

shadows creep on from the sea, film after film; and now they have reached the ivy that mantles round the castle of the Bruce. Are you acquainted with Barbour?"

"Well," I said; — "a spirited, fine old fellow, who loved his country, and did much for it. I could once repeat all his chosen passages. Do you remember how he describes King Robert's rencounter with the English knight?"

My companion sat up erect, and, clenching his fist, began repeating the passage, with a power and animation that seemed to double its inherent energy and force.

"Glorious old Barbour!" ejaculated he, when he had finished the description; "many a heart has beat all the higher, when the bale-fires were blazing, through the tutorage of thy noble verses! Blind Harry, too, — what has not his country owed to him!"

"Ah, they have long since been banished from our popular literature," I said; "and yet Blind Henry's 'Wallace,' as Hailes tells us, was at one time the very Bible of the Scotch. But love of country seems to be old-fashioned among us; and we have become philosophic enough to set up for citizens of the world."

"All cold pretense," rejoined my companion, — "an effect of that small wisdom we have just been decrying. Cosmopolitism, as we are accustomed to define it, can be no virtue of the present age, nor yet of the next, nor perhaps for centuries to come. Even when it shall have attained to its best, and when it may be most safely indulged in, it is according to the nature of man that, instead of running counter to the love of country, it should exist as but a wider diffusion of the feeling, and form, as it were, a wider circle round it. It is absurdity itself to oppose the love of our country to that of our race."