

But I dare not speak much of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, for my husband and I have ever felt ourselves almost adopted children in their house. They are associated with the memories of us both in childhood—they were friends of both our parents—and Mr. Gladstone has often said to us that Lord Aberdeen's grandfather—the Premier—was the one statesman of his earlier years whom he loved. And as time went on our lives became more and more sacredly associated with theirs, both from a public and a private standpoint. We spent our last night in the old country beneath their roof, and when I went home last year, it was to Hawarden that I went first after landing, as a matter of course.

I know that we both feel that if we have been able to try to follow any high ideal in public life, we owe it largely to him who looked on every part of his life as a mission.

None of us know what the influence of Mr. Gladstone's life in the present and past generation of English public life has been in this direction.

How often have we seen him come into a room where some subject was being discussed lightly and flippantly and by his mere entrance all was changed.

One of the earliest things I remember of him saying which made an impression on me was when on a visit to my father's house in the Scottish Highlands he was one day at tea with us in the schoolroom, and as he left the room he turned to us children and said: "You must pray for me—there are some Bishops to be appointed—pray for me."

And in one of his latest letters to me when speaking of some political question, he wrote: "What we want is more prayer, more prayer."

Duty, duty, duty, in all he did or said and under all circumstances was his first thought. On this ring which he gave me and which I always wear is found an emblem of faithfulness, and "Faithful unto death was indeed his watchword."

But it is needless to speak of him—we all feel that we knew him, and that our lives are richer for having lived in his day and generation—and the world is a very different thing without him.

But of her to whom I invite you to join with me in sending a message, so much is not known—at least not yet. He himself said that it would be known some day what he owed to her, but only those who were privileged to come near to her realized her rare ability, her wisdom, her discretion, her intense devotion to all that is beautiful and good, her self-sacrifice, her self-efface-