

theless stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glows strongest in their hearts.

It is of the essence of true Patriotism to be earnest and truthful, to strive to keep its native land in harmony with the laws of national thrift and power. It will tell a land of its faults as a friend will counsel a companion. It will speak as honestly as a physician advises a patient. And if occasion requires, an indignation will flame out of its love and sweep before it that which is base, degrading and dangerous to the national life.

When we think of what Patriotism has done to ennoble and uplift mankind, it must surely be admitted that it is a God-given instinct to contract a special love of our native soil, its kindred stock, its ancestral traditions. Where the sentiment of Patriotism is not deep, a sacred affection is absent, an essential element of virtue is wanting, and religion barren of one prominent witness of its sway. Although the highest of revelation is to point to and prepare us for "a better country," no one can rightly read the pages of his Bible without catching enthusiasm for his earthly country, the land of his fathers, the shelter of his infancy, the hope of his children.

It is a privilege of our nature hardly to be measured, that we are capable of the emotion of Patriotism, that we can feel a nation's life in our veins, rejoice in a nation's glory, suffer for a nation's momentary shame, throb with a nation's hope.

Next to the love for God and for one's family, the love of country is the sublimest emotion that stirs the human breast and the most potent influence for good in the world.

WHAT INSPIRES PATRIOTISM?

Certainly not the richness of resource, the beauty of scenery, or the character of the climate. Some of the most barren lands of the earth, some of the bleakest and most forbidding countries, have produced the truest patriots. The Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy, stern Spain, the snow-capped steppes of Russia, and the green fields of England, have equally clutched the hearts of their people with a resistless chain.

The ancient Romans believed the yellow Tiber the river dearest to heaven. The Englishman can see grandeur in the Thames beyond compare. The Alpine storm wind is a welcome sound to the Swiss mountaineer, while the Laplander believes his land the fairest the sun shines on.

A wonderful Creator has placed the different races of the earth in the climate, upon the land, and with the environment that is calculated to bring out the best that is in them. And so the very bleakness and barrenness of the land appeal to its inhabitants.

But our country is something more than the land and rock, the mountains, lakes and rivers of which it is composed. Our country is something more even than the single procession which passes across its border in one generation; it means the land with all its people in all its periods; the ancestors whose exertions made us what we are, and whose memory is precious to us; the posterity to whom we transmit what we prize—unstrained as we receive it; and he who loves his country truly and serves her rightly, must act and speak not for the present generation alone, but for those who come after him as well.

A true patriot is pledged to the idea his country represents. He does not accept and glory in his country merely for what it is at present, and has been in the past, but for what it may become. Each nation has a representative value. Each race that has appropriated a certain latitude which harmonizes with its blood, has the capacity to work out special good results and reveal great truths in some original forms.

In short, it is the Nation, not the land, that makes the patriot; if the Nation degenerates, the land becomes only a name. A land is nothing without the men. The very

same countries that have given inspiration to generations may, if men forget their patriotic duties and obligations as citizens, become the dwelling-places of listless slaves or sordid money-getters.

The true wealth of a country is not its limitless natural resources, its manufactures, or its commerce; it is the character of its men and women, its boys and girls. Byron conveyed this thought in his lines:—

"Clime of the forgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain eave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! Can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
Say is not this Thermopylae?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf the rock of Salamis.
'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul till from itself it fell!
Yes, self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway."

PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES.

Then what of the privileges and duties of Patriotism? It is not only the privilege but the duty of every true lover of his country, every man worthy to be called a Patriot, to do his part in the development of his country and the uplift of its people. To see, as far as possible, that the riches with which a Divine Providence has blessed it, whatever these may be, are developed for the benefit and advantage of his countrymen and mankind in general;—that her commerce is stimulated so that her ships may be seen on every sea;—that peaceful homes, the abode of virtue and love, should abound;—that learning and knowledge may be the possession of her people, both rich and poor;—that her cities should be adorned with all that is glorious in art and in science;—that vice and poverty and crime and sin should be fought by a united people;—that she may stand among the nations of the world a monument of what a sober, industrious, peace-loving people can accomplish;—in short, that she may be noted alike for her commercial prosperity, her learning and refinement, and the Christian character of her people.

Not only this, but love always involves both service and sacrifice. The true Patriot must be prepared to fight the foes of his country, both from without and within, and in her cause to sacrifice home, family and life itself. Patriotism has stood this test in all lands and all ages.

It is right that I should say here that to-night I have not hesitated to use to some extent the words of another, as they expressed what I wished to say so much better than any I could suggest myself.

But I want to speak to you to-night of the country that commands your love and mine as Britons, and the call of that country on us if we are to be known as patriots in this crucial time in her history. And surely, since time began, no country ever had a greater claim upon the love and loyalty of its people than the British Empire has at the present moment. And in order that we may the better understand Great Britain's position, let me sketch as shortly as I can the circumstances leading up to the declaration of war.

GUILT OF SERBIA.

For some time the Balkan Slav race has been one vast organization of intrigue for Slav unity, with Serbia the centre, necessarily at the expense of Austria. Servian intrigue too often means assassination, and the culmination of this system was the murder of the heir to the Austrian throne and his consort; the result of a plot hatched at Belgrade. Austria was justified in resenting this outrage, and any reasonable measures taken to punish Serbia and protect Austria in the future would have had the sympathy of Europe and the world. But while this is so, it should