

a bright, cheerful look, added to by the white curtains and colored ribbons holding them back, and which can just be seen. . . .

"The hall is square, and furnished in hard wood, and brightened by red rugs. On one side is the dining-room, and at the head of the stairs is the drawing-room. Turning to the right, however, a few steps before the drawing-room level is reached, a small passage brought me to the door of the study, which was standing open. Through it I could see across the room, and on a lounge at the other side, half lying down, was Mr. Gladstone, reading very intently. It seemed at first almost as if he was so intent on his volume that he could not bring his mind back to animate objects, as he did not catch my name, but when he did, his greeting was kindness itself."

Mr. Gladstone has always been an indefatigable worker. He rises early, and retires late. He is a most careful user of time. No one who has ever seen him can forget his erect form, with its quick, strong step, his wonderful power of speech, and his thoughtful, noble face.

Mr. Gladstone stands to-day a unique figure in the world's progress; a man of unsullied reputation, of lofty impulses, a master in eloquence, an earnest defender of Christianity; one of the few great leaders of the nineteenth century.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 19th day of May, 1898, the "grand old man," as he was universally called, quietly passed away after a long and lingering illness patiently borne.