope we leaned upon  
Some other day.  
And when we are old and our race is run,  
Some other day.  
We fret for the things that might have been  
done,  
Some other day.  
We trace the path that leads us where  
The beckoning hand of grim despair  
Leads us yonder out of the here  
Some other day.

## Tit for Tat.

Colossal presumption often swings things its own way, through sheer audacity, but occasionally Mr. Gallisack gets a Roland for his Oliver, as is related by the Manchester Guardian.

Lady —, who is well known as an ardent worker in the interests of the Romish Church, wrote to the Duke of —, who was equally well known as a sturdy Protestant, that she was greatly interested in a Roman Catholic charity, and, knowing the duke's wide benevolence, had ventured to put down his name for £100. The duke wrote back: "Dear Lady—It is a curious coincidence that, just before I got your letter, I had put down your name for a like sum to the English Mission for Converting Irish Catholics; so no money need pass between us."

A man can be married in Melbourne (Australia) cheaper than in any other part of the world. Ministers advertise in the papers against each other. One minister offers to combine together loving couples for 10s. 6d., and so on down to 2s. 6d. In some cases wedding breakfasts and rings are supplied.