

once remarked that it would be a terrible thing if any great trouble befell London when Mr. Hughes was out of it. Of course, there is some ground for this touch of irony. Mr. Hughes does sometimes speak as though the fate of empires waited on his word. He has never lacked self-assurance. Men of more judicial and slower minds often wish that they were as sure of anything as Mr. Hughes is of everything. And undoubtedly he has the most ingenious—and, we may say, ingenuous—way, too, of seeing all things in the light of his own beliefs, and of interpreting them to his own advantage. But when all this is said, how little is said! It simply amounts to this, that Mr. Hughes is a man of action, a leader of men, a man with a mission and a policy, who cannot afford to see more than one thing at once, because he is an intense man, and intensity of conviction is, above all things, needed in those who attempt to guide others. He has no time for the lounge, the gossip, and the bore. He is one of the busiest of men, and always in a hurry. Let any one consider what it means to superintend a great mission, to edit a paper, to attend innumerable committees, to rush hither and thither over the whole country delivering fiery speeches, to make occasional incursions into magazines and reviews, and besides all this to attend to the claims of a great correspondence, and he will not be surprised if Mr. Hughes is somewhat curt with the leisurely individual who calls early in the morning, and proposes an hour's conversation on some wholly unimportant topic. Nehemiah was singularly abrupt with the folk who wanted him to come down and discuss matters when he was building the walls of Jerusalem, and Mr. Hughes is the modern Methodist Nehemiah.

No one has yet done justice to the really great qualities of Mr. Hughes, and perhaps the time has not yet come for their appreciation. One thing, however, is clear to all who know him: he is a devoted man. He has enemies, and this must be expected. He has critics—acute and unscrupulous critics; but one who is given to talk with great plainness about others must not be surprised if the same measure is meted to him again. But he has also other critics, who mean him well, and can discern clearly the essential nobleness of his conduct. And, above all, he has hosts of friends, as he deserves to have. He has worked with a consuming energy for his Church, and, beyond the great public influence which he has acquired, for no personal reward. Papers like the London *Figaro* cannot understand how it is that such a man is contented with the wage of a confidential clerk, and express at once their amazement and their sense of his unselfishness. But it is Mr. Hughes' glory that in no adequate respect is his work financially