the nicotine. He was an intemperate smoker; the only one I have ever known who kept pipe and tobacco by his bed side and woke up at intervals during the night to smoke. He smoked very strong tobacco, enough to make the head of a younger man reel. He used to amuse himself by calculations as to how much a richer man he would have been if he had not been a smoker. As it was his splendid personality, his abounding health, the clear rose of his cheek, the unsullied blue of his eye, with a counter-blast to the haters of tobacco.

He loved to talk of the Ireland which was out of our memories, the Ireland of the dances at the cross-roads and all the old customs, when he was young, before the famine brought the death into the hearts of the people and the emigrant-ships had carried them away. He had much to tell. Re-constructing the old life in the Glens of Wicklow he would tell the history of this one or that one, branching off from the main narrative to tell what befell the other characters in the story: "like a Saga" said an Oxford professor who listened to him entranced for the length of a day and would have gone on listening for many days if he might.

I pick up a book published in the late 'Eighties by an American who visited Ireland and sifted patiently all the evidence that came before him from men of opposite creeds and classes and politics and points of view regarding the Irish question. The American took down what he heard verbatim. Here is a lot which recalls the days that are no more, in which his utterances have the Saga-like quality noted by the Oxford professor. "A massive man," the American describes him, "dressed in thick blue serge of the wool of his own sheep, with a magnificent Landor-like forehead towering over a face that was one large smile." I can see him and hear him as he talks, driving his guests through the mountainous country, flicking his pony gently with the whip as he talked.

"We took a delightful drive," wrote the American who was a gentleman, a soldier and a man of literary taste and performance—an American indeed who bore the name of an English noble house and called cousins with a dozen English families of the artistocracy. "We took a delightful drive through the valley and back along the Wicklow hills. Here and there the lofty walls of some gentleman's demesne cut off the view; again we clattered along the ill-paved streets of a little village; and near every village were the ruins of deserted mills and melancholy rows of cottages with broken window-panes of long-forgotten mill-hands. 'There were fourteen or fifteen paper-mills here in my boyhood,' he murmured; 'now they are all obliterated, simply because the great thinkers of the Empire decided that there should be no tax on knowledge, and so newspapers were sold for a penny instead of for a sixpence. All this looks well but it doesn't work. There were even up to three years ago ten or twelve flour-mills at work in this neighborhood. They are all gone, ruined by American competition.' In the good old times things were very different. I forgot the jolting of the car as he slowly recalled the past and some of its beloved figures. 'My grandfather Cullen was a farmer with plenty of land. He supplemented his farm-work by dealing in timber. He would buy twenty or thirty acres of oakwood, strip the bark, dry it, and sell it in Dublin. Of the timber he would select what was good enough for ship-building, and the debris he made into charcoal. He had two sons and five daughters. He and his sons were weavers and all his daughters carders and the family wove and carded the wool of their own sheep and sold the flannel and dressed themselves in it: coats, jackets and trousers were all home-made. They had plenty of money to spare for everything. Now there is not a weaver in the County of Wicklow. My great-grandfather Kelly was also a farmer in Wicklow with a hundred acres, but he was a hatter besides and kept fifty men at work supplying hat-frames for the English army. I remember him well, and he remembered when the O'Tooles held Wicklow.'"

He would go on then to tell the stories of those who had lived in that long ago time: but the American chronicler who only wanted to find out what the Irish question was all about records no more of it.

This quotation reminds me of his wonderful hospitality. Every Sunday his delightful house was packed with guests—as many to dinner as the table would hold, with occasionally an overflow party in another room—additional guests afterwards for tea and an informal supper later. Tennis, croquet, cards, occasionally dancing were for those who liked those forms of recreation: but the symposia in the dining-room after dinner were such as surely were not to be found in any other farmhouse before or since.

Story-telling, political discussions, literary arguments, were carried on with the greatest animation and good humor. Let me recall some of the guests. There would be John O'Leary, the old Fenian chief: there would be Douglas Hyde: there would be W. B. Yeats: there would be George Russell—"A. E." There would be, or might be, one or two members of Parliament. Those were the fighting days and he and his household were tremendous Parnellites. During Mr. Parnell's last end and glorious campaign he followed him to all his great meetings. He always called Mr. Parnell "Charlie" and he wore his picture with a favorite daughter's in a locket till the day he died. There would be journalists from the Dublin newspapers. There would be visitors from over-seas, all men of affairs, men of letters and politics, women too. One of his daughters was a writer as well as a politician and to her came constantly English, American, Colonial visitors with letters of recommendation where they were not already friends. There came parsons and doctors, lawyers and priests. There was a time when the priest came hardly at all,—at least on the occasions of the Sunday symposia. Those were the days when feeling ran so high that even the magnificent spirit of hospitality could hardly tolerate an anti-Parnellite: and the unhappy one who strayed by chance into that Parnellite fold was apt to find these things somewhat unpleasant. In time the priests came back: and in later years, when the great soreness and grief for Parnell's betrayal and death were less raw the priests came in for friendly hard hitting and took it like the gentlemen and men of the world they are. At one time or another, men and women of many classes, creeds, and opinions, met at that hospitable table. Only the dullard was barred out.

It was a part of his fearlessness that he was always ready to oppose the priests in secular matters, where he thought they were in the wrong. The Parnellite man of those days was apt sometimes to oppose the priests unreasonably. Occasionally some of the hot-headed would even stand up and walk out of the Church during Mass because a priest had delivered an anti-Parnellite sermon from the altar. He was never so illogical and unreasonable. He had always opposed the undue domination of the priests in politics, from the time he had been a Young Irelander and adored John Mitchel. He opposed them when it came to a question of abandoning Mr. Parnell and fought the campaign against them fearlessly. But when the first rankling bitterness was done and over the priests came back to the hospitable board in the hospitable house. They respected the man who had fought them logically and fearlessly: and being as I have always maintained the most reasonable body of men in Ireland — they took the hard hitting like the men of the world and the other worldly men they are, and gave him the solace of their friendship and their help in the sad years that followed.

So many strangers came to that hospitable board. There was hardly a Sunday of the year when he did not drive off after breakfast to pick up a couple of visiting English or Americans or Colonials at the light railway station, and to take them for a drive through the country before bringing them home. He was was always ready to entertain those visitors in the first place to his writing daughter. He had such a wonderful interest in things and people. Sometimes he had no clue and she had no clue as to what the visitors might look like. He was always ready to discover them and receive them in a way that filled them with pleasure. He would pay an innocent, audacious compliment to a woman which was irresistible. Once he met an American mother and daughter.

"My daughter told me," he said, "to look out for two ladies who were mother and daughter. She did not tell me that I should find two so young and so pretty that they might pass for twin sisters."

He delighted all manner of men, but still more all manner of women. Being of that dominant nature that he would sometimes roar down a man in argument he was invariably gentle with women and he had peculiarly the gift of pleasing them.

Some of his memories went far back. He had known various historical personages. Major Sirr, hated in Ireland as the man who captured and mortally wounded Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the bright, the beautiful, the immortally young, had patted his curly flaxen locks as a child. His evidence about Major Sirr was rather in the direction of rehabilitating him. He was never one for conventional beliefs; and while he yielded to none in his love for Lord Edward he was not the less impartial as regards him whom many people would call Lord Edward's murderer.

"When I was a flaxen-haired child," he said, "I used to play about the Castle Yard. One day we had been playing marbles on the steps of a house when the door opened and a man whom I took to be a tall man hurriedly came out. My companions scattered, but I remained. He took me by the chin, and lifting it up looked down into my eyes. 'Well, little boy, do you often play marbles on my steps?' he asked. "Very often,' I said, fearlessly. 'And hop-scotch, and spinning tops, and all your other games?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can go on playing them and don't be afraid.' After he had gone, the others running back cried out, 'Did you know it was Major Sirr?' I had had no idea indeed that it was he whose name was something of a bugaboo to frighten children in the dark.

"Hated as he was however he had the reputation as a magistrate of being fair and impartial. There was a friend of my grandfather's, Edward Byrne, like himself a Wicklow man, settled in Dublin. One night he was walking home after enjoying an evening with some friends. He was three sheets in the wind, and as he was going down George's Street he struck up a good old Croppy song—'Billy Byrne of Ballymanus'—in a most loud and stentorian voice. He was suddenly confronted by a tall man who walked up to him and without speaking a word struck him a blow on the side of the face which, Byrne not being very steady, knocked him into the gutter. Byrne, who was a very powerful and athletic man, belonging to a very pugilistic family, and being an uncle to Simon Byrne, who never met a man that he could not beat boxing, leaped to his feet, rushed on his assailant with all the force and power in him, and knowing he had a foe of both courage and science to contend with he rained a shower of terrific blows on him, which felled him to the ground. 'Get up,' said Byrne, 'I strike no man when he is down,' at the same time receding some paces. In an instant the man leaped to his feet, but instead of advancing to the fray he emitted a piercing whistle, and in a minute there rushed up ten or twelve of the most powerful men of the Dublin Watch. After a prolonged struggle they succeeded in felling Byrne, bound him, and carried him off to the old Werburgh Street lock-up or watch-house.

"Now Byrne was well-known to the watchmen and one of them summoned my grandfather to stand by his friend in his trouble. The next morning the two appeared before Major Sirr in whom Byrne, to his alarm, recognised his opponent of last night.

"The major looked steadfastly at him.

"'Your name is Edward Byrne, I see, but you are not a Dublin man.'

"'No, indeed, sir. I belong to Wicklow.'

"'Ha! So you are one of the Wicklow Byrnes. Mr. Byrne, what right had you to be disturbing the peace of the citizens of Dublin after midnight, when I was fortunate enough to meet with you?'

"'No right, sir. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know it was Dublin at all. I thought myself back on the Wicklow hills.'

"'Mr. Byrne, are you as good a man to-day as you were last night?'

"'I am not, sir. It wasn't me was in it last night; it was the drink I had taken.'

"'Mr. Byrne will you promise me that I shall not find you brawling in the streets of Dublin again?'

"'Indeed I will, sir.'

"'Well, then, you may go with your friend.'

"Of Major Sirr's personal courage there was no doubt. He went the rounds of the city every night alone, though there were watchmen within sound of his whistle. Yet he knew that three-fourth of the citizens of Dublin would rejoice in his death.

"My grandfather had a case before him once. He had bought a horse from one of two brothers and it having been in his possession some days the other brother claimed it saying his brother had no right to dispose of it. He had brought a number of his friends with him, and my grandfather disputing his claim, they made an attempt to seize the horse by force. My grandfather's neighbours rallied round him and after a pitched battle he was able to retain the horse. He then summoned the man before Major Sirr for assault and attempting to seize the horse by force.

"'How much did you pay for the horse?' the major asked my grandfather.

"'Twenty pounds, sir.'

"'Are you prepared to hand over the twenty pounds and take your horse?' he asked the other.

"'No sir.'

"'In that case,' said the major, 'the horse is the property of this man who purchased him. All I can do for you is, if you bring your brother before me, I will transport him.'"

To me it brings the most vivid sensation of comfort and quiet safety to think of him in his arm-chair as he told this and many another story. I used to come home down the hill from a long winter's walk, part of it in darkness, the intense darkness of the tree overhung Irish roads. At the top of the hill I would see below me in the valley shining the window of the kitchen where an enormous rosy fire of coke shed warmth out into the darkness. There I knew I should find him sitting, now come in from his fields, his leggins still on, and the clay of the fields about him, talking to his old steward of the work and the crops and the cattle and what beasts were ready for market and what were the prospects for this and that crop, and the coming fairs and so on. It used to lift up my heart in the darkness to think of him sitting there in the firelight, the dogs at his feet, talking away as quietly as the flowing of a river, till it should be time for him to get out of his outdoor things and join the family meal in the dining-room beyond.

He was extraordinarily generous. In fact so giving was he that many people supposed him to be a wealthy man when he was no such thing. To those he loved he would give royally. He exhaled a certain big generosity. His rich sense of humor was touched once when a tinker—i.e., a gipsy—who had year after year, times innumerable, opened the gates leading to his fattest pastures or his most promising meadow, and turned the whole herd of asses—(to speak of a donkey in Ireland is to give yourself airs),—to graze upon them, invited him to pay for getting the asses out of pound. Those asses were the plague of the country-side. No man's crops were safe from them. It was a great blessing when the tinker did a deal with Government and sold the asses for exportation to South Africa. "Aye," said the tinker, "they're gone where they ought to go, to Road-Aisy. Isn't it what they've been looking for all their lives?"

Not at all a propos, I remember a mule which was also bought for the transport. He was struck dumb on hearing of its sale: it belonged to a neighbor. He described its age thus: "Farrell Fox of the Green Hills died the other day a very old man; and when Farrell Fox's father was a child he knew that mule, and he used to say that no man then knew how old the mule really was."

Another time when he had prosecuted a notorious *waurien* for annoying some of his work-people, who occupied an adjoining cottage and had described the gentleman's languages when he was in a state of intoxication as being "laborious," the *waurien* being bound over in a certain sum to keep the peace turned cheerfully to him to pay it.

While he lived there were many delightful tales to be told of his humor and the humorous happenings which befell him; but now that he is dead his death seems to forbid it. It has left one without heart to smile. I remember him coming in once from an encounter with a philosophical tramp to whom he had offered a meal of bread and meat and a shilling if he would take a fork and broom and clean out a stable.

"Now look here, mister," said the tramp. "D'ye see that town over there in the smoke? Well, that town has a population of nearly half-a-million. It has so many streets, with an average of so many houses to each street, every street worth at least tuppence to me. Now I ask you wouldn't I be a fool to spend my day working for your bit of bread and meat and your shilling?"

"I had to acknowledge that from his point of view he would," he said, smiling delightedly over the reminisence. "I was so taken with the philosophy of the fellow that I gave him the bread and meat after all. But sure he wasn't hungry, for he left it on top of the dog-kennel when my back was turned."

I have tried to keep some salient bits of him, but it should have been done by someone to whom he was less dear. He was all strength and all sweetness. And so much was he of the fields that for one at least he walks not only his own fields still, but all fields. She can never see a grass-blade spring without thinking of him coming towards her,—not old and sorrowful but rosy and splendid in his prime. By which he makes to her of all fields holy places.

Whenever a good man goes wrong a thousand secret sinners hold up their hands in pious horror.

"O Mother of Mercy," cries St. Bernard, "the restless and unstable world is under thy feet! It trusteth to thee, and with devout appeal it prayeth thee to be its intercessor with the Sun of Justice, Who loved thee above all others."

ST. FRANCIS FOR AMERICA AMERICA FOR ST. FRANCIS

An address delivered in St. Anthony's Wood, Graymoor, N. Y., by Reverend Paul James Francis, S. A.

Fellow Americans: We are assembled here at the base of the Holy Mount of the Atonement to fittingly celebrate a double festival, that of our Nation's Liberty and "the Dedication of all Franciscan Churches."

When we dedicate a church building we dedicate that which is the concrete expression of the mightiest institution the world has ever known, viz.: "the Church of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of the Truth." When, therefore, a feast is specially established to celebrate the Dedication of all Franciscan Churches we take it to stand as much as much for the whole sublime Institute of St. Francis as the Declaration of Independence stands in the past, present and future for that which sprang from it, the American Republic.

Therefore in harmony with the day we celebrate I now announce my theme to be "St. Francis for America—America for St. Francis."

When I claim America for St. Francis, when I declare it to be part of the dowry God, long before its discovery, gave as a promised land to the Patriarch of Assisi, I am giving expression to a personal conviction which I hope to show it based on something more than sentiment.

Our first contention is that America belongs to St. Francis and his spiritual children by right of discovery. Everyone who knows anything of this Western Hemisphere, knows that it was discovered by Christophere Columbus. But what, I seem to hear you ask, has this to do with St. Francis of Assisi? Listen and I will tell you.

Columbus was a son of St Francis—a member of that wonderful Third Order, which St Francis founded and which has given so many saints to the Church and so many great men to the world. He wore not only the dress of a Franciscan Tertiary, he was deeply imbued with the spirit and faith of the Seraphic Patriarch. In a word he was a religious enthusiast, a man who believed God had laid upon him a sublime mission for the benefit of humanity. In the very name he bore he saw the prophecy of his destiny—Christopher meant Christ-bearer, Columbus meant a dove, the type of the Holy Spirit. Under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit he was to cross the Atlantic and add a new world to the Empire of Christ.

When the Franciscan Tertiary proclaimed his God-given mission to the men of his day, they derided and laughed him to scorn, as they called St. Francis a mad man at the first. The wisdom and learning of the Spanish capitol condemned his proposition as preposterous, contrary both to scripture and to science. In the dark hour of his bitter disappointment it was again the spirit and faith of St. Francis that saved the mission of Colmmbus from shipwreck. John Perez, Guardian of the Friars Minor of La Rabida, and Francis of Calabria confessor to Queen Isabella, believed firmly in his mission and stood by him. The Catholic Queen (herself a Tertiary of St. Francis) imbibed the confidence of her confessor and provided the navigator with three ships and their equipment.

But one difficulty remained. Who could be persuaded to risk their lives by embarking upon so "insane" an enterprise? Once more it was the influence over men of the Seraphic Saint which carried the day, It was the Franciscan Friars and Tertiaries who rallied to the support of Columbus and manned the Santa Maria, the Half Moon and the Pinta. Thus by the will of God three ship loads of Franciscans discovered the New World.

Most of us are to some degree familiar with the trails of Columbus's faith on that voyage of discovery. How that after they had sailed westward until the days had lengthened into weeks and weeks had become months a mutiny broke out among the sailors and Columbus was compelled to promise that if at the expiration of three days more no land appeared, the ship would about face and sail for home. Imagine what must have been the mingled hopes and fears of the Franciscan navigator as the three days went slowly by and still no land appeared. Success and failure, fame and disgrace, were cast into the balance and the scales trembled in the outstretched land of fortune. Within a few hours time Columbus would know his fate, the dream and ambition of his life would be realized, or end in bitterest disappointment. How often, fellow citizens, is there but a hair's breadth between success and failure in a man's life.

It was on the night of October 11 that Columbus watching, and no doubt praying, in the forecastle of his ship, suddenly saw a light shining out of darkness; nor was that light the creation of a fevered imagination. The dawn of day revealed the shores of an island, one of the West Indian group, which they named after the Saviour, San Salvador. Thus once again we are compelled to associate the discovery of America with St. Francis of Assisi for October 11 when Columbus hailed the light that shone forth to greet him from these western shores, is the octave of St. Francis' Day. A Franciscan then discovered America and he discovered it on the Octave of St. Francis' entrance into glory.

The claim of America for St. Francis is still further strengthened by the fact that is spiritual sons were the pioneer missionaries and settlers of both North and South America. It was his friend, Father John Perez, who accompanied Columbus and was the first to plant the cross and to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass under Western skies and to administer the first baptism. His image has been wrought in bronze on the doors of the capital at Washington. The first Bishop of the New World, Garcia da Padilli, was of the Orders of the Friars Minor. The first martyr for Christ in America was a French Franciscan, Pere Cousin.

The Franciscans were not only the first missionaries in those portions of North America settled by the Spaniards but along the northern coast discovered by Cabot under the English flag. Long before the Puritan Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock the intrepid Friar, Le Curon, had evangelized the Hurons and preached in the wigwams of the Mohawks. The Franciscan Father Hennepin was the first to explore the Great Lakes and gave to Niagara Falls the name of St. Anthony. When DeSoto discovered the Mississippi, John of Torres, a Franciscan was with him. Father Anthony Margil, O. F. M., evangelized Texas, the Ven. Junipero Serra founded the famous Franciscan Mission whose buildings are one of the religious monuments of Southern California. The name of the City of the Golden Gates, San Francisco, tells the story of Franciscan settlement on the Pacific coast. The Apostle of South American Missions is St. Francis of Solano. "The Sons of St. Francis," writes Leopold de Cherance, "were the first to evangelize Mexico, Peru, Paraquay, Brazil, Canada, and the whole of the West Indies.

"Pursuing to the last their work of deliverance and salvation, they were also first, with Juan Suarez and Zummarraga, to raise their voices in favor of the Indians whom it was sought to reduce to slavery, as along the Ximenes, they were the first to protest against that hideous traffic called the slave trade."

And thus they were the forerunners of the American Abolitionists whose agitations brought about the emancipation of the negro in the United States forty years ago.

But who was it that liberated our forefathers and made the Declaration of Independence a possible thing in 1776? Back of Lincoln, back to Jefferson and Washington, we must retrace the course of the ever-widening river of political liberty, back to the thirteenth century we must travel and to the little town of Assisi, if we would know and honor the man, who, next after Jesus Christ and His Apostles, has been the author and fountain source of our national freedom. It was the Little Poor Man, St. Francis, who struck the shackles of serfdom from our European ancestors, gave the death-thrust to feudalism and heralded the dawn of Christian democracy.

When the Divine Redeemer and Deliverer laid down His life upon the cross to emancipate and save the human race, the world everywhere teemed with slaves. In Italy alone there were twenty-one million slaves to less than seven million free men, three to one. Had the Declaration of Independence been read in the streets of Rome at the beginning of the Christian era with its assertion that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among these, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," such sentiments would have been greeted by the Romans with derision and scorn. None but freemen had any rights, the vast majority were only slaves, being no more entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' than the master's dog or his horse. In fact the text of the Roman law spoke of "Slaves and other animals." His master could kill, mutilate, torture, chain or imprison him at pleasure and with impunity." The Roman lady sitting at her toilet held in her hand a stiletto to stab the arms of her female slaves when they displeased her.

It is one of the striking proofs of the divine mission of Christianity that in the course of some six centuries it almost abolished this gigantic institution of slavery throughout the Roman Empire. But you will remember how hard our Lord said it was for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. And so in the Church's struggle to give liberty and equal rights to all men she has been confronted in every age and after every successive victory by the counter struggles of the rich and the mighty of this world to keep the masses of the people in a state of servitude. Thus in the Middle Ages we still find the common people attached as serfs to the soil in the rural sections of Europe and in the towns and cities tyrannized over and heavily taxed by the feudal lords, whose castles and fortresses frowned down upon the humble abodes of the poor from every lofty eminence and commanding site.

Against this state of social bondage and oppression rose up the son of Peter Bernardone, as another John the Baptist, in raiment of serge and sack cloth, his food the scrape doled out to beggars.

"Charity," it is often said, "begins at home." As the champion of human liberty and the deliverer of the oppressed, St. Francis first reformed Assisi, his native town. A few months after the formation of his Order, the Friars Minor, the Bishop of Assisi asked the youthful Apostle of Christ to preach in the Cathedral. He did so with marvelous results. Not only did all classes of citizens flock to hear him until the big church became too small to hold the vast concourse but the people were converted both religiously and politically. The completion of one church and the rebuilding of another was the expression of the former; the proof of their political conversion is the charter of the commune which was signed in the month of November, 1210, by the citizens of Assisi assembled in the Hall of Parliament. This remarkable document begins "In the name of God, Amen," and decrees that henceforth there shall be concord and not conflict between the majors and the minors the upper and the lower class, of Assisi. Then follows the enfranchisement of the citizens, who had been reduced to the condition of serfs. And these seem to have been a large percentage of the population.

The Charter declares them to be universally relieved from the condition of "liege men" and from the service which previously they had been compelled to render to the feudal lord. In a word, at the preaching of St. Francis, Assisi anticipated the Declaration of American Independence by five hundred and sixty-six years.

But St. Francis was not satisfied with freeing the serfs and giving the franchise to every citizen of his beloved Assisi. Like the Divine Master, whom he so closely resembled, the world was his field and the great Umbrian Saint aimed at nothing short of the emancipation of the whole human race.

He saw the masses of the people held as in a vise by the feudal lords who kept them in a miserable state of subjection and compelled them to shed the blood of their fellows in the petty wars, which these nobleman were perpetually waging, one against the other.

By a master stroke of inspiration St Francis founded his Third Order, the Brothers of Penance, and by "the malitia of Jesus Christ" broke the feudal yoke from off the neck of the people. All who joined the Third Order of St. Francis might take no oath of homage to any lord save to the Vicar of Christ, nor could they bear arms save in defence of Church and Fatherland. The multitudes rushed into it the Holy See threw over them the aegis of the Church's protection the feudal lords raged and protested, but in vain. St. Francis' great emancipation act stood like Gibralter. Christian democracy was born. The contagion of holy freedom spread from Italy into Spain and Germany, and France and England. The common people, inspired by the Franciscan ideal of universal brotherhood, everywhere engaged in the struggle to realize more of that liberty "wherewith Christ hath made us free."

St. Francis died at forty-five, but death to such as he means advancement to a position of more commanding influence. St. Francis from the throne in heaven from which Lucifer fell (if from what the angel told to Brother Pacificus is true, and all Franciscans believe it) still directs the Christian Demos in their onward and upward march toward the millennial ideal, the realization under the rule of Jesus Christ of perfect freedom, of a commonwealth as vast as the human race wherein all nations and tribes and kindreds and people shall be gathered into one glorious brotherhood under the Sceptre of Him, who is "a priest forever, after the Order of Melchisedeck, King of Salem, i. e., King of Peace."

In the progress of Christianity through the course of centuries toward the ideal commonwealth the American Republic to-day marks the furtherest advance yet made towards that ideal.

America is the Promised Land that God gave St. Francis, the Seraphic Patriarch, the New Abraham, when baffled in his efforts to free the peoples of Europe from a despotism entrenched behind the traditions and customs of centuries, he asked for a new world in which, with a free hand, he might work out the social principles of the Sermon on the Mount. We believe that it was in answer to the prayer of St. Francis that God, through the instrumentality of Christopher Columbus and three shiploads of Franciscans, opened the portals of America to the oppressed of Europe.

But fellow citizens, the struggle of Christ and St. Francis to make America the ideal land of liberty, the perfect commonwealth, is by no means fulfilled. It is a doubtful question, whether at the present time we are not actually receding, losing ground, retiring before the enemy, rather than advancing the prize of our high calling of Christ Jesus as a Christian nation.

"The love of money, which is the root of all evil" is the crying sin of America to-day. Our continental fathers stamped upon the coinage of the Republic "In God we trust"; but the men of this generation are making an idol of those same coins and worshipping "the golden calf." As it was in the age in which St. Francis lived, so is it becoming more and more the characteristic of the age in which we live, that men are forgetting the golden rule in the pursuit of wealth, in their godless greed for gain. Witness the present day conflict of capital and labor, the bitter battle for the mastery between the majors and the minors, the millionaries and the masses. The history of the world from the fall of Adam demonstrates that in every struggle between the poor man and the rich where Christ is left out, the rich man ultimately wins.

If anti-Christian socialism, which God forbid, ever prevails in the councils of the American federations of labor, then capitalism will win and industrial serfdom will be the fate of the workingman.

Perhaps no man now living has such a grasp of the social questions of our time as did the late Pope Leo XIII., and he declared the children of St. Francis to be "the hope of society and the salvation of the world." If this be true elsewhere it should be most true of America. The maxim of selfish greed is "make yourself rich by making the many poor" the maxim of St. Francis was, "make the many rich by making thyself poor." The rise or the fall of the Republic depends upon which of these two maxims prevail. Glorious Patriarch of the Poor, most like thy Master, help us and in the struggle for God and home and native land this will be our battle cry: "St. Francis for America—America for St. Francis."

BROWNSON AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT

In his address at the unveiling of the Brownson Memorial in New York Dr. Brann said of the great convert:

"No one better than Dr. Brownson could expose the heinousness of the sin of 'private judgment' as an attempt to dethrone God in matters of religion. The sin of Lucifer consisted in preferring his own beautiful but finite intelligence to that of his Creator; the sin of Adam did not consist so much in eating the apple as in aspiring to be God. Adam wanted to dethrone his Creator, and be God himself as the tempter had suggested. Hence, says Dante in a sublime passage in the seventh Canto of the Paradiso, 'Adam could not atone for his sin, for he could not go so low down in self-humiliation as he had gone high in desire to dethrone God.' Lucifer and Adam tried to usurp God's throne and authority. Paganism is also the result of 'private judgment;' that is, the putting of man in the place of God. All the deities of polytheism are human efforts to deify man and his passions. How very human, for instance, is Jupiter the libertine—'Quam, multas matres fecerit ille deus,' says Juvenal; and how very human is Misstress Venus and the rest. The atheist makes a god of himself. 'Private judgment' is the rule of faith for the atheist also.

"The 'private judgment,' therefore, which Luther and the rest preached is the same old sin; the assertion of the supremacy of the human as the 'Ruler and Sovereign.' 'Thus saith the Lord,' says the Catholic. 'No, He does not say so, and even if He says so I'll not obey Him.' So said Lucifer, Adam, the pagans, Luther, Calvin, and the anarchists.

"As Brownson laid all his errors and wanderings until he became a Catholic at the doors of 'private judgment' in matters of religion, he had the whole theory of it at his finger ends, and is never so logical or so eloquent as when he is dissecting its fallacy, and describing its dangers. If you search all his writings, you will hardly find anything equal to his answer in his own Review to the Princeton Review in April, 1858. He had just written the 'Convert,' one of his best books, and had flayed the old school Presbyterian church, which on the one hand admitted the theory of 'private judgment' and on the other punished severely those who applied it to Presbyterian doctrines and practices. The fate of Servetus under Calvin gave him a good instance of Presbyterian consistency. The Princeton Review, an able periodical and then the chief organ of Calvinism in this country, severely criticised Brownson's work and person. Brownson was then in the full maturity of his mental powers. The personalities of the Princeton Review had specially roused the giant. His reply shows him at his best. With admirable good temper and courtesy, but with sledge-hammer force, he answered the attack. He states in good, clear English his opponent's arguments, turns them over, dissects them, tests them by the canons of truth and logic, tosses them in the air, lets them fall, growls over them, hits them with his paw, and leaves them dead before the reader. The Princeton Tiger was never so thoroughly beaten on the football field as the Princeton champion was drubbed by the Catholic champion of 1858. I think that article of Brownson's contains the most thorough and the most popular refutation I have ever read of the theory of 'private judgment' as the rule of Christian faith. I advise every young Catholic theologian to get the article and read it often.

"He was, I repeat, our greatest Catholic reviewer. He gained nothing materially by becoming a Catholic, and lost much. He died comparatively poor."

WHEN MEN ARE FAIR

An address delivered last week in Boston by a Methodist bishop contains much food for thought. One paragraph especially is significant: "Once we drew our skirts aside from the Irish here in Boston. We do not do that any more because we are Irish. Once there was less opportunity for a Roman Catholic in a Protestant community than there is for a rank pagan in the mission work. What a good thing it is that the Roman Catholic Church came here and staid here to take care of its children. The Roman Catholics have as much right to their faith as we have to ours. It is a positive shame the way we have treated these people. They have gotten together in certain sections of the city, and we have been hurrahing for foreign missions and persecuting the foreigners in our midst."

The confession of Bishop Hamilton comes with good grace at a time when the missionary bodies of his church have been interfering with the faith of Catholics in Italy, Spain, Mexico, and South America. If "the Catholics" have as much right to their faith as the "Methodists," it is difficult to see why the Methodists should spend fortunes of money and years of time, not to say questionable methods in order to rob these Catholics of their faith. The exposure of Ministers, Porter (Baptist) in Bisaccia, Italy; of Tipple in Rome; of Speer in South America; and of Butler in Mexico, has aroused the minds of American people to action. If the missionary bodies of America would act in the spirit of Bishop Hamilton's words, then, as Americans in civic, industrial, and social life, all might live together without friction or disorder. But in religion, let both Methodist and Baptist leave us alone. We are attending to our own religious business. The world will become a paradise when the example of the Catholics of America is imitated by the various denominations outside her pale.—Pilot.

If a reputation be of pure metal it bears rough handling; if of tinsel it will tarnish easily.

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