

found in what would strike at first sight as prosaic to all and to most dry and repulsively dull. Few men who write produce what is properly speaking entitled to be classified as literature. Nobody claims for a leading article however well written that it is literature, and only very rarely do reviews, pamphlets, essays possess those subtle qualities whether of thought or form which shall make them not only interesting reading but preserve them beyond the period of ephemeral vitality—assuredly however no man can be a first-class journalist without being potentially a writer of literature—and his rapidly constructed essays will have in them the diamond dust that concentrated in a single production would give that to which the world might like to recur, something to preserve, a gem on which the eyes of the future might fix an admiring gaze. The writer of the pamphlets, reviews, essays, and the leader writer belong to the same class. Mr. Gladstone writing on Neapolitan prisoners to-day or the cruelties of Turkey in Armenia, Burke pamphleteering, or the present prime minister of England Lord Salisbury earning money as a young reporter by writing for the *Saturday Review*—a circumstance to which Mr. Goldwin Smith referred—did precisely the same kind of work as the journalist does every day; for that matter the same may be said of Julius Cæsar composing his *Commentaries*. I conclude then that there is an order of mind that seeks literary expression and that it is of the best order and well adapted to the task of government. In our own day we have had in the House of Commons journalists such as Lord Cranborne (Lord Salisbury the late Prime Minister) Lowe, Leonard Courtney, Justin McCarthy,

Sullivan, T. P. O'Connor, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the present leader of the House of Commons, one of the original staff of the *Saturday Review* as Mr. Goldwin Smith has already told us, and a dozen others; but take the wider and truer classification of writers on the events of the day and the greatest names in English parliamentary history which at once start out on the pages of memory, nay the greatest names in French and German legislative annals: a rever, but confining ourselves to England we have to take them at random, Burke, Canning, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bulwer, Fox, Mill, Derby, Brougham, Fawcett, Trevelyan, Dilke, Haughton, Argyll, Laing, Cobden, Dufferin, Earl Grey, Lyon Playfair, Coleridge Addison, Steel, and last but not least John Morley. In Canada at the very fountain of our political life we find the writer—the journalist—standing out pre-eminent. There was Ogle R. Gowan, who in his day as pamphleteer journalist and member of the Legislature exercised a great deal of influence. Then there was Wm Lyon Mackenzie—the founder of the *Colonial Advocate*—the assailer of the *Family Compact*—repeatedly expelled from the Assembly as repeatedly re-elected—a man with the indomitable instinct in him as became a true journalist—and rendering services which can never be forgotten. (cheers) Then we had Sir Francis Hincks starting the *Examiner*, fighting for responsible government in its columns, and carrying into the legislative Assembly the same qualities which had made his paper a power, bestowing on his adopted country the highest gifts, a debater, a statesman, orator, prime minister, diplomatic and successful treaty maker. (hear hear.) I can only men-