

loyalty to his race, and "his splendid parliamentary pluck." The moment he heard of his great rival's death he telegraphed to Lord Rawton an offer of a public funeral. Once when Lord Salisbury was somewhat violently attacked in his presence, Mr. Gladstone said: "I believe him to be perfectly honest, and I can never think unkindly of him since the day I first saw him, a bright boy in red petticoats, playing with his mother."

AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

Mr. Gladstone was one of the most unwearying of workers. Whether at work or at play he was always on the go. The coil of that tremendous energy never seemed to run down. He was always doing something or other, and even when he was talking he was acting, using every muscle of the body to express and emphasize his ideas. When Prime Minister Mr. Gladstone kept three private secretaries constantly going, and the whole business of the office went with the precision and regularity of a machine. The first essential of a private secretary is to have plenty of pigeon-holes, and Mr. Gladstone used to keep six nests of pigeon-holes constantly going.

All the elaborate apparatus of pigeon-holes would have been useless had it not been combined with a phenomenally retentive memory. Mr. Gladstone not only remembered everything, but he also knew where every fact could be verified.

No one believed more than Mr. Gladstone in taking care of the odds and ends and fringes of time. The amount of correspondence he got through in the odd fragments of leisure which would otherwise pass unutilized, exceeded the total correspondence of most of his contemporaries. Mr.

Gladstone did a great deal of his own correspondence, and his autograph is probably more familiar than is that of any English statesman. He did a great deal to popularize the post-card, for no one could appreciate more than he the advantage of that economizer of time and abbreviator of formality. The little pad on which he could be seen writing during his term of office in the House of Commons on his knee, enabled him to work off a mass of correspondence, which most men in his position would have regarded as wholly impossible.

Another enormous advantage which Mr. Gladstone possesses for the dispatch of business is that he is capable of entirely changing the current of thought. His head seems to be built in water-tight compartments, and after tiring the lobe of the brain which dealt with Ireland he would turn off the tap for Irish affairs and plunge headlong into ecclesiasticism or ceramics or archaeology or any other subject in which he might at that moment be interested. In chopping down a tree you have not time to think of anything excepting where your next stroke will fall. The whole attention is centred upon the blows of the axe, and Mr. Gladstone was as profoundly absorbed in laying the axe at the proper angle at the right cleft of the trunk as ever he was in replying to the leader of the Opposition in the course of a critical debate.

Mr. Gladstone was capable of sitting down in a chair, covering his face with a handkerchief, and going to sleep in thirty seconds; and after sleeping for thirty minutes or an hour, waking up as bright as ever, all drowsiness disappearing the moment he opened his eyes. During all Mr. Gladstone's career he has never lost his sleep excepting once, and that