

braved, and has given us some of his finest poems on these days of stress and storm. One of the most inspiring and victorious of death songs in any language is that of "The Covenanters on the Scaffold." It reveals the poet in one of his most powerful moods, showing how man can rise superior to all the evil forces of the tyrant:—

"Sing with me! Sing with me!  
Weeping brethren, sing with me!  
For now an open heaven I see,  
And a crown of glory laid for me.  
How my soul this earth despises!  
How my heart and spirit rises!  
Bounding from the flesh I sever;  
World of sin, adieu forever!"

From these few and short selections an estimate may be made of the faith with which the Ettrick poet could "look from nature up to nature's God." We here think of the opening and closing stanzas of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" as being peculiarly descriptive of our poet's spiritual convictions:—

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove.

"That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

Having said thus much, some may ask with a cynical smile, What is the value of these writings? What is the value of the story that tells us what our forefathers did? What is the use of a song that utters only a Jacobite sentiment? Those who speak in such terms know not what they say. A very wise son of Scotland, Fletcher of Saltoun, in his letter to the Marquis of Montrose, said, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he