

valley that lay beneath the overshadowing mountains fragrant with the blooming heather, or to the rolling meadows, green and beautiful, and over which the well fed flocks and herds were grazing ; or to the ancient village, with its venerable church, where first he was taught to worship the God of his fathers, whose grave yard held the ashes of departed worthies, or to the ruined towers and castles, relics of a darker day round which the ivy clinging seeks to hide the ravages of time, or to the busy, crowded lanes and courts of ancient cities—he cannot, I say, let his thoughts go back over these scenes of beauty, amid which he has spent his youth, without feeling some longings to visit them again, and gaze once more on the features of his native land, from which he has been so long a stranger. A feeling most natural and honorable, feeling deeply experienced by the people of Israel when far from their native country they sang :

By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on ;
In midst thereof we hanged our harps
The willow trees upon.

And if it has not been ours to dwell among these scenes, we can enter into the feelings of those who have.

Such also was the feeling of Nehemiah, but he did not rest satisfied in such feelings. He arose, and giving up his post of honor, he dedicated his life to the elevation of his native land and fellow country-men.

So let us, while fond of remembering the land of our fathers, in this the country of our adoption, endeavor to perpetuate those elements in our nation's life, on which we have been reflecting. And not only let us meet to sing the songs of our country, to indulge in festivities, and pleasant memories, not only to boast of the virtues of our ancestors, and the glory of our people, but in our individual lives and as a Society seek to do something that will shed some little ray of honor on the name we bear, and help some forlorn and shipwrecked brother to take heart again, and enter on the battle of life with new energy and hope. To meet and partake of the boasted haggis, and drink to all the memories and all the toasts imagined suitable for such an occasion, *that* has been thought enough sometimes by which to distinguish ourselves as Scotchmen. But a better and a brighter day is dawning, when the manly race that scorned the oppressor's chain, that drove back the proud usurper, that race that has gathered honor on every field of conflict, shall vindicate its manhood in another and nobler war of independence, when it shall refuse to be the slave of degrading customs, when it shall recognize in its boasted whiskies its deadliest enemy, and when in another sense than Burns intended, they shall sing—

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

I have thus hastily touched on themes I would with pleasure have dwelt longer upon. I have put before you what seems to me might be a worthy aim for your Society. And now, in bringing these remarks to a close, let us remember we are here this day to worship the God of our fathers, to listen to the lessons of that Gospel which we have been taught from our mother's knee; and that it is in this glorious Gospel all our hopes are bound up. To belong to one nation or another may be an honor, greater or less ; but higher far, infinitely more important, the honor open to every one of you of being a citizen of the heavenly Zion, a humble and sincere follower of the Lord, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

I do not think it is any misuse of our Sabbath morning to devote it to such reflections as those we have indulged in. But I would think it a misuse of our time if we closed these remarks without pointing you to Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. The Apostle Paul said that if any man