

often permeated with this spirit of beneficence. Simply by juxtaposition to its prevailing influence, this ground and this erection are, in a humble way, an outcome of this spirit of Godlike benevolence, and dare it be said with national pride, that in this respect the Scottish people are pre-eminent, according to their means. They are industrious; they are frugal, and their envious enemies say they are parsimonious, yet when their per capita wealth is taken into consideration, no nation exceeds them in contributions to religious and charitable purposes. The one hand gathers with prudence, but the other strews with discreet prodigality. The pennies may be well looked after in the earning, but the pounds are usually dispensed—not in foolish extravagance, but in canny and needful charity. Church and charnel house, homeless, houseless and hapless are always objects of their care and solicitude. Those of our countrymen and countrywomen whose bodies may be interred here, will have no costly pageantry, nor mourners following to this last resting-place. The rule will be the solitary conveyance and the friendless commitment to the grave, except it may be the kindly presence of some member of one of our Scottish societies. At best, the burials here must of necessity be lonely and attended by few. While this is true, it is a comfort to us, and will be to distant relatives and friends, to realize and to know that though such may have no useless trappings nor costly cavalcades at last, yet the most beautiful and sunny spot has been selected in this cemetery for the last resting place of these Scottish dead. The desire of the dying to have their bodies laid in the homes of their fathers is as old as our race. Patriarchs and prophets, wise men and warriors, saint and savage, Ethiopian and European, Chinaman and Congo-man, have each a fatherland for which they yearn when the inevitable hour comes in which they must pass down 'into the valley of the shadow of death.' The warm-hearted and impetuous son of Erin longs for the shamrock-covered green sod of old Ireland. The Englishman knows of no place to lay his bones equal to rose-covered Albion. The Frenchman would love to close his eyes in death where luxuriates the *fleur de lis*. When the hour of his departure comes, the Scot on his sick bed dreams of misty hills, purple moors, wimplin burnies, bosky dells, gowany lees, and the auld kirk with its quiet kirk-yard in which rest the ashes of generation after generation of his forefathers. It is an instinct of our nature to thus linger in fond contemplation on the land of our nativity, and wish to die and be buried there. The person who has this feeling crushed out in the toil and drudgery of everyday life has destroyed in him one of the noblest threads