

ginning to roll from London into the Dominions. This brilliant dream of a vast Empire, whose centre of action would be Westminster, could, forsooth, seduce the leaders of British politics, but Laurier was a Canadian first and last. Our country having disentangled itself from the bonds of Colonialism, had gradually conquered its political freedom, through the extension of the principle of autonomy. Knowing the exact extent of our rights and duties, he boldly and sincerely proclaimed the principle of Imperial unity based upon local liberties.

"That virile attitude was to him, no doubt, the source of disappointments. But the old Premier was too much of a philosopher not to realize that impulses cannot play the part of reason, and that popularity is a poor substitute for arguments.

"Were I called upon to define the outstanding qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a statesman, I would say that his moderation was a driving power in itself, his gift of expression a shining light, and that, with his mastery of oratory, sound judgment and common sense outweighed his very eloquence.

"His worthy manner of living, his thorough honesty, his perfect equanimity through the worst trials, his of a better Dominion, all sections of the Canadian people, reconciled at last to one another and linked beauty, his loyalty to friends, his discreet charity, but, above all, his eloquence exerted in behalf of the down-trodden, all these recall in many respects some distinctive characteristics of Gladstone and Lincoln.

"We shall no longer have before our eyes those refined and aristocratic features of Laurier, whose most amiable smile went to the plebian, the needy, the humble, the lowly and the feeble; but his memory made immortal in works of bronze and marble will pass on to coming generations as one of the greatest embodiments of virtue in public and private life, as one of the finest products of human-kind in the last century.

"We, his followers, his admirers, find solace in the thought that he died in the way he had wished to die. As the Norman knights of old, it was clothed in his armour that he appeared before the Supreme Judge. Death, the soother of all suffering, was to him like the declining hours of a beautiful day.