

## ST. ANDREW'S SERMON.

Preached in Erskine Church, December 3rd, 1905, by the  
Rev. W. D. Reid, B.D.; Chaplain St. Andrew's Society, Montreal.

THE SCOTSMAN'S INHERITANCE, AND THE  
DANGER OF MARRING IT.

“Lest I mar mine own inheritance.”—*Ruth* iv., 6.

The book of Ruth is one of the most tenderly beautiful pastorals ever written. Voltaire said of it, “That as a story of filial affection and devotion, of touching description and pathos, there is nothing in Homer or in any other classic writer its equal.” The passage from which our text is chosen brings before us a peculiarly delicate scene. An obstacle has presented itself, forbidding the marriage of Boaz and Ruth. Naomi has decided to sell the property belonging to her dead husband and her departed sons. According to the Levitical law, the next of kin must be first given the opportunity of purchasing the land, but with that property must go Ruth the beautiful Moabitess. Boaz was a just man, and even though his love for Ruth was strong and tender and true, yet he must do the right in this matter. It must have been indeed a trying moment for both Ruth and Boaz when the latter bravely makes the righteous offer to the anonymous kinsman, and informs him that Ruth goes with the purchase. Then it was that this relative makes answer in the words of the text, “I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance.” He declined the acquisition of the estate upon those conditions. We know not why he made this answer, but we can rejoice in the happiness of Boaz and Ruth, who were thus so happily united. From the words of the unknown kinsman we shall endeavor to learn some lessons of profit this evening.

This congregation is gathered under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, and as your Chaplain I am expected to say something appropriate to the occasion, for your benefit and uplifting. It is not my purpose to say much about St. Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland. We all know the history of this apostle as far as the New Testament gives it to us, but further

than that we cannot go with any sureness of tread, as his after history is shrouded in the mists of mythology. Tradition assigns Scythia, Greece and Thrace as the scenes of Andrew's ministry. He is said to have suffered crucifixion at Patræ, Achaia, on a cross called "Crux Decussata," more commonly known as the St. Andrew's Cross. How it came about we cannot with any confidence say, but Andrew was adopted as the patron Saint of Scotland, and it is in accordance with this tradition that this Society has received its name. Wonderful it is, how names change their meanings and are enlarged by the stream of history poured into them. When we use the term "St. Andrew's" to-day, we think not of the original Andrew who walked by the shores of Galilee, but of Scotland and Scotsmen. St. Andrew's Cross does not turn our minds to the piece of wood upon which St. Andrew suffered ignominious death for the sake of his Master, but rather to the national emblem of Scotland. The phrase "St. Andrew's Society" brings before the average mind not a company of men in Bethsaida, Andrew's home, but a body of Scotsmen. To-night, in speaking to this "St. Andrew's Society," I shall do so as a Scotsman to Scotsmen; I shall speak to you as men and women who have come from the cities, the towns, the straths, the glens, the heather-clad hills of the land symbolized by the word "St. Andrew." Having said this much by way of transition we will return to our text, "Lest I mar mine own inheritance." My subject is the Scotsman's inheritance, and the danger of marring it. In speaking of the Scotsman we shall deal with what may be called "The Typical Scot." While there are always exceptions to all classifications, yet there are peculiar outstanding characteristics belonging to every nationality, and there are certain broad lines along which the inheritance of the typical Scot may be delineated.

(1) Notice first

THE PHYSICAL INHERITANCE OF THE SCOTSMAN.

One of the grandest heritages that can descend to any man is that of a strong robust physique. The man or the race that is given a powerful physical make-up, the power of endurance, the ability to bear fatigue without breaking down under it, has a splendid start in the race of life. There are strong races, and there are weak races; effeminate races, and virile races. As we think of our

nationality in this connection we naturally ask, is there a sturdier, healthier people on the face of the earth to-day than the Scotch? As we remember how, in all parts of the earth, the hard working Scot may be found labouring night and day, often carrying that labour right up to the fourscore years of life, it seems to me we make no mistake in saying that God has indeed given this people a rich physical inheritance. Perhaps the means through which God has given to the Scot this noble dowry may be found in the hard bare country in which he has been brought up, and the trying untoward climate in which he has been reared. The child of the tropics is simply out of the race with this hardy Northerner. Where the sky is grey, the climate unkindly, the soil barren and rocky, yielding little except to the most diligent hand, man reaches his highest range of physical development. Well has a noted present-day writer said, "Behind the dykes of Holland, under the dark skies of Britain, on the sterile soil of Scotland great races have lived and thriven, and have built roads of progress, along which the civilized world moves unceasingly to its unseen goal." Take, on the other hand, the child of the "Sunny South," who has for centuries dozed under his banana tree and awakened only to shake the tree and bring down the ripe fruit, satisfy his hunger and drop off to sleep again, his muscles have become flabby, his blood thin, his enduring power very limited. During the building of the Suez Canal it was found that the men whose veins were filled with Teutonic blood were worth two and one half times more at work than the Egyptian. In the Indian Mutiny it was discovered that the Highland regiments could stand more than double the strain of the native forces. Because of this magnificent physical inheritance, we learn that in all the battles of the Empire, the men from the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland have borne a glorious part. On the field of Waterloo, on the burning sands of Egypt at Tel-el-Kebir, in the far off Northern India at the Dargai heights, on the blood-stained South African veldt, the Scotsman by his physical bravery, his daring, his stern determination, his unconquerable grit, his power of endurance, has won a name which stands second to none in the world. This name has been obtained in part, at least, because of his splendid physical inheritance.

Yet there is danger lurking in this very inheritance. Along with a fine physique very often goes the peril of yielding to the

animal, the craving for stimulation which alas too often mars the Scotsman's inheritance. It may not be pleasing to our vanity, but it is nevertheless true, that few nationalities in the world are marring a splendid physical inheritance more by strong drink than are Scotsmen. It is one of the things which has made me sad and sorrowful, and my heart ache continually while working in different places in the old land, to see how this glorious inheritance was being thus thrown away. Let us never forget that these bodies are sacred things, that they are the temples of the Holy Ghost, that they were made for God to dwell in, and that the man who injures and mars this heritage by sinning against the simple economy of health takes the crown of manhood from his own brow, and defies the laws of God who gave him this heritage. Let us as Scotsmen transplanted to this Canada, ever keep inviolate this trust bestowed upon us by the mother land, and use all the virility that God has given us through a noble ancestry, to build up and develop our adopted land.

## (2) THE SCOTSMAN'S INTELLECTUAL INHERITANCE.

When we think of the number of intellectual men that Scotland has given to the world, when we enumerate the poets, philosophers, statesmen, scientists, theologians, writers, that this rugged land of the North has given to the race, no one can accuse us of egotism or exaggeration when we say that Almighty God has indeed given Scotsmen a rich intellectual heritage. After having travelled over the majority of the civilized nations of the earth, I have no hesitation in saying that I know of no land where the rank and file of the people have such a measure of intellectual knowledge as one finds in Scotland. Froude in his history of Europe says that "that little land of Scotland has wielded a greater intellectual influence upon the world than has either Greece or Palestine." The typical Scotsman is essentially a lover of learning, yea a lover of truth. Perchance his intellect may not be so lithe or supple, or even so subtle as some of other nationalities, but for strong logical, virile, philosophic, incisive reasoning I know of no race which surpasses the Scot. Did I say he is a lover of truth? So he is. He is naturally conservative in his thinking, but let him once become convinced that truth lies beyond his little horizon, and he will toil manfully up the hill, and will abandon all that he holds

dear, in order that he may get a glimpse of the land that lies beyond. To me there is no more pathetic example of this among later Scotsmen than we find in the life of the late Robertson Smith. He was a man of cyclopædic mind, but above everything else he was a lover of truth. He toiled onwards and upwards, even though his thinking took him clean away from his old bearings. He was followed and goaded by heresy hunters, and was practically forced to surrender almost everything that men hold dear in his quest of truth; his friends, his church, and in a certain sense his Bible. We may not concur in all the conclusions at which he arrived, yet we cannot read the history of his life without feeling "what an insatiable hunger for truth." And that desire to get at the reality of things does not belong to Robertson Smith alone, but to every real Scotsman. The late W. E. Gladstone, who was but a Scotsman born in England, is another good example of the same idea. No matter what it cost him, or what had to be relinquished or sacrificed, this mountain peaked man of the nineteenth century must get at the truth of everything, and, better still, he was willing to act upon it let the consequences be what they would. In his intellectual work, the Scot may not excel in languages or in the fine arts, but in philosophy, in logic, in mathematics, he generally stands well to the fore front of his class. It is natural to the Scotsman, an inherent part of his nature, shall I say, to lay down his premises and draw logical conclusions therefrom. When we recall to mind the long line of powerful reasoners that Scotland has produced, Dugald Stewart, Alexander Bain, Sir William Hamilton, John Caird, Prof. Calderwood, A. B. Bruce, Cairns, Marcus Dods, Robert Flint, and hundreds of others just as outstanding, when we recollect that even in Oxford, the great English seat of learning, we find Edward Caird the acknowledged leader in Philosophy, and A. M. Fairbairn the leading theologian, both men from the far North, we must indeed come to the conclusion that Scotsmen have a rich intellectual heritage.

The Scot is not only a strong thinker, but an *intuitive* thinker as well. While there is strength, there is a keen intuition that catches the real principle involved, the very essence of the matter. Amid a thousand and one accidents and superficial circumstances, that will mislead the ordinary man, the Scot with a quick unerring resoluteness will pierce to the marrow of the question, through all

sophistry and surface logic, and will get at the realities of things. There is also fineness as well as force in his thinking. Where will you discover a better example of this than in the poetry of the Ayrshire plowman. Well has Carlyle said of him, "we see in this man the gentleness, the trembling pity, the intuition of the woman combined with the deepest earnestness, the force, the passionate ardor of the hero." The late George MacDonald is another outstanding example of the real intuitive Scot. The Scotsman is also *incisive in his thinking and in his speech*. Perhaps in no other man do we find this characteristic coming to such fruition as in the grim old philosopher of Ecclefechan, Thomas Carlyle. For incisiveness, pungency, keenness, causticness, I know of no book to compare with "Sartor Resartus." This trait of character belongs particularly to the Scottish race. Wherever you find him, this man from the North is noted for his ability to strike the nail on the head, in both thought and speech. The Scot is also a *practical thinker*. This position is proven when we consider all the inventions that the men of this race have given to the world, from the days of Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, down to Lord Kelvin of present day fame, who is but a Scotsman born in Ireland. Looking at the Scot as a thinker from all these angles, are we not right in saying that God has indeed given him a rich intellectual legacy? Not only has this heritage been bequeathed to him, but it has been splendidly nurtured by the unequalled educational facilities which have come down as a national birth right from Scotland's greatest son, John Knox. While all this is true, yet us never forget that great gifts involve corresponding responsibilities, and the greater the inheritance the greater the danger of marring it. In the first place, Scotsmen sometimes mar this inheritance by injuring the body. So strangely are body and mind in us related, that many a man has injured and ruined a splendid intellect through the abuse of the body. Perhaps we have no sadder example of this than in Robert Burns. In the second place, we are apt to mar that intellectual ability by allowing it to be warped and twisted by prejudice. A Scotsman is an intense man, one who feels strongly on any point, and because of this his intellect, his judgment, is apt to be biased by his feelings, and this inheritance marred. In the third place, the Scotsman's inheritance is often marred by developing the brain at the expense of the heart. You

have often met Scotsmen who had finely developed heads, but the finer qualities of the heart and affections were lacking. I believe there is no man who needs the grace of God to balance him and keep him right more than does the Scotsman, and I also believe that there is no man who has higher spiritual possibilities in him when his life is surrendered to God than has the same man. Let us see to it then, that this part of our inheritance shall not be marred by injuring the body, nor by allowing the judgment to be biased, nor by neglecting the finer qualities, but that the whole man shall be developed symmetrically.

### (3) THE SCOTSMAN'S INHERITANCE OF EXECUTIVE ABILITY.

The more I come in contact with people the less I wonder at there being so much poverty and trouble in the world. The great rank and file of men and women have so little judgment, so little foresight, so little enterprise, so little ambition, so little adaptability of means to ends. This ability to succeed in the world is born with people. The converse also is true. The thriftlessness, short-sightedness, inability to provide for the future, seems also to be born with us. Dr. Dwight Hillis says that "many people are not so much born as damned into life." A nationality that has been given a natural shrewdness of judgment in dealing with men and affairs, a natural acquisitiveness that makes provision for the future, a natural ambition and enterprise that achieves success in the temporal affairs of this life, that nation has indeed a rich inheritance from God, one for which to be deeply thankful. Only a superficial glance at the business world of to-day will reveal to any observer that the Scotsman has this inheritance in a remarkable degree. Combining natural caution with a splendid enterprise and ambition, he has become the acknowledged leader in business circles wherever you find him. He shrewdly watches men, weighs arguments and motives, and tests principles and characters. Some one has said that if ever the North Pole is found it will also be discovered that a Scotsman has been there for some time making money. In all the leading business enterprises of the world the Scotsman may be found right in the forefront of the battle. As an example, look at our own city of Montreal, and you will see that the wealth, the business establishments, the benevolent institutions of the Scotsmen are out of all proportion to their numerical strength. In talking

with a man in London, England, some time ago, he complained "that London was almost run by Scotsmen, and that they had to send to Dundee for a man to become Lord Mayor of the largest city in the world." In a book called "The unspeakable Scot," the writer bitterly complains that the men from that rugged land of heather are practically running the whole British Empire. In all the leading cities of the world, in the United States, in Europe, in Constantinople, in Asia Minor, even in Jerusalem, I found this same indomitable Scot, always to the front in the business world, and always making money, but very loathe to say much about it. All this proves that God has given the Scot a rich endowment along this line, but like all other good things, there lurks in it a very subtle danger. Because of this very temperament, the Scot is peculiarly susceptible to the influences of mammon.

In fact he is proverbial not only for his ability to succeed, but also for his closefistedness, and sometimes miserliness. I know of no nationality more liable to this danger than the Scotch. It is an unspeakably sad thing to see as I have seen upon more than one occasion, a thrifty hardworking Scot shrivelling up his soul for money, loving it purely for its own sake. When such takes place it is indeed the marring of a noble inheritance. Christ never denounced the possession of money but the love of it. "It is not wealth, but the callousness of wealth, not money, but the love of it," not the lawful accumulation of it, but the passionate quest of it which is the withering, blighting, diabolical thing that sometimes eats into the Scotsman's soul with a fiery incurable corrosion. As long as the Scotsman rules his money all is right, but when the money rules him all is wrong. Let us as Scotsmen see to it, that we shall not thus mar our inheritance, but use the money which God has given us, for the uplifting of this world, and for the furthering of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

#### (4) THE SCOTSMAN'S INHERITANCE OF PERSEVERANCE.

A noted writer has said that "genius is simply an infinite capacity for persevering drudgery." Another has written simply but beautifully :

"Of the wise and holy Maker,  
Of the good and gracious God,  
Man can ask few higher blessings,  
Than the gift and power to plod."



Nations there are more brilliant, more flashy than the people from Scotland, but for indomitable, dogged, determined, unwavering perseverance there are none to equal them. Undoubtedly this characteristic has had much to do with the Scot's proverbial success in the affairs of life. The typical Scot never calculates to turn from his purpose if he believes that purpose to be right. Difficulties and obstacles may arise in his pathway, but he must surmount them or be borne down with his face to the foe. No finer example of this "plodding" instinct can be found than in Carlyle. He wrote with the utmost difficulty, and his books were literally wrung from him. He never executed a page of his great histories until he had consulted every known authority. Before writing his essay on Diderot he read 25 volumes, and poured their quintessence into that masterpiece. It is told of him that, after preparing the MSS. for "The French Revolution," when by mistake the precious document had been thrown into the fire by a heedless servant, he said but little, but bravely went to work again and re-wrote it in its entirety. Look at David Livingstone as an example of what a persevering Scot can accomplish. Upon one expedition alone he travelled clean across the continent of Africa, walking about 11,000 miles on foot. As I read the lives of the great missionaries, John G. Paton, McKay of Formosa, Moffat, Morison, Taylor, Geddes, and many others of the same race, I often ask myself, would any other race have persevered against such overwhelming odds? Wherever you find him, the typical Scot is the same plodding, dauntless determined, persevering man, making environment yield to his iron grasp. This gift of perseverance is from God. True we may cultivate it to a certain extent, but after all has been said we can't get away from the fact that it is born with us. For some nationalities it is a hard thing to stand firm in the face of difficulties, and persevere, but for the Scot it is the most natural thing in the world; it is a part of his inheritance from the Almighty. Like all other heritages, however, there is the possibility of marring this one, and to this danger the majority of Scotsmen are very susceptible. When perseverance turns to sheer doggedness, when determination of purpose becomes mere dourness, when stick-to-it-iveness turns to downright stubbornness, then it is that the manna becomes worms, then Aaron's rod of blessing becomes a serpent, and that which might be a great blessing in the world becomes a veritable curse. I know of no man

who can be more unreasonably stubborn than a Scotsman, and no man who more needs the grace of God to prevent him from thus marring a noble inheritance.

(5) THE SCOTSMAN'S INHERITANCE OF LOVE OF FREEDOM.

Is there a country on the face of the earth that has a more inspiring history, in her struggles for freedom, political and religious, than has Scotland? Oftentimes her much larger and somewhat tyrannical sister, England, used to sweep up through the border valley and capture cities, and lay the land waste with fire and sword, but just when the English imagined that the Scotch were subdued, a William Wallace or a Robert Bruce would spring to the fore, claymore in hand, and would lead that unconquerable, liberty-loving people to victory and to freedom. No country under the sun can show as many battlefields to the square mile as can Scotland, and a very large majority of them were stained by Scottish blood in the cause of freedom. Other countries were crushed and captured by the stern Englishman, but rough mountainous heather-clad Scotland, defended by her granite sons, could never be either conquered or annexed. When finally the union took place, she had to be coaxed into it, and it is by virtue of the Scottish blood in his veins that King Edward VII. sits on Britain's throne to-day. Nor is the battle for civil and political liberty the grandest part of Scotland's history. The Scot must have not only civil and political liberty, but he must have liberty of conscience, religious liberty as well. There is no more significant or inspiring chapter in Scottish history than that which is found in the story of her struggle for spiritual freedom. In the early days, when the reformation was sweeping over the different countries of Europe, there was no nation that made such a clean sweep of Rome as did Scotland. In France the great movement for freedom was strangled by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in Germany and Switzerland the revolt against the thralldom of the priest was but partial and incomplete, in Bohemia it was almost stamped out by a bitterly hostile government, in England it stuck in the compromise of Anglicanism, in Russia it is even now in the throes of its inception, but in Scotland, from Carlisle to John o'Groats, the nation arose as one man under Knox and swept forever from her throne of tyranny the power that had so long held Scotland in bondage. True in

that struggle many of Scotland's noblest sons, Patrick Hamilton, and many others, sealed their testimony with their blood, but Scotland must be free even though she paid the price of freedom in the shed blood of her best sons. In later days, when the traitorous Stuarts tried to force prelacy upon the land of their birth, they found the spirit of freedom just as strong as it was in the days of Knox. We as Scotsmen celebrate the battle of Bannockburn, but there is another battle, less spoken of, it is true, but I believe even greater in importance than the one fought on the banks of the Bannock, viz., the battle of Drumclog. Here it was where Scotsmen met the foreign ecclesiastical invader and inaugurated their own spiritual independence. The defeat of Claverhouse and his dragoons at Drumclog, by the stern Scottish covenanters under Balfour of Burleigh, meant for the religious life of Scotland what Bannockburn meant for her political life. When the famous Jennie Geddes flung her creeper stool at the head of Dean Hannay, with the scornful epithet, "Wad ye say mass at my lug," she but represented the spirit and temper of the Scottish nation. For nearly half a century Scotland went through the throes of a persecution, and endured it with a firmness and heroism that has few parallels in history. From the Marquis of Argyle, one of the noblest of Scotsmen, who perished on a trumped up charge of high treason, down to humble, Margaret Wilson, who was drowned by the rising tide at Wigton, all met this diabolical persecution with a determination and bravery that shall ever be remembered as long as Scotsmen live. The spirit of Margaret Wilson was the spirit of the age. Only a Scotch lass of about 18, she refused to conform to prelacy and attend the Episcopal Church. She escaped from her home, but was captured by the soldiers and brought back, and given the option of conforming or being drowned. She chose the latter. With an aged companion, she was tied to a stake on the sea shore as the tide was coming in. After having lost consciousness in the water, she was ordered to be dragged forth and resuscitated. When asked if she would conform, she replied, "Let me go to Jesus." The brutal commander Warren gave orders for her to be put back, and so her liberated spirit passed to its reward, and, at the same time, permeated the whole Scottish nation. John Brown stood and looked his murderers in the face and died rather than submit to tyranny. The true Scot will die, but he must be free—free to think and free

to worship as his conscience dictates. Armed with pistols and Psalm books, these fearless liberty-loving Covenanters preferred to listen to a free Gospel on their native heath, even though death might leap upon them at any moment, rather than worship in safety in the most beautiful of churches, bound by the ritual of the Church of England. When Richard Cameron, with his passionate love of freedom, nailed his famous declaration to the cross, and rode away to the mountains well knowing that he would pay the penalty with his head for his temerity, he represented the feeling of that persecuted people. It was indeed a life and death struggle for liberty, but Scotland won. At last the dungeon doors were thrown open and the sword of persecution was sheathed, the boot, the thumb-screw and the rack were relegated to museums. When the trumpets of the Prince of Orange pealed forth the nation's freedom, the Church of Scotland arose from the dust unmanacled still. Many had died in that struggle, but still the Church was free. Previous to 1843, many of Scotland's best sons felt that the Church was being fettered by the patronage system, which gave the government and its minions the power to place whom they would over a pastoral charge, whether the people desired it or no. At last this feeling of irksomeness came to a climax in the Auchterarder Presbytery, and the result of it was that 450 men, headed by Dr. Chalmers, walked out leaving only about 700 behind. Nobly did they leave their homes, their churches, their livings, in the interests of what they believed to be freedom, and again the mountains and glens of Scotland rang to the praises of God, sung by a people who had surrendered everything to be free. The spirit of Scotsmen is the same still. In 1904 I was in Scotland, when the infamous judgment of the House of Lords was rendered, practically commanding the Free Church part of the United Free Church to go back to the State Church theory held by Chalmers, and also to the unqualified acceptance of the Confession of Faith, or lose all its property valued at about \$50,000,000. From one end of Scotland to the other, there was but one voice from that liberty-loving Church, viz., we will leave all our earthly goods behind rather than be in the slightest trammled by the State. Yes, and in many places in Scotland churches have done so, and during the past year the mountains and glens of Scotland have rung again to the praises of God from a disinherited people. But while the Church may be

disinherited by an unjust judiciary; yet, thank God, the Scotsman can never be disinherited of his burning love of freedom. No country in the world can boast a nobler history of battles fought in freedom's cause than can Scotland. Is not this a grand heritage? Not only is the history ours but the love of freedom itself. There is, however, the possibility of marring even this inheritance. There is in the Scotsman such a spirit of independence, and such an aversion to trammels of any kind, that oftentimes he has rebelled against the powers that be, has caused strife and divisions, and schisms, over little matters where it would have been better for all concerned, and also for the cause of Jesus Christ, to have allowed the contention to pass unnoticed. The Scotsman who, desiring the position of an elder, was asked what qualifications he had for the office, replied that, "He could aye object," represents somewhat the temper of the whole nation. The lamentably numerous divisions of the great Presbyterian family in Scotland is a sad monument to this "objecting" quality in the Scot. When a man goes out from his fellows, creating a disturbance and injuring the cause of Christ, and for no other reason but that he cannot have his own way in everything, then it is that this magnificent heritage of "love of freedom" is sadly marred indeed. Our danger as a nation lies not in cringing servility, not in submitting to tyranny, but in self assertion, in our independence, in our love of what we consider to be our freedom. Our strength is often our weakness, and our love of liberty is apt to make us intolerant towards those who may conscientiously differ from us. Let us then see to it, that we zealously guard this weakness in our natures lest we mar a God-given inheritance.

(6) Notice, lastly,

#### THE SCOTSMAN'S SPIRITUAL INHERITANCE.

There are spiritual nations, and there are Atheistical nations. Not that all in one nation are spiritual or that all in another nation are sceptical. But it is an undeniable fact that some nationalities carry about with them a sort of inherited sense of the presence of God. It has been said that a nation nurtured among the hills, among gigantic mountains and wild scenery, is apt to be far more religious than one living on the level plain. What the reason may be I know not, but this I do firmly believe, that there is no nation on the face of the earth so naturally religious, which has in its