

Society for their liberal gift of \$100 to the Charitable Fund, as also to the Hon. G. W. Allan, Wm. Christie and George W. Lewis for handsome donations.

The Day was celebrated by a ball at the Pavilion. The following admirable account, prepared by Mr. Alexander Fraser, is taken from the *Mail* of 1st December, 1894:—

ST. ANDREW'S NICHT.

Withered am I, an' bent wi' age,
 An mony a year has fled awa'
 Syne I was foremaist i' the dance,
 An' led the measure thro' the ha';
 But blood springs quicker i' the vein,
 The step grows firm, the e'e grows bricht,
 To watch the lasses an' the lads
 Foregather on Sanct Andra's nicht.

My mind gaes back fur fifty years:
 I see a shieling auld an' bare,
 Wi' merry hearts, an' lauching lips,
 A bonny thrang is gathered there.
 There hang nae streamers frae the wa',
 The caunnels gie a flichering licht,
 But what care they wha here are met
 To dance awa' Sanct Andra's nicht?

Young Rab the piper blows the pipes,
 An' fairly gars the rafters hum;
 The auld folks fling the plaids aside
 An' gather round the roarin' lum:
 Wi' lightsome feet, an' sonsie mien,
 The lads an' lasses tak the floor,
 An' I the first amang them a'
 Wi' Bonnie Kate o' Inverawe.

Far, far frae hame are Kate an' I,
 I' this braw city o' the west;
 A frien'ly lan' she is to us,
 An' aye has gied us o' her best;
 An' when dear Scotland's day com's round,
 In spite o' years an' failin' sicht,
 For auld lang syne we aye will tread
 A measure on Sanct Andra's nicht.

The St. Andrew's Society of Toronto celebrated its fifty-eighth anniversary last evening by a ball, which was held in the pavilion. The event formed a link in a long series of entertainments of a similar nature which have