

Yet even such careless habits do not appear to have weakened his influence among the masses, who are apt to be very indulgent when they see men far above them in station sometimes show the weaknesses of ordinary humanity. One secret of the popularity of the greater man, whose monument stands below on the principal square of Hamilton, was the fact that there was ever about him that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Though he was great he was also sometimes weak, and men, conscious of their own infirmities, remembered that "to err is human," but "to forgive, divine." Probably there was much human feeling in the complaint of the Athenian, who was tired of hearing Aristides always called just and voted to banish him for a while from the commonwealth he loved so well. Of course, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Allan MacNab can never be mentioned in the same category as statesmen, and yet they had qualities in common, and above all was their devotion to the Crown and Empire. One cause of Sir Allan's success with the sturdy men of Gore, down to the close of his political career, was the fact that he was always a faithful subject¹⁵ of the Queen, whose Ideal was that of the loyal class from which he had sprung—"the Ideal"—to quote the eloquent words of Lecky, the English historian—"of one free industrial and pacific Empire, holding the richest plains of Asia in subjection, blending all that was most venerable in ancient civilization with the redundant energies of a youthful society, and destined to outstrip every competitor and acquire an indisputable ascendancy in the globe."

I should like to refer to other men of Gore, and especially to my kindly and venerable friend, the friend of all of you, Senator Donald MacInnes, the latest owner of Dundurn, who was so long identified with the industrial development and public life of this district,—whose son has so highly distinguished himself at the ever memorable siege of Mafeking—but the time allotted to me is already exhausted, and I must give place to other speakers, better able than I to delight you by their wit and eloquence.

In conclusion let me once more take you to the Past. As we stand in this historic place on this Queen's Birthday, in this memorable year—so memorable for its dominating Imperial spirit—do we not hear the voices of the Defenders and Makers of Canada—Pioneers, Soldiers, Statesmen—ever whispering in our ears? Do not the voices of Champlain, Frontenac, Montcalm and Wolfe, call to us from the old capital of New France, where still stands a stately monument, erected in honour of a great Frenchman and a great Englishman, united in death, and united in fame, and emblematic, let us ever hope, of the perpetual union of the two races who own this Dominion? Do we not hear the voices of the Loyalists of 1783 calling to us from the sequestered and beauteous inlets