

with questions of method rather than with the conflict of passions—with considerations of details rather than with issues of principle. But Lord Rosebery, and he alone among the public speakers we still possess, is not a debater; he is authentically that rare and great thing, the orator. He not only illuminates, he moves. His words not merely convey their meaning, they carry impulse. They are not only persuasive, but dynamic. It was the heaven-born endowment, and nothing less, which Lord Rosebery revealed to those of us who were familiar with his speaking, as much as he satisfied those of the delegates to whom his name till then had been a legend.

"We shall not attempt to select gems from this address, which ought to be read twice as a matter of course by everyone. Enough to point out the inimitable ripple of its satirical phrases, the dancing humor and the gleaming wit, the vivid enchantment with which, in single touches, he conjured up scene after scene, the fine and touching movement of the passages in which he dwelt upon the truth and warmth of the idea of kinship, the whipping energy of the sentences in which he roused enthusiasm and purpose for defence. In its final effect this masterpiece was more than an oration. It was an act."

Lord Rosebery's Speech.

The following is the full text of the speech as it appeared in *The London Times*:

Lord Roseberry, who met with an enthusiastic reception, said: My Lord Burnham, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—I have had the great honor entrusted to me of proposing the health of our guests, coupled with the name of Sir Hugh Graham, of Montreal. I confess that I feel overwhelmed by the

importance of this occasion. It is not only that in this vast hall, speaking to so many remote tables, I feel something like a prophet in the desert—a minor prophet speaking to a number of believers in scattered oases. I dare say I shall not be able to make myself heard. I confidently expect that I shall not. But, at any rate, coming from so far, I am sure you will be merciful to one who has to address you under such trying circumstances. There is another reason which fills me with a sense of awe. It is on account of the enormous importance of the gathering that I am speaking to. We have had conferences of great importance—at which the Prime Ministers and Ministers of the Empire have met together to consult on the great matters of policy which concern the Empire. It is no disparagement to these gatherings to say that I hold that this is more important still. I have the greatest respect for Prime Ministers but whatever their splendor may be when they are in the ascendant they are essentially transient bodies—except, I believe, in Canada—while good newspapers are, or should be, eternal; and the power of a great newspaper, with the double function of guiding and embodying the public opinion of the province over which it exerts an influence, is immeasurably greater than that of any statesman can be. I say that this is a meeting of vast importance. It reminds me, indeed, of one of the few recollections I have of my classical education at Eton. Those who, like me, have pursued the same arduous course may remember the description of the Cave of King Aeolus in the *Aeneid*, the cave in which all the winds of heaven were embraced, and over which King Aeolus held sway. At a touch or sign from him these gales swept out of the cavern—ready either as hurricanes to