

I rejoice to be here to-night, in the midst of Scottish surroundings, reviving the many memories of the land from which we spring and of which we are all so proud.

Mr. Chairman, sometimes I believe, the jealous Southern has hinted that we have a good opinion of ourselves ; well, perhaps we are not all humility personified, but we have something to be proud of. I have wandered in my time over many parts of the globe, I have found Scotsmen everywhere, in every business and every trade, and I have generally found them pretty near the top of the tree. Somehow it would seem that in climes far distant from their early homes, the dash of the Highlander, the dour common sense of the Lowlander, and the reviving propensities of the Borderer, blend into a common and irresistible whole. To me as a Borderer it is very pleasant to feel that a descendant of Johnny Armstrong (1) is not far from me ; there is an old saying in the Borders : " Elliots and Armstrong ride thieves ", — a cruel calumny I need not tell you, which Dr. Armstrong Black and I could at once disprove. . . those Border times are comparatively not so very long ago.

Gentlemen, the whole history of Scotland is a very stirring one — a small country, poor and weak in comparison to that of its great neighbour, but

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(1) Dr. Armstrong Black who was sitting near me, claims to be a descendant of Johnny Armstrong.