

*Paradise Lost* and began to read it aloud. Then stopping for a moment he said, 'How fine this is! I had forgotten how fine it was.' Try to imagine what Mr. Gladstone would have said on a like occasion, and you may measure roughly the contrast between the two men. It is indeed this contrast which most forcibly seizes the mind of him who reads the annals of the time. For many years Mr. Gladstone and the Duke were colleagues or adversaries. They represented two sides of English politics. They were incompatible always in method and ambition, and the wonder is that they worked together as long as they did. It was unfortunate for Mr. Gladstone that they were at last parted. For if the influence of Mr. Gladstone upon Lord Hartington was inappreciable, the influence of Lord Hartington upon Mr. Gladstone was always salutary.

Mr. Gladstone was an actor, protean and irresponsible. For him words were a thousand times more important than deeds; and by a cruel irony, even the words which he spoke were almost meaningless, if unaccompanied by his massive gesture and the flashing of his vulturine eye. His mind was in a constant state of fluidity. The heresy of yesterday was converted by opportunity into the gospel of to-day. The past was nothing to him; the future immaterial. He vaunted only with persuasive eloquence the advantage of the present. In all things the Duke was his antithesis. He was far too honest and sincere ever to act a part. So securely anchored