

Truth's Contributors.

GLADSTONE IN SCOTLAND.

BY O. L.

I was fortunate enough to get a ticket when Gladstone spoke in the Music Hall in Edinburgh on the evening of Friday, June 18th. The doors were open by half-past six and the place must have been filled by a very short time after that, for when I and my friends got there, a few minutes after seven, there was not a seat to be had; and we had to content ourselves with a preparation against one of the walls, where, however, we had the compensating advantage of both seeing and hearing the wonderful old man's eloquence, as well as he could be seen or heard from any part of the hall. The place, of course, was packed to the doors, and every inch of standing room seemed occupied by some one eager to hear England's greatest of Prime Ministers.

For the hour or more that intervened between the opening of the doors and eight o'clock, when Mr. Gladstone appeared, the audience amused itself as well as it could. It was thoroughly good-natured on the whole, though there were many loud outcries on the part of those who had secured seats against the way in which the aisles were taken up by standers. Vehement were the calls upon the caretaker of the hall for benches for these offenders, but all in vain. He was deaf alike to entreaty, expostulation and indignation. Even obloquy seemed to move him no whit from the serenity of his composure. He had evidently made up his mind that if the sitters could not see through the standers, they would just need to do their best to see over them, or round them, or whatever else they could in the way of getting sight of Gladstone. Unable to get the ear of the authorities, the indignant sitters had recourse to such force as was at their disposal. All the newspapers they had with them were speedily converted into missiles, and for a time things were lively. One hat at least was knocked off with some of this ammunition, and the fun was exceedingly funny to those who, like ourselves, were standing, but in nobody's way, and with an uninterrupted view for ourselves.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by some local magnates, by his wife, and by Mr. Childers and his wife and daughter, and others, appeared on the platform punctually at eight o'clock. His appearance was a signal for a tumultuous outburst of cheering. Hats, kerchiefs, umbrellas and walking sticks waved about wildly, and for fully five minutes the enthusiastic multitude had their way and testified to their admiration of Gladstone's worth, by a living power.

His speech was at length allowed to be heard, and he defended his policy and his able speech of an hour and a half, the substance of which was so long before this to all acquainted, so that it was like the thankless...
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but rightly, or wrongly, they are convinced that the mode in which and the degree to which Mr. Gladstone means to do this, if he is returned to power, will be prejudicial to the best interests of the Empire, and hence they are prepared to oppose him. These vociferous cheers, therefore, with which the G. O. M. is greeted wherever he goes, must by no means be taken to mean that every shouter is prepared to vote for his former leader.

I heard Mr. Nell speak the other night. He is a son of the London preacher of that name. A former staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone, but a deserter on this Irish question, and now going to contest the county of Stirling in the unicameral interest. He made a telling speech, and was heard by the electors with marked approval.

Scotland seems to be regarded as the ground on which the fiercest part of the impending battle will be fought, and the giants are going up and down the length and breadth of it just now doing their best for their respective sides.

Altogether the universal feeling is that it will prove one of the hardest political combats ever engaged in.

EDINBURGH, Scotland.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY G. O. D.

Don't sneer at any man's belief. Respect it if you believe it is his belief. And don't be too ready to suspect his sincerity, especially if worldly prosperity and social success do not run parallel with his creed. The Pharisees sneered at the Saviour. It is easy to profess a popular creed, but it requires a brave man to live up to a belief which runs counter to worldly advantage. If a man is a moral man—a kind man—an honest man—if he is a man whom before you know his creed you instinctively recognised as a good man—respect his belief, even if you cannot share every part of it. If it happens that your creed is proclaimed in fine churches; if it carries with it the odour of dead-alive "respectability;" if you have inherited it or adopted it without thinking much about it, bear in mind that his may have been arrived at through tears and tribulations. Examine yourself; suspect yourself once in a while by way of change; it may do you good. The reformers of the world from the Saviour downward have been sneered at by the adherents of the popular creed. So be charitable to others and suspicious of yourself. A sneer—the devil's laugh—is an unlovely thing at best, but a sneer against any man's honest belief, is assuredly one of the most hateful things on earth.

Young man, if you feel dull, gloomy, "blue;" if you think like the melancholy Dane, that "the times are out of joint;" if you think the whole world is against you; if you are distrustful of your friends, jealous of your lover and doubtful of yourself, don't too quickly come to the conclusion that the plan of creation is a mistake or that your moral foundations are all broken up. The answer are ten to one that it's your liver! A diagnosis may not be very poetical, but it's likely to be true. So don't take to gloomy poetry and long hair and imagine yourself an incipient Childe Harold when you really need a blue pill. We are having a vast amount of what Walt Whitman calls "the literature of woe" in these latter days, the result of weak nerves and inefficient livers. Don't cultivate it; don't give way to it; give your young friend. Better stick to

baseball literature as exhibited by the able sporting editors of the Toronto press, though perhaps even that is not the same of "culture." I may as well confess that I had a touch of the Byronic fever myself in my younger days. I revelled in Byron, Werther & Co. for a season. I was a very and conscientious and self-conscious. I was a crushed tragedian air, and imagined my friends, aided and abetted by the world in general, were united in a grand conspiracy to do the crushing. I found out later that they were too busy with their own concerns to bother their heads about me. Luckily I had as one of my friends a sensible doctor. He told me in the most hard hearted, matter of fact way, that I was—bilious! Then I was sure he was one of the conspirators. However, he persisted, and he was right. A few grains of a horrid mixture which he called blue mass, accompanied by outdoor exercise *quant. sup.* cleared the whole mental atmosphere, and, as the old song says: "The world went well with me then." To my young friend, let me advise you once more not to blame the whole plan of creation when the troubles may be in your liver!
TORONTO, ONT.

ON TO PARAGUAY.

BY G. H. FOWLER.

Repeated requests have been made for the establishment of a mission in the republic of Paraguay. After careful consideration it was determined to visit the country and penetrate as far as Assuncion, the capital situated on the Paraguay river, 1,250 miles from the sea. No Protestant bishop has ever before gone so far into the interior of the continent. Except for the extreme heat of the season in which we were compelled to make the journey (February there is dog-days), the fatigue of the travelling would be light compared with the stage rides made over the plains to California by Blahope James and Ames. The voyage to Rosario, 300 miles above Buenos Ayres, was made in a commodious steamer. Here my companion, Dr. Wood, superintendent of the South American missions, and I made preparation for the heat and fatigue. We took passage on the Oisma (Swan), a small, tug-like steamer with moderate accommodations. We provided ourselves with the lightest and thinnest coats in the markets, with ostras (oats), mosquito-bars, and bamboo frames fastened with cords to hold up the nets. These ostras and nets were to give us lodging on the docks at night. These provisions were most fortunate. When our lying still covered with the least possible beneath the stars, and catching a breath from the motion of the steamer perspires without stint through the night, then it is safe to regard the weather as warm and take precaution. There was no visible thermometer on the steamer. Perhaps they were afraid to know the worst.

Our captain was a quiet penny-built Italian. He said but little, and that hardly above a whisper. He must have slept, but we never missed him from duty. When we were well up toward the tropics he amused himself shooting alligators with a Remington rifle. The game was very abundant and marksmanship good. The captain was treated by the men—stout, hardy fellows—as if he had an experience in his history. We found him very careful in handling his little steamer, and that was the experience we wanted him to have.

The mosquitoes in the upper-river regions are monumental. They are large. It is difficult to regard them as mosquitoes. They

run against you as if biting were only a secondary thought or weapon. They are poor muscled, taken singly; but taken by the hundred millions they are a scourge. They are quite numerous. When the rising river drives them out of the pastures they are said to nearly darken the sun. Like the hero of old, men fight in the shade. The old statement about New Jersey mosquitoes, that many of them weigh a pound, is not true here, for it does not take so many of them. The ride up the river is one never to be forgotten. Up the La Plata 160 miles, up the Parana 800 miles, and up the Paraguay 290, miles all the time on a most beautiful sheet of water. From 150 miles at the mouth of the La Plata the current we follow narrows down to less than three miles. The shores are bold enough to stand against the river, but they do not shut out the panorama of the rich and limitless plains, waving with grass and wild flowers, and dotted here and there with patches of forest. As we are going up toward the equator, we soon come to semi-tropical and tropical vegetation. The plains are undulating and crested by streams. The dark-green of the forest, interspersed with flowering shrubs and flowering trees, and the many shades of green that characterize the grasses and undergrowth, give perpetual variety and rest to the scenery. The river, sweeping on in an almost straight line, like a majestic, conquering army, is varied in every league by the countless islands among which we make our delightful way. Now we can see the channel winding around and past these emeralds set in the silver of the river. Again, that which seemed to be the mainland along which we were coasting suddenly ends and we see between the island, away across a smooth stretch of water, sparkling in the sun like a sheet of silver for leagues, to a distant shore that may be only other islands. Wild fowls start up as our steamer pants along, circle about us, and light to survey us. Crews stand on the bank and wicker; geese and ducks move off at right lines, and flocks of beautiful white birds stand in rows on the mud banks of the river like rows of ivory teeth. The picture is of marvelous beauty, changing with every mile.

But more impressive than the beauty is the wealth of the soil and the dense rankness of the vegetation. One must see the waving of the harvests, the nodding corn-tassels, the blooming cotton-fields, the rich coffee plantations, the sugar thickets, and the abundant fruits, that in the near-to-morrow shall feed and enrich a teeming population.

Henry Clay, standing on the summit of the Alleghanies and looking over the western slopes while the stage-horses were being changed, was asked what he was doing, and he answered: "I am listening to the tread of the coming millions." So one, in these untamed depths of gloom and greatness, can hear the song of the harvest home and the hum of the coming factories.

The stretch of plain and forest, of river and island, that gladdens the day is transformed at night into the solitude of changing and endless shadows, into a vast stretch of sky and stars that double at the horizon, one spreading a canopy of golden jewels over our heads and the other jewelling a carpet of shining adornments beneath our feet, stitching together the two so perfectly with the thread of the invisible shore that we can hardly tell where earth ends and the heavens begin. Not only were all the stars double stars, one-half above and the other beneath reflected in the river, but all the constellations were doubled. Orion, who stands on his head in the southern sky, stood on his feet in the smooth river, which