

beautiful and inspiring, when we understand that he loved them only inasmuch as they are the reminders of God's love and providence.

The sincerest and most genuine devotion to the seraphic Saint, whose poetic espousal of the Lady Poverty is so divinely sung by Dante, would be found not in babbling eternally about his love for nature, but in praying for some of his ardent faith and charity, imitating the singular sweetness and simplicity of his life, and living in docility to the Church which raised his name to the sainthood. But it is greatly to be feared that with their sneaking desire for a fair measure of creature comforts, this is just what the literary devotees of Franciscanism would find quite uncongenial.

The whole moral life of the Thirteenth Century is summarized in the story of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Louis,—the types of its spiritual energies. St. Francis, the type of mystic piety and evangelical simplicity; St. Dominic, the type of enlightened faith and zeal for the Church; St. Louis, the type of justice and the spirit of Christian chivalry. And the spirit of these three men found its expression in every department of life of this period, in the affairs of state and war, in the intellectual activities of the University, and in the glorious creations of literature, art and architecture. All of these manifestations of the united unquestioned faith that was the unifying principle and time spirit of the age.

Such is a feeble and very imperfect sketch of that truly brilliant, harmonious, and symmetrical civilization of the Thirteenth Century, a civilization that found its ideal of a God-governed people in St. Augustine's City of God, and which has its unfading portrait in Dante's Divine Comedy.

Just a word in conclusion. If I look back with admiration to the Thirteenth Century, it is not that I am reactionary, that I would wish to return to the manner of life of those times. No, not that. But it is that I would like to see our civilization impregnated with the spirit of faith and common brotherhood in God, the principle that gave unity and balance and symmetry and true greatness to that era.

The streams of all the beneficent forces created in times gone by, meet in us of this generation. We have, indeed, the potent elements of a well-nigh perfect civilization. But even the most blinded admirer of our times must see that these elements exist in a state of chaos and confusion, that there is a woful lack of the unity, balance, and harmony that characterized the Thirteenth Century. We are running well, but we don't know exactly whither we are running. We seem to act without method or union, without a fixed moral guidance, without a definite social purpose; led on as though