

off with all their home traditions and inspirations into a new and wider world. And, this evening, when we think of Scotsmen all the world round turning their thoughts in unison to the little misty island of the northern sea which they still call home, and while we are sending our sympathy to all who with ourselves honor St. Andrew's day, I must name another man who has been one of the greatest in power to unify Scotsmen all the earth over, and to keep the memories of Scotland fresh and green. I mean Robert Burns—one of the most phenomenal men of the world! He rose just when the old order was breaking up, when Scotland was lifting up its head after long depression, and when her sons were rising up and shaking themselves for enterprise abroad. He interpreted the spirit of the nation's history, he perpetuated in his song the habits and customs of the people, he told the story of the human heart in its sorrow and its joy, with such vividness and fullness and truth, and in a music so simple and yet so melodious, that Scotland lives in the memory of many Scots abroad largely through his lovely lyrics. They see Scotland with his larger eyes, and they love it with his larger love. Would Scotsmen in every land to-night be honoring that lordly dish which these gallant soldiers carried to music round our hall a little ago, if it were not a reminiscence and symbol of our old country life and customs? and would it have been anything like the symbol of unity and good fellowship that it is if Burns had not singled it out as typical of such, and said, "Fair fa' your honest sonsie face!" He wished, as he said, "for puir auld Scotland's sake," to "sing a sang at least": and he has done that and much more.

But I transgress on your time, and I would just remind you ere I sit down that we are met under the inspiration of St. Andrew—the homely apostle, whose