

and lugubrious dulness, weary iteration and a use of figures and statistics which in the majority of cases is foolish and flagrant mis-use. (Laughter and cheers). But against this dim and dusty canvas what striking result does the brush of time—nay—what figures and effects do Chance, Luck, Will, Capacity trace and paint! What colors of surprise, what shades of night and disappointments, baffled plans and balked ambitions and surging passions; what pale and horrid tints do Destiny and Vengeance and Envy; what rays of joy and power, Success and Vanity work in; and amid all, Hope like a beautiful iris, and for the critical and observant eye unobscured and unhidden the face of Duty like a star! In England the statesmen have an easy course—a Roseberry, a Derby, a Palmerston, a Gladstone. With plenty of wealth and opportunity, all their time and power can be given to public life; they have no anxieties; they are coddled in political lore and crowned into statesmanship. But the Canadian statesman has to pick up a living while he works for his grateful country, some of whose citizens will condemn a minister who dies poor, though had he not devoted himself to their service he might have amassed a fortune. Born a poor in the City of Cork by the storied banks of the Lee, emigrating at twenty-five, having received a commercial education, settling in Little York before it foreshadowed the magnificent Toronto of to-day, starting the Examiner newspaper, upholding alone among Canadian journalists of the time the wise and constitutional principles of Lord Durham's report, entering the Legislature for Oxford, becoming a power as a debater, forming a government, negotiating the Treaty of 1854, beaten when ap-

parently at the zenith of his power, appointed Governor of Barbadoes, promoted to British Guiana, retiring with Imperial honors, Finance Minister of Canada, ending his days as a journalist, as editor of the foremost commercial paper in Canada—was not this a romantic life? His friend Robert Baldwin was a figure in public and private truly romantic. D'arcy McGee's life again—commenced as a patriot and rebel, full of vicissitudes, serving the crown he would have destroyed, shot down because he was at once patriot and loyalist, dying the proto-martyr of the Canadian Confederacy—here is romantic scuff if you like. George Brown's life—the Edinburgh School Boy—the fierce tribune, Prime Minister of Canada, full of stormy battle—this too must be included, and his great rival the little Scotch boy in Kingston, running about the Bay of Quinte, rising to such eminence, accomplishing such great things, now at the nadir of luck and again at the zenith of good fortune and renown—like Dryden's milk white hind

"Oft doomed to death but fated not to die." (cheers) and in the life also of his sturdy opponent Alexander Mackenzie, the Scotch peasant, the stone mason, and at last Prime Minister, we have the warp and woof of the true romantic. (Cheers). Take our Prime Minister—commencing as a printer's imp (laughter) the printer's Mephistopheles (laughter); Minister of the Crown; Prime Minister; washing type and pulling proofs as a boy, ruling a nation to day as populous as England in the spacious days of Elizabeth and a country as large as the continent of Europe, does not this read like a dream of imagination? But let us take what might well be described as an almost incredible career having everything in it of the true