

ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOYNE-CECIL,
THIRD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G., P.C., ETC.

Born February 3rd, 1830; Died August 22nd, 1905.

In Memoriam.

HE is gone in the fulness of years,
Who was king among rulers, and led
A great Empire through travail and tears
To the glory he saw loom ahead ;
For he grudged not his talents, but gave
Of his utmost and best to the Land,
He descended the deeps of the grave
And returned with the marks of its brand ;
But sorrow enriched him with might
And left wiser from suffering's lore,
While he reached to the Statesman's full height
From stern struggles before.

In the night when the heroes went down,
He was disciplined finely and wrought
To the grandeur that cared for no crown,
And for Truth and not victory fought ;
He looked onward and round him, and chose
Not the honours stained grimly by strife,
But in services fair and white rose
Of unselfish and loftier life.
Above others he towered, and the Realm
Answered ready and quick to his call,
With that resolute hand on the helm,
Over rivals and all.

He is gone in the fulness of time,
And those fruits that he garnered for us
In his simple devotion sublime,
And the duties all sanctified thus.
Ah, he took not his splendour from rank,
Or the riches that lay at his feet ;
He knew titles were blots or a blank,
Not ennobled by ministry meet,
And for him no ambition's vain thirst
After places and power, but he pressed
On his bosom our cares, to be first
Of our servants and best.

So he steered the great vessel of State
Past the shadows of ill and the shoal,
Despite whispers of fear and of hate,
To the Empire that grew as its goal ;
Making history, he was a part
Of its blessing and beauty and sheen,
And the burden he bore on his heart
Was a love for his country and Queen.
With his peers and the princes of earth
Let him rest from Imperial sway,
He who brought to a goodlier birth
Our new Britain to-day.

—*F. Harold Williams, in the Ladies' Pictorial.*