

Tribute in Parliament

By the Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux



R. SPEAKER: The Shadow of Death has stalked through this Chamber; a chair stands vacant. As we gaze upon the flowers strewn about us, which, by the morrow, will have withered away, more deeply than ever do we understand the baffling brevity of this life's span, the spacious vanity of each and every thing. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is no more.

"The mellow voice which for so long enthralled this assembly and stirred the enthusiasm of all who heard it, is silent.

The trumpet's silver voice is still
The warder silent on the hill.

"The last survivor of a great generation, he whose imposing stature, whose eagle eye and whose white plume recalled those noblemen of the eighteenth century, such as we meet them still in medallions of olden times, is sleeping his last sleep.

"An illustrious ancestor has passed away. Let us incline our heads with respect in the presence of this grave: its closing writes 'finis' to a whole epoch of our history.

"Death is a law and not a punishment. No one better understood this profound truth than the eminent statesman whose loss we mourn. He had long since made his preparations for the voyage from Time into Eternity. Without bitterness the old gladiator saw himself disarmed as he was about to descend once more into the arena. His spirit passed gently, serenely, as though 'midst the darkening shadows of life's falling night the Faith of his forefathers had already revealed the gleam of dawn, presage of Eternal Day.

"Speaking here in the name of my colleagues of the old French province who counted him her most distinguished son, and whose idol he became, it does the heart good to recall that throughout his entire career he