

HONOURING SIR JAMES LEMOINE

To the Editor of the "Montreal Star":

Sir.—The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" could have hardly realized the fact that the true end worthy thing is in full bloom to-day, and its higher end more exalted duty; fully recognized and obeyed. Meny left Montreal by an early train on the 9th inst. to be present at Spencer Grange, Quebec, at 4 p. m., to give to Sir James M. LeMoine his "splendid spur" in the shape of a full portrait in oils of himself, by Wickenden. The knight errant of old has given place in these later days to a newer, truer, end, may be, more chivalric rendering of the genius of the century. It is said, in language that is almost a dirge:

"The Knights are dust, and their good swords rust
And their souls with the Saints, we trust."

How well, indeed, here comes in the words of the late Laureate when speaking of "The Golden Year": "Some writers push the happy season back, some forward. Dreamers all! But well I know, that he who works and feels he works, this same grend, golden year, is ever at his doors."

The chief figure in this ceremony is no self-seeker, and his life is as free from pomp or power political as it is from actual warfare in the field.

But he worked, and felt he worked, and the honour conferred upon him by his late Sovereign was all the more worthy one, and unique. Those who have intimately known Sir James LeMoine for the last half century, and are privileged to know him now, assert that never a day passes, even at his advanced age, but something is written for publication "something attempted, something done." Something done for our history, to inspire others to work for the great cause of Canada's better, and grander futuro.

And we are all thankful to see that, unlike King Arthur, who "perished among the people he had made," our Knight is well, and living in fair health among us, and amid the history of those of his countrymen that he has helped to make famous. I may here say that his lovely and picturesque home of "Spencer Grange" hangs over the margin of the broad and deep St. Lawrence River. Noted for its old fashioned hospitality, and per-