

peasantry and the city artisan, care for none of these things. This is less true of the smaller nationalities within the British Isles. In Ireland the misfortunes of the country have endeared to the people names like those of Sarsfield, Wolfe Tone, Emmet, and O'Connell. Scotland has been fortunate in having two national heroes who belong to such remote times as to be fit subjects for legend, while in the seventeenth century, she produced, in the Covenanters, another set of striking figures, now, it is to be feared, beginning to be forgotten. Scotland was, moreover, favored a century ago with two great literary artists who, the one by his songs and the other by his prose romances no less than by his poetry, made her history, the history of a small, a poor, and for a long time a rude nation, glow with a light that will last for ages to come. Thus even to-day, Wallace and Bruce, Bothwell Bridge and Culloden, are more vividly present even to the peasant of Scotland than Harold (son of Godwin) or Hampden and Blake, than Agincourt or Fontenoy, or perhaps even Salamanca and the Nile, are to the average Englishman. Scenery no doubt counts for something. In a small country with striking natural features, historical events become more closely associated with the visual impressions of the ordinary citizen. There is no place in England playing the same part in English history as Surling Castle and its neighborhood play in Scotch history. Here I am reminded of Switzerland, a country whose people knew their own history better and love it more intensely than probably any other people in the world know or love theirs. The majestic mountain masses and narrow gorges of the older cantons of Switzerland have not only been one of the main causes in enabling a very small, and once a very obscure people, to conquer in-

dependence from powerful feudal lords and to maintain it ever since, except for one brief interval, in the face of the great military monarchies which surround it, but have also fostered the patriotic spirit of the natives by reminding them daily of the conflicts whereby their freedom was achieved. Like the Psalmist, they can say, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my aid.' Just as in little Greece and Latium, one moves about with a constant sense of tiny republics on every fortified hilltop and of armies traversing every valley, just as in little Scotland one passes on the railway from Blair Athol to Berwick-on-Tweed eleven famous battlefields, so in little Switzerland the sense of history follows and environs one at almost every step, and pervades the minds of a race specially familiar with their own annals, specially zealous in commemorating by national songs, by the celebration of anniversaries, by the statues of departed heroes, by the preservation of ancient buildings, by historical and antiquarian museums in the cantonal capitals, the deeds of valiant forefathers. These things, coupled with universal military service and the practice of self-government in local and cantonal as well as in Federal affairs, have associated patriotism with the daily exercise of civic functions in a manner unapproached elsewhere. Not otherwise an imaginative or enthusiastic people, the Swiss have not only become penetrated and pervaded by patriotism, but have learned to carry its spirit into the working of their institutions. There are some faults in the working of those institutions, but party spirit is among the least of them, and I doubt whether a system so highly democratic could prosper save in a land where the ordinary citizen has attained so strong a sense of the responsibilities which freedom lays upon him.