

daily prayers which he had with his two servants when, a young man, he lodged in the Albany, in London.

His correspondence is sifted by the son or daughter living most at home, and soon after breakfast a selection from his letters is brought to him. An average of one-tenth only of the postal arrivals is laid before him, and of these he answers about one-half. An interesting collection might be made out of the remainder, for probably no public man was ever addressed or consulted on so many hundred subjects.

When he is in office, the system is more elaborate.

The whole morning, whether at home or on a visit or holiday, is given up to business; and after two o'clock luncheon he resumes work for an hour or so, and, till lately, occupied the recreation time with tree-cutting, which he chose as giving him the maximum of healthy exercise, in the minimum of time. But for the last two or three years he has generally spent the afternoon at his new library. This is distinctly theological in its character.

To this building, erected a few years ago close to the church, he has transported twenty-four thousand books, every single volume of which has been put into its new nest with his own hands. Only those who have arranged their own few hundreds or thousands of books will realize the expenditure of thought, time and labour which this fact signifies. Fixed shelves, book-cases projecting into the room, an arrangement by subject, rather than by size or authorship, are his principles in arranging a library.

Every day he looks over a number of booksellers' catalogues, and there are certain subjects—anything, for instance, about witchcraft, strange religions, duelling, gypsies, epitaphs, marriage, Homer, Shakespeare or Dante—which are sure of getting an order. For first editions, he has no special appreciation, nor for wonderful or elaborate bindings. His copy of the *Odyssey* has been rebound several times, as he prefers always to use the same copy.

He usually has three books on

hand at once, of various degrees of solidity, the evening one probably being a novel. Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler are the authors who have most deeply influenced him—so he has himself written.

After five o'clock tea, a very favourite meal, he completes his correspondence.

Dressing is accomplished in from three to five minutes, and dinner over, the evening is spent in the cosy corner of his Temple of Peace, reading, with occasional pauses for meditation with closed eyes, which not unfrequently become a nap.

Once in bed, he never allows his mind to be charged with business of any kind, in consequence of which he sleeps the sound and healthy sleep of a child, from the moment his head is on the pillow until he is called next morning. This absolute power over his thoughts, won by long and strict habits of self-control, must be one of the principal causes of his freshness and youth. As an instance, he went home in the early morning after the defeat of his Home Rule Bill of 1886, and slept as usual, his eight hours.

There could not be a better illustration of his mind than his Temple of Peace,—his study, with its extraordinarily methodical arrangement. Away from home he will write an exact description of the key or paper he requires, as: "Open the left-hand drawer of the writing table nearest the fireplace, and at the back of the drawer in the right-hand corner, you will find some keys. You will see three on one ring. Send me the one with such and such teeth."

His mind is arranged in the same way; he has only to open a particular compartment, labelled so and so, to find the information he requires. His memory, in consequence, is almost unailing. It is commonly found that in old age the memory may be perfect as regards times long gone by, but inaccurate and defective as to more recent events. But with Mr. Gladstone the things of the present are as deeply stamped on his brain as the things of the past.

When worried or overdone with