

Some are asking (you may already have seen the question stated in an English journal) whether men who have been so fortunate as Lord Strathcona are really entitled to all the wealth that has passed into their possession. I make no judgment upon that, except to say that it is well for the world when great wealth is in the hands of those who have anything like the sense of responsibility that animated him, and anything like the same desire to serve the public interest. These were the heroic days of Canadian history, when individual pioneers were privileged to write their names in large characters across the whole breadth of a continent. And after all he was no mere sordid seeker after gain, nor did his material prosperity ever blunt the edge of his moral and social ideals and aspirations. In a word, his soul was not submerged, as is sometimes unfortunately the case, by the gathering tide of worldly success. Duty was his guiding star—duty and conscience.

We ought to be glad to say "ought we not?"—in our day and generation, that Canada can boast of him as a man of unspotted integrity. His word was as good as his bond. But he carefully weighed pretty nearly every word he uttered, and most certainly every word he ever wrote. None could apply the pruning knife more remorselessly than he to the language of any document for which he was expected to make himself in any way responsible. He was above everything accurate even in the use of words. I fancy he had done most of his reading in early life, when in the lone silence of the Labrador he acquired that stock of ideas, and that power of expression, which stood him in such good stead when he had to address himself, comparatively late in life, to the difficult art of public speaking. And he could appreciate a telling phrase, or the pointed turn of a sentence. I remember when he asked me to supply him with a Latin motto for his new coat of arms, which had hitherto contained the one English word "Perseverance". When I inquired what idea he would like to have expressed, he half-whispered "In the van". I gave him "agmina ducens," and there it stands to-day. And yet for all his eagerness to be "in the