

and to forget, and that, therefore, he must have had to move out of one set of opinions and methods and to enter into another, did he grow, with that healthfulness of soul and that soundness of conscience, which, always, in the process of his development kept him true to his own personality and to the integrity of the laws of human thought by which other equally true minds necessarily came into alliance with him? It is competent, in short, to ask how far did his transforming intelligence normally transform the nation he most influenced, toward permanent grandeur and good fame? The answers to these questions, it is believed, will be increasingly favorable to the name and to the honor of Gladstone. From first to last, by force of a lively intelligence, predestined to love and to seek increasing light and hope, he was in process of evolution. So also, but less swiftly, was England.

His inconsistencies are proof of the truth of Emerson's work: "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." Times there were when any partial view could only say, as he was contemplated:

"Things are in process still; the segment ends are these  
Within the plane upturned to-day. The perfect circles round but slow."

The verdict of all times, however, will be returned as the world, ever advancing toward the goal he dreamed of, perceives the whole range and the entire import of the influences he helped to create, to guard and to guide, and then with the names of Alfred and Hampden, William the silent and Lincoln, will be found written the resplendent name of William Ewart Gladstone.