

never conquered, for notwithstanding the wars of the Edwards, they never held it — a country which throughout its history has produced great soldiers, statesmen, poets and historians — a country that through all its troublous times maintained the independence and individuality of its people, not only against the arms of the common foe, but against the overshadowing influence and temptations of the wealth and prosperity of the rich nation across the Border. Perhaps we may draw a moral from it all. And finally the little country gave a King to rule over a United Kingdom, and a Royal line to rule over a mighty empire. It always seems to me, Gentlemen, that lands of hills and forests, of rivers and lakes, inspire a greater love of country than is known to dwellers on the plains or in great cities ; a romantic affection which permeates generation after generation, which those not bred to it can hardly understand. The wild beauty of our country has welded itself into the affections of its people, whilst its stirring history has gone far to form Scottish character. We have a land to be proud of. Do you remember, gentlemen, Walter Scott's description of Marmion's first glimpse of Edinburgh ? How the great English Baron on his mission to King James, at Holyrood, halted on the ridge above the town, with Arthur's Seat upon his right and before him, to my mind, the most beautiful view in the world — in the foreground the old city, "Auld Reekie", with its castle towering above it, beyond it the Firth