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ELOQUENT ADDRESS

presses you than startles you. You stand upon the seashore and cast your eye oceanward. The rocks lie like sleeping giants, or lift up their heads like warriors. The mist hanging in the air reminds you of the robes of the fairies in the childhood of life. You pass along her high-ways. The hills, glens, brooks and valleys take you back in imagination to the time when your own life was peopled with ghosts, demons, fairies and witches. You pass through her lakes. Who can ever forget the strange mystic impression of Loch Lomond, with Big Ben pushing his head above the clouds, or Loch Katrine with its silver strand and the indefinable beauties of Ellen's Isle. I climbed the Biddon Hill at Melrose and must say that never have I seen its equal for glory and beauty. No wonder Scott's fancies created such a romantic world, for the physical basis was spread out before him. Scotland is peculiarly the land of the imagination and she has fed the imagination of the world with a unique type of spiritual power.

IMAGINATION

The other element is the mystic charm of the Scottish imagination. When you place a highly developed imagination in a land where the whole physical environment meets its yearning you have the background of the finest emotions in life. An eminent authority said recently that between the Tweed's silver stream and where the ocean billows break in thunders on Cape Wrath you cannot find ten square miles of Scottish ground which has not been celebrated in ballad, legend, song or story. This is so pronounced that it meets you everywhere. In their public squares, their churches, their cemeteries, their homes there is the aroma of the spiritual ideals and accomplishments of the people. The old songs of the spinning wheel, of the lassies in their glee, of the fiddlers at weddings and frolics, of the pipers in battle and the lament for the heroic dead still break forth in a manner that shows the past is still vital and profoundly appreciated. It seems to me that in these things we come near to the explanation of the ties of the Scot to his land and why Scotland throws her charm over the sympathetic visitors. We see the land with our own eyes but we interpret it through the imagination of the people themselves. The man who tries to understand Scotland and Scotland's history by the laws of ordinary human development can never get near the genius of the people. Carnegie says, "Touch a Scotchman's head and he will argue and bicker to the limit; touch his heart and he will fall on your bosom." Such is the inwardness of the soul which shines out in its many-sided abilities and strange emotion.

FROM HUMBLE CIRCUMSTANCES

A second impression is that great attainments in life can come amid very humble circumstances. Scotland's early history was made when the people were comparatively poor. Much of the land was bleak, and earning a living was a serious task. Even now apart from the extremely fertile belts and great commercial centres you see the small cottage, neat and cosy, bearing the evidences of strict economy and self denial. This was the background of a great civilization. Take the literature. When the Edinburgh Review was about to be launched, Sydney Smith proposed that the motto be "We cultivated literature on a little oatmeal." This jocular suggestion held a great truth. The intellectual greatness of Scotland shone amid the bare necessities, if not the privations of daily life. The literature of Scotland is one of its imperishable contributions to the world's inspiration and happiness. We spent some time in Barn's Land and Scott's Land, and what a tribute to the power of their appeal. Abbotford is visited by over ten thousand tourists every season and the same is true of Ayr. The heart of the appeal is the vivid imagination which creates new worlds and fills them with great human lives, the profound sympathy with the poor, suffering, downtrodden heart, the delight of social fellowship, the valor of the warrior, the cunning of the lover and the brotherhood of man. To see such monuments of spiritual wealth springing from the hearts of a toiling people is a magnificent tribute to the possibilities of the inner world of man's being.

RARE TYPE OF HUMOR.

Side by side with this we must place the production of a rare type of humor. This is one of the most worthy achievements of Scotland. It is not the forced wit or superficial pun of the modern world so much as the very breath of a people who lived below the surface of the world of things. It has a keen intellectual element, a pronounced sense of warfare of intellects and a practical side in adding to the joy of those who toiled together. One scarcely knows whether it is conscious, unconscious or subconscious. It is definitely vital, every department of life shows it and has been enriched by it. Here is a sample from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. There lives there a Presbyterian elder who, in addition to his own prayer meeting, frequently attended the Methodist prayer meet-

ing. Some time ago a meeting was held to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism in Nova Scotia. The chairman gave an eloquent address and stated there were one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in Nova Scotia. Before closing he asked the Elder to pray. Among other things he said, "We thank Thee for John Knox. We thank Thee for the one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in our country, and especially for the one hundred and thirteen Presbyterian ministers who are preaching the Word of Life throughout our land."

Here is a sample from the auld land. A Highlander speaking to an English tourist said, "There are a God-fearing set o' folks here, 'deed they are and I will give you an instance of it. Last Sabbath, just as kirk was scaling there was a drover chiel from Dumfries coming along the road, whistling and looking as merry as if it was the middle o' the week. Our lads are a God-fearing set o' lads and they yokit upon him and almost killed him."

IN MACHANICS

A third impression is the wonderful success in the mechanical interests of life. When the world wants ships it goes to the Clyde. What is seen on such a magnificent scale here is seen in every department of life. Her steel workers, fishermen, granite workers, weavers, soldiers, engineers and scholars manifest the same thoroughness in their respective spheres. It is a testimony to the first consciousness of work to be done, ability to do it and an unfaltering determination to achieve success at any cost. It prides itself on a good job rather than on quick returns or large dividends. It rejoices in the sweet sense of something worthy and plods forward never doubting that patience and common sense will win the day.

REFLECTIONS

A sympathetic study of Scotland leads to some practical reflections. The transplanted Scotchman shows a wonderful tenacity in living in the spirit of the auld land and yet in the face of such great temptation it seems to me that we are in danger of losing some things of value. Many people coming to Canada hope to forget the home land because it was the scene of their degradation. Our traditions are worthy and we should maintain them.

First we should maintain our interest in the literature and song of Scotland. Apart from their immediate interest to Scotchmen these have a profound mission in cultivating the imagination and spiritual idealism. Scottish imagination holds a unique place in the brotherhood of nations and we ought to foster it for its intrinsic worth.

Second, we ought to maintain the heart of Scotland's social life. Who can ever forget the good old custom of spending the long winter evenings in fellowship with a neighbor? Without any formal invitation the whole family would suddenly descend upon a neighbor. The hearty welcome was given, the good fellowship was evidenced, the stories, the keen discussions, the good natured banter and the tempting meal completed the evening which was the soul of what was the best in social life. We are running to seed with our formalities our style, our extravagances and our jealousies. No nation can come to its best unless the social ties are enduring. We would gain much by returning to Scotland's love of the heart to heart hour.

Third, we ought to foster Scotland's type of patriotism. They love their land for its intrinsic value. They long to return because it is the home land, the spiritual background of their ideals. I fear ours is often superficial. We wave the old flag but the flag only covers much of empire's creed of gold and selfish aim. The Balkan States have taught the world a lesson. Scotland did it for hundreds of years. We will be worthy sons of Scotland if we can train a people who will pour out their intellectual, social, financial and spiritual power for the highest freedom of Canada and her redemption from all tyranny oppression and vain boasting.

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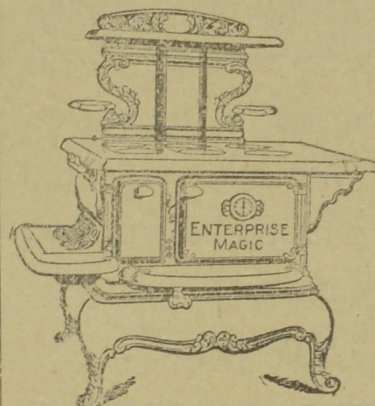
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