

ancestors from passing southward to vex and disturb the country—more highly favoured by nature—which they were gradually bringing under the influence of their civilization. That barrier crumbled away and became ineffective for its purpose, though it remains in part to this day as a lasting monument of the thoroughness with which the Romans did their work in the world. But neither it nor any other obstacle, material or immaterial, availed to keep back the onward march of the persistent and pertinacious Scot. After annexing England, he looked abroad: and lo! America, Australia, India, Africa—all are his!

And on St. Andrew's day, that he is busy celebrating, all over the world which he has conquered, the greatest of his national festivals. Not in the spirit of vainglorious braggadocio, but with something of a definite practical purpose. The whole duty of Scotsmen is not fulfilled in boasting of their ancestry: they must endeavour to catch the *spirit* also of their forefathers, and to preserve and reproduce in their descendants the virtues which have made their country great. That is why to-night they are mindful of all who, whatever be their rank in life, and wherever their lot may be cast, can claim that they bear the Scottish name. Everywhere to-night the thoughts of loyal Scotsmen go forth to the country of their birth or origin, and to their brethren throughout the world—"in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another". These are the words of Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer, now engraved on the bronze tablet erected to his memory in St. Giles' Cathedral. In far-away Samoa—an exile in death as in life from the "old land and the old kindly people"—he lies low upon his mountain bed. He had fled from the "quaint grey castled city" that he loved so well, "where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat". But he never forgot his dearly loved native-land. "I do not even know," he said, "if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out 'Oh, why left I my hame,' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay