

Smith may be taken as an evidence of sympathy with that gentleman, in what he has had to suffer in fighting the battle of freedom of speech, and as a tribute to the man himself for what he has brought to journalism, and the impulse he has given to all that is highest and best in literary achievement and endeavour. Before his audience, and with such a record of service as he has done the country, he could well say as he said at the banquet,—‘I have brought to Canadian journalism the best I had, the fruit of a life spent, to a great extent, in political and historical study, and among statesmen.’ Such service might well receive the acknowledgement it obtained, and the source of it be credited with the high and disinterested motives which had called it forth. That Mr. Smith may enjoy his trip to the motherland and soon return to carry on the great work his genius and rare endowments admirably fit him for accomplishing, we are sure every reader of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, with ourselves, earnestly desires.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S SPEECH.*

LIKE almost all who are present, I am a member of a fraternity the business of which is to express sentiment with the pen rather than with the tongue. My friend Mr. Bunting, I think, is the only gentleman present whose business it is to express sentiment by both. Few and simple words, however, gentlemen, will suffice to convey to you my heartfelt gratitude for this kind manifestation of your good will. You are members of my own profession. Before you, in your presence, and under your notice, I have done whatever I have done in Canada, and you are best qualified to judge whether I have tried to keep the path of honour. There are, perhaps, circumstances in my own case, to which I need not specially advert, which render this tribute of your esteem and sympathy doubly precious. Whatever tempests, henceforth, may assail my literary barque, I shall feel comforted by your support and approbation. Do not, however, for a moment imagine that I misunderstand the tribute you have offered. I know perfectly well that it is one of personal

esteem only, and that it has nothing whatever of a political character. It denotes, not any agreement of opinion, but merely your belief that as a journalist I have tried to do my duty, and to bring credit and not discredit upon my profession. The Press Association which does me the honour to entertain me to-night is a non-political association. Around this table are gentlemen of all opinions, with some of whom I have the honour to disagree on almost all important subjects. Here is the Tory lion lying down—I was going to say with the Grit lamb—with the Grit tiger—while the lamb of independent journalism remains unhurt between them. Gentlemen, I hope that this evening's meeting is something much better than a tribute to any particular individual. I hope it is a manifestation of the fraternity of the press. I hope its meaning is that, amidst all our political differences, and all the conflicts into which daily, weekly, and monthly we are hurried, we are still members of a brotherhood, we are still an honourable and powerful profession, which has its own rules, its own courtesies, privileges and duties—a profession which will uphold and protect its members in the fair and conscientious exercise of their calling, which will honour those who bring it credit and withhold honour from those who bring it discredit. My friend the chairman, in proposing my health, and the various gentlemen whose letters have been read, have said of me some very kind things—things which, in fact, are too kind, which, if taken literally, modesty would forbid me to receive; but I take them as expressions not so much of approbation as of kindness; and translating them out of the language of praise into the language of good will, I, with much thankfulness, accept them. I will go further than that, and say that I accept them, supposing they are applied, not to what I have done, but to what I have tried to do, not to my performance but to my endeavour. I may say that I have brought to Canadian journalism the best I had, the fruits of a life spent, to a great extent, in political and historical study and among statesmen. I trust, too, that, as a writer, I have tried to recognise the bond that unites us as journalists and literary men, and that I have never uttered a word of discourtesy to anybody who has observed the commonest rules of courtesy to me. Nor

* In preparing this address for the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, I have not only revised it, but slightly expanded it in parts, preserving, however, its original form and tenor.—G.S.