

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