

in the ermine of the bench, and become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. If such should be the case not the most bigoted would raise his voice in opposition. It may be true that he is not peculiarly adapted for the place, that a long political career has unsuited him for a high judicial position, but the objection would lose its force in the fact of his having five able colleagues. A man who has given thirty-five years of his life to the interests of his country, open as his career may be to suspicion and attack on different occasions and questions, deserves a fitting recognition. No face will be more missed from the political arena, and not a few will regret, should the rumor prove true, the moment when the political garb is thrown aside for the sombre robes of the Judge.

Sometime in December last, Sir John Macdonald attended a meeting of workingmen in Ottawa, at which he was presented with an address and made a speech. He appeared that evening the same mysterious person as ever. Sitting on the platform, resting his head on the knob of his cane, he occupied a good position to be closely scrutinized. There were the pale, sallow, close shaven face; the dark, piercing eyes; the listless, solitary curl encroaching on the forehead; the quick, restless movement; and when he rose to speak, the