

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.