

authors and authors. As an author, Lord Beaconsfield has not influenced the fortunes of the world to anything like as great an extent as he did by statesmanship; but yet the writer of *Vivian Grey*, and, above all, of *Contarini Fleming*, has a permanent place of honour in the annals of English literature. Merely to get out a book is not so tremendous an achievement in these days of paste and scissors—"A fact," however, as Mr. Augustine Birrell naïvely remarks, "hidden from a large but unfortunately decreasing number of persons." If Sir John Macdonald ever wrote a book, it would, no doubt, be worthy of his genius, but I never heard that he essayed authorship. He may, indeed, have had books printed "for private circulation," as to which this deponent knoweth not. He is altogether so phenomenal a man that it would not be surprising to see him surprise the world by some great literary masterpiece in his evening of life, even as a certain Cato, not wholly unknown to fame, began to study Greek at the age of eighty. Sir John Macdonald has been ever a man of dazzling surprises, and a practical believer, so to speak, in the Disraeli ethics, a striking formula of which is, "It is not enough to govern men; you must also astonish them." As to age, that does not count with him; "John A," shouted an enthusiastic rustic at a pic-nic, moved by a feeling allusion of the Premier's to his prospective translation to the celestial Treasury Benches, "John A., you'll never die!" It is of a piece with the story now going the rounds as to the anxiety of an English gentleman that his young son should see and hear the truly glorious Gladstone "before he dies," to quote the words of the eager father. "But, my dear sir," said the person to whom he vented his feelings, "Mr. Gladstone is extremely well just now; there is no prospect of his expected death." "I was not speaking of *him*," quoth pater-familias, "I was speaking of my boy." May the lives of England's Grand Old Man and of Canada's Grand Old Man be spared and prolonged to the utmost verge of possibility! "And even beyond it," would be the fervent *Amen* of Sir Boyle Roche. So say we all.

Sir John Macdonald and Lord Beaconsfield both studied law. The latter never practised. The former did. Neither was a very young man on first taking a legislator's seat. In 1837, when