

What Most Impressed Me.

"Of all you saw or heard in England, what impressed you most?" The question has been asked so often since I returned to Toronto, as it was asked while I was in Britain, that I have taken myself in hand to answer it. All the remarkable experiences, all the striking incidents, all the men of note, and all that series of events which made the months of June and July memorable, have been recalled and reviewed. I have lived over again the month spent with the other delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, and the weeks of private roaming about England and Scotland, seeing and hearing and being impressed. The Conference month was crammed, mornings, noons and nights, with opportunities for the delegates such as come to few men once, to no man twice. The memory of the days unrolls as readily and evenly as a web. If at any point the mental impression is dimmed by the multitude and variety of sensations, all that is needed is a glance at the pages of the official report of the Conference, and the old sense movements return on their former tracks with all the vividness of first experiences. What, then, left the most distinct and indelible impression?

It was not Lord Roseberry's speech, brilliant and striking though that speech was. It was not the face or the message of any of the statesmen or pro-consuls or scholars or heroes—Asquith, or Grey, or Haldane, or Morley, or Crewe, or Birrell, or Balfour, or Churchill, or Cromer, or Curzon, or Milner, or Roberts, or French, or Beresford, or Fisher—whose names gave distinction to the programme. It was not the Mother of Parliaments, or the glories of the Church, or the shrined history of Oxford, or the liquid history of the Thames. It was not the splendor of Stafford House, with the charming Duchess at the head of the grand staircase, or the exclusive privilege of Apsley House, with its art treasures of the "Iron Duke," or the Lord Mayor's freedom of the Mansion House, or the Archbishop's benediction at Lambeth. It was neither Aldershot, with the Army, nor Spithead, with the Navy. It was not Warwick, or Chatsworth, or Windsor itself with the Territorials on the lawn. It was not even a glorious day at Marlborough House, the guests of