

building is a restoration to the memory of the immediate ancestor from whom the entire estate is derived by the present family. The rector is the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the second son of the Premier. But no doubt, the most singular scene in the Hawarden Church, beheld usually when the Premier is in residence in the castle, is to see him sitting in the plain, uncushioned pew, near the lectern and opposite the pulpit. It may be thought—perhaps feared—that of the crowds which fill the church multitudes are brought together to obtain a view of that face so gnarled and rugged and often so pale. It must be admitted that the spectacle of the Prime Minister of a great nation taking part, week after week, in the simple service of an obscure village church is a sight the world has seldom, if ever, seen. Seated near to the reading-desk, at the time and place indicated, he quietly rises and goes through his part of the service, reading the lessons from the desk. Then he resumes his seat, and while joining heartily in the other parts of the service, usually listens to the sermon with head thrown back and closed eyes. Then the service closes, and the Premier throws a coat over his shoulders without putting his arms into it; he is only on his way to the rectory. The family all seem to live together in the most beautiful relations of lovable unity. But as he walks along the churchyard path it is probably lined with visitors, waiting, uncovered, to greet him as he passes along. With hat in hand, his head uncovered, he passes through the human lane of lovers and admirers—perhaps of some enemies too—exchanging smiles and nods and friendly negotiations till he is safe in the household room of the rector, his son. We have heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of his health to the fact that he will have his Sabbath to himself and to his family, undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of State, or even the recreations of literature and scholastic study.

Mr. Gladstone possesses a singular variety of faculty and amazing fulness of vitality. Mind and body seem equal in perfection of animation and agility. How truly it has been said, "There is no way of making heroism easy. Labour, iron labour, is the only way." Mr. Gladstone reminds us of what Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "He can toil terribly." To fell a stout and ancient tree of ample girth, to walk with ease and pleasure a dozen miles, to translate from English into elegant Latin, or to