

life and peace to men, and beseeching them "to live to the praise of the glory of his grace"; listen to the simple melody that in sweet and artless notes, but from hearts attuned, that arises in praise of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And now, leaving the House of God, enter into the home of your childhood, and listen to that gentle, low voice that nightly teaches you to repeat—"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," or to those deep-toned utterances of the heart, that commit you to God's holy keeping, through all your earthly pilgrimage, and then—if you retain the honest feelings of a man—refuse, if you can, practically to tell to posterity—to tell nightly to your children—to tell weekly to the world, how the intellectual character of your country has been formed; how her moral and religious defences were reared; how they have been preserved, and may still be maintained as the strongest of the nation's bulwarks from generation to generation.

Dear to my spirit, Scotland, hast thou been,
 Since infant years, in all thy glens of green!
 Land of my love, where every sound and sight
 Comes in soft melody, or melts in light;
 Land of the green wood by the silver rill,
 The heather and the daisy of the hill,
 The guardian thistle to the foeman stern,
 The wild rose, hawthorn, and the lady fern,
 Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings,
 Beyond the rainbow upon quivering wings;
 Land of wild beauty, and romantic shapes,
 Of sheltered valleys, and of stormy capes,
 Of the bright garden and the tangled brake
 Of the dark mountain and the sun-lit lake;
 Land of my birth and of my father's grave,
 The eagle's home, and the eyrie of the brave!
 The foot of slave thy heather never stained,
 Nor rocks, that battlement thy sons profaned!
 Unrivalled land of science and of arts;
 Land of fair faces and of faithful hearts;
 Land where religion paves her heavenward road,
 Land of the Temple of the Living God!
 Yet dear to feeling Scotland as thou art,
 Should'st thou that glorious temple e'er desert,