

Secretary by this magnificent demonstration of their esteem. But however that might be, here he was face to face with the situation, and what was he to say about it? It would be the merest affectation to say that he was not deeply touched by this manifestation of their regard; it would be mock modesty to pretend that he was not proud of this splendid testimonial. There were stereotyped expressions customary on such occasions, such as that this was the proudest day of his life, that he would treasure this gift to his dying day, that it would be handed down as an heir-loom to those who would come after him; all these things had been said with more eloquence than he was capable of. He asked them to consider them all said now, to consider them said with every variation and embellishment that the most ingenious command of language could control; and they would all fall beneath the adequate expression of his gratitude for this and every other proof of their confidence that they had heaped upon him. These ten years of association with them had been very pleasant indeed. He had had a succession of splendid fellows as President to serve under. There was first Mr. Cattanach, who had gone over to the majority, whose memory would long be green amongst them; then there was Mr. Wilkie, a very prince of good fellows; then Dr. Clark, whose eloquence had so often charmed them, and who was as good at telling a story or cracking a joke as in diagnosing the mental weakness of those who came too near him; then Dr. Thorburn, whose jollity beamed from every feature in his face and every crease in his coat; and lastly there was Mr. Cassels himself, to discuss whose many good qualities would require more time than this banquet would allow; but it was unnecessary, as every body knew, that they never had a better President. Not merely from the presidents had he had assistance, but all the officers had been most loyal, so that his path as Secretary had been made very easy. He then gave a