

and mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn-laws are repealed?" I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation, and from that time we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made."

Nor did they. They were earnest men laboring in what they believed to be a righteous cause and they conquered. There is one phase in the characters of those two great men even more remarkable than their eloquence, their courage their patience, and that was their close friendship. It has been declared that "there was never a friendship more devoted than that which subsisted between the two men for so many years, and which terminated only with the death of the elder." A scene more profoundly affecting was never witnessed in the House of Commons than when, after Cobden's death, his loyal colleague and staunch friend attempted to speak of their friendship, and of the deceased's virtues. He spoke of him as "the manliest and greatest spirit that ever tenanted human form," and quite broke down as he added "After twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him."

This mark of esteem and love was reciprocated lately when there was lowered on the coffin of Bright with three other wreaths one from Richard Cobden's daughter with a card attached bearing the inscription, "in loving memory of Father's best friend."

Justin McCarthy says of them, "from that time (referring to the acceptance of Cobden's invitation to Bright to join in the Anti-Corn Law League) dates the almost unique fellowship of these two

men, who worked together in the closest brotherhood, who loved each other as not all brothers do, who were associated so closely in the public mind that until Cobden's death the name of one was scarcely ever mentioned without that of the other. There was something positively romantic about their mutual attachment. Each led a noble life; each was in his own way a man of genius; each was simple and strong. Rivalry between them would have been impossible, although they were every day being compared and contrasted by both friendly and unfriendly critics."

Bright's parentage and early training in a Quaker home impressed principles and truths upon him that he carried unflinchingly through all his political career, even though he knew they would often make him unpopular and at times unseat him in parliament. This was notably the case when he opposed the Crimean war in which, perhaps his moral courage was put to the severest test. But he stood firm advocating his peace principles when all England was wild with enthusiasm for the war; firm when the three great victories in the first campaign were gained which added such lustre upon the British and French arms; firm amid the jeer of his countrymen in and out of parliament calling him a fanatic and coward. But what is the verdict now. No English statesman of any note attempts to justify England's course against Russia at that time. They acknowledge the fulfilment of Bright's prophecy which was uttered in the house of parliament where he stood almost alone. This speech furnishes an oft quoted passage which represents the very height of eloquence:

"The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the very beating of his wings. There is no one to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; but he calls at the castle of