

Our Aims and Objects

Our Native Land—Our Adopted Country
Our Brotherhood

Address to Scotsmen

Every man has a peculiar love for the land of his birth and the home of his ancestors. He may have been born in a land unhonored by fame and unsung in story, nevertheless he delights in it as the land of his nativity. His home may have been the burning sands or the snow-clad plains, the fertile valley or the barren mountain, the fragrant vale or the desolate waste, the thinly-populated country or the densely-crowded city; it matters not how varied the scene, it has a charm for him which no foreign land can alienate, and no clime destroy. This patriotic feeling is one of the noblest characteristics of the human race. It has been extolled and applauded in every age, and he who becomes a traitor to this sacred tie is scorned and despised by all. Such were the sentiments of our own Sir Walter Scott, when he says:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

Though what has been said may be true of all nationalities, nevertheless the Scots, in a greater degree, perhaps, than any other race, are wrapped