

I mean a patriotism that is broad and enlightened, and that dares look the future in the face; while I call that Liberalism temperate which has shaken off all the hyperbolisms and utopian dreams in which it is often wrapped in some of the countries of Europe.

Laurier sees far, because his standpoint is a lofty one. For the same reason, he perceives many things at one glance, and his eye is the better able to take in the whole situation. To this fact we may probably attribute that unity of thought in him, which, if I may use the simile, gives the impression of his being carved, like a marble statue, out of a single block. For, pliant and supple as is Laurier's eloquence, nothing is more rigid than his mental attitude upon a question of principle. Like Lafontaine's oak, it may break, but will never bend.

May it not be owing to the same cause that one is inclined to regard him as somewhat of a fatalist? He is no more disheartened by a reverse than he is carried away by success, and greets them both with a smile. His defeat in 1877 was a terrific blow, dealt him full in the face. To have the ground thus give way beneath his feet was so unexpected as it might possibly prove fatal to all his hopes. I was one of a group of friends who were with him on that memorable evening; and we all felt crushed and overwhelmed by the news. Not by so much as a hair's breadth, however, did his serene good temper vary from its habitual calm; nor was there the suspicion of a tremor in his hand as he raised his glass to propose the health of "better days to come."

In the face of facts like this, I find myself mentally querying whether, in the calculations of a mind of so profoundly philosophical a cast as his,—good and evil fortunes are not entered up, like the debits and credits in a cashier's books, as items in an account that he recognizes to be necessary elements in the grand total.

As I have already said, Laurier is a patriot; but a patriot of his own day, and—odd as the expression may appear—of his own country. There may be others among us who are more French in spirit than he is; that is to say, more enthusiastic in their devotion to French institutions; but there does not exist a truer *Canadian*. Canada—not the Province of Quebec alone—is his fatherland. It is upon Canada as a whole that his patriotic thoughts and hopes