

easily by every one in that huge audience. Then lying behind the speech, and giving tone to it all, there was the deep conviction of a noble Christian man. We can yet see his gleaming face, and hear that rich voice clear as a bell, as sentence after sentence of the peroration rolled forth calling the nation back to eternal principles of justice and rectitude.

On the following Sabbath as we were passing along George street on our way to St. George's Free church where we worshipped, just as we approached the Earl of Roseberry's town residence, the front door opened, and out stepped the Earl and Gladstone also on their way to church, which happened also to be Free St. Georges. We sat in the gallery where we had a splendid view of Gladstone in the pew underneath. He took copious notes of Dr. Whyte's sermon, a magnificent one on King David, which he afterwards declared to be one of the best discourses he ever listened to.

On the evening of the election day after Gladstone's victory was announced we were among the vast crowd that blocked the street in front of Roseberry's residence. Gladstone came out to the balcony and thanked the electors for the position in which they had placed him, Mrs. Gladstone holding a candle in her hand on one side of him and Rosebery, one on the other. That was the last time we ever saw Britain's Grand Old Man. After repeated calls Roseberry also spoke. We can vividly recall his opening sentence "Gentlemen the election is over and I am unmuzzled. (Peers not being allowed to take any part in a general election). As a Midlothian man I feel proud of this victory. This is a proud day for Midlothian, for Scotland, aye, for the world." It was during that campaign that Roseberry became Scotland's favorite peer. On the crest of that wave he rode into the popularity which has been his ever since. Gladstone and Roseberry have been called the father and the son of the Scottish people.

These are a few of the reminiscences the above paragraph recalled. We are loath to loose our great men, and Gladstone is the greatest Roman of them all. With him dies the last of our great parliamentary leaders with whom oratory was an art. A leading critic has called him by far the best orator of his age, and first of scholars as well. "He was an essayist, a critic, a Homeric scholar; dilettante in art, music, and old china, he was a theological controversialist; he was a political economist, a financier, a practical administrator whose gift of mastering details has hardly ever been equalled; he was a statesman and an orator."

And now his work is done, others will tell the story of his life, and point the moral. By and by, with many others, we may lay a wreath upon the grave of by far the greatest man we have ever seen. Meanwhile at eventide may there be light. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

2nd April, 1898.

The Church of the Poor.

BY W. L. W.

How touching is that passage in the Corinthians where the apostle speaks about the Macedonians and says "that their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." I often think what a touching thing it is about the Church that all the first courses of it were laid by slaves. There was not much money stirring among them, depend upon it. And yet when the master-builder laid the foundations, "out of their deep poverty," they abounded to the riches of their liberality, and the Church has been built up, not by kings and millionaires, but it was built by those slaves, obscure people; "out of their poverty" they built the primitive Church and prepared the most splendid things we inherit. I daresay when God looks upon this earth He sees some of the bitterest meanness in the world when the collection-box goes round. But at the same time He sees the very richest and noblest pathos. It is enough to move anybody to tears to think of the manifold and pathetic sacrifices out of which our Church has been built and out of which it is maintained. "Out of

your poverty have you done this." And so it has been with the Master and so with the primitive Church. And the same is it to a very large extent still. We do not do things out of abundance of leisure and abundance of money, and abundance of opportunity. We have to do them out of determination and struggle, and sacrifice, and tears. "Out of my low estate have I prepared this silver and gold for thee." Now I say to you, if you are to do grand things for God, don't stop because there is difficulty. You make up your mind there will be difficulty. And if anything is to be done for God in this world that is really worth the doing, you will have to do it in faintness; you will have to do it by the skin of your teeth; you will have to do it by sheer determination. There is no other way. And the man who won't do it that way, won't do much for God in any way. Some of you have ill-health. Well, it is a wonderful thing what a frail man or woman can do for God if he or she be determined. Never make your health an apology for inaction, for this is your particular limitation; so struggle with it, and out of your frailty of physique, nevertheless, seek to do your portion in the building of the Temple of God. There are some of you who have not much money. But then, no man must make narrow means an apology for doing no work for God. You must do what you can, despite these narrow circumstances. That is your particular difficulty that you have to struggle with. I am speaking to some busy men. You must not make a crowded life an apology for letting God's cause alone. Put in a little bit here, and a little bit there. You can "out of poverty" do your service. And I may be speaking to some old people. Never make increasing years an apology for inaction. I have noticed in my time some of the finest workers I have known in the Church, who have done their very best work in these later, quieter, mellowing years. And if you feel that you are getting shaky, never mind. You must do work despite of that, do work "out of your trouble." Lay a brick, accomplish your service.

I want to touch a delicate point when I say, remember that passage in Ezekiel, where the prophet loses the desire of his eyes, and he says, "I spoke to thee in the morning, and it came to pass that my wife died at evening, but I did in the morning as the Lord commanded me." Even our poverty, our sorrows, our bereavements are not to be used as apologies for inaction. Make up your mind that you will always have difficulty, for if the soul be worth anything it is sure to be bigger than your circumstances! As soon as you try to do anything for God you will realize sickness, lack of opportunity, or lack of sympathy and co-operation. There is the weakness of yours. There are interruptions of bereavement. Unless you make up your mind to work in face of all these you will not do much. When a young soldier complained to the veteran Greek that his sword was short, said the old soldier, "Then add a step to it!" Add a step to it! What is that? You say, I am rather short of time. I am short of means, short of opportunity. Then add a step to it! Put it into extraordinary spirit and resolution and purpose and sacrifice, and make up for the shortness of the means by your valor. Add a step to it! People say, "I wonder that man does so much work, and I can't think how he manages it." I will tell you how he does it; by always pulling things out of the fire; by always doing something by the skin of his teeth. With him it is "Line upon line, here a little, and there a little." Make up with ingenuity and determination and passion, what is denied to you by the tyranny of the events, and do not wait until you have plenty of leisure. Those people who do so wait never do anything. Never wait until you have plenty of money. Some say, if I had plenty of money I would be liberal. Yes, you would,—to yourself! Do not say, I will wait until I have plenty of opportunity. This is not a world made on that pattern. Oh, well, somebody says, "you can't do more than you can. You can't give more than you have." Can't do more than you can? How do you know what you can do until you set your hand to it? Can't give more than you have? You can, because as you attempt it, it multiplies. Oh! when will men learn that life is never a question of abundance of material; never a question of splendor of instrument; never a