

MEMORIES

I can say is that a red Grant from the Spey district, whose grave is in Cape Breton, was my great-grandfather on one side, and that the Macdonald Mohr of the 84th Highlanders who fought in the American revolutionary war, and settled in the East River of Pictou in 1778, and fifty years after moved to Upper Canada in time for the Mackenzie rebellion, was my great-grandfather on the other side. That far cry through four generations is the best I can do in my claim to be a Caledonian.

But, sir, though these generations intervene, though my early associations are not with the lochs and glens, though I never heard the pibroch among the hills or saw the kilted clans go out to war, I give place to no man among you, not to the oldest or to the last come, in that appreciation of Scottish worth, and that regard for Scottish heroism, and that devotion to Scottish ideals which give reason and purpose to such societies as this, whose guest I have the honor to be to-night. For, sir, the men and the women who bridge the century and more between us and the land of the heather neither forswore their Highland clans nor forgot their Highland tongue nor denied their Highland faith. And so, sir, over against all those handicaps and hindrances which