

find in various ways that the Exchequer would not suffer from the losses which it might sustain in that direction.

The opinion of these distinguished Imperial statesmen may be of some value just now to such timid Canadians as hesitate to assist in ridding Canada of its most blighting traffic lest, forsooth, the revenue might suffer. It is easy to raise a revenue in any country where the people are sober and prosperous. That is just the tendency of prohibition. Gladstone knew what it was to face a public deficit. He was a member of the Peel Government when the corn laws were repealed, involving a vast loss of revenue. On him devolved the maturing of a new tariff measure. At one stroke the 1,200 duty-paying articles on the old tariff lists were reduced to 750. There had been a previous deficit under the Melbourne Administration of \$12,500,000 a year, and he managed to transform that into a surplus of \$13,500,000 in 1844. The people had become more prosperous and the revenue was easy to raise.

Gladstone well knew, too, that in consequence of Father Mathew's great temperance revival the Government revenue on Irish spirits fell from \$6,309,110 in 1840 to \$4,262,090 in 1844, yet there was an increase in customs duties at Dublin alone of \$380,000, principally on tea and sugar and such articles as the poorer people use, when not kept too poor because of drink. The revenue question, because of increased temperance among the people, is never one to excite the fears of the truly enlightened statesman. And even if it should, Gladstone was right in saying that no such considerations should ever stand in the way of moral reform. 'Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?

THE GREAT HISTORICAL SCOURGES.

There is another notable saying of Gladstone's, made use of in a speech in the House of Commons, in 1840, which was really not his, but adopted by him. It was Charles Buxton, M. P., at one time a great English brewer, who first wrote:

'Add together all the miseries generated in our times of war, famine and pestilence the three great scourges of mankind, they do not exceed these that spring from this one calamity.'

It was in reference to this that Gladstone said in the Commons:

'It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historic scourges, war, pestilence and famine. This is true for us, and is the measure of our disgrace and discredit.'

Both these earnest men spoke, no doubt, their earnest convictions, after years of study and thought of the question. Both, no doubt, saw the national need there was of a remedy. In the light of to-day who can resist the conviction, that any remedy short of one prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of all alcoholics for beverage purposes will never fully accomplish the desirable end?

THE PROVINCE OF LAW.

Gladstone also struck the keynote of the great prohibition movement when he once declared, in one of his memorable speeches: 'It is the province of law to make it as easy as possible for the people to do right and as difficult as possible to do wrong.' This, we believe, is, too, an adaptation, and not an original saying. Sir Edward Sullivan, in his able work on Social Reform, in which he strongly advocated the 'Permis-

sive Bill,' supported by Mr. Gladstone in Parliament, says: 'Drinking ought to be made difficult instead of easy; every legal hindrance should be put in the way of procuring drink. The law should be so severe and so prompt that it would not pay for men of bad character, who were not determined to observe the law, to enter the publican's business. This would free the country from a host of leeches who suck the life-blood of the nation, and fatten like dung-flies on impurities of the people.' Some might call that 'the intemperate language of temperance men.' But neither of these men were 'temperance fanatics,' but men of clear and enlightened views, giving forth the broad principles on which all good law and government should be founded. A law totally prohibiting the vending of intoxicating liquors is one founded on just such broad principles as are here laid down.

TEMPERANCE AND ENDURANCE.

Gladstone was a man of marvellous endurance, both in the matter of careful study and research and of the worries in the House of Parliament. This was a marked characteristic even up to his old age, and it was one of the great secrets of his wonderful success. He was always master of the great questions of finance, or reform, or whatever might happen to be under discussion, even up to their minute details. During the long and angry debate in Parliament on the Irish Home Rule question, which lasted some weeks and wore out most of the members, both as regards temper and physical endurance, the papers remarked at the time that Gladstone, though then an octogenarian, stood all this wear and tear better than almost any other man in the House. None were more temperate.

Many years before, when the great Richard Cobden was such a leading spirit in the Anti-Corn Law campaigns, both in Parliament and throughout the country, he used to say that himself and two or three other total abstainers associated with him stood all the fatigues and annoyances as none others did, and they attributed the fact of their superior endurance to their total abstinence. If our Canadian newspaper reports of certain doings at Ottawa are correct, we have a lot of M.P.'s just now to whom such lessons ought to be of great value. Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., was for years Mr. Gladstone's consulting physician and warm personal friend up to the very time that the Grand Old Man followed his physician to the grave as a chief mourner. No doubt Sir Andrew more than once said to him, as he said publicly to many others:—

'I have the evidence in my own personal experience of the enormous number of people who pass before me every year, and I state that alcohol is not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets the less alcohol he takes. . . . Good health, in my opinion, will always be injured by even small doses of alcohol. Even in small doses it will take the bloom off and injure the loveliness of health, both mental and moral.'

Little wonder that, with such medical counsel, such surroundings and such views, Gladstone was, nearly all his life, in advance of his associates on the great Temperance Reform question.

OUTSPOKEN FOR LEGISLATION.

Mr. Gladstone and his Ministers were

plain and outspoken for legislation as far in the direction of Prohibition as yet seems practicable in England—the Local Option Bill. That is all the great body of the temperance people of that country feel it prudent to ask yet. When he was Prime Minister in 1891 he made a very notable speech at Newcastle on the 2nd of October, in which he said:

'I trust that most of you present may witness a thorough and effective reform of the laws connected with the traffic in alcoholic liquors, and that among the conditions of that improvement you may find a fair and just acknowledgment of the rights of local populations to deal with the question whether there shall or shall not be within these borders any acknowledgment of public-house traffic at all, just as effective as the right now possessed and that now exercised without exception to determine that important question by owners of the soil.'

The English landlords have long exercised the right of totally prohibiting the licensed sale of liquors on their premises. A week later the Hon. Sir William Harcourt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Gladstone Cabinet, took exactly the same position in a speech at Glasgow.

'Rock of Ages.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the tune—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Let me hide myself in Thee—
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheeding
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
'Twas a woman sung them now
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
'Let me hide myself in Thee;
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be
'Let me hide myself in Thee.'