

ture. She had not one good harbor in all her coasts, her soil originally the sand cast up by the sea, could yield nothing that would have formed a basis for trade, and even timber to build her ships and all the raw material of her manufacture had to be imported, yet in spite of all these disadvantages, she became the first commercial nation of the world. She built commodious havens where nature had denied them. Her soil was the theatre of mighty deeds, and the asylum of Protestant liberty, when the most of continental Europe fell under the power of tyrants; and by her commercial genius, she replenished her inhabitants with the riches of the Orient. She alone it was that contested with England the empire of the Seas, her fleets sweeping the channel, and even entering the Thames, to beard the lion in his den. And to what did she owe her greatness? Every reader of history knows that her greatness may be dated from her noble and triumphant struggle against the King of Spain, in his efforts to compel them to embrace the Romish faith, and that all her greatness was owing to her Protestantism. To this she still owes her superiority over the Continental nations in the virtues of industry, frugality, sound morals and love of freedom.

Did time permit we might take you up the Rhine and show you how the same rule applies to those places along its banks—How for example, the Free Protestant state of Frankfort is the scene of extensive banking operations, of commercial prosperity, and of great agricultural advancement, and contrasts with the semi-popish duchies and electorates lying around it. We might show how the German states which received the good seed sown by Luther, contrast with the Austrian and Bavarian kingdoms to the South. But the influence of the two systems cannot be better seen than in Switzerland. And here we shall avail ourselves of the description of an eye-witness.

"No traveller," says Dr. Wylie, "yet penetrated the mountain barriers of Switzerland, who was not struck, not more with the grandeur of its snows and glaciers, than with the striking and mysterious contrast which Canton offers to Canton. A single step carries him from the garden into the wilderness, or from the wilderness to the garden. He passes, for instance, from the Canton of Lausanne into that of the Valais, and he feels as if he had retrograded from the 19th back into the 15th century. Or he quits the kingdom of Sardinia, and enters the territory of Geneva, and the transition he can compare only to a passage from the barbarism of the dark ages to the civilization and enterprise of modern times. He leaves behind him a scene of indolence, dirt and beggary; he emerges on a scene of cleanliness, thrift and comfort. In the one case the very soil appears to be blighted; the faculties of man are dwarfed; the towns and villages have a deserted and ruinous look; and one sees only a few loiterers, who appear as if they felt motion an intolerable burden; the roads are ploughed by torrents; the bridges are broken down; the farm houses are dilapidated; and the crops are devastated by inundations, against which the inhabitants have neither the energy nor the forethought to provide. In the other case, the traveller finds a soil richly cultivated; elegant villas, neat cottages, with patches of garden ground, carefully dressed; towns which are hives of industry; while the countenances of the people beam with