

very often refuses to shine—upon the country that is so much in our thoughts to-night. Why is it that, in spite of the many jokes which have been made about their preference for *other* countries, Scotchmen are so intensely patriotic, and so keenly, so passionately tenacious of all their national traditions? Probably no other people on the face of the earth—except perhaps the Jews, to whom we sometimes hear ourselves compared—has ever given so strong proof of a well-marked and unmistakable national character and individuality. We stand by our country and by each other. No matter where we may roam, Scotland is with us still: “the old land,” as Stevenson says, “is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities”.

Hence it is that no saint in the calendar—not even St. Peter himself—holds a wider sway over the hearts of men than Andrew, this patron saint of ours. He seems, in fact, to have solved the problem of universal empire. From Bonnie Scotland, which was given him for a special possession, he has passed with wandering Scots to every country of the known world, till we may say of his original diocese, as was said of ancient Rome, that “Scotland is the whole world and all the world is Scotch”. For me no more sacred spot exists in the land of my birth—not even Iona itself—than the wind-swept headland to which the bones of Scotland’s patron saint are fabled to have been borne, long centuries ago. I once heard a former Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, the late Marquis of Bute, discourse learnedly on the precise character of the bones, three fingers and the fragment of an arm, that were brought to St. Andrews *via* Constantinople and Rome in the eighth century of our era. From that day to this the city of St. Andrews has been part and parcel of our Scottish annals, civil, ecclesiastical, and educational. And now in our own time, even since I left it, it is enjoying the ministrations and the patronage of a new Lord Rector—another Andrew—one of your own citizens, whose absence to-night has been regretted by your President, but who is helping St. Andrews to live up to its high traditions and to secure to it the place which it most rightfully holds