

A
DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

North-British Society:

PSALM cxxxvii. 5, 6.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

COUNTRYMEN and Friends, this is a day of national commemoration, and these pathetic effusions of the Israelitish captives, as they wept by the rivers of Babylon and hanged their harps upon the willows, may be taken to express our present feelings with respect to the land of our nativity, and our kindred and connections there. To day the sluices of the heart are open, and memory recurs to years that are past, and to places that are distant. In the mind's eye we see our cradle and the seats of our youth, and feel, at every pulse, the interest we still take in the fortunes of our friends and the ashes of our fathers.

THE associations of ideas, on which are founded many of the institutions of civil life, though slight and casual in themselves, are, nevertheless, boundless in their extent and wonderful in their operation. This day is marked in the Calendar with the name, and is, by the rubric, consecrated to the memory of Andrew the Apostle. In our minds it is connected with the sentiments of patriotism, and with the regards we owe to the country in which we opened our eyes upon the light, and enjoyed the first blessings of existence. A rapid glance at the page of ecclesiastical history, will at once explain the origin of this association, and introduce the proper subject of the present discourse.

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