

one by one surrender their shepherd's staff to the summons that will not be denied. So had Charles Carroll of Carrollton long outlived the great men, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, and Washington, who had signed with the pen and safeguarded with the sword the great charter of our national independence.

Quick indeed had been the rise of young Father James Gibbons from the ranks of the clergy. Brought back by his father and mother to the land of his forefathers in Ireland, he had begun his classical studies in one of those humble schools of the West of Erin, that boasted neither material equipment nor financial endowment, but had the gift, the only one worth while where education is concerned, of turning out ripe scholars and thoroughly Catholic gentlemen. On his father's death he was brought back by his dauntless mother to the United States, the one place in which God intended him to work, and where his rare gifts of ambassador, conciliator, patriot, and priest were needed. Had that brave mother not brought her boy back to the land that had given him birth, the United States would have met with an irreparable loss. A distinct void would have been felt in our national life. Other ambassadors of Christ would have spoken their message, but the note which the dead Prince of the Church sounded as priest, Bishop, Archbishop, Cardinal, patriot, statesman, controversialist, American citizen, writer, interpreter of the doctrines of the Catholic Church to the American nation, would have been wanting.

After the years of final preparation for the priesthood at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, and St. Mary's College, Baltimore, whither the young lad had gone from New Orleans, the future Cardinal was ready to meet the crisis both in Church and State upon which the country was entering. A new era was opening. A man was needed for the new tasks. When in July, 1861, the little congregation of St. Patrick's, Baltimore, saw their new assistant pastor's strong face, winsome smile, firm mouth, and well-knit frame, and heard his clear-toned, fascinating voice, delivering his priestly message with a sweetness, authority, and elegance of diction which for 70 years never lost its Addisonian charm, they knew that they had no ordinary man to look after their spiritual welfare. It was the same at St. Bridget's, Canton, at St. Lawrence's Church, on the Patapsco, at Forts McHenry and Marshall. Parish-priest and missionary, Father Gibbons was his own sexton, bell-ringer, driver over snow-covered fields, pilot and rower across swollen streams. He had his ambassador's message. No obstacle or fear kept him back. As gentle as that heroic mother who twice gave him to America, he was absolutely fearless. He had an iron will and would not be beaten.

These humbler days of the life of the great American Cardinal shine with a light altogether their own. They were spent among the poor. Father Gibbons shared their poverty. He performed the humblest duties of the priesthood. He catechised, taught school, rode miles and miles on sick-calls. His large humanity, his zeal, his refinement and piety made him loved everywhere. American himself in the noblest sense of the word, he saw that Americans naturally loved the truth. Ambassador of his Master Christ, he longed to bring the truth of Christ and the Church He founded, home to his countrymen. He had scarcely passed seven years in the ranks of the priesthood when, at the age of 34, he was consecrated, August 16, 1868, titular Bishop of Adramyttum and Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. Here the field was white unto the harvest, but there were scarcely any laborers but the Bishop himself and a few devoted priests. But North Carolina and Richmond, to which see he was appointed on the death of Bishop McGill in 1872, were but the initial stages of the real apostolate of the youthful prelate. Baltimore, the city of his birth, was to welcome him as its Archbishop, October, 1873. Archbishop Bayley had died but a few months before.

No matter where he lived, James Gibbons would have by his own talents, virtues, and innate worth risen above any obstacle. As a simple parish priest, as Vicar-Apostolic in the spiritually deserted mountain tracks of North Carolina, as Bishop of Richmond, he had already won the esteem and affection of his people and his elders in the episcopate. He was already a power for good in the country. The archiepiscopal see of Carroll, Eccleston, Spalding,

Kenrick, and Bayley was now to furnish him with an external glamor and prestige which would add to his influence. Occupant of the oldest see in the United States, he could now speak with more authority. He would in a far larger sense than before be the Ambassador of the Catholic Church to the people of America.

As Bishop of Richmond he had published in 1876 one of the most remarkable books written in the nineteenth century, *The Faith of Our Fathers*. The title alone is an inspiration and a masterpiece. *The Faith of Our Fathers* is not a book of controversy, nor strictly can it be called a work of apologetics. It is a clear, simple, exposition of the Catholic Faith, the old unvariable and unvaried Faith of Christendom. It avoids the rigid methods of the schools. No parade of recondite learning mars its pages. It is a book that a toiler can understand for its simplicity, candor, and straightforwardness, and scholars admire for the infallible psychological insight of the author into the peculiarities of the American mind, ever lover of the truth, and quick to seize it, but restless under the heavy logic and metaphysics often brought to the defence of the Faith. Of *The Faith of Our Fathers* over 1,000,000 copies have been sold. Its calm and dignified exposition of the Faith, its Virgilian sweetness, its tone of authority unmarred by dogmatism or harshness, have won thousands to the Catholic Church. When a Catholic layman, priest, or bishop asks himself what book is best suited to the mind seeking for the truth in religion, he infallibly concludes with the answer *The Faith of Our Fathers*.

Long did the star of the Pastor of Baltimore remain in its full meridian, for it can scarcely be said to have had any eclipse. Archbishop Gibbons up to the day of his creation as Cardinal was a prominent, beloved, and well-known figure. And since 1886 James Cardinal Gibbons has been a national institution. What if he made mistakes. In the life of James Cardinal Gibbons, these specks disappear in the splendor of noble deeds. He had the esteem and the love of Benedict XV., Leo XIII., of Pius IX., and Pius X., the affection of his people of Baltimore, children, old and young, Catholic and Protestant and Jew. To his brothers in the episcopate he spoke with something of the authority of a Father in Christ. To those not of his fold he represented worthily the authority of the Church, and proved by his timely, judicious utterances that the Catholic Church was the friend of those free and democratic institutions of which his countrymen were so proud.

He proved that there was no antagonism between the Catholic Church and progress, science, sound industrial and political theories. When the cause of the Knights of Labor was in danger of facing ecclesiastical censure and condemnation at Rome, he addressed in February, 1887, to Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, for presentation to the Holy Office, a report on the subject, the ablest document he ever wrote perhaps. Good men called the American Cardinal a Socialist. But Manning in England looked upon the document as one worthy of a true friend of the poor. The head of the Knights of Labor in the United States, Terence V. Powderly, and the tens of thousands of working men whose cause had been so gallantly championed by the Archbishop of Baltimore, saw their side of the question placed in its true light and the condemnation with which they were threatened was never pronounced. The cause of the laborer and the workingman never had such splendid champions as Leo XIII. and the prelate whom he had but a short while before lifted to the honors of the purple. In the person of James Cardinal Gibbons Labor had an eloquent and able ambassador in the Holy City.

When the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore was held in 1884, James Cardinal Gibbons was appointed by Leo XIII. Apostolic Delegate, and in that capacity presided over the sessions of the assembly with a dignity, sweetness, and authority that won all hearts. To the cause of the Catholic University he gave his unflagging and intelligent co-operation, for he knew the necessity of a thoroughly educated clergy. Evil influences within the Church itself attempted to divide the faithful by bringing into action in their ranks the mischievous effects of nationalism by claiming for certain elements of the Catholic population bishops of the nation to which they belonged. The Cardinal left no doubt as to his position in the matter