

SIXTY-SECOND
ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

St. Andrew's Society



.....OF TORONTO.....

FROM

November 30, 1897, to November 30, 1898,

WITH

LISTS OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

1899.

1872



ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

OFFICERS FOR 1898-9.

President :

G. R. R. COCKBURN.

Vice-Presidents :

W. MORTIMER CLARK. GEORGE KENNEDY.

Managers :

MALCOLM GIBBS. JOHN CATTO. JAMES MURRAY.

Chaplains :

REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, D.D. REV. W. G. WALLACE.
PROFESSOR BALLANTYNE.

Physicians :

DR. I. H. CAMERON. DR. J. FERGUSON.
DR. J. T. FOTHERINGHAM.

Treasurer :

GEORGE KEITH.

Secretary :

JAMES BAIN, JR.

Standing Committee :

ALEX. NAIRN. ROBERT SWAN.

Committee of Accounts :

B. JENNINGS. J. F. MICHIE. J. H. MCKINNON.

Committee of Instalment :

A. M. COSBY. ALLAN CASSELS.

Marshals :

THOMAS MCGAW. CHARLES REID.

Standard Bearers :

ALEX. FRASER. G. M. MITCHELL. D. M. ROBERTSON.
FRANK M. GRAY.

Pipers :

CHAS. MUNRO. JOHN SHARP. FARQUHAR BEATON.

PATRON.

His Excellency The Earl of Aberdeen.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Argyle, Duke of
Bain, James
Elgin, Earl of
Fleming, Sir Sanford
Gillespie, Sir Robert

Gilmor, Isaac C.
Mount-Stephen, Baron
Mowat, Sir Oliver
Nairn, Stephen
Riddell, John

LIFE MEMBERS.

Burgess, Ralph K.
Cassels, Allan
Christie, William
Gardner, G. M.
Gilmor, I. R. Angus
Harvie, John
Keith, George
Miller, Kenneth A.

Macdonald, Hugh
McGaw, Thomas
McMurrich, W. B.
Ramsay, William
Smith, Dr. Andrew
Walker, David
Wilkie, D. R.

ELECTED 1898.

Bell, J. J.
Brodie, John K.
Donald, Robert
Fergusson, C. Tower
McIntosh, D. T.
Mackenzie, J. J.
McQueen, John K.

Maule, Percy S.
Rennie, Robert
Ritchie, Fred. A.
Rogers, W. B.
Somerville, C. Fred.
Taylor, C. W.

RESIDENT MEMBERS, 1898.

Adams, James
Adamson, William
Aird, John
Alexander, D. W.
Alexander, James
Allan, A. A.

Allan, Hon. G. W.
Anderson, T. O.
Armstrong, Thomas
Asher, Alex.
Bain, James, jr.
Ballantyne, Professor

Barclay, D. S.
 Barron, Robert
 Bayne, T. M.
 Bell, George
 Blaikie, John L.
 Blain, Hugh
 Blue, Archibald
 Boyd, Alexander
 Boyle, David
 Bradshaw, Alexander
 Brimer, John
 Brown, Alex. J.
 Buchan, Adam D.
 Burnett, George G.
 Burns, John
 Burnside, J. T. M.
 Cameron, Dr. I. H.
 Cameron, L. K.
 Campbell, A. H.
 Campbell, A. H., jr.
 Campbell, J. H. Mayne
 Campbell, John
 Campbell, Paul
 Campbell, R.
 Campbell, William
 Carlyle, David
 Carlyle, William
 Carnegie, Charles
 Carrie, Robert
 Cassels, Hamilton
 Cassels, Walter G. P.
 Catto, Charles J.
 Catto, John
 Christie, William
 Clark, Dr. Daniel
 Clark, Peter M.
 Clark, Gordon Mortimer
 Clark, W. Mortimer
 Cockburn, Churchill
 Cockburn, G. R. R.
 Cooper, A. W.
 Cosby, A. M.
 Cosby, F. Lorne
 Cosby, Norman H.
 Coulson, Duncan
 Creighton, David
 Cromar, Alex.
 Crombie, A. T.
 Curry, J. W.
 Dallas, Harry
 Darling, Henry W.
 Davidson, John I.
 Dick, David B.
 Dickson, Matthew C.
 Donald, Duncan

Donaldson, J. S.
 Douglas, John
 Douglas, William N.
 Drummond, H.
 Drynan, John
 Edgar, Sir James D.
 Fairbairn, R. D.
 Ferguson, Dr. John
 Fleming, F. A.
 Fotheringham, Dr. J. T.
 Fraser, Alexander
 Fraser, J. W.
 Fraser, G. B.
 Freeland, William
 Galbraith, William
 Galt, John
 Galt, Thomas P.
 Gemmell, Alexander
 Gibbs, Malcolm
 Gordon, Colin F.
 Gordon, W. H. L.
 Gowans, John
 Grant, Capt. W. Forsyth
 Gray, Frank M.
 Gray, James W.
 Gray, R. M.
 Greig, E. R.
 Greig, Dr. W. J.
 Grindlay, William
 Gunn, James
 Hart, S. R.
 Hay, Edward
 Hedley, James
 Henderson, David
 Henderson, John B.
 Howard, A. McLean
 Howard, A. McLean, jr.
 Imrie, John
 Irving, Andrew S.
 Irving, T. C.
 Jaffray, Alex.
 Jaffray, Robert
 Jamieson, Philip
 Jardine, Alexander
 Jennings, B.
 Jennings, Wm. T.
 Kay, Frank
 Kay, John Bryce
 Keith, Alexander
 Keith, D. S.
 Keith, George A.
 Keith, George E.
 Keith, John
 Kemp, John C.
 Kennedy, George

King, John
 Kirk, James F.
 Kirkwood, Thomas
 Knowles, James, jr.
 Laidlaw, John
 Laidlaw, John D.
 Laidlaw, William
 Langmuir, J. W.
 Lauder, S. D.
 Lindsay, G. G. S.
 Litster, T. H.
 Little, Simon G.
 Lochore, Alexander
 Lockie, J. S.
 Love, J. L.
 Love, R. W.
 Lowden, John
 Lumsden, H. D.
 Lyon, T. Stewart
 Macallum, Prof.
 McCrimmon, Neil
 McDonald, C. S.
 Macdonald, J. Bruce
 Macdonald, James H.
 Macdonald, James
 Macdonald, J. Gordon
 Macdonald, J. K.
 Macdonald, Randolph
 Macdonald, W. C.
 Macdougall, Judge
 McGaw, Thomas Dick
 McGillivray, J. A.
 McIntosh, Duncan
 MacIntosh, John A.
 MacIntosh, Thomas
 MacIntosh, W. D.
 MacIntyre, D. A.
 MacKay, Donald
 McKeggie, J. C.
 McKellar, Lachlan
 MacKenzie, Alex.
 MacKenzie, Campbell
 MacKenzie, W. Innes
 McKenzie, William
 McKinnon, J. H.
 McKinnon, S. F.
 McLaren, Hon. Peter
 McLean, Hugh C.
 McLeod, J. E.
 MacLennan, Hon. James
 McLennan, J. C.
 McMillan, H. T.
 McMillan, John C.
 MacMurchy, Angus
 MacMurchy, Arch.
 McMurrich, George
 Macpherson, G. E. S.
 Macpherson, J. B.
 McPherson, R. U.
 Massie, James
 Michie, Charles H. S.
 Michie, John F.
 Milligan, Rev. G. M., D.D.
 Mitchell, G. M.
 Moffatt, William
 Morison, John
 Morrice, G. S.
 Morrison, James L.
 Mowat, Arthur
 Mowat Frederick
 Mowat, H. M.
 Murison, Rev. R. G.
 Murray, James
 Murray, W. T.
 Nairn, Alexander
 Osborne, J. K.
 Park, James
 Paterson, John A.
 Paton, J.
 Patton, Dr. J. C.
 Pearson, James
 Playfair, John S.
 Prentice, David
 Primrose, Dr. Alex.
 Proudfoot, Hon. W.
 Rae, G. M.
 Rae, William
 Ramsay, J. F.
 Reid, Charles
 Reid, G. B.
 Reid, G. P.
 Reid, John Y.
 Riddell, G. J.
 Riddell, W. R.
 Ritchie, George
 Robertson, D. M.
 Robertson, J. Ross
 Robertson, Thomas
 Rose, Alex.
 Rose, Daniel
 Rose, Hugh
 Ross, Alexander
 Ross, A. W.
 Ross, Hon. G. W.
 Ross, Dr. J. F. W.
 Ross, J. H.
 Ross, James L.
 Ross, William
 Rudolf, Dr. R. D.
 Scarth, James L.

Scott, James
Scott, R. F.
Scott, William
Shaw, Lt.-Col. George A.
Shaw, John Ross
Simpson, William
Sims, P. H.
Sinclair, A. J.
Smith, Dr. D. King
Smith, James
Smith Robert A.
Somerville, Andrew J.
Steele, R. C.
Stephen, Peter
Stewart, Dr. W. T.
Swan, Henry
Swan, Robert
Tait, Joseph
Thomson, D. E.
Thomson, J. D.
Thomson, J. Ironside
Thomson, William

Thorburn, Dr. James
Thorburn, Dr. J. D.
Waldie, John
Walker, Charles
Wallace, Rev. W. G.
Watson, John
Watt, G. S.
Webster, A. F.
West, Thomas
Williamson, H. W.
Williamson, T. G.
Wilson, James H.
Wilson, P. T.
Winchester, John
Wishart, Dr. D. J. G.
Wood, Hon. S. C.
Wright, Henry
Wright, Prof. R. Ramsay
Wyld, Frederick
Wylie, James
Wylie, Robert J.
Wylie, Dr. Thomas



ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

TREASURER'S REPORT

FOR YEAR ENDING OCT. 13, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand October 14, 1897	\$79 08	
Members' Fees	438 00	
" Certificate.....	1 00	
Life Membership, G. M. Gardner	20 00	
Mrs. Patterson, aid returned.....	2 00	
St. Andrew's Day Collection.....	25 00	
Donation, Geo. H. Lewis.....	15 00	
" Alex. Cromar	1 00	
Interest at Bank	1 00	
Amount transferred from Permanent Fund	94 54	
		\$676 62

DISBURSEMENTS.

Manager's Orders.....	\$507 00	
Secretary's Orders, Printing, Advertising, etc.....	75 25	
Keeping Burial Plot in order.....	75	
Deposit to Credit Permanent Account	20 00	
Balance October 13, 1898	73 62	
		\$676 62

Balance in Dominion Bank Savings Dept., December, 1897....	\$3927 94	
Interest for 1897.....	146 60	
Life Membership	20 00	
	\$4094 54	
Less amount transferred to Current Account	94 54	
		\$4000 00

FUNDS ON HAND.

Balance in Dominion Bank Savings Dept., Oct. 13, 1898.....	\$4000 00	
Cash in Bank.....	73 62	
		\$4073 62

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE KEITH,

Treasurer.

The members of the Committee of Accounts hereby certify that they have examined the Books and Accounts of St. Andrew's Society, and find the same to be in good order and the funds on hand as represented in this Statement—Four Thousand and Seventy-three dollars and Sixty-two cents.

B. JENNINGS,
J. F. MICHIE,
J. H. MCKINNON, } *Committee of Accounts.*

REPORT OF THE MANAGERS
OF
St. Andrew's Society, Toronto,

For the Year Ending October 13, 1898.

YOUR Managers have pleasure in presenting their Annual Report for the past year. The sum of \$507 has been expended and 315 persons relieved.

There have been three interments in the Society's plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Your Managers have to thank members for assistance rendered in procuring employment for a number of worthy applicants.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

MALCOLM GIBBS,	}	<i>Managers.</i>
JNO. CATTO,		
JAS. MURRAY,		

During the year 1898, thirteen gentlemen have been elected members. Fifty-one names have been removed from the roll through death, removal from the city, or failure to pay the annual subscription. The total number of names now on the roll is two hundred and ninety-eight.

Honorary Members.....	12
Life Members.....	15
Resident Members.....	271
	298

The Society mourns the loss of a faithful member, G. M. Rose, who was elected in 1876, and continued to take an active interest in its welfare as long as health permitted.

The quarterly meetings have been regularly held and with the usual attendance.

ANNUAL SERMON.

THE annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Professor Ballantyne, in St. Andrew's Church, on the evening of Sunday, December 27, 1898. The text was taken from Romans xvi. 23, "And Quartus a brother."

There does not seem to be very much for us in these three words. Indeed, I suspect that the lists of names appended to the New Testament Epistles are not often read, and that they rarely evoke any special interest on the part of those who do read them. Yet they are written for our instruction and encouragement. And if only we succeed in giving to this figure some touches that shall make him live again, we may learn a great deal of what Christianity in essence is and of what it does for men.

From the sketch at hand it is not difficult to fill out the portrait of Quartus. He was a Christian and a member of the Church at Corinth. It does not appear that he knew any of the Christians who dwelt at Rome; or that they had ever heard of him. We infer also that he was not prominent in social, in church, or official life. His name is the last on the list. While the others have marks of distinction he is merely called a "brother." Timothy, the apostle's trusted companion in labor, for whom he cherished the fondest love, sends a salutation. There follow the names of other men prominent in that Christian congregation. Then Tertius, who was writing the letter as Paul dictated it, adds his greeting; with the pen in his hand he speaks in the first person, "I, Tertius, who wrote this epistle, salute you in the Lord." Next comes Gaius,

“mine host and of the whole church,” evidently a man possessed of wealth, and gifted moreover with the disposition to make a hospitable use of it. Further, “Erastus the Chamberlain of the city saluteth you.” A greeting his from one high in station, to whom this large and wealthy commercial city has given an important trust.

Now after all these is the salutation of the modest, humble Quartus. His fame is not in all the churches like that of Timothy; he has no work to do such as busied Tertius, Paul’s secretary. He has neither the wealth of Gaius nor the rank of Erastus. But he is a Christian. He has experienced the love of God in his own heart, and his love goes out to his unknown-brethren in a distant city. He craves a line of that letter for himself, and there it stands to all time, the salutation of “Quartus a brother.”

I. Such was Quartus. And when we ask ourselves, as we do to-night, what is his message to us? the reigning thought must surely be, the brotherliness of Christianity. Here is practical proof of a new, real and mighty bond between those whom country, language and race separated. Here we are brought face to face with one of the most wonderful revolutions known in human history. The Bible, it is true, says far less about the brotherhood of man than the current literature of the day would lead us to suppose; but such an illustration as this, of the working of the principle of love, is worth pages of mere theorizing about the doctrine that God is the Father of all, and that we all are brethren.

If we would know a little of the significance of this salutation we have but to think of the obstacles over which Quartus had to climb. He was a resident of a Grecian city and was probably a Greek. And we recall

the words of one of their wisest and best who thanked God that he was born a Greek and not a barbarian, a man and not a brute, as if to be born in another land than Greece was to belong to the brute creation. We remember, likewise, that in spite of a justifiable, national pride, the Greek had been forced to submit to the Roman, that Rome was the mistress of the world, and that while all the civilized world was held together by the tie of a universal dominion, it was unwillingly endured. It was not the bond of love but of power. Corinth could not but submit to the imperious conqueror, but she had little love for her ruler, and she cherished the memory of days of freedom, of a once flourishing culture with which Rome had little sympathy.

Indeed, at the time when the Gospel of Jesus Christ was first preached, the entire world presented just such antagonisms. Class distinctions that are unknown to us—on the one side the freeman, on the other the slave. Race jealousies and antipathies, the Greek and the barbarian, the Jew and the Gentile.

Into this world the Gospel came. It made friends of those who had been the fiercest enemies. It brought together the Roman master and the Grecian subject, the freeman and the slave, the fair haired Northman and the dark African, the Jew and the Gentile, and they called each other "brethren."

This doctrine of love was a new thing in the world, a fact of which we need to be reminded in our time. The comparative study of the science of religions has given currency to the impression that Christianity is only one out of many of the world's religions, that while it may have reached a higher stage of development than others it is not essentially different, but is simply a republication of what had been taught in former times and by other faiths.

It would be an error to say that there was no love in the world before Christ came. Parents loved their children and children their parents; acts of kindness provoked gratitude; something very much akin to love was begotten by the presence in others of admirable and excellent qualities. But disinterested love did not exist. It has been pointed out that the New Testament word for "love" was coined for the purpose. The word did not exist because the thing did not exist. It was a "love that was born within the bosom of revealed religion." There is no trace of it in "The Light of Asia." None in the religions of Greece and Rome. Even Judaism was a stranger to it, and therefore our Lord taught the parable of "the good Samaritan."

From this time forth the centre of gravity was changed. And just as long as Christians kept this law of love all went well. In spite of persecution, in spite of heathen philosophies without and error within the Church, Christianity spread, and even a Lucian said with a sneer, "Their lawgiver has persuaded them that they are all brethren."

II. It is not enough, however, to learn that one of the great teachings of Christianity is brotherliness. We must seek to discover its source.

Christ Himself is the source, He who, in the words of a German writer, "has lifted with His pierced hand empires off their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages." This dominion He has won and still holds by the power of love in the hearts of His followers.

One of the new things of this age is a philanthropy that is severed from Christ, a love manifested by men who do not believe in God nor in the God man. A dream, only a dream. To talk of a fraternity without

Christ is to cut away the stalk from the root and make life impossible. And I want to say here that if we, as members of a Society which exists to help our needy brethren, wish truly to exemplify those principles which are made prominent in its very constitution it can be in no other way than by personal fidelity to Him who first gave them their reality. Let there be no mistake. Strip man of that with which Christianity invests him and he will not long care whether his brother suffer or be in need.

III. But it may be said that the whole tenor of this argument is against the existence and work of the Society that has met here to-night. It may be asked, why recognize the bonds of race? Why confine our gifts to our fellow-countrymen? Is this not condemned by the spirit of a religion which knows neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female?

Now, our standard in the working of love is Jesus Christ. When He gave the new commandment they were to love according to the measure with which He loved. And I have not read the life of Christ to find in it any disregard of the ties that bind healthy men to the land of their birth, to the scenery on which their youthful eyes looked, to the people with whom they held companionship. He felt the spell that comes over us all. Is there not the proof of this in the natural images with which He brought his teaching within the comprehension of His hearers? In His invariable conduct to the lost sheep of the House of Israel? In the words of affection with which He addressed Jerusalem, the centre of their national life and aspirations? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings!" In the way in which He identified Himself with all the great names in the past history of that

people? He loved all men, but He had a special love to those among whom He lived when on earth.

And my conception of His religion is that it does not destroy, but strengthens the natural feeling of love of country. The religion of Jesus did not overturn the existing arrangement of society; laws and privileges, manners and conditions, custom and ranks were left as they were found; but it introduced a new spirit into all these relations of life. And that love with which we hail all sons of Scotland as brethren is a higher thing than it must otherwise be when it finds its motive in the spirit of Christ.

There are some countries, usually small in extent, that seem to have a peculiar power of awakening patriotic sentiments. And Scotland is one of these. One shrinks from the cold analysis that would explain this fact, lest while he may present truth's body, the currents of truth's life no longer circulate in it. It is heart, not head, that makes this world a live world. It is the heart that supplies the motive power of life. And while we want men to think accurately and to act properly, we may not forget the fundamental truth spoken by Solomon three thousand years ago that "the issues of life are out of the heart." Power begins with heat. The very throb of the sea, the currents of the air, the coal on the hearth that converts winter into summer, is every whit of it old sunshine converted into present effect. God means something by that. It is the way He takes to rebuke cold-bloodedness. So that the passion for native land, for the land of our fathers, may become a motive power to accomplish what is best and worthiest in the part we play in human history.

I cannot dissect the impulses of the heart, and yet I cannot, on an occasion such as this, refuse altogether to mention some things that call forth our affection, and

that permeated by the spirit of Christianity lift us to a higher plane of living.

In comparison with some other lands the climate of Scotland is sour and the soil unproductive. But beauty belongs less to the external than to the internal. It is quite as much a quality of mind as of the object perceived. Now, the native of that country finds scarce a spot of its rugged surface that is not hallowed ground. Connected with its barren rocks and desolate moors are the most precious memories of bygone days. Even in the matter of native beauty and grandeur he will not admit that his is inferior to any land; but it is the thrilling associations of her lakes and glens and mountains that have begotten a love for these outward scenes that time and distance cannot efface. With emphasis and meaning he appropriates the words:

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

We love Canada, but that love does not call us to renounce these ties. We could not if we would, resist that subtle, yet gracious influence which is quicker and stronger than lightning.

Memory reproduces the outward features of that land but they are not, and cannot be, dissociated from its people, their character and their labors. We are drawn to those whose character is like to our own. How shall we describe that character? That there are exceptions to any description that could be given, we must admit. But it does not seem beside the mark to say that, vigorous in body and strong in intellect, they are characterized by a spirit of fealty and integrity, a hatred of sham, a passionate love for freedom, a zeal for God and the

truth. At times they may be dogmatic, perhaps even intolerant, but ever do they stand for what they believe to be right, ever are they prepared at the cost of life's blood to defend what they hold as truth. Not always are they preeminent for that which graces the outward conduct, but one thing is sure, they are strangers to the arts of deception and are honest as their native hills. They have faults, as all nations have. For God has not bestowed His gifts upon any one people, and the patriotism that sees good only in one's own land is to be deprecated. It is by adapting itself to and claiming the strength of every race that Christianity proves its universality. Scotsmen have faults, but even their faults lean to virtue's side.

In the expression of this character I might speak of the industry, the enterprise and ingenuity that have distinguished her sons. I might speak of such as James Watt and delineate the life of him to whom more than to any other we owe the transformation that has come over the face of the world through steam. His were results achieved not for his country only, but to increase the power and happiness of the whole human race.

But I turn to speak of two features of life in which her wealth and glory really lie: the school and the church. Compulsion was never needed to induce even the humblest and the poorest to send their children to school. No disgrace was accounted greater than the inability to read and write. And so at their great seats of learning, at Edinburgh and Glasgow, St. Andrew's and Aberdeen, thousands of students throng, many of them from homes where the greatest sacrifices are made and where the barest necessities must suffice for their existence, in order that their sons may enjoy the light of learning.

It does not surprise us that the genius of the people should be one of freedom, of independent thought, of unfettered action in all things civil and religious. That the education of her people accounts for this result can scarcely be doubted with success ; and that such is the genius of the nation, he who is familiar with the poetry of Burns, will be ready to admit. While Burns has written some vulgar and foolish things, his poetry embodies much that is pure and beautiful and true, and in his poetry Scottish people have always seen incarnated her love and devotion, her seriousness and her merriment, her strong attachment to truth and integrity, her love of nature, her veneration for God. All ranks, all classes, have felt that they were represented in his entrancing poetry.

But the greater glory of this nation surely lies in the story of her Church. They are our brethren above all, for they are religious. Strong in the expression of their opinions, they are never formal, never indecorous. Their religion has been characterized by that which at times resembles fanaticism ; a passionate devotion and a boundless trust in God. For the most part their theology is Calvinistic, and they have dispensed with the aids, if aids they be, of ancient and historic cathedrals, of masses and chants, and all sense stirring ritual. But while they lack in these things there is no want of glorious memories, of solemn temples among the hills where Scotland's persecuted children foiled the tyrant's power, and heard the word of God preached with simple grace, and raised the common song of praise. Or perchance in some more lonely spot where a scattered few met, to hear the faithful pastor speak divine words of comfort. No lack of hallowed graveyards where lies the mortal dust of those who died battling for that truth we hold dear.

The religion of this people is native to the land. It sprang from the soil and grew up among the mountains. It has its distinctive character, not a sickly sentimentalism, but a healthy robust thing that goes forth to do and to suffer the will of God. It is the religion, not of form but of substance, not of outward conformity but of deep inward conviction. The religion of faith and love, established upon the foundation of the Word of God, leaving its impress not only upon the land that gave it birth but also upon the lands to which it has been transplanted. When we speak of the religion of Scotland men instinctively think of John Knox. His character has been blackened by the infidel and by the sickly sentimentalist, but never was greater injustice done. He was a true hero, a noble-hearted, truth-loving, God-fearing, self-sacrificing man, who never feared the face of clay and did God's will in spite of all the agents of evil. To be sure, he was no soft, baby-hearted, whining sentimentalist, but he was a true man and a true minister of God, and he did a noble work of reform, for which to-day we ought to be grateful.

Then there are other aspects of this religious life that deepen the impressions made. One of these is suggested by the Sabbath calm, as her people rest from their works and worship God. It doubtless is true that the customs of fifty years ago have undergone modification. Yet it is from Scotland that the greatest influence has gone out in favor of the sacredness of the day of rest. You have heard the sound of her Church bells, have seen almost the entire population wending their way to the house of God, perhaps the privilege has been yours of sitting down on some "brae side" on a sacramental occasion to hear the preaching of the word of God, or to commemorate with simple tokens the dying love of the Redeemer. Could you fail to feel that

such a land was a blessed one, could you refrain from exclaiming, "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound, they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance."

I have no apology to make for what has been called the Puritan Sabbath. If one were needed I would have but to repeat the description of the day given by one who was not a Presbyterian, but a member of the Episcopal Church—James Graham, as where he speaks of the music of the house of God :

"Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch,
Raised on his arm he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still ; his heart is cheered ;
He smiles on death ; But ah ! a wish will rise—
Would I were now beneath that echoing roof,
No lute warm accents from my lips would flow,
My heart would sing, and many a Sabbath day
My steps should thither turn."

Or perhaps we might leave this scene where the worshippers assemble and see the might of religion in the life of some shepherd boy who, far away on the hillside from the house of God, reads the word of God and meditates on things divine, thus all alone keeping the sacred day.

And still again when the day is done, and a Sabbath stillness broods over all, one might have heard in many a village the sound of prayer and praise rising from fervent hearts.

"From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

While Christian faith bids us see in every man a brother, it assuredly commends that spirit which would cherish a love deeper and stronger to those who with us inherit these traditions.

IV. But to return to the text, I would like to remark that the greeting of Quartus, the brother, did not spend

itself in mere words. The history of the Church to which he belonged allows us to make this inference. Paul, it appears, had appealed to the Corinthians to give their aid and support to certain brethren in need and distress. That help was willingly and cheerfully granted. Quartus probably had his share in it. And we may conclude, not without reason, that his brotherliness took definite shape in the aid he gave to the needy and the protection he threw around the weak.

I have been speaking of that which constitutes the glory of the Scottish people. Much has been given to us, much will be required of us. There is no privilege that does not carry with it a corresponding obligation.

We do not exist merely to keep alive the name and associations of the fatherland. This society is chiefly philanthropic. Were it not so it must decline in interest and in usefulness. The objects for which its funds are expended are only to be commended. They are such as Christ put His seal upon in His life of love to His brethren. When He fed the multitude who had gone out into the wilderness without making provision for the hunger that must come; when amid the agony of the cross he commended His mother to the care of the beloved disciple John, he was setting an example that we might well follow.

I have no doubt that sometimes your gifts will be misplaced. That the unworthy have been the recipients of your bounty, that it were better if your charity had not been given, but the Lord's example in this, too, should be helpful. He who knew what was in the heart of man, who foresaw that one of His apostles would betray Him, did not check the outflow of His bounty. In the days of youth we trust men, but we find, to our sorrow, that we have been betrayed; it is a bitter experience, and we are disappointed and almost ready to

believe that there is no truth, and no honor among men. But it is better to be deceived, to be out-witted, than to have love withered up. And I know of no way to prevent this withering than to let our bounty express itself in such needs as this society strives to do.

V. Finally, let me say that the immortality gained by Quartus by his simple request suggests that the greatest honor in the sight of God is not won by the acquisition of wealth, or high social position or by the possession of many talents. Quartus has an enduring place in history through this one loving message. Let us so live, that like him, all else being forgotten, buried in the dust, we may be remembered by such a biography as that which has been accorded to him. So far as we are remembered at all, let the like be our life's history, our epitaph.



THE NIGHT.

From the Mail and Empire, December 1, 1898.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

The farther Scotchmen gang frae hame
 They seem to grow the fonder
 O' everything that's Scotch in name,
 An' crack aboot it yonder,
 Ayont Atlantic's briny foam ;
 They a' ken ane anither—
 The Scot's at hame where'er he roam
 An' share tae find a brither !

CHORUS :—

St. Andrew's, Caledonians, Clans,
 As Sons o' Scotland gather ;
 An' Gaelic braw " John Hielanman's !"
 Are prood o' hame and heather !

An' when St. Andrew's day comes roon
 There's aye a demonstration,
 They march wi' pipers through the toon,
 In honour o' oor nation.
 At nicht they spread a table fair,
 An' mak' a jolly pairty—
 They're share to hae a' guid things there,
 To keep them crouse an' hearty.

The hall is set a' roon wi' flags,
 An' sometimes screeds o' tartan ;
 Wi' claymores, shields, and heids o' stags,
 Frae Oban or Dunbarton,
 Each coat, in buttonhole is seen
 A sprig o' Hielan' heather,
 Wi' a bonnie rosebud in between,
 To show they gree thegither.

It's then they crack o' Scotland's might,
 O' Wallace, Knox, an' Burns,
 An' how a Scotchman fechts for richt—
 Gie speeches a' in turns.
 The Auld Scotch Sangs their hearts enthral,
 They lo'e the words so fine—
 Till the " wee short hour ayont the twal,"
 When they pairt wi' " Auld Lang Syne."

JOHN IMRIE.

THE ball given last night in the Pavilion by the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto was probably the most successful in the annals of an organization which is celebrated for the enjoyable character of its entertainments. In all that it has undertaken, St. Andrew's Society has proved itself fully adequate to the task, and whether it be in the ministering to the wants of the indigent, or in providing social amusement for its guests, everything is carried out with that scrupulous attention to details which alone can ensure success. The biennial ball of the organization is among those functions which are looked forward to with the most pleasurable anticipation by Toronto society, as sure to be well carried out, and last night, as in the past, those expectations were fully realized.

The scene in the ballroom was one which will be long remembered by those who were privileged to attend. The charming dresses, and still more charming faces, of the ladies, the brilliant uniforms and the Highland equipments of many of the guests, together with the beautiful decorations of the building, combined to form a most attractive picture. The Highland tartan was a principal feature, displayed on the walls, shown in many of the costumes of the ladies, and worn in all the amplitude of kilt and plaid by those of the guests who, either by birth or connection with a Highland regiment, were warranted in wearing that most becoming of all dresses. The scarlet coats of the Grenadiers also made brilliant spots of color in the many-hued assemblage, and the green of the rifles was also seen to advantage. Up in the gallery the fine band of the 48th poured forth music, and at intervals the stalwart forms of the pipers proudly trod the floor, while their pipes skirled out spirited airs, which made even old men take the floor

and show that years had not impaired their activity in the dances of their country.

The arrangements were all admirably carried out. Each dance was announced by a bugler of the 48th, and two others of the band distributed programmes among the guests. Several men of the regiment were also present as guides to the guests, and to discharge similar duties, their martial appearance and gay dress aiding materially to the attractions of the scene.

The guests as they arrived were received by Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, president of the society, and Mrs. Cockburn, who were attended by the other officers of the society. It was nine o'clock when the first carriage deposited its fair freight, and by ten o'clock the room was crowded with the gay throng of dancers. It was the wee sma' hours before the guests began to say adieu, and to express their regrets that two years must elapse before they could again enjoy the delights of a St. Andrew's Society ball.

AN ARTISTIC PROGRAMME.

The programme was an artistic piece of work, being of pale blue, and bearing on one side the gold embossed figure of St. Andrew, surrounded by heather, and on the other, embellished with Scotch thistles and Highland accoutrements, the names of the following officers of the society :—President, G. R. R. Cockburn ; First Vice-President, W. Mortimer Clark ; Second Vice-President, Geo. Kennedy ; Treasurer, Geo. Keith ; Secretary, James Bain, jr. ; Secretary of the Ball Committee, Major D. M. Robertson.

Following is the programme of dances and music rendered by the Highlanders' band : Extras—Valse, A Summer Evening ; two-step, The Bride-Elect. Lancers

St. George ; two-step, Off to Camp ; Reel of Tulloch ; valse, Magnolia Blossome : two-step, La Victorieuse ; valse, Angels Dream ; two-step, Ye Boston Tea Party ; Scotch reel ; valse, My Dream ; two-step, The Cock o' the North. Extras—Valse, Rendez-Vous ; two-step, Hannah's Promenade ; Highland schot., Blue Bonnets ; valse, Capri Breezes ; two step, The Bonnie Brier Bush. Lancers, Jubilee ; Scotch Reel ; valse, Near to Thee ; two-step, Vienna Dudes ; Reel of Tulloch ; valse, Dream on the Ocean ; polka, The Little Mad-Moiselle ; two-step, The Charlatan ; valse, Souviens-Toi ; two-step, Auld Lang Syne.

THE DECORATIONS.

The functions held by the St. Andrew's Society have always been characterized by extreme good taste and a lavish hand in making the setting for their entertainment of the most agreeable kind, and although it would be hard to excell their efforts in this line in the past, they have certainly lived up to their record this year, and the decorations of the Pavilion, which were put up under the personal superintendence of Mr. J. W. Gray, chairman of the Decorations Committee, were fully equal and in some respects superior to anything Toronto ball-goers have seen in that building before.

From the centre of the roof was suspended a huge blue panel twenty-four feet by sixteen, bearing a white St. Andrew's cross, the well-known emblem of the society, the edges of the panel being gracefully draped with crimson caught up in knots at short intervals. From this centrepiece strips of white, blue, and old gold fabrics were festooned in a close canopy to the sides of the building, and a very novel and unique Gothic effect was obtained, somewhat after the fashion of a groined roof with arches between the pillars. These

pillars were so draped in old gold and crimson that the capitols were much wider than the base, giving a fine architectural effect. The front of the gallery boasted of a form of decoration never yet attempted in the city, and the result was a very pleasing one. By the aid of carpenter work the spaces between the pillars were bowed outwards, giving a true balcony effect. From the lower centre of these spaces white and blue strips radiated upwards to the upper line, with old gold filling the lower spaces, and the bottom of the gallery was hung with artistically draped crimson curtains.

The most distinctive feature of the decorations, however, was the tartan embellishment on the pillars supporting the gallery. On each of these was fixed an emblem, consisting of a Highland target crossed by claymores or an armorial shield by Lochaber axes. The emblems were of tartan, and plaids of the same pattern were gracefully draped about them. The tartans displayed were as follows:—Elliott, out of compliment to Lord Minto; Royal Stuart, Mowat, Mackay, McIntosh, Victoria, McNab, Gordon, Wallace, Bruce, Davidson, McLennan, Hay, Cameron, Black Watch, McKenzie, Lord of the Isles, McLean, Earl of Inverness and Cockburn. They were so arranged that the dark and the red plaids alternated, the decorative effect being very graceful and pleasing. Above the gallery at the east end of the building, were displayed the Royal Arms of Scotland, draped with rich folds of the Royal Stuart tartan.

The stage was prettily and comfortably arranged after the fashion of a drawing-room, with cosy chairs and lounges, plenty of soft rugs, and little tables, one of which, in the centre, bore the magnificent ram's head snuff mull, the pride of the society. Heavy masses of palms and flowers decorated the front of

the dais, and were also disposed to advantage at the sides. The banner of the society was draped in the centre, and kindred flags ornamented the sides of the proscenium. The staircases leading from the gallery to the stage were gay with white and blue, and the front of the platform and steps were draped with old gold.

Cosy quarters for sitting out were not forgotten ; the side rooms were comfortably fitted up for the purpose, and seats were placed in the great conservatory among the branching foliage, the lights being tempered by being covered by Chinese lanterns, and the gaze of the public eye being obstructed by curtains hung round the lower windows.

The supper was laid in the annex at the north side of the building, the room being decorated with streamers of white and old gold. Here, too, the glare of the electric lights was modulated, and the tables, laden with glittering glass and plate, presented a very attractive appearance to the hungry dancers. The floor of the main building had been waxed and polished to a highly desirable degree of slipperiness, and every arrangement which could conduce to the pleasure and comfort of the guests was well looked after.

THE SET OF HONOR.

The opening set was composed of the following :—
Mr. Cockburn and Miss Mowat, Lieut.-Col. Cosby and Mrs. Cockburn, Major Macdougall and Mrs. Kennedy, Captain Mowat and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. Kennedy and Miss Clark, Lieut.-Col. Sweny and Mrs. Hardy, Captain Mowat and Mrs. Cosby, W. R. Brock and Mrs. Osler, Allan Cassels and Mrs. Russel.

CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS.

The following telegrams from sister societies in other cities were received during the day :—

Halifax, N.S.—

Scots aye stand shoulder to shoulder.
May ye a' be as happy as we wish ye the nicht.

—D. BUDGE, Secretary.

Fredericton, N.B.—

Bold, independent, unconquered and free,
Brave Caledonia immortal must be.

—W. C. CROCKET, President.

Quebec—

May your hearts be inspired as weel as your heels
At the tune of the old Scotch reels.

—W. C. SCOTT, President.

Montreal—

Reel awa, and cheer yer hearts, think o' us an' dae 't again.

—HUGH PATON, President.

*Ottawa—*The Scots of Ottawa send you kindly greetings, and wish you prosperity and joy on this St. Andrew's Day.—W. D. HOGG, President.

Alexandria—

Fhad's a bhios grian air na speuraibh
No gealach ag 'eiridh 's an oidche,
No gaoth a' seideadh's na h-airdaibh
Bidh cliu nan Gaidheal air chuimhne.

MacGillean.

TRANSLATION.

As long as the sun is on the sky
Or the moon arises at night,
Or the wind is blowing on high ;
The fame of Scotsmen will be remembered.

MacLean.

—A. G. MACDONALD, President.

*Cornwall—*Health tae yoursel an' a guid cheels an' bonnie lassies ro'nd yet.

—H. G. HARRISON.

*Kingston—*To a' leal Scots wha honor bonnie Saint Andrew's Day. Greetings from true brithers o' the Limestone City.—DR. H. NEILSON, President.

Belleville—

May care and trouble never fash, but
Mirth and joy be wi' you a'.

—A. R. WALKER.

Trenton—

St. Andrew's nicht cam' round once mair
We are a' met here th'gither, lets toast
Auld Scotland, Auld Lang Syne, the thistle and heath (nae heeltaps).

—R. WEDDELL, President.

Hamilton—

To night we meet for "Auld Lang Syne,"
Once more our greetings to renew,
To pledge again those absent friends
Our "brither Scots" and Saint Andrew.
Then here's to "auld Scotia's" sons
Where ere they roam, tho' far apart,
May friendships ties still firmer grow
To bind us fast with hand and heart.

—JAMES C. MACKLAND, President.

St. Catharines—On this our sixty-third anniversary we send our greetings
to you and our brither Scots.—D. M. WALKER, President.

Brantford—

Tae ilka Scottish saint and sinner
Wha' sets wi' ye tae tak' his dinner,
This nicht, we wish guid fare ;
May fortune ever kick the ba'
Tae bring guid luck tae ane an' a'.
What wad ye mair ?

—A. G. MONTGOMERY, President.

Dundas—Blythe may ye be a' th'gither while ye sing the old Scotch songs.

—JOHN BERTRAM.

Guelph—Gu ma fada bhios graic aig coilleach an taobh tuath.

—ANGUS MACKINNON, President.

Stratford—

The Scots are ane where'er they dine
And feel the tie in every clime,
We greet ye then wi' a' oor micht
And wish ye muckle joy the nicht.

—GEORGE MALCOLM, President.

Windsor, Ont.—

To dance Scotch folk o' Toronto
In and "nar" broadcloth or tartans,
Keep up the dance and hooch till ye get
As red in the face as partans.

—W. MCEACHREN, President.

Winnipeg—

Prairie Scots the nicht wish ye weel
In Highland schottische, strathspey and reel,
Let Whig an' Tory a' agree
Tae dance this nicht, richt merrilee,
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

—HUGH J. MACDONALD, President.

*Regina—*The Scotties o' the Prairie capital tax their han' tae their brither
Scots o' Toronto an' drink a bumper tae their health wi' a' the honors three.

—W. MACIVOR, President.

*Nelson, B.C.—*We hae oor pipes tuned for a gran' time the nicht, we'll be
unco happy afore the morn, guid health tae ye a'.—A. MCKILLOP, President.

*Rosland, B.C.—*Guid een' brither Scots, we ken yer hae' in a gran' time the
nicht, oor hearts are wie ye.—J. S. C. FRASER, President.

Kamloops, B.C.—

Here's to the land of the heather
Here's to its sons so fine,
Here's to the bonnet and feather,
And greetings from Kamloops to thee.

Vancouver, B.C.—

Blaw, blaw, breezes blaw,
Ower the hills an' cross the snaw,
Whisper saft, we lo'e them a'
This blythsome nicht o' Andra.

—J. JOHNSTONE, President.

*Victoria, B.C.—*The Scotties o' Victoria send fraternal greetings to their
brither Scots o' Toronto. May muckle joy be yours this nicht.

—H. DALLAS HELMEKEN, President.

Detroit, Mich.—

Happy may ye ever be,
Aften may ye meet thegither
Tae sing o' Scotland oure the sea,
An' grip the han' o' ane anither.

—JOHN DONALDSON, President.

Milwaukee, Wis.—

The barley bree and highland reel
Aye mak' the Scot feel unco weel,
Your cheerful message sets us thinking
So while ye dance your health we're drinking.

—J. A. BRYDEN, President.

St. Louis, Mo.—

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
To support Caledonia's cause.
And bide by the buff and the blue.

—D. CRAWFORD, President.