

Even the tender memories of "Auld Langsyne" are embroidered with "gowans fine," and the ruthless ploughshare is garlanded with daisies. Who would not love a land whose native beauty is rain-bowed with such poetry and romance?

3. *It is heroic.* To the Scotsman, his native land is essentially a land of heroes. What if her hills are bleak? They have ever been the abode of freemen. What if her glens are wild and dark? They have ever been the shelter of liberty and virtue. Not in the number of his clansmen, nor in the serenity of his Scottish skies, nor in the fertility of Scottish soil does he boast, but in the manly fibre of his race. He envies no land its millions, or its balmy atmosphere, or its waving cornfields, so long as he can claim for Scotland the place of honor as the representative of manliness and independence of character. Few countries can boast of such a long succession of heroic men. From that morning in June, 1314, when Bruce led forth his 30,000 valiant Celts to meet the mightiest array of English soldiers that ever wielded battle-