

me for absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods." You know how he puts it in his poetry :—

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the poorwees crying  
And hear no more at all.

So it is with all of us. When we have exhausted all the glories of our common ancestry, there remains for each one among us—no matter how deeply rooted he may feel in the country of his own or his father's adoption—a blank that can only be filled by a reference to the personal ties that bind us to the land of our fathers. Where friends and kinsfolk are concerned, that is a blank that each and all of us must supply in the sacred solitude of his own heart. Such personal ties are not the least potent of the bonds that unite us to each other and to the land we love—bonds which together with the other things I have spoken of generate a feeling of affection for Scotland in the hearts of Scots abroad that may be said to be unique in its intensity. Surely, gentlemen, we may unite our voices and speak to Scotland to-night across the ocean, saying in the language that Burns applies to what was with him at least a less enduring form of human affection :—

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.