

will congratulate each other upon the superior qualities of their own race, which really amounts to the same as saying in the family circle, in all seriousness :

"Did you ever see boys like our boys? Why, Jack and George are the most perfect gentlemen, the finest scholars, the most renowned athletes that ever lived in this world."

An "ocean greyhound" coming from New York is just entering the port of Hamburg. Everybody, of course, is on deck, and, all of a sudden, a party of young Americans produce little flags with their national colors, and the stars and stripes are frantically waved, when the steamer lands at the wharf. This meant, of course, translated into words: "We are Americans; don't you make the blunder to take us for Europeans! We are the only free people in the world, and all the nations in Europe would do well to adopt our system of government and social institutions."

But some might raise the question: "How can we show our love for our country if not by outward signs?" My answer is: Let us show it by our actions in our daily life, by courtesy, kindness, justice, generosity towards everyone, regardless of race or creed. What greater credit can we do to our native country than showing nobility of character in foreign lands?

Love of his country is natural to the normal man; it need not be inculcated in him by artificial means. He takes pride in the resources of his native land, he delights in its scenery; but he will realize that the mountains in which he has built his home extend to other countries as well; that the sea, the thundering roar of which he loves, beats on the cliffs of many a foreign coast. And, as he gains more experience of life, through the performance of his daily duties, his reading and occasional travels to foreign countries, he comes to the conclusion that human nature is the same everywhere; that it cannot be classified and labelled according to nationality, creed or sex; and that it is more to be a man in the highest sense of the word than to be British, German or American. Thus the cosmopolitan is born in him. He loves his own country best, but he is not puffed up with national pride, nor does he fondly hope that his race will once rule the universe. He believes in the bond of brotherhood and good fellowship among the nations; but he would not have his civilization forced upon unwilling people. You cannot gain the hearts of a race at the point of the sword. The cosmopolitan, if a European or American, will not speak slightly of the old civilization of the great Chinese Empire; he will appreciate the philosophical depth and high morality of the