

public at the rate of one a month, will form a very insufficient appetizer, for the delver after the intellectual "gems of purest ray serene" contained in the depths of Burke's logic.

His speeches were all polished with the utmost care and precise accuracy; every word is in its place and is as essential to the sentence as the key-stone to an arch:

"As in the chequer'd pavement every square
Is nicely fitted by the mason's care;
So all thy words are placed with curious art
And every syllable performs its part."

His sentences conspire to form one, harmonious whole by the art of mutual dependence and support; he avoided what Hazlitt terms: "those circular ladders and winding staircases in language, where the whole hangs suspended in an airy round and the meaning drops through the middle." Upon reading some of his apparently complicated sentences, we are astonished at the truly Penelope web of words that he is weaving and fear that he will get lost in its meshes. But, No! He gives the thread of thought such a dexterous twist that the merest child can unravel its meaning.

The Roman terseness and crispness of his style was based upon the monumental orations of Cicero, which he devoured and digested by long years of ungrudging labor:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The reader might be tempted to regard Burke as a good rhetorician but a poor reasoner; let the sceptical peruse his wonderful speeches and the scales of doubt will soon fall from his eyes. There are many familiar phrases in our language, which, if traced to their source, will be found to be moral dictums of Burke's, clothed in a garment so neat that they have been caught up and become everyday expressions. The versatility of his style and thought is as marvelous as

the pet trick of a juggler. Whilst he is engaged in the discussion of a particular point, he suddenly clinches his argument by the exposition of some high moral principle that none dare deny. Burke did not skip along the surface of a question; he went to its lowest depths and traced results back to their causes or he expounded the cause and showed, by a multitude of examples excerpted from experience, what sad results might follow therefrom.

As the audience listened, spell-bound by his masterly diction, they felt that a limpid stream of thought, beautiful and unadulterated, welled up from unfailing springs seated in his large, magnanimous heart and powerful intellect. The thought leaped forth from his lips, crystallized into variegated forms of beauty, flashing their luminous rays not only upon present problems but penetrating far into the darkest recesses of the hidden future. "Oh! for the touch of that vanished hand" to guide our Canadian law-givers to the solution of difficult questions, embracing the eternal principles of outraged justice and the immutable mandates of discarded natural law. Burke would never consent to see a ministry ride roughshod over the shattered fragments of plighted truth and solemn compact, at the bidding of any coterie of individuals, whose minds were jaundiced by the green-eyed monster of jealousy and bigotry. Justice for bigots is synonymous with license for them and slavery for others: Burke did not belong to this tribe and justice with him, was eternal in duration and universal in extension.

Time and again he terrified the sponsors of oppression with that thunder of eloquence:

"Which shook the nations through his lips
[and blazed
Till vanquished senates trembled as they
[praised."

We have no desire to pawn off our raw, inexperienced, private opinions of Burke's merit as an orator, upon