

CHAPTER II.

THE ELEMENTS IN PATRIOTISM

AND

THEIR GENERAL CONGRUITY WITH
RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE

“I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting for the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. . . . I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by this spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour always present to them, and who, if they ever failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtue to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feet.”—PERICLES (reported by THUCYDIDES).

“Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair’s-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarus and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.”—LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*.

“O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas,
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With wat’ry if not flaming sword.”

—ANDREW MARVELL.

CHAPTER II.

WE attempted in the previous chapter to indicate some of the problems which arise when patriotism and Christianity are placed side by side in the field of view, and to show in a general way the urgency of these problems in our own era. We now proceed to inquire, with fuller analysis, what patriotism actually is, what are the elements which compose it, and how far these elements seem on the surface to be congruous with religious principle.

The history of the word "patriotism" in English speech has a measure of interest, but offers us little that is of value in our present quest. The word is surprisingly modern, not being found earlier than 1726; though the basal word "patriot" had been in use a century earlier. It is well known that the terms "patriot" and "patriotism" had for a number of years a partisan significance, due to their unfortunate admixture with the party politics of the day. Hence the blazing utterance of Dr Samuel Johnson on the evening when Boswell

“dined with him at a tavern with a numerous company,” and the impenitent old Tory “suddenly uttered in a strong determined tone the apophthegm: ‘patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.’” Boswell goes on to tell us that when he himself maintained in reply that certainly all patriots were not scoundrels, he was challenged by his audience to name one exception—whence we should gather that most of the “numerous company” were of Dr Johnson’s opinion. It is obvious that “patriot” here has a purely sectional meaning; and the nature of this is hinted at by Dryden’s earlier lines written of the “false Achitophel,” who—

“The pillars of the public safety shook
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot’s all-atoning name.”

The reason of the Royalist poet’s dislike of the term finds clearer expression in later lines of the same poem:—

“Gulled with a patriot’s name—whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince.”

Dr Johnson himself, however, was not unwilling, in softer moods, to use the abstract word as a term of honour, as is plain to every one who remembers his famous dictum that he did not envy the man whose patriotism would not gain force upon the

plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Fortunately for our present purpose, the word we are discussing has now shaken itself free from all sectional fetters. It has been defined as "the sentiment in which consciousness of nationality normally expresses itself." It would be better described from the viewpoint of these lectures as the human reaction to the Divine ordinance of nationality. But it is not necessary in our present quest to discuss in detail this or any other formal definition of the term. Scott's familiar lines give us all we want in the meantime—lines which would be too hackneyed to quote, were it not for the pleasure of restoring to wedded felicity the often divorced extremities :—

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

The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

We are to inquire, then, as to the nature of the strands which are woven together into the tenacious cord of the plain man's love of country ? Can these strands be so disentangled as to permit some estimate of their individual worth ? "Whence,"

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in the language of Sydney Smith, "does this love of country, this universal passion, proceed? Why are not other soils as grateful, and other heavens as gay? Why does the soul of man ever cling to the earth where it first knew pleasure and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life? Tempt the most friendless of human beings with the fairest face of nature . . . and why canst thou not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity; he will sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, when he remembers thee, oh Sion." Such a question is perhaps not completely answerable. Patriotism is a vital passion, and all living things run into mystery. Nevertheless it is possible to reach certain general conclusions as to the nature of patriotism, and it behoves us to state what these are.

Three elements may be distinguished in normal patriotism—an intellectual, an emotional, and a dynamic element. There is, first, an intellectual element, an activity of the understanding, exercised upon facts, and concerned to give a reason for the hope that is in it. There is, secondly, an emotional element, the most vocal of the three—apt to mistake itself, and be mistaken, for the whole. Thirdly, there is a dynamic element, an activity of the will, prompt to carry into action the sugges-

tions of mind and heart, to devote itself sacrificially to the welfare of the fatherland, and to echo such an aspiration as that of the English poet: "Here and there did England help me; how can I help England? say." We may distinguish these elements by the help of a phrase of George Eliot used by her in another connection, and say that patriotism comprises "the vividness of a thought, the ardour of a passion, the energy of an action." Let us investigate these elements somewhat more closely.

I.

There is, then, in the first place, an intellectual or rational element in healthy patriotism. Convictions are embodied in the instinct, as well as emotions and impulses. Reason has its place, no less than passion. George Meredith has expounded to us the value of the "Comic Spirit" in probing us for what we are, and in fostering all that makes for sanity of thought and wholeness of character. "Whenever," he says, "men wax out of proportion, over-blown, affected, pedantic, fantastically delicate, whenever they run riot in idolatries, the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter." There is ample room for the operations of this reflective and humorous spirit

in the development of healthy patriotism. In ancient Rome, Cæsar, riding to the Capitol in his hour of triumph, had a soldier to follow him reminding him that he was bald. The danger of extravagance in the expression of love of country is a besetment of every race; and most races have raised a danger-signal through the invention of some term to brand exaggeration—"jingoism," "spread-eagleism," "chauvinism." Patriotism will only be kept aseptic when liberally treated with the salt of intelligence. If we are to love our country worthily, we must love it with a level head as well as with a clear conscience. It would appear that so acute a writer as G. K. Chesterton has been somewhat blinded by the brilliance of his own paradox when he tries to maintain that patriotism is of value in proportion to its non-reasonableness. He brings an objection against the imperialism of Rudyard Kipling, on the score that it is too rational to be really patriotic. Mr Kipling, he says, admires England, but he does not really love her. And he betrays his lack of love by the fact that he gives reasons for his admiration. When we really love our country (argues the critic) we ought to love her without reasons. To give reasons is to make our devotion the result of a criticism; and this is to stamp our patriotism as second-rate. But for Mr Chesterton to argue like this is to ride a whim to death.

What would come over the world's love-poetry if the poet were forbidden to give reasons for his devotion? What is the most fervid love-song of Burns but a statement of the reasons why the lover loved? Even in a case which might seem more readily to justify Mr Chesterton's view—the love typified in the changeless affection of a mother for her son—where undoubtedly the emotion may seem to transcend reason, will any one maintain that the mother herself can give no reasons for her affection? Is her heart silent even in those instances where the lips can frame no apology? Can she not at the worst find a reason for her love in what her son *may* be, and in what by her help he is going to be? The loftiest love known to men is represented in its text-book as rejoicing in reasons: "we love Him *because* . . ."; "the love of Christ constraineth us *because* . . ." And though, certainly, the supreme love of all—the love of God, which is not "after the manner of man"—knows no "because" in respect of its beginning, but flows from free unmerited grace, it is justified in the eyes of Wisdom before its course is run, in the day when to "the principalities and powers in heavenly places" there is known through the Church "the manifold wisdom of God."

It would appear that any patriot who aims at mingling intelligence with patriotic emotion must cherish at least two convictions about the constitu-

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tion of the world. He must hold in general that national distinctness is no mistake or misfortune, but of Divine appointment—an ordinance of Him who has indeed written one line of His thought upon each people. And he must further hold, more particularly, that his own nation has been entrusted with certain gifts and aptitudes which are necessary to human welfare, *and which have not been rendered inoperative at the moment by national wrong-doing*. Subject to a strict audit of the facts under the head we have italicised, it does not appear that religious principle has any objection to offer to either of these convictions, or any other attitude to assume towards them except that of hearty benediction. Let us deal with them in order.

i.

It is to be admitted that, as we saw in the first chapter, Tolstoi and others have impeached nationalism on many counts; and that one of the ablest minds in Britain in the nineteenth century came to regard patriotism as the most dangerous delusion of mankind. It is true also, and a more serious difficulty to be fully discussed later, that the New Testament seems at first sight to abolish national distinctions, and to obliterate the dividing-line between races. Nevertheless, it is in the New Testament itself that we find such sanction of

nationalism as the incidental utterance of St Paul at Athens: "All nations has God created from a common origin, to dwell all over the earth, fixing their allotted periods, and the boundaries of their abodes." And, leaving the more specifically *Christian* grounds of approval of race-distinctness to a later chapter, it is enough to say at present that natural religion justifies national separateness as part of the providential order. History must be held by every theist to reveal God's will for mankind; and nothing can be more clear to those who do not put a fool's cap upon the past development of the world, than that no one nation has been permitted to stamp its sole character upon humanity, but that each has been commissioned to bring its special contribution to the common stock. Ruskin has spoken in 'The Stones of Venice' of the great principle of brotherhood, functioning "not by equality nor by likeness, but by giving and receiving; the souls that are unlike, and the nations that are unlike, and the natures that are unlike being bound into one noble whole, by each receiving something from, and of the others' gifts and the others' glory." Let any reasonable man call to mind the story of the nations, and the titles that are stamped upon the successive links of the ever-lengthening chain; let him repeat to himself the resounding names of Egypt and Babylon, Greece and Rome, Spain and France,

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Switzerland and Holland, Britain and the United States; let him visualise the different types of character they have produced, the departments of human life they have variously enriched, and the separate contributions they have brought to the joint stock of human good; let him, finally, ponder the fact that the value and the immortality of each nation's achievement have been in direct proportion to its patriotism, and he will conclude that if it is indeed true that "man is parcelled out in men," the circumstance is not to be deplored, as Rossetti seemed to think, but rather regarded as a most express token of the Divine goodness to mankind. Let the reader further consider that as a fact of history the human race has always had to choose between nation-states in a plural of healthful variety and a world-state in its hateful singular—between the wholesome growth of national movements and the plots of a world-conqueror,—and he will form the conclusion that cosmopolitanism is no true friend to human welfare, but an enemy in disguise. Cosmopolitanism is an ugly word, tending to denote an ugly thing. Professing to lift men above mere love of country into love of humanity, it has always historically run in danger of sinking men below love of country into love of material gain. Most forms of it have been exposable to the reproach brought by Mazzini against the socialists of his day, that

they substituted the progress of humanity's kitchen for the progress of humanity. Commenting critically on Ludlow's epitaph that every land is a country to a brave man, Chatham said: "How dangerous is it to trust frail man with such an aphorism. . . . If all soils are merely alike to the brave and virtuous . . . all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind." To maintain that the Englishman and the Frenchman, the American and the Italian, would best serve mankind by laboriously discarding national characteristics, and achieving an artificial unity in temper, habits, and aptitudes, involves a hardihood in the man who maintains it, which should doom him to learn Volapuk, and to spend the rest of his intellectual life in reading the national writers of these peoples—Shakespeare, Hugo, Dante, Hawthorn—in that depressing amalgam. Ocleridge has embodied in memorable words the considered judgment of mankind: "Patriotism is a necessary link in the golden chain of our affections; and the patriot turns away with indignant scorn from the false philosophy or mistaken religion which would persuade him that cosmopolitanism is nobler than nationality, and the human race a sublimer object of love than a people."

ii.

With respect, however, to the second intellectual conviction of normal patriotism—namely, that the divine “handwriting” of which Mazzini spoke has not been obliterated, but that the patriot’s own country is at the selected moment worthy of the love and support of her people—there may obviously be, in any chosen hour of history, room for inquiry. A “country” is to be thought of as something which is in *movement* at a particular era, which has embarked on a certain course of action, which is guided by a certain policy. And the direction of this movement can be estimated, and must be judged at the bar of conscience. Patriotism can never claim exemption from ethical criticism. It can never pose as an Absolute, or present itself as a valid religion. While the patriotic spirit has a certain right of judgment over those subject to it, itself must be judged before a higher tribunal. A world taught by stern experience has to-day formulated a deliberate opinion that there may be a patriotism, fervid in a high degree, and sacrificially devoted to the welfare of a fatherland, which may nevertheless form a stumbling-block in the path of human progress, and of which it may be justly said that it had been better for the world if it had never been born. The often-quoted words of Edith Cavell, spoken

on the morning of her execution, "I see now that patriotism is not enough," show an insight to be coveted not only for personal religion, but for the wider sphere of national activity. Christian ethic cannot condone such action as underlies the confession of Cavour, that had he done in his own interests what he had done for the State, he would properly have been sent to the galleys. No matter how deep may be patriotic emotion, or how complete patriotic surrender, the sentiment must still justify itself at the bar of ethical intelligence, and must successfully plead that it has an end higher than the welfare of one spot on the globe. The exact statement of this plea must occupy our attention later. In the meantime we are content to say that on the lips of a lover of his country, who will take religious principle as his guide, there must always be some echo of the words addressed by the historic lover to his mistress:—

"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

II.

The second element in patriotism is the emotional—the element which is pointed to by the phrase "love of country," and which represents to many people the essence of the patriotic instinct. Kindled

feelings of reverence and gratitude in the survey of the past, of affection and pride in the contemplation of the present, and of expectancy and hope in the outlook on the future are so manifestly involved in love of country, that the danger is probably rather to exaggerate this element than to neglect or minimise it. "Mere emotion is mere nonsense," Professor Flint used to say; and patriotism is not all sentiment, though in certain moods patriots are tempted to think so. Sense must be conjoined with Sensibility, in love of country no less than in Jane Austen's title. Nevertheless, we are bound to recognise that the emotional element in patriotism is one of quite singular richness and variety. Few instincts, if any, seem to strike more deep into the emotional nature of man than this, or to provide more ready channels for the overflow of strong feeling. The doctrine of Herbert Spencer is not an acceptable one, that we ought to love our country in exact proportion to a reasoned estimate of her merits. Such a doctrine comes itself far short of a reasoned estimate of the essence of love; and we are not surprised that Spencer was driven to confess that while to be called dishonest or untruthful would have touched him to the quick, to be called unpatriotic would have left him cold. The heart has its reasons, as Pascal said more worthily, "which the reason does not know."

To suggest to our minds the manifold variety of the springs wherefrom patriotic emotion is fed, it is enough to consider the feelings which are evoked in a patriot by retrospect of the past, by hopes of the future, as well as by the more incoherent but not less powerful appeal of the intermingled influences of the present.

i.

It is evident that the History of a settled country must needs unseal for its citizens warm springs of patriotic emotion. And it is equally evident that such unsealing is in thorough accordance with religious principle, so long as the spirit of the student be that embodied in the song of the sons of Korah: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." So matter-of-fact a writer as Macaulay claims in almost the first sentence of his 'History of England' that the general effect of his chequered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds. There comes to us through history a strong sense of the debt we owe to the Motherland who bore and cherished us. After all, we are her children. She is in the full sense our Alma Mater. When one of the Psalmists, lifting up his eyes to Zion, declared "all my springs are in thee," the words are to

be thought of in the first instance as addressed by a patriot to the country of his birth and love. The Psalmist felt that all that he was had its roots in the land of his inheritance; and that the God who had been good to Israel had also been good to the men of Israel in giving them their portion in a land so favoured.

A special factor in the grateful pride evoked by the annals of the past is a sense of kinship with the heroes and leaders of olden days. It is felt that the great men of old, whose names shine bright in national history, belong to the generations which follow them; so that the beloved nation must be thought of as a sublime personality, with a longer and more glorious life than the life of any of her citizens. It is not for nothing that we of a later age have been bound in the bundle of life with men and women, the very recital of whose names kindles aspiration. It were—

“ . . . praise enough for any private man
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.”

Such a sense of gratitude for noble personality, and such aspiration to be worthy of so splendid an inheritance, are clearly in thorough accord with religious principle. The Jew found himself brought nearer to God when he prayed to Him as the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob. He found a ground of appeal, when seeking the Divine bless-

ing, in the sacrifices made for righteousness by godly men of his race ; so that one of the Psalmists can boldly plead that God will remember David and all his afflictions—the vows he made and the hardships he underwent,—how for the Ark's sake he gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids—how he took no rest till he had found a place for the Lord, and habitation for the mighty God of Jacob,—and can then found upon this plea the prevailing prayer: “for thy servant David's sake, turn not away the face of thine anointed.” So also might a Scotsman recall, when praying for his own country, the years of the right hand of the Most High ; and make appeal to Heaven that the land of Columba and John Knox, of Rutherford and Leighton, of Andrew Melville and David Livingstone, might be led in the paths of righteousness for *their* names' sake, as well as for the honour of the greater Name, wherein was their help and ours. In the more secular interests of civil freedom, Wordsworth bids us remember that—

“in our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old ;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.”

Together with the sacred memory of heroes and heroines of former days, there is bound up a memory no less moving—that of common national

suffering, and common national deliverance. It has been held by some students of social history that without a certain experience of common peril and common rescue, the sentiment of nationality could scarcely come to birth, or at least could scarcely reach full growth in the consciousness of a people. In every building lighted by electricity there will be found numerous yards of copper wire, whose duty it is to carry the current, and which cheerfully permit themselves to be steeped in electric energy—but which give no light. On the other hand, there are hung here and there shreds of a dull intractable carbon—tough, obstinate, apparently bitterly hostile to the invading power—but when the electric current has torn its way through them, each filament is in a glow, and the glow illuminates a room. Radiance is born of resistance. Nationalism, like electricity, has often become most luminous when most resisted. It is at any rate in interesting harmony with this principle, that there has often seemed to be a special fervour of patriotism among the *smaller* nations of mankind—Greece, Sparta, Carthage, Switzerland, Holland, Poland, Scotland. Surrounded by powerful enemies, such states have seemed in imminent peril of extinction, and the common danger has welded the citizens together. We are reminded of the old superstition, full of significance, that a house stands long if its

foundations be watered with the blood of sacrifice.

It is natural to pause at this point to give room for the reflection that the knowledge of a nation's history does not come to its citizens by heredity or by instinct, but only by the same deliberate and systematic instruction as offers the key of knowledge in general. It has been seriously maintained that the British are the only people in the world who are not taught in childhood their own literature and their own history; and those who are best acquainted with the working men of our country will probably be the least inclined to scoff unreflectingly at the charge. We stand in the odd position among the nations of mankind of knowing less about ourselves than outsiders do. If an appeal to patriotism is reported by all qualified observers to fall absolutely flat upon the sympathies of an audience of working men since the Great War, the reason must be found in the fact that owing to their ignorance of the history of the nation, and of the achievements of the past, these men have been building their patriotism, like a pyramid on its apex, upon mere instinct, or upon the fighting impulse. A solid broad foundation will be uncovered, when each potential citizen is taught in childhood what his country has stood for during the long centuries of her island-story, what manner of heritage famous men of old have

handed down from one generation to another, and what degree of shame, therefore, will rest upon the people of a later day if they are false to the old traditions. Burke has well said that people will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors. There is a useful educational maxim in the summons of the son of Sirach : "Let us praise famous men, and the fathers that begat us."

ii.

Not only the history of the past, but awakened hopes and ambitions for the future, have power to act as a potent spring of patriotic emotion. The last of the Scottish martyrs, who yielded his life in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh in 1688, was nerved for the final agony by the vision of a motherland purified by present suffering. "Lord," he said, "I die in the faith that Thou wilt not leave Scotland, but that Thou wilt make the blood of Thy witnesses the seed of Thy Church, and return again to be glorious in our land." Blake's vision of the building of Jerusalem on English soil is too familiar to need quotation. The nature of a patriotic ambition which can justify its existence in the light of Christian teaching will form the special subject of study in a later chapter. It is enough to say here that the historic patriot who

saw from Mount Pisgah the future inheritance of his people was not the last in the succession of such seers.

iii.

An interesting feature of the emotional element in patriotism calls at this point for remark—a feature confronting us when we turn from the past or the future to the present—namely, that the warm rush of feeling in love of country is often most copiously evoked, not by what might seem the *great* things of national history or national expectancy, but by one or other of the “large aggregate of little things,” which belong to scenery, to friendship, and to home. When Browning, an exile in Florence, wrote—

“O to be in England
Now that April’s there,”

he went on to show on what things his mind was chiefly running :—

“And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !”

If we interrogate candidly our own experience as to the moments in which we have been most

deeply moved by patriotic emotion, we shall probably find these linked, not with the deliberate singing of "Rule Britannia," or with the studied reading of the 'Expansion of England,' but with the casual glimpse of a Union Jack in a foreign land, the accidental mention of some local "bank" or "brae," the recalled—

"Luve o' auld freends at kirk or fair,
Auld-farrant sangs that memories bear
O' but and ben ;
Some wee oot-hoose far up the muir,
Or doon the glen."

It was after seeing a country school in the Lake district, and opening his mind to its simple innocencies, that Keats wrote : "I never felt so near the glory of patriotism, the glory of making, by any means, a country happier."

Indeed, it is precisely this power of little things to elicit a rush of patriotic sentiment whose volume seems altogether disproportionate to the apparently trivial nature of the cause, which afresh persuades us to accept love of country as an original factor in human nature, comparable in simplicity and authenticity with the love of a son for his mother, or of a lover for his mistress. Patriotic feeling is often at its strongest when it is instinctive rather than deliberate. The habitual reserve of the Britisher makes him a peculiar martyr to dumbness in respect of his deepest

feelings, and peculiarly unable to trace these feelings to their source. He gladly falls back upon such half-articulate expression as he finds in the lines of Ford Maddox Hueffer :—

“What is love of one’s land? . . .
I don’t know very well
It is something that sleeps
For a year—for a day—
For a month,—something that keeps
Very hidden and quiet and still.
And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave,
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado; and that shakes
The whole of the soul.”

III.

The third main element in patriotism—the element whose vital centre lies, not in the intellect or the emotion, but in the will and energy of the patriot—may be called for want of a better word the *Dynamic* or *sacrificial* element. It is this element which above all others has given to patriotism its honourable place in human history, and has exalted it as one of the most formative of the world’s instincts. So old a writer as Bolingbroke has indicated the significance of this factor, when he says, in an often-quoted sentence: “patri-

otism must be founded on great principles and supported by great virtues." In a famous address at Gettysburg, commemorating men who had fallen in the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln moved instinctively to a climax of the same character: "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget *what they did* here." It is the instinct of normal patriotism to forget itself in the service of the land it loves; and to offer on behalf of the motherland that sacrifice in which life's supreme mystery is hidden. When Cavour lay in the grasp of death, he interrupted the priests, busy in their intercession: "Pray not for me, pray for Italy." No human motive that can be named, save only that of religious devotion, has so impelled common men to risk death, and suffer it heroically, as the motive of love of country. Patriotism may plead for itself at the bar of Christian judgment that it has inspired more golden deeds than any other sentiment, except the very highest. The roll-call of its famous exemplars is a long and glorious one. Only the eleventh chapter of Hebrews can offer a record surpassing in glory that embodying the names of Leonidas, Judas Maccabæus, William Tell, Hereward, Wallace, Joan of Arc, William of Holland, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Lincoln. "The whole problem of the Napoleonic wars becomes simple," says a modern historian, "if we bear this

dominating fact in mind ; victory lay all along, not with generalship or seamanship, but with patriotism. When a whole people was united in the cause of an idea, no blunders could prevent that nation from triumphing in the end, even against Napoleon at the head of half Europe." It needs no proof that impulses of sacrifice, such as inspire patriotic deeds, are congenial with the religious spirit. Indeed, in contemplation of them, historic Christianity has often to bow her head in shame, and confess that her devotion to that higher Kingdom which is her charge and trust has often been less complete. One purpose of God in implanting patriotism as a normal human instinct may well have been to prepare the way for the higher loyalty of those whose lives declare plainly that they seek a country, and who are called to be citizens and patriots of the Kingdom of Heaven. The only criticism utterable by a Christian who is confronted with the story of patriotic self-sacrifice is self-criticism, as he examines himself with respect to the service or sacrifice he himself has shown, commensurate with that of the normal patriot.

The conclusion, then, to which we come provisionally at this stage of our inquiry is, that patriotism is an instinct native to man, and bearing marks suggestive of God's handiwork. No

staring incompatibility with religion precludes its use in Christian service. To ask whether it is congruous with a religious temper and attitude might well be held as idle as to ask whether family or parental instinct is so. Patriotism is something *given* in human nature, and there is no sign that it is passing away. The Christian cannot consent to regard a sentiment thus natural in itself, and hallowed by so many associations, as an inevitable exile from the Kingdom of Heaven, unless such a verdict is made absolutely necessary by later study of the authoritative records. Love of country seems just as compatible with love of humanity as love of home and children is compatible with love of country. As through family affection a man is encouraged to rise above self-interest, so through patriotic devotion he is lifted to an outlook wider than from his particular hearth; and prepared for that outlook, wider still when he remembers that God hath made of one blood all men to dwell upon the face of the earth. We ought to love our country, because it is part of God's world of ordered and varied design, and because it is *the* part of the world wherein Providence has decreed that our love may most readily become operative. It is not without the foreknowledge and deliberate counsel of God that we have had our birth in a certain spot of earth, at a certain hour of history. It is true

that we dare not seek to love our country as though such love were the first and great commandment ; but it is also true that neither dare we love in this way ourselves, our family, or our Church. We hold, then, in the light we have so far discerned, that the individual dare not dispense with the spur of patriotism, seeing that it pricks him on to a nobler goal than self-concern ; that the nation dare not ignore its unifying power, seeing that a house divided against itself cannot stand ; and that the Church cannot neglect a sentiment so congruous with what is spiritual in man, and with such high aptitude to exercise and perfect human character. But we must pass on to test this provisional conclusion by a fuller study of the authoritative documents of our Christian faith.