


ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

OHN IRELAND, a distinguished American prelate of the Roman Church was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Sept. 11, 1838, and came to this country in his boyhood, settling at St. Paul, Minn., in 1849. His secular education was obtained at the Cathedral School in that city, while he pursued his theological course in France, in the seminaries of Meximieux and Hyères. He was ordained a priest in 1861, and during the Civil War was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment. He was subsequently rector of the cathedral at St. Paul, Minn., and in 1875 was consecrated bishop of St. Paul. In 1888, St. Paul was made an arch-diocese, over which he was installed as archbishop. He founded, in 1869, the first total-abstinence society in Minnesota, and has lectured largely on temperance in the United States and Great Britain, while he is also well known as a political speaker in Republican campaigns. He has helped to establish Roman Catholic colonies in the Northwest, and is president of the Minnesota State Historical Society. In 1891, he consented to allow the parochial school of Fairibault to be transferred to the control of the city school board, reserving the right to name the teachers appointed. This was known as "the Fairibault plan," and met with considerable adverse criticism in some quarters within the Roman Catholic Church, so much so, indeed, that the archbishop received a summons to Rome that the matter might be investigated. On May 9, 1899, he delivered an eloquent address on Joan of Arc, at Orléans, France, but his best-known oratorical effort is the address, here appended, on "The Duty and Value of Patriotism." He is widely popular both within and without the limits of his communion. In 1897, he published "The Church and Modern Society."

THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOTISM¹

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY OF
THE LOYAL LEGION, NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1894

COMMANDER, COMPANIONS,—To speak of patriotism is my evening's task. An easy and a gracious one it ought to be. Patriotism is personified in my audience. The honor is mine to address the country's heroes, the country's martyrs. At country's call you quickly buckled your armor on, and, rushing where battle raged, you offered

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for country's life the life-blood of your hearts. Many of you bear upon limb and face the sacred stigmata of patriotism. Your tried hands are doubly pledged in purest unselfishness and bravest resolve to uphold in the reign of peace the loved flag which in days of war they carried over gory fields above stain or reproach. I could not, if I would, close the portals of my soul to the rich and sweet inspirations which come to me from your souls.

I shall define patriotism as you understand and feel it. Patriotism is love of country, and loyalty to its life and weal—love tender and strong, tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through ages the human race burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which count its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they re-echo its whisperings; orators are most potent when they thrill its chords to music.

Pagan nations were wrong when they made gods of their noblest patriots. But the error was the excess of a great truth, that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism; that patriotism is one of earth's highest virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

The exalted patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in a canticle of religion which Jehovah inspired, and which has been transmitted, as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian church:

"Upon the rivers of Babylon there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion.—If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and war-ships. Patriotism is the vital spark of national honor; it is the fount of the nation's prosperity, the shield of the nation's safety. Take patriotism away, the nation's soul has fled, bloom and beauty have vanished from the nation's countenance.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is among earth's possessions the most precious, the first and best and dearest,—country, and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in all men; the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it grows its full growth only where thoughts are elevated and heart-beatings are generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond its deserts. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle. "O glorious is he," exclaims in Homer the Trojan warrior, "who for his country falls!" It is sublime in the oft-repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable and more estimable than to merit well of the commonwealth."

Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral

necessities of God's creatures are revelations of his will and laws. Man is born a social being. A condition of his existence and of his growth of mature age is the family. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A larger social organism is needed, into which families gather, so as to obtain from one another security to life and property and aid in the development of the faculties and powers with which nature has endowed the children of men.

The whole human race is too extensive and too diversified in interests to serve those ends: hence its subdivisions into countries or peoples. Countries have their providential limits—the waters of a sea, a mountain range, the lines of similarity of requirements or of methods of living. The limits widen in space according to the measure of the destinies which the great Ruler allots to peoples, and the importance of their parts in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the ever-advancing tide of humanity's evolution.

The Lord is the God of nations because he is the God of men. No nation is born into life or vanishes back into nothingness without his bidding. I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in his wisdom and his love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God.

More than a century ago a trans-Atlantic poet and philosopher, reading well the signs, wrote:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say, in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and loyalty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, the

boundless riches hidden beneath her soil and amid the rocks of her mountains, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, skilled in commerce and industry, valorous in war, prosperous in peace. In all these things America is opulent and great: but beyond them and above them in her singular grandeur, to which her material splendor is only the fitting circumstance.

America born into the family of nations in these latter times is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we take her in this altitude, we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature and conceal the singular design of Providence in her creation.

America is the country of human dignity, and human liberty.

When the fathers of the republic declared "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a cardinal principle was enunciated which in its truth was as old as the race, but in practical realization almost unknown.

Slowly, amid sufferings and revolutions, humanity had been reaching out toward a reign of the rights of man. Ante-Christian paganism had utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; he was what wealth, place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that some men were intended by nature to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of men.

Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions in accord with its spiritual faith. The Christian Church was all this leavening human society and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defence and of conquest, the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is the exemption from all restraint save that of the laws of justice and order; the exemption from submission to other men, except as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty to man is God's recognition of his greatness and his dignity. The sweetness of man's life and the power of growth lie in liberty. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Humanity, under the spell of heavenly memories, never ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, its refreshing breezes caressed humanity's brow. But not until the republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation, which the citizen by his own act freely concedes. In America there are no masters, who govern in their own rights, for their own interests, or at their own will. We have over

us no Louis XIV, saying: "L'état, c'est moi;" no Hohenzollern, announcing that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God.

Ours is the government of the people by the people for the people. The government is our own organized will. There is no State above or apart from the people. Rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even those apparently the most free, rights begin with and come downward from the State; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been painfully wrenched from the governing powers.

With Americans, whenever the organized government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen is sacred and inviolable. Elsewhere there are governments called republics: universal suffrage constitutes the State; but, once constituted, the State is tyrannous and arbitrary, invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic is liberty's native home—America.

The God-given mission of the republic of America is not only to its own people: it is to all the peoples of the earth, before whose eyes it is the symbol of human rights and human liberty, toward whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness for themselves.

Is there not for Americans a meaning to the word "country?" Is there not for Americans reason to live for country, and, if need there be, to die for country? Is there not joy in the recollection that you have been her saviors and glory in the name of America's "Loyal Legion?" Whatever the country, patriotism is a duty: in America the duty is thrice sacred.

The duty of patriotism is the duty of justice and of grati-

tude. The country fosters and protects our dearest interests—our altars and hearthstones—*pro aris et focis*. Without it there is no safety for life or property, no opportunities of development and progress. All that the country is, she makes ours. We are wise of her wisdom, rich of her opulence, resplendent of her glory, strong of her fortitude. At once the prisoner Paul rose to eminence, and obtained respect from Palestinian Jews and Roman soldiers, when he proudly announced that he was a citizen of Rome—*civis Romanus*. And to-day how significant, the world over, are the words "I am a citizen of America"—"*civis Americanus!*"

Duty to country is a duty of conscience, a duty to God. For country exists by natural divine right. It receives from God the authority needful for its life and work; its authority to command is divine. The apostle of Christ to the gentiles writes: "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God."

The religion of patriotism is not sufficiently considered: and yet it is this religion which gives to country its majesty and to patriotism its sacredness and force.

As the part to the whole, so is the citizen to the country; and this relation is the due measure of patriotism. The country and its interests are paramount to the citizen and his interests. A king of France, St. Louis, set to his device this motto: "*Dieu, la France, et Marguerite.*" It told the order of allegiances: God first, next to God country, next to country family, oneself the last—the willing and generous chevalier, even unto death, of family, country, and God.

Allegiance to country is limited only by allegiance to God. God and his eternal laws of justice and righteousness are su-

preme and hold first claims upon conscience. A country which exacts the violation of those laws annuls its own moral authority, becomes an aggregation of human wills which physical force alone sustains. "To God, that which is God's; to Cæsar, that which is Cæsar's."

In olden paganism the state arrogated to itself supremacy in ethics as in temporals, and ruled consciences. Under this tyranny of the soul freedom's last ray vanished; the last vestige of human dignity was effaced. Christ made men free; he brought back the state to its proper orbit; and, restoring truth upon earth, he restored manhood to man, and to country the effulgence of the skies.

It is fortunate for a people that from time to time supreme emergencies arise testing its patriotism to the highest pitch. If patriotism remains dormant for a long period it may lessen in strength, while the reflection and self-consciousness which resolute action awakens result in a fuller estimate of the value of the country and institutions which it is the duty of patriotism to defend.

A supreme emergency did arise for the people of America.

There had been, indeed, patriotism intense and sublime in the revolutionary war, when—

"In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not."

But had this patriotism survived? Notable changes had come over the country. The population had been made much more eclectic; commerce and industry, usually unpropitious to sentiment and exaltation of soul, had engrossed the public mind; the spirit of democracy, in its workings toward individualism of character, might have unfitted the citizen for sacrifice in behalf of the general weal.

I was in Europe when the Civil War broke out, and I well remember the tone of the public press regarding the American situation. It was asserted that patriotism was unknown to Americans; and that a free government like ours, compelled to rely upon volunteer service, could not muster a large army of defenders. The proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 soldiers was received as the venturesome act of despair, and a quick dissolution of the Union was prophesied. At home there were not a few whose thoughts were those of the unfriendly Europeans.

On the morning of the 12th day of April, in the memorable year of 1861, a cannon-ball swept over the waters of Charleston harbor, aimed with deadly intent at the Star-Spangled Banner floating above the walls of Sumter. War was declared against the country.

How much there was at stake! Scarcely can we at this moment recall without trepidation the awful significance of the contest.

At stake was the Union of the States, the strength and the life of the nation. What constitutes each State, from the Atlantic waters to those of the Pacific, strong, hopeful, palpitating with giant life and ready for giant progress? This only fact, that the States are one nation, and that, at home and abroad, one flag symbolizes them. A Northern republic, a Southern republic, a Western republic—the nations would despise them. The republic of the United States—the nations fear and honor it.

At stake was the plenary recognition of human rights in our own country. In contradiction to the Declaration of Independence men were held as slaves—forsooth, because of color; in practice America had failed as yet to be the ideal country of manhood and human dignity. Had rebellion