

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, 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,  
 I would disclaim thee—seek the distant shore,  
 Of some fair isle—and then return no more.

The sermon was listened to with the most profound attention. A collection was taken up for the benefit of the poor, when the congregation sang the 2nd paraphrase. Before the dismissal the choir sang, "How beautiful upon the Mountains." During the service the flags of the various societies were hung up in different parts of the Church. At the close, the procession formed in the same order as it had proceeded to Church, and after marching through some of the principal streets of the city, arrived at the Mechanics' Hall. Here the St. Andrew's Society again held a session, at which a vote of thanks was passed to Rev. Dr. Mathieson for his excellent sermon, coupled with a request that it might be published.



*From the estate of John  
 and Olga Cutler.*