

a dull or torpid humor, but with this sentiment presented to us how could we fail to have our enthusiasm still further aroused? The day, the national Scottish day, with all its memories and associations, genial, stirring, patriotic; and we here have been doing our best to honor it. We have received and greeted with due acclaim that national emblem, mysterious in its origin, mysterious in its name, mysterious in its nature. We have partaken of it, I hope, with due respectful prudence, not in the rash and reckless manner suggested by a too eager Scotchman, who, when asked what he would do if he possessed a wishing-stone, replied, 'I wad wish, I wad wish, that Ben Lomond were a haggis, and me inside o't wi' a horn spoon.' (Laughter).

"We are, I say, honoring the day, but this is a comprehensive toast. It is 'to all who honor it,' and we well know that we have been receiving cheering proofs of the fact that this day, this night, wherever the sons of Caledonia are placed—and in what part of the world are they not to be found?—the kindly—that is, the kinly—Scot will commemorate and celebrate, at least in thought and intention, the national day. The kinly Scot is he who is mindful of his kith and kin—but also, I hope, in the sense suggested by the modern form of the word—kindly and considerate and ready to help those who are in need of practical and material sympathy. That is the true glory of this and many another St. Andrew's Society, namely, the help which they aim at giving to the less fortunate members of our nationality—help given quietly, given after due consideration and discrimination, not in a pauperising, but in a respectful and sympathetic, spirit.

"Well, St. Andrew's day, like Christmas day, comes only once a year. Personally, I confess, I could sometimes wish that it came oftener, because,