

# ECHOES OF LIFE

## AN INAPT ILLUSTRATION

The writer of these notes happened to be one of the official newspaper reporters present—probably the youngest officially engaged—in Dumfries, Scotland, when Lord Rosebery delivered his address there at the Burns' Centenary Function in 1896.

The peerless prince in oratory and prince of peers in literature spoke the same evening in Glasgow.

In an hour's chat with the Rev. Dr. Bryce, Western Canadian pioneer educationalist, of Winnipeg, who recently visited Vancouver, we were interested to learn that Dr. Bryce had been present on the platform at these Burns' Centenary meetings.

The reverend doctor, who, as was evidenced at the Closing Exercises of Westminster Hall, is geniality personified, mentioned among others, one incident in his reminiscences worth recording here. He told how one public man, in making a speech, ran in a quotation from Burns, and quite unconsciously to himself but much to the amusement of some observers, pointed with dramatic effect in the direction of Lord Rosebery as he uttered the line:

"See yonder birkie ca'd a lord!"

## LORD ROSEBERY'S PLACE AND POWER

Lord Rosebery had the misfortune to be born great; otherwise he might have been greater.

But if that applies to life and literature, one may doubt if he could under any conditions have been more fascinating in oratory. As it is, every man who has any liking for literature, and who is capable of being thrilled by the heart-felt and therefore heart-stirring words of one who is at once a great mind, a great orator and a great soul, will be thankful that such men are given our race, whether they are born in cottage, mansion-house, prairie-shack, or log-cabin.

Though in literature he has given us "The Last Phase" of Napoleon, we believe that he himself belongs, not by right of ancestry but by the royal and divine right of broad human sympathies, insight into and power of interpretation of life, to a class which is above that of great warriors or world-conquerors.

Judging by the many instances in British Empire life in recent decades, the best fruits of Lord Rosebery's abilities may be to come yet. So far as age is concerned, in not a few cases the neighborhood of the allotted span, and beyond it, has proved the intellectual prime of many men; and we should be glad to find that there is more Empire or literary work of greater usefulness still waiting this "noble lord," who has always appealed to us less as a "lord" than as a noble man in the best and simplest sense of these words.

Lord Rosebery was forty-eight when he was welcomed in Edinburgh as Prime Minister in 1894; so that he may now be held to be merging to-