

calculated charm of their modulation, the magnetism of eye, of expression, nor even of gesture. He had not the fervour and eloquence of Laurier, but as a forensic orator he occupied the first place in the House of Commons; and for appropriate diction, sound logic, clear arrangement of matter, argumentative reasoning and calm impressive delivery, he had no peer. There was no attempt to thrill and delight but he could pierce the finest spun web of an opponent with irresistible skill. There was no seeking to persuade by vehemence; no appeal to sympathies and passions, but a direct call to the reason of his hearers. His voice was full, rich, sonorous, and at times deep and musical, and was as strong at the end of a two hours' speech as at the beginning. Passion lent it a peculiar vibration. Under provocation its owner could wield a power of declamation and sarcasm uncommon in a person of so quiet a disposition. Seldom were his speeches embellished by the characteristic literary references and allusions peculiar to Laurier and Cartwright, and but once in the House was he vituperative, and then it was an impromptu rejoinder to a stinging personal attack.

Sir John was a sturdy Britisher and esteemed British institutions; a warm Imperialist, proud of Canada's connection with England, and bound to maintain it. His last speech in the very heart of Great Britain was for the consolidation of the Empire; his dying oath, when on bended knee, in the presence of his Sovereign, swearing allegiance to her throne, was to follow loyally and courageously that policy of cementing the Canadian Dominion more closely to the Motherland. He martyred himself to accomplish that end. His persistent industry and undoubted worth he laid upon the altar of his country to solve that mighty problem. He descended from the calm atmosphere of the bench to engage in political strife; declined a seat upon the Supreme Court of Canada, and even the Chief Justiceship of the Dominion, that he might bring about its speedy accomplishment.

It sounds cynical to say so, yet in a sense it is absolutely true, that his death conferred a benefit upon his country, which long years of honourable devotion might not have equalled; for the tragedy

at Windsor is one of those that bind countries together. The laurel wreath placed on the bier of departed greatness cemented the bond of sympathy between England and her greatest colony, and when the arms of our Sovereign were folded round a heart-broken orphan girl, Canadians clasped hands with their kin beyond the sea, in sorrow at an imperial loss.

No pen could justly picture the dramatic incidents of his death, and his imperial funeral passing from hemisphere to hemisphere, though the theme is one for a poet. But we must not leave unmentioned the honours paid him. The great heart of Britain left naught undone that could emphasize the general grief, and all that is noblest and best in our own Dominion duly carried out the mournful pageant fittingly begun at Windsor Castle. With honours almost royal, his corpse was sent across the ocean in a war-ship, as no British subject had ever been before, and was received by his countrymen with reverent love, and escorted to the grave by Church, State, Army and Navy. Amid the tears of those who loved him best, he was laid in his last resting place. "By the cypresses softly o'ershadowed, until the angel calls, he slumbers." What ambition, however insatiate, could wish for more? and what a strange fate for one who systematically avoided display!

That glorious career is a model for coming generations, and an object lesson for young Canadians. His example shows that success always attends industry, ability and character. There is room at the top, but the way is by patient toil, arduous mastery of the smallest details, thoroughness in the most trivial matters, sincerity and honesty in every action. Honesty was Sir John Thompson's leading characteristic. It can be said of him as was written of Emerson: "No matter of what he spoke, his words, his tone, his looks carried the evidence of a sincerity which pervaded them all, and was to his speech like the water of crystallization, without which they would effervesce into mere rhetoric."

It was said of the celebrated painter, Giotto, that he revived art by making it the image of his own personal goodness. Sir John Thompson re-created the politics