

Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, but ye would not."—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—"Beginning at Jerusalem"—The spirit was imperishable, indestructable. The malignant hatred, the relentless fury, the heartless cruelty of his kinsmen according to the flesh could not kill this heaven-born impulse.

Patriotism is a native instinct of the soul,—a subtle emotion of the human spirit heaven-born in its source.

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

It is one of the high instincts and lofty virtues of our nature. It is liable, certainly, like any other virtue of the soul, to be degraded, corrupted, transmuted into a feeling monstrous in its nature, and operating disastrously in its effects. Self-seeking demagogues have often abused this instinct in a people by prostituting it to the achievement of their own iniquitous ambitions. And you know how well they have often succeeded. Yet this condemns not the high character of the instinct. Its capacity for being so abused is perhaps itself some indication of the large and lofty possibilities in its right use.

High as is patriotic feeling in its ideal exercise, we must not, however, regard it as the highest instinct of the soul. I sometimes fear there is on the part of some the danger of making patriotism the supreme virtue of life. In such case we make that a master-passion of the soul, which ought rather to hold a place in subordination to instincts and impulses that from their higher nature ought to rule the life. Usurpation of power invariably begets disorder and disaster, whether in the soul or in the nation.

Love is the soul's richest, holiest, heavenliest treasure. It is the soul's richest and divinest life. It is the highest virtue in the universe. "*God is love.*" Love fixes itself on a great variety of objects. These objects are of varied worth and rank,—from God Himself to every creature of his hand. The soul's love of God is, by unquestionable right, its supreme affection. The love of God, based on an intelligent and true apprehension of His being and character as revealed in His works and in His word, ought to be the soul's master-passion. No other affection ought ever to be permitted to usurp its place. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." "He that loveth father or mother, brother or sister, more than Me is not worthy of Me." When this highest instinct of the soul goes out to God,—when love to God becomes the