

the flags hung round the walls, one is reminded of the battlefields where Scotch soldiers fought and died; in the signs of age here and there imprinted on the stones, one is reminded of the strange events which have taken place there; where battles have been fought, where Roman Catholic Priest, Roundhead soldier, Episcopal Bishop, and Presbyterian Minister, have all preached; and, as the tones of the organ reverberate around the building, one cannot help rejoicing that the old place remains, and still re-echoes the devotion of the people of Scotland. And this improvement in the Church services is not confined to the congregational worshipping in the cathedral. In St. Andrew's Church and Old Grayfriar's Church, Edinburgh, and in the Cathedral and the Park Church, Glasgow, is to be found music little if at all inferior to that enjoyed in the Cathedral of St. Giles.

Thus the Church of Scotland is not standing still. She is ever advancing, keeping abreast of the intelligence and refinement of the people of Scotland, while guiding their spiritual life in the Lord. She brings out of her treasure things new and old. She cherishes all that is good from the past, while she welcomes all that is good and true and beautiful in the present. It is the prayer of all her children that her influence for good may ever increase, so that she may be always blessed and a blessing to all.

(To be concluded.)

## SCOTTISH LITERATURE. PERIOD V. (1625-1727.)

Many new versions of the Psalms of David in Scottish metre appeared during this period. One version by King James VI and Lord Stirling was repeatedly published under royal auspices, but with little success. Another by the Rev. Zachary Boyd of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and a third version by Sir W. Moore of Rowallan, had many excellences, but little popularity. Our present version of "The Psalms of David in Metre" was prepared by Francis Rouse, M. P., Provost of Eton, who became a member of the House of Lords under Cromwell, and won an excellent name alike for learning and for virtue. His version was approved

by the General Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1646. But it was revised again and again by the Scottish General Assembly, "translated and diligently compared with the Original Text and former Translations," before they finally adopted it as "more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text than any heretofore." This was done in 1650, when our present version was appointed to be sung in the Scottish churches and families. Its high excellence is witnessed by the fact that it still holds its place in the hearts, the homes, and the churches of Scotland and its loyal children, after more than two hundred years of undisputed sway in Scottish Psalmody.

The removal of the Scottish Court from Edinburgh to London took place in the former period, but its effects upon Scottish Literature began to be felt most severely in this period. It gave a fatal wound to Scottish as a living national language. The noble language of our Ancestral Kings and Queens, our Princes and Peers, our Clergy and Nobility, was now accounted a provincial *patois*. It fell into disuse, and the rage of the ambitious was, to Anglicise. This was a most serious hardship to the Scottish nation, and long did it keep down the Scottish genius! To this day the Scottish people feel abashed in polite society on account of their native Scottish or *Doric*, as it is analogously called. When, with a fondness approaching to veneration, I have spoken a sentence in Scottish in polite Scottish society, I have smiled with sad pity to notice that they shrunk from their ancestral language as something vulgar! This is not as it should be.

But Scotland began to overcome this hardship, and anon there arose Thomson and Scott, Hume and Robertson, Smith and Reid, Hamilton and Brougham, Wilson and Macaulay, rivalling the English themselves in English Literature.

Still, however, many provincial poets cling to their vernacular Scottish, and why should not their exquisite songs be studied and loved, say, in the colleges of New Zealand, as long as the Grecian Doric is dear! Why should they blush for their dear old language? Think of Theocritus blushing for his immortal idylls! Like the Arcadian Pastorals, the Scottish Songs