

go to make up Canada. He had often said that the national sentiment of a country is worth no more than the pride which it inspires in its sons. He knew this country was overflowing with strength and vigour, full of activity, of ambition.

"He loved its distant childhood; its history, every page of which he knew; its legends; its fertile, majestic natural beauty; he loved this country especially for its ethnic quality which showed him the children of the two greatest races of Europe, henceforth fellow-wayfarers towards a common destiny in the boundless spaces of the New World.

"By healing the wounds of days gone by and rallying all for the development of our immense resources, he opened a new era, he anticipated the day when he could declare in the presence of his Sovereign: 'Canada is a nation. The nineteenth century belonged to the United States; but the twentieth century will witness the expansion of Canada.'

"The 23rd of June, 1896, was a memorable date on our political annals. The member for Quebec East had just been borne into power by a majority of the electorate. He became Prime Minister of a Dominion which had been guided by the genius of Macdonald. The old Tory chieftain had passed from the stage some five years before and the memory of his bewitching magnetism bordered on the legendary. People anxiously wondered if the orator from Quebec would reveal himself a statesman of sterling worth. Would he have the necessary firmness? Could he grapple with our intricate problems? Would he prove himself an experienced helmsman and steer the ship safely through shallow shoals, flinging into the teeth of the gale, to ride at anchor in the port beyond? My answer to all these apprehensions, already distant and, mayhap, forgotten, is that which John Morley made, one day, regarding Gladstone. The occasion was the unveiling of the statue erected in honour of the Grand Old Man, but a step or two from Lincoln's Inn. 'The stalwarts of finance, of the City looked with misgiving upon the idealism of Gladstone and smiled at his supposed incompetence in matters of money and business. I wonder,' added Morley—and I still see him, his finger pointing to the monument—'I wonder, whether after Glad-