

## Preface.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
This is my own, my native land?  
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he has turn'd  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there be, go mark him well,  
For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung."

So said or sung the immortal Scott, and the sentiment so strongly and beautifully expressed, finds a hearty response, in the affirmative, in every virtuous and generous heart. With the truly great and good, love of country, whether that country is bathed in the golden light and vivified by the fervid heat of eternal summer, or buried beneath the drifting snows and bound under the deadening influence of perpetual winter, is a ruling, governing principle, prompting them to do, and if, need be, to die, for that dear and deeply loved land.

The hardy Swiss loves his native Alps, with glaciers gliding down their rugged sides, and would not exchange them even for

———"The land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever bloom, the beams ever shine."

Ask him which is the best of all lands, and with honest pride he will tell you, as he points upward to his snow-clad mountains, and downward to his deep and shadowy glens, "*It is here.*" Tell me not of serenest skies, of greener fields or of sweeter comforts to be enjoyed in other lands. Leave me to cultivate my few paternal acres at the mountain's base, and to chase the bounding chamois at its summit, and I am content!" Go to Holland, and ask the sturdy Dutchman which of all lands he deems the fairest and best, and with an emphasis which bespeaks his sincerity he will tell you it is "*Vaderland.*" Step over to France, visit its gay capital, and ask the piquant Parisian which he believes to be the best portion of the world, and with animated look and gesture he will tell you, "*Paris is France and France is the world*"; and then, perchance, he will give expression to his constant aspiration "*Vive La Belle France!*" Cross the channel and visit "*merry England*", and mark how devotedly the Englishman loves "*his little island home*". With perfect truthfulness he tells you, while soul-felt joy beams from his kindling eye, and lights up his manly countenance, that the best of sovereigns sways her benign sceptre over a free people. With what pride he refers you to the faithful pages of his country's history, and bids you learn her mighty deeds of arms, and her mightier deeds of peace! He tells you that the terror of her arms has been carried into all lands, that her glorious old flag proudly floats on the breezes of every clime, and that the blessings of her civilization and refinement, based, as they are, upon the unyielding basis of her open Bible, are known and felt throughout the world. He tells you that of old her battle cry "*St George and merry England*" struck terror into the hearts of her barbarian foes, whole hosts of whom went down before her conquering sons, upon many an ensanguined field; and that still the prowess of her arms and the glory of her achievements, are, at once, the wonder and the admiration of the world.