

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