

ANECDOTES OF JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright seldom made an unsuccessful speech. Like other artists, however, he was nervous, anxious and irritable until his work was done. When his speech was over, he was as happy and sympathetic as a child. If it was a speech in the House of Commons he would retire to the member's smoking room, or stand with his back to the fire in the division lobby, and, surrounded by a group of parliamentary friends, run over the debate with trenchant humour. If it was a public meeting he would fall into his host's easy chair with a cigar, and talk far into the night on a thousand trivial topics to which his language lent a thousand charms. Dogs, parrots, innkeepers, Scotch ministers, minor poets, royalties, American visitors, sayings and doings of the political world, Highland gamekeepers, great men and small men, all interested him. No one who has ever felt it will forget the fascination of that monologue which seemed to gather force and interest as the hours went by. All the genius of his matchless eloquence was there, directed toward the kindly as well as the serious side of life. As in his talk, so in his speeches, humour succeeded pathos, and indignation alternated with satire. The strength and purity of his language were in harmony with the rich vibration of his voice, and any lack of gesture was atoned for by the noble earnestness of his presence and the dramatic power of his mouth and eye. He loved Scotland, and, in a sort of way, the Scotch. He had a little family of Scotch terriers of whom he was very fond. But a dog rarely came near him that he did not caress. Salmon fishing became his favourite, and, latterly, his only outdoor occupation, and he was a frequent and welcome guest on the best beaches to the Tweed and the Tay. "But I don't always know Scotch theology," he said once; "it's too full of the gridiron." He had more sympathy with Robert Burns and the Scotch poets. His own religion was found in the Sermon on the Mount. Creeds and formalities were not to his liking. At a certain dinner he turned from a Highland minister of opposite political opinions and assertive tongue with the remark: "It's odd that a man who knows so little about this world can tell us so much about the next."—*Reminiscences of John Bright*, by his nephew, Charles McLaren, in *North American Review*.

HERETICS AND SCHISMATICS.

The Roman Church anathematizes well-nigh half Christendom, including the Church of England, or at all events, pronounces us all *heretics*, and the High Church party in the Church of England, in its turn, declares all Christians of the non-Episcopal bodies to be *schismatics*. How vast this condemnation is let us for a moment consider. First, it includes the Lutheran Churches of Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Norway; and next, the Reformed Churches of Switzerland and France. To these must be added the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and Ireland, and the vast number of Churches of the Nonconformist bodies in Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and Canada, as well as in our widespread colonies and in all missionary settlements throughout the world. Can anything comparable with this narrow bigotry be found in any former period of Church history? Certainly ecclesiastical records abound in instances of bigotry, but has anything similar ever been witnessed on so wide a scale and within so small a period of time? If such verdicts are to be accepted, we may well ask, how many persons will remain to people the realms of the Blessed? On the contrary, we rejoice to hold that all baptized Christians who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and clearly exhibit a God-wrought change of heart by a visible Christian life, are called unto, and are on their way to "the Marriage Supper of the Lamb," and though we do not expect to see the aims of the Grindelwald Protestants ever realized on earth, we rejoice at all anticipations and forebodings of that final consummation and bliss, when Christians of all bodies, who hold steadfastly and experimentally the great doctrines of the Christian faith, shall meet above at the Table of the Lord, to drink "the new wine" together with Him "in His Father's Kingdom."—*English Churchman*.

VENICE.

If one enters Venice by night when the moon is making a path of silver down the Grand Canal, flooding with light the palaces whose dazzling reflections in the water render it hard to tell where the reality ends and the image begins, piercing the dim mazes of the side-canal, lifting the Rialto into heights of ethereal splendour, and transforming into fairy-like structures even the little bridges, one has, of course, seen the sea-city, in a way that fills and enchants. Black gondolas with a lamp at their prow steal silently out of the shadows, draw up at marble stairs for a single figure to alight, then pass again into shadow. What silence, what mystery, what beauty! Even on a night without a moon, Venice is full of charm. The familiar domes, turrets, bell-towers, are etched against the dark-blue star-spangled sky; the lights on the Piazzetta twinkle magically; from the Piazza comes a strain played by horns and clarionets, breathing the human passion and feeling of the moving crowds going up and down the square and the groups eating ices at Florian's; the boats hang up their blue and crimson cressets flickering in long lines across the bay; the men-of-war in the harbour send up signal-

rockets which seem to run along the rigging as they gem the night with violet, gold, white, and scarlet; the evening gun sounds from the training ship, and around us blows the wind from the Adriatic which the fishermen say is the "sea calling." But, in spite of the subtle beauty of these impressions, one really sees Venice only when one sees her colour. Yet perhaps on coming down the Grand Canal at mid-day, one's consciousness is not so absolutely of intense colour as of translucence. All the surfaces seem to give out vibrations of light. The water, the palaces, the sky, the farthest reaches of the lagoons are all opalescent. But fairest to me was Venice one afternoon towards sunset, when I was returning in a gondola from the Lido. Midway in crossing the bay Achille dropped his oar, and for a time we floated with a feeling of being suspended between the gentle heaving sea of glass and the far-off sky, each suffused with softest rose colour. In front of us was Venice, the iridescent domes and minarets of St. Mark's seeming to be drawn up into the amber and crimson of the sunset, the lovely outlines intensified and etherealized. Dark and rayless the Campanile reared its solemn height above the aerial mosque, and all the many turrets and spires and towers of the city that took shape against the mellow blendings of the west. Then at our left across the sea of rose and pearl rose the Euganean Hills, their pyramids, towers, and cones standing out in clear relief above the shining water line against the gem-like blue of the sky.—*Ellen Olney Kirk*, in *Lippincott's*.

MISSIONARY WORLD

FROM FORMOSA

In a letter dated Formosa, Tamsui, September 20, 1892, addressed to Professor MacLaren, G. L. Mackay writes

MY DEAR BROTHER,—North Formosa has a neat chapel in memory of China's great evangelist, William C. Buras, and she will soon have one dedicated to the memory of India's heroic defender, Alexander Duff. In June last I received £102 5s. 6d. sterling (which at three quarter exchange are equal to \$613 65 Mexican) from an aged Christian lady in Canada. The donor heartily acquiesced in the suggestion that the latter memorial church should be erected, and as she has no desire for publicity her name will not appear. In a communication to Canada some time ago, I referred to the appropriateness of such a chapel and now my hope is realized, desire satisfied and prayer answered. Two of Scotland's most worthy sons of the church triumphant have been honoured by Christian Canadian ladies who are still of the church militant. God bless them nearing the gates of the eternal city. One would desire to remember the heroes in this way; not that their names need any memorials from us; not that there is any merit pertaining to such work and not that it is in any way a Christian duty, but just because we are all human on this side the river of life; because a house set apart for the worship of Jehovah is a great boon, and because being memorial they may remind us, who are still in the battle-field of the zeal, consecration and power of those mighty warriors who have gone before.

Of Dr. Duff, herewith are a few reminiscences: It was on Tuesday, November 8, 1870, in the city of Edinburgh, I first saw this great missionary and told him right off that I crossed the Atlantic to see and hear him. I soon found that to be from Canada was a recommendation in itself. He rose and with Highland grip caught and shook my hand for several minutes. Hearing that I might possibly go to India, he said, "My head is full of India, and I hope my heart too." He not only quickly secured a teacher in Hindostani, but procured books and directed my studies of Islam and Brahminism.

During the session I was greatly benefited by his lectures on evangelistic theology in the hall, by his conversation after each address in the ante-room and by his entertainment when a guest at 22 Lauder Road, Edinburgh.

I followed him to Aberdeen and will never forget his words as I entered the hall and sat near the door during his address. He looked, stopped and said: "Gentlemen,—a dear Canadian friend who has spent months with us in Edinburgh is here; show him that though this is the granite city, your hearts are not of granite. That was enough, there and then I got a Highland welcome from those sons of Auld Scotia, several of whom were preparing for India. On Monday, March 13, 1871, I had the last interview with him standing in Union Street, not far from the college. He kept me there nearly an hour, then with one grasp of the hand after another, until a final squeeze and with one more touching look, he wheeled about and walked across the street, thus leaving me lonely and alone as I watched his noble form until disappearing from view. In 1880 a long wish was realized when I visited the two colleges which had been planted by him in Calcutta, and stood where he was wont to pour out those torrents of red-hot eloquence which electrified Moslems, Hindoos, Eurasians and Europeans. When in that metropolis on March 1, I paid a visit to Chesub Chunder Sen of the Brahma Somaj. From his dwelling house I was taken in a carriage to his study apartments, a short distance away, and found him on an upper floor, sitting at a large table covered with English books, periodicals and papers.

His physique, with black moustache and calm expression was solid and intellectual. That was soon visible, for at the mention of Duff's name and of my acquaintance with him, there was a glorious tribute paid the glorious veteran. Whether that talented son of India was secretly rejoicing in Jesus of

Nazareth, I know not. This I do know, he spoke with veneration of Christianity and its Founder and with profound gratitude for the noble services rendered by Dr. Duff to India's millions. He wished me to remain and address his students, but my arrangements compelled me to move on to Benares, etc. A few months later when in Edinburgh, I went from the home of the beloved Barbour, 11 George's Square, to see the last resting place of him whose brilliant and immortal career in India gleams with the refulgence of an Indian sun. One of the noble army of the confessors of Christ is lying yonder, and I think of a chapel here to his memory with peculiar pleasure. Of his labours within the wild and craggy shores of his native Isle, near Mrs. Sandeman, of Bonskeid, in 1836, sing:—

He crossed o'er our path like an angel of light,
The sword of the truth in his grasp gleaming bright,
O'er mountain and valley unwearied he flew
Imploring out and for the poor lost Hindoo

His was a broad, deep and far-reaching scheme for the evangelization of India. It was to use the English language as the most effectual instrument, and saturate all knowledge with Christian truth. The environment was such, that this was feasible and comprehensive.

In Ceylon, and across India from Madras to Calcutta and Bombay, I saw more of this grand work than some who sat down at home and criticised. Duff himself appealed to posterity, "As regards the ultimate reality of the magnificent prospect, I would, even on a dying pillow, from a whole generation of doubters confidently appeal to posterity.

North Formosa is an entirely different field, therefore our plan is entirely different; none the less do I—for one—admire the founder of the educational system and the strong phalanx who this day are following his steps. Therefore I rejoice that our own Canadian Church has a college in Central India as well as evangelistic work amongst the masses in the regions around.—I am sincerely yours,

G. L. MCKAY.

TRIBUTE TO MISSIONARIES.

After eight hours imprisonment my jailer seemed to reach the conclusion that I really had no money in my pocket; the door was opened and I was roughly ordered to get out, which I was glad enough to do. I hurried at once to the American consulate, only to learn that the consul had sailed for Greece at five o'clock that afternoon. It was now too late to visit the bank; I had not enough money to pay for a night's lodging, and was strolling on the quay, looking for a good place to sleep, when my eye chanced to light on a sign in English, "Smyrna Rest." A large jovial-looking man was standing in the door of the "Smyrna Rest." I asked in English if I could rest there.

"No, young fellow, you cannot get lodging here. This is a rest for the soul not the body. See here," pointing to Gospel quotations and inscriptions on the wall. "But do not worry. The Lord will provide. I shall take you to one of His servants."

I briefly told the man my story. Just at this moment a gentleman and lady approached, and the jovial man took off his cap with an air of affection and respect.

"How are you, James?" said the gentleman in a kindly voice. "Is all well at the Rest?"

"All is well, Mr. McNaughton. Here is a young American in trouble. I was just about to take him to you," with which he related the story of my imprisonment. Mr. McNaughton was a missionary from Canada; the lady was his wife. They were as kind to me as if I had been an old friend instead of a stranger, made me go home with them, where I got a warm bath (I felt as if I needed to be boiled a week after that prison experience) and a good supper. The company of these Christian people was indeed a contrast to the Moslem brutality of Turks. It is too much the custom of thoughtless persons to deride and sneer at missionaries. It seems to me the man or woman who voluntarily submits to banishment from home and all associations with civilized people to preach the Gospel of Christianity to savages or semi-savages merits our reverence as a true follower of Christ. I shall never again hear missionaries derided without thinking of "Smyrna Rest," and of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McNaughton. Mr. McNaughton has been four years with the American Mission in Smyrna, and in that time has acquired a wide influence among the Turks, Greeks and Armenians. The next morning the religious services held at the Rest were in five languages. I felt a genuine regret on leaving that genial and hospitable home.—*Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean*, by Lee Meriwether.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

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