

see, a chance to do well for themselves, get sucked down by the swirling maelstrom of political corruption.

He was an honest man they said—and I have shewn that he was wise enough not to place himself in the way of temptation by entering upon public life to make money in order to live. But his honesty was not simply a matter of expediency, or circumstance—it was a principle of life and conduct. Without that no other consideration is worth having. If a man is honest because he doesn't require to steal, it says but little for him. He may keep right with the law and public sentiment, but he will be always wrong with God, and the eternal law of right doing. Our friend had integrity as a guiding principle of life. He was no trickster—no posturer—no juggler—a man with a purpose to please and win merely—but a trustworthy man—a man whom the people knew, and in whose honesty of heart and mind they could put confidence. It was for that we admired him—for that we cherish his memory now. Aye, aye—we admired it—we cherish the memory of it now. Original sin has not deepened into total depravity, thank God. We can and do esteem good principles when we find them working in some part of life's world. We may applaud successful cunning now and then—we may worship at the shrine of unscrupulous power—we may let judgment go by default sometimes, and sometimes praise where we ought to condemn, but God has not given us over to a reprobate mind—Christ's teaching and life have impressed themselves upon us, and we can but admire and love that which is good in the world—we pay homage to honest principle and rejoice in its every manifestation. Would you young men, my brothers, secure the good will, the esteem of men—the confidence of men—the love of men? then let me say that you will most effectually do that by following truth along the lines of perfect rectitude. We are loyal to right as sentiment and conduct yet—we are working, scheming, caring, suffering, sinning—but we are sure that “an honest man is the noblest work of God”—and while we may cheer the clever trickster now and then, we reserve our loyal, tender, strong and constant love for the men who “trust in God and do the right.”

Mr. Holton was a party man. He was bound to his party, and felt it his duty to follow it at times, even against his own judgment, for the sake of expediency. Many a time I have discussed that matter with him in a friendly way; and holding that government by party is inevitable, he made no secret of his purpose to be true to the party he had joined. If party government is necessary here—which I for one am very much disposed to question—of course a politician must be prepared to give up a little of his own way, and do violence at times to his own judgment—for he can hardly expect to have matters always according to his mind. In things doubtful he should exercise a yielding charity, and accord whatever benefit there may be to those who form the majority. But, blind, unreasoning party allegiance, that will give itself over, body and soul to the party, will swear by the party, will live by the party, is a shameful thing, and a curse—a wild, passionate thing that steals and kills and destroys. We have too many of those devoted to that. Mr. Holton was not of them. He has told me that he was filled with the conviction that the men with whom he was politically allied had, in the main, the best principles and policies for the guidance and development of this country. So far so good. But this let me say—he was no bitter partizan. I have heard him speak of his opponents when there was no reason for reticence on his part—I have read his speeches in Parliament, and so far as I know and remember, they were entirely free from that vulgar, bitter, personal abuse so characteristic of many of our public men. They may imagine that they gain honour by it, but they gain only dishonour—they may fancy that they demolish an opponent, but they only exhibit the weakness of their own case—they assert, not courage, but their own contemptible littleness. Mr. Holton worked with his party, not as against the opposite party, but as he believed, for the country. He was desirous to see it prosper—he was magnanimous enough to sink his own individual pretensions in the common good, and refused office when he might have claimed it. And that in him we honour—the self abnegation—the self-control. The man had learnt to rule himself, and was “greater than he that taketh a city.” If you would be had in honour of men you must do that. We have no reverence to bestow on selfishness: men who live to themselves die to themselves, and the memory of them perisheth. The man who lives for others—who thinks and works for his country is the man around whose grave we gather weeping.

As I have said, Mr. Holton was not a genius—not exactly a man of brilliant parts; but he had what is more needed here, and more useful,—industry. He had an idea that government is a science which has to be studied—that the nature and bearing of statutes cannot be learnt by an occasional promenade in the Parliamentary library, and the wisest man is he who increases knowledge most. He made himself acquainted with the history of governments of every kind; he made a study of the working of those great measures in the old world which have effected great popular changes; he understood well the history of his own country, and the laws and usages of the Parliament in which he sat. A good example, let me say, and one well worth following. As a rule our politicians take no earnest, practical, and intelligent concern about their work, except to keep their seat and get a favour now and then; they do not make the condition of the people a study, and seek to

devise measures for the general good; they originate nothing; they can only adopt the popular cry of the hour, and accept policies which are forced upon them. If you will search into the history of government a little, you will find that few changes and reforms have their origin in strictly political circles. A cry is raised somewhere—it gains force and spreads—and when it has become sufficiently popular, one party or the other adopts it. It is inevitable perhaps in a country like this; where only a few can devote themselves wholly to the work of government; but I am sure that we might reasonably ask those who ask our votes to bring a little more industry and intelligent interest to bear upon public questions. Mr. Holton acquired knowledge which made him useful in the House; he was of value there—a balancing power, a trusted guide; a man whose opinion was worth having, because those who heard it knew it had been carefully formed—a man whose advice was valuable, because it was the outcome of reasoning, and not of reckless impulse. But you may well learn this lesson from the life I am speaking of; that ordinary abilities, well applied, may accomplish much. You see to what position he attained; what distinction he achieved; what honour and respect he commanded; and in great measure that was due to the fact that he *used* the powers he had—put his forces of mind into operation with the purpose of doing something, and he *did something*. Whether a genius is more of a blessing than a curse, I cannot tell. He makes so many changes—he unsettles so many who had been settled and well content—he criticises so ruthlessly, and demands so much that is new and strange, that on the whole the good of him may be fairly called in question. The man who accomplishes most for himself and for others—the kind of man we need most—is he who, possessed of ordinary, understandable abilities, will employ them in doing good and useful work for the community. If we would only believe that and act upon it what great results would follow! Men attempt nothing because they are not brilliant; they feel a contempt for the commonplace, and imagine—in political work, at any rate—that it is the function of the clever few to discharge the duties of the whole. But the true work of the world is done by the ordinary men and women of the day. Extraordinary genius flashes out now and then,—a meteor blazing against a black sky for a moment; but it is fitful and intermittent—it begins, but cannot finish a work—it initiates a monument but never remains to guide and complete it—while ordinary men plod on and on, year in and year out, building on broad foundations great institutions for the blessing of men. Why, the real work we have to do in ourselves—the work of building up our own manhood—of saving our own soul—is not accomplished by the fitful working of any extraordinary powers we may have. Power to speak with convincing eloquence is given to but a few; force of will that overpowers the will of others; profound ability to scheme and outwit; diplomacy; the poet's fancy—these are rare gifts—only a few can have one of them to exercise—and manhood is not made by them. The orator does not influence his own character by his powerful reasoning and appeals; the poet creates worlds of exceeding beauty about him and lives in them with joy, but he draws no nourishment from them for his life; the statesman, who is wise to make laws for the people, finds in them no power of self-government. The ordinary virtues—the things of mind and heart which all may have—these build the life up in strength and beauty. “Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away,”—but “charity never faileth.” Here are forces common to all, to rich and poor, high and low—faith, hope and love—and they abide and save the world. I am sure that we valued the man whose loss we are mourning because he honoured the ordinary and made it serve good purpose—because he exalted our common manhood—because he showed that a man can be ambitious, and yet master of himself—that in politics he can be a servant of duty—and that without making much loud religious profession, he can make religion a life. And that is the best kind of religion—that is the form of it we honour most, and upon that the great God speaks well done.

I should like to say something about the awful suddenness with which death came to our friend; but as I said at the beginning, I have no intention of delivering a funeral sermon; and if I had, lessons for life, the calling up of thoughts that stimulate to better and holier practice, and create a desire to serve God and men, are better than to give a paralyzing fear of death. Never mind the dying, it is *life* we have to do with. Have faith in God to do good works, and death will take care of itself. One lesson I draw from all I have said. It is a good thing—it is the best thing—for a man to have and cultivate a sense of duty, and then bend his powers to the doing of it. He may turn his back and slink meanly through his life, with craven branded on his brow—or he may face it manfully, giving open hearted welcome to a man's work and cares and sorrows—knowing that they bring with them in their train a man's consolations and joys. The man who has done that will find that the most costly services are the richest in blessing; the stern self denials and deeds of duty which have seared the very root of self in the soul, and racked him with a sharp agony, have become, when the agony was over, perennial fountains of consolation springing up into everlasting life. Which are your richest moments of thought? where are your living springs of hope and joy, to which you go when out of heart and weary, that the soul may get courage and more strength? There, and those which