

of party politics. But I think he would have accepted the definition of the problem given the other day in the "Spectator"—the "unprecedented problem of a central democracy settling its terms of association with younger democracies so that the union of the whole, while symbolizing Freedom, may become more intense and more apt for self-defence". His most notable act in this connexion was the provision of equipment, and maintenance for service in South Africa of the regiment known as Strathcona's Horse, a project conceived and carried out in the grand spirit of an ancient Athenian liturgy. Indeed I often think of Lord Strathcona as the modern incarnation of the virtues which students of Aristotle's "Ethics" know as "magnificence" and "high-mindedness". There was a crisis in imperial affairs, and our Chancellor seized the psychological moment for action. I have a photograph which might be fitly framed alongside of the driving of the last spike in the Canadian Pacific railroad. Both are historic. It represents the scene at Buckingham Palace when in April, 1901, King Edward presented his colour to our Canadian Troopers, the scene of which a memorable word-picture was painted at the time by Mr. A. G. Hales.

"Once more," says that writer, "the warlike music flooded the air with sound that fired the blood; then over the terrace came an old man, whose white beard rivalled the snow on which he trod. He reached the spot where Alexandra stood and bowed before the Queen; then, turning, walked toward the King, and Edward met him with extended hand, and gave him a kindly greeting, whilst Roberts, Buller, and a dozen more vied with each other to do him honour. It was the man who raised the regiment, the loyal Strathcona, whose name the regiment bears; and, if he leaves no other monument, his name will live in English hearts when many another name has been forgot. The King and that old man stood side by side, the sunbeams chased the shadows from the snow on the flag, rich in its wealth of colouring, flann'ed bravely in the breeze; then all the echoes rang and rang again to the cheering of our sons who came to us across the seas."