

where with all to *feed and clothe*. (They don't all do it though but they should, and shame to the man who does not, unless physically disabled.) But the mother gives a relish to the former, whether feeding the bairn with a silver spoon or a horn one, and if mishap befall the latter and the clothes should get the worse of the wear, how often does she "wi" her needle and her shears, *gar auld claes leuk a'maist as weel's the new.*"

And then as to moral training, the most vital of all, educating in habits of industry and economy, teaching the child, under Divine Providence, to rely a good deal on *self*, never to say *die* but only *try* and if at first it don't succeed to "try, try again" her influence is even greater. So much for Scottish womens rights! All honor to the mothers of Scotland.

It is more than 50 years since I left my native land, the land of Burns, and while not a very old man I am an old residenter. I remember well the formation of the different national Societies and amongst the first that of St. Andrew over which I have the honor to preside to-night.

Our first President, was an honest Scotchman, a man honorable by name and honorable by nature, his name was a household word throughout the Province where most known he was best loved, and there are a good proportion of those present to-night, who, with me, delight to revere the memory of the late Hon. Peter McGill.

The Ladies presented a banner (Caledonia) to the Society on which was inscribed this motto, "Relieve the distressed" and there is every reason to believe that during the coming hard winter there will be many opportunities to practice what that motto silently but eloquently preaches, and if there is to be rivalry between St. Andrews and the other National Societies let it ever be in trying to carry out that truly CATHOLIC work. I use the word in its most liberal sense as embracing the universal brotherhood of man.

The Committee who manage the Home have acted nobly during the past year in relieving distress, about \$2,600 have been wisely expended we believe, besides many etceteras that cannot be estimated by dollars and cents, such as visiting by the Ladies, advising the stranger, and often securing employment for skilled and unskilled labour. But as the report will be published *in extenso* I will not further take up the time of this meeting, than by urging on Scotchmen and descendents of Scotchmen to enrol themselves as members, giving not only material but moral support, by attending our meetings and giving the benefit of their presence and counsel. But, whether rich or poor, regular and exemplary in habit or occasionally "overtaken in a fault, let us be charitable, it is all in the family, for "we're a John Tamson's bairns."—

I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to these somewhat crude and fragmentary remarks and again extending to *all* our friends, whatever their nationality, creed, or politics, a cordial welcome. I hope the sentiment so well expressed in the old Scottish song may be entered into by all. It was written by a Clergyman, a man of peace. One who though dead still speaks to the *heart* and the *heel* in these stirring strains, (I wish I could sing it)