

meated by his own striking personality and that of his charming daughter—it is, indeed, an ideal picture.

If I forgot to say that the scene of last Saturday was an enchanted one—I beg, as Thompson would have said, to say it now. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Jetté, and, indeed, a fair galaxy of lovely women and brave men, in the true acceptation of the term, were met together to grace the gift of a few old and dear friends of the Knight, with his honoured face and form reproduced on canvas, and bright with inspired life.

It was a picture alike worthy of the man it portrayed, and of the artist who produced it.

The unusual and almost daily rain of July and August was kindly and perfectly suspended for the occasion.

Mr. Gregory then read the address to Sir James in the open air—the picture being under an ornamental pavilion, and canopied in curtains.

But when Sir James replied in tones of deep and true feeling, the applause was loud and hearty. The curtain was then drawn aside by Mr. D. Stuart, and renewed acclamation followed the unveiling.

What more can be said? The function was almost unique in Canadian history.

The works of Sir James are a national property now. His painstaking and laborious research, his snatches of sentiment and song to enliven his valuable and more serious pages, are they not familiar as household words among us, and can they ever be forgotten?

Refreshments were lavish and excellent. Not a thing happened to mar the pleasure and harmony of the gathering, and to use the language of the "Princess," homeward, well pleased, we went."

NEMO.

Sillery, Quebec,
August, 10, 1902.

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