

that I could only find relief in a copious flood of tears." But with how much greater effect does the "Rans-de-vache" operate on the heart of the exile Swiss ! It is said that the mere singing of that simple air is, in many cases, fitted to produce such a longing for home, that if not soon gratified, the poor emigrant from his native mountains too often falls a victim to the "maladie-du-pais." This interesting trait in their national character is finely introduced by Rogers in the following passage :

"The intrepid Swiss that guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant years beguiled,
Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

All the great men of this and of past ages have, in their lives, and writings, borne evidence to the strong tie of love of country. The poetry of our age teems with passages of great beauty, illustrative of the strength of this all-prevailing passion. Every one is familiar with the spirit-stirring lines of Scott,

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

where every sentiment is imbued with the true spirit of patriotism. Cowper, the sweet poet of the Task, although he looked at all times with a keen eye on the follies of his countrymen, and was a stern foe to, and severe exposé of their vices, thus breaks out in the second book of that admirable poem :—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy climate
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen-skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers."

Nor are her dear bought and much valued privileges, whatever these may be, left untouched. Leyden, in his delightful poem, "Scenes of Infancy," thus sings of his country:—

"Land of my fathers ! though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue stream her flexible branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree :
Land of dark heaths and mountains ! thou art free.
"Dear native vallies ! may you long retain

The chartered freedom of the mountain swain !
Long 'mid your sounding glades in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet !
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot, the peasant's chanted psalm !"

Patriotism, whether in the field or the senate; in the advancement of learning or of arts, by which the intellectual character of a country is raised, is with all men an over ruling passion. Did these peaceful pages allow me, how many splendid deeds, that stand, like bright stars, the horizon of history, could I lay before my readers ; striking instances of self-devotion scarcely surpassed in the annals of martyrdom. Even in our own days, living examples of the great sacrifices that good men will make for their country, are not wanting. But instead, let us turn to the pages of Scripture, and there we will find recorded many beautiful instances. We read in 1st Kings, how Hadad, yet a little child, was brought by his father into Egypt, while Joab, the captain of the host had gone down with all Israel to cut off every male in Edom. And Hadad grew up and found great favour in the sight of Pharaoh, who gave him to wife "the sister of his own wife;" yet after these marks of kindly favour, it is told in the beautiful simplicity of Scripture—"When Hadad heard in Egypt that David slept with his fathers, and that Joab, the captain of the host, was dead, Hadad said to Pharaoh, Let me depart, that I may go to my own country. Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me that behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country ? And he answered, Nothing ; howbeit let me go in any wise." Thus when all danger was past, the love of country once more kindled within him with redoubled force, and the home-sick Hadad longed to return to the land of his birth.

Nehemiah is a fine instance of that true patriotism that burns in the breast of every good man. When he was told of the misery of Jerusalem; that her walls were broken down, and the Jews left of the captivity in great affliction, his heart was stirred for the sufferings of his brethren, and he prayed earnestly to the Lord, as he was the king's cup-bearer, that he would grant him favour in his sight. "And it came to pass, in the month Nisan, in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the king, that wine was before him ; and I (Nehemiah) took up the wine, and gave it unto the king. Now I had not been before time sad in his presence. Wherefore the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick ? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, Let the king live for ever ; why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire ? Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request ? So I prayed to the God of