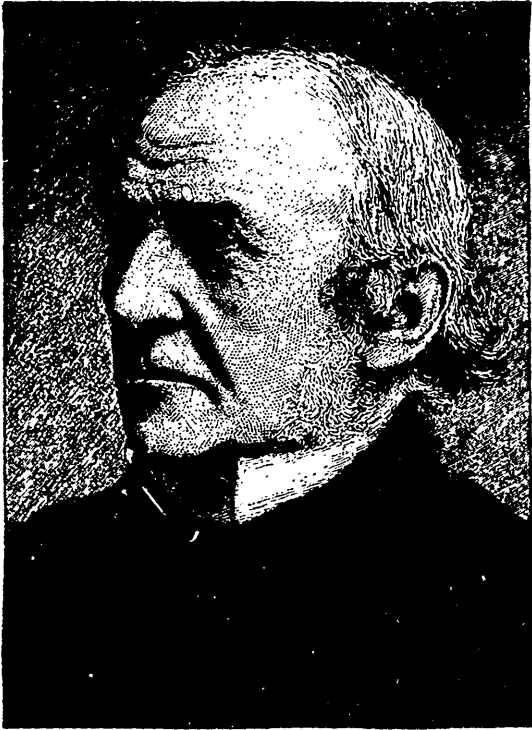


profoundly religious race, and those who would arouse the enthusiasm of our people must touch the heart rather than the head of the nation. Mr. Gladstone was great in Parliamentary cut and thrust and parry. He was wonderful in a great debate, and beyond all rivalry as a platform orator, but the great secret of his

Hawarden that most people would expect the answer to come. He was the statesman of aspiration and of enthusiasm; he was the man of faith, the leader of the forlorn hope, the heaven-sent champion of the desolate and the oppressed. Many of us for years needed no other watchword than "Gladstone" to nerve us for the fray.



MR. GLADSTONE AT SEVENTY.

hold upon the popular heart was the popular conviction that he was at the bottom not a mere old Parliamentary hand or cunning lecturer, but like a knight and a hero whenever there was any knightly or heroic task to be done. If a gulf opened in our forum and the cry went forth for an English Quintus Curtius, it was from

Press where you see my white plume shine
amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet
of Navarre,

always recurs to my mind when thinking over the most famous of those dashing, headlong charges which Mr. Gladstone led against the serried ranks of the supporters of the oppressor.