

APPENDIX III.

—so many of you have done that—

“And gaze across the sea,
But I cannot get a blink
Of my ain countree.”

Then you have it in that wonderful verse which one cannot repeat without being thrilled:—

“From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.”

Why, we fancy the Scotchman at some lone post in the Hudson's Bay, as Lord Strathcona was at one time, or farther north still, near the brim of the Arctic Circle, having mail from the Old Country but once a year, or perhaps in the back forests of Canada, in some of our northern counties, or in New Ontario, separated from home friends. In his dreams he beholds the Hebrides, and that is satisfaction enough to him for the time being.

That is the patriotic spirit which we should cultivate in Canada. Put Scotland side by side with Canada, and it is, as was once said of the Emperor of Russia when he called upon his secretary to bring him down the map of Europe and show him where England was. He held one side of the map while his secretary was holding the other, and he was looking for England, and could not find it. “Why,” says the Secretary, “your Majesty, your thumb is on it!” It was so small a space that it was covered by his thumb. Scotland is so small a place—58,000 square miles—while Ontario is four times as large, and Canada more than seventy times as large. If Scotland in her few heather hills can produce the race that she has produced, if Scotland has given laws to the world in many respects, and directed the commerce and the legislation of the world in some respects, surely we with our larger territory and our more favorable circumstances will be heard of yet in the councils of the world and in the progressive elements which constitute the higher civilization. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Whatever strength we may get to-night from gatherings like these ought to go to contribute to make this great Dominion what Scotland is in its identity, in its individuality, in its adaptability and its love for the beautiful, the true, the holy, the pure and the refined.

To-night the world is girdled with the songs of “Auld Lang Syne.” The Scotchman in Hong Kong clasps hands with the Scotchman in Peru, with the Scotchman in Australia, with the Scotchman in Ceylon, in India—the whole world clasps hands to-night, singing, “Should auld acquaintance be forgot?” No other nation can boast of that univer-