

And like yon clock when twelve shall sound  
 To call our souls away,  
 Together may our hands be found,  
 An earnest that we pray."

Mr. Cassels then handed the plate on which the inscription was engraved to Dr. Kennedy, who replied in the following terms.

He told the story of the Scotch minister who on one occasion while preaching, lost the thread of his discourse and, after vain attempts to recover it, cried out at last : "If ony o' ye thinks it's an easy maitter to preach, jist come awa' up here an' try 't." He felt like that minister. He had been trying to think what he had done that he should be pilloried in this fashion before this company, but he could not make it out. Ten years ago he had come amongst them, a stranger to most of them, and within six months they had made him their secretary ; a risky experiment on both sides, for them, because they could not know whether he had any capacity for the office, for him, because he was without experience of the duties that would devolve upon him. However, the experiment had been made. He had set to work to perform the tasks assigned to him as best he knew how. He was not conscious of having done any more than any other man similarly situated would have done. He had simply tried to do his duty, that was all. And was it indeed the case that the mere performance of duty was so rare a thing in life that he who does it, or, what amounts to the same thing, he who manages to make other people believe that he has done his duty, is a marked man for life ? It could not be so. He could not bring himself to think so meanly of his fellowmen as to conceive any such supposition to be at all admissible. By some unconscious hocus-pocus, some mental legerdemain, some strange conduct of fortune, he had wormed himself into their good graces, and thus it was that they had seen fit to mark the close of his tenure of office as