

appeared about
 look, from which
 God bless you all
 have farewell was
 tant for all of us,
 cannot as yet be
 not be mistaken.
 oken his farewell
 d high hope. So,
 making obeisance
 r. Gladstone has
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 est friend of the
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Gladstone family
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at Hawarden, and
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 ng Mr. Gladstone.

And thus, with blessing and farewell upon his lips, the day of Mr. Gladstone's death drew near. In May he was less and less inclined to take nourishment, or indeed to show any interest in things earthly. Occasional and very brief visits were paid to him, as the dying warrior "fought his one fight more—the last, the best," by personal friends such as Lord Rosebery, Canon Scott Holland, Mr. John Morley, and others. These intimates of the dying statesman were all impressed with the pathetic beauty of his last days. "The great soul," said one of the family, "was resting on the Rock of Ages." His pain was mitigated by injections of morphia; and, though day by day his strength lessened, he was spared much of the pain which distressed him in March and April.

His doctors were assiduous in their attentions, but everyone felt that death to one so weary of life would come as a merciful release.

It came at last, that Conqueror over the mightiest. After a day of sunshine, which had brightened the room in which Mr. Gladstone lay, there was a sudden ebb of vitality. The pulse, which was never very rapid in the case of the patient, became hardly noticeable; and from the village of Hawarden went forth, on the afternoon of May 17th, the news that "Gladstone was dying." His son, Mr. H. N. Gladstone, hurried home from London by special train, and rapidly the members of the family gathered round the bedside of the departing veteran.

And thus, in the home he loved, and amid those who were dearest to him, died William Ewart Gladstone on May 19th, Ascension Day. The partner of his joys and sorrows was at hand to say Good-bye, and, amid all the sad trial of her fortitude, was brave and comforted.

As the tidings flashed across the continents there was a world-wide regret, which must have solaced the widow and children of the greatest statesman of the century. The Queen and many other Royal personages sent their condolences; and in the hearts of millions, less exalted but no less sincere, there was the consciousness of a noble life ended, a hero fallen in the fight, "a warder silent on the hill."

Both Houses of Parliament unanimously resolved to pay to Mr. Gladstone's memory the highest honour in their power. On the motion of his old opponents—the Marquis of Salisbury in the Lords, and Mr. Arthur Balfour in the Commons, both of whom delivered eloquent appreciations of the great statesman's genius, magnanimity, and public services—it was decided that his remains