

best achievements of American intellectual and educational effort.

The fact that Mexico is our neighbor carries with it obligations as well as opportunities. If, as we constantly affirm, American civilization stands for the spirit of helpfulness, we must be ever ready to respond to any call. To do this effectively, however, good will must be supplemented by a serious study of Mexico's needs, and a conscious effort to understand and appreciate the Mexican point of view. In so doing we shall be rendering a real service to our own country as well as to Mexico. Our failure to understand this great country of over fifteen million inhabitants is a constant menace to the preservation of cordial relations between the two nations. The more intimate the relations between the two peoples, and the closer the understanding between the two Governments, the better will we be able to carry out our manifest mission on this continent—to foster the spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness between the American Republics.



## THE HUMOR OF THE SAINTS

There is one great honor which the world still owes the saints; it has exalted their devotion, extolled their purity, and sometimes followed their example, but it has not recognized their deep and beautiful humanity. The reason is obvious; the mediæval view of life and the Calvinistic theology so lowered human nature in the scale of being that the sanctity of a saint was measured by the breadth of the chasm which separated the ideal character from normal human qualities and feelings. Instead of perceiving that in a saint the human qualities bloom in the sunniest exposure to divine truth and love, men have too often felt that sainthood involves a dehumanizing process, and that one becomes a saint by ceasing to be a man. This mistaken ideal of spiritual attainment was of a piece with an idea of God, once widely prevalent, aptly defined by Phillips Brooks when he said that some men conceived of God as a gigantic clergyman!

There have been saints without the gift of humor, that creative gift which has been, with rare exceptions, one of the prime

qualities of genius, and which is one of the impressive evidences of immortality. The saints have never been frivolous; for humor is not frivolous. The saints have always been tremendously in earnest; and humor is in a special sense the saving grace of earnestness. The holy men and women who have been without humor have not been saints because of but in spite of their lack of it. There have been holy men and women of extraordinary ugliness of feature; but they have achieved sainthood, not because they were ugly, but because they made the inward beauty victorious over the outward uncouthness. In the next stage of life, when our spirits will fashion the outward form they wear, it is safe to predict that the saints will all be beautiful.

And they will all be human as well; they always have been. Those who seem to have risen into thin air and shed their humanity have been the victims of the common idea that not otherwise could they have been saintly. As the early Italian fresco painters, who so lovingly chronicled the miracles of the saints, gave them the look of emaciation to indicate their triumph over the flesh, so we rob them of their deep and beautiful human qualities under the mistaken impression that by so doing we lift them nearer heaven. A few years ago, when the biography of a great preacher appeared, those who knew him well were sorely disappointed to find in it hardly a trace of his deep and spontaneous humor, which was one of the most fruitful and significant qualities of his affluent nature. The biographer had felt, apparently, that the fresh and flowing humor of the great man would somehow obscure the dignity of the great preacher!

At Assisi, in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which incloses the two primitive chapels especially connected with Saint Francis, there is a little French monk on whose lips the beautiful story of that great and loving spirit never loses its interest. In such places one often hears only tales of conventional goodness; miracles of academic piety, so to speak; but from the little French monk one hears quaint incident, innocent wit, sweet, normal, human good sense and humor. In the case of Saint Francis it is comparatively

unimportant to separate fact from fiction, since the fiction is as full of truth as the fact, the legends of the saint are a reflection of his lovely nature and his beneficent life. In laying aside the dignities and comforts of life and clothing himself with arduous poverty as with a garment, the young man of Assisi, who had stripped himself that he might the more entirely serve his kind, did not lay aside his natural shrewdness nor his happy gift of cheerful wit. Many of the tales the little monk tells of the saint's quiet humor are full of a penetrating judgment. One day, as he was planting cabbages in the little garden, two young nobles came to him and offered themselves as members of the little community. He looked at them keenly. "Can you bear the discipline of obedience?" he asked. They were sure they could, and were eager to take its yoke. The first step was a very homely and uninteresting one: the saint set them at work planting cabbages, and told them to place the cabbages with their heads down. One youth did as he was told, and the saint smiled on him; the other planted the cabbages with their roots down, as they ought to be planted. "You know too much for me," said the saint, and declined to receive him. This reminds one of the Perfectionist who was eager to speak at Northfield one summer, and was constantly put off by Mr. Moody. At the end of the season the perfected man went to the evangelist, whose good sense was as great as his devotion, and declared that he should return, and that then Mr. Moody would be compelled to accept the evidence that he had attained a state of perfection. "We will wait," was the reply, "until we hear what your wife has to say about it."

A very lovely saint is revealed in a collection of prose writings of Mary E. Coleridge, recently issued by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. She is described as a holy woman entirely free from self-conscious piety. "She was good," said a woman in humble life when she heard of her death. "No, she wasn't: she was something much better than good." The woman was thinking of the goodness that consciously patterns itself after a type; Miss Coleridge's goodness was the natural flowering of her nature, the childlike

unfolding of a pure soul. Her mind had both distinction and individuality. She thought the life of Pascal very depressing. "Saints who object to their sisters kissing them puzzle me more than a murderer," she wrote. Religion which denied normal human impulses and affections repelled her. She had a shrewd critical sense and a perfectly healthy mind. Of d'Annunzio she said, "I get tired of his being so tired of everything," which cuts the drama and fiction of the author of "Paola and Francesco" to the quick. The sunshine that filtered through her whole nature shines in these words:

"June may be had by the poorest comer." It is God's alms to the poor. He feeds them with the sweet air, he clothes their naked bodies with the warmth of the sunshine. I never feel inclined to be charitable in June. It seems to me that heaven has taken it off my hands, and I am sorry for no one. Old women who sit all day long at street corners move me not. Vagrant families provoke only a smile. Little boys without any boots make me feel rather envious. Anybody who is well enough to be out anywhere deserves not pity.

Two other beautifully human saints come to mind as these words are written. One was a Methodist whose life had been one long and blessed service of others. At seventy she entered upon ten years of increasing suffering; for five years she was helpless. She was more than heroic; she was a spring of life and joy. Age seemed to have passed her by while pain waited beside her. Her face never lost its bloom nor her eye its merry gleam. Her humor to the last hour was a flowing stream in which faith, gayety of spirit, and clear intelligence mingled and moved harmoniously. Long before she went, her Calvary had become a Mount of Transfiguration; her mortality put on immortality like a shining garment.

The other was a teaching nun in a convent school. She wore the dress of her order as naturally as if it were the universal dress of women, and her religion was at once faith, service, and charity. She was set apart to a life of holy thoughts, but her beautiful humanity was not obscured but made luminous by it. Her face was wonderfully responsive to fine thoughts and beautiful speech; she taught literature as one who lived beside fountains of its inspiration. She had a quiet

seriousness, a charming humor, a natural gift of judgment. To know her was to be in the atmosphere of the saint without any blurring of the grace and sweetness of the woman. These are the saints who make us aware that Heaven is not a far

country beyond the distant horizon, but lies at our doors; that immortal life does not begin at death, but only stoops at that dark and lonely portal to enter another stage of growth in grace and beauty and knowledge.

## THE NEW NATIONALISM AND THE OLD MORALITIES

### STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

AS Mr. Roosevelt stepped out upon the balcony of the Monongahela House a great shout arose from the multitude. From this height, where we were close under the enveloping blackness of the night, we looked down upon an illumined outspread mass of human beings. Between us and the inky, light-flecked river the people, whose upturned faces seemed veritably painted with strong lines by the arc lamps, were so densely packed that it looked as if the outermost were about to be pushed into the water. To the left a great open space—perhaps a street, perhaps a wharf—was in the same manner covered deep with people. Toward the background two street cars were stalled as it were in a human drift, and were covered with people as cars which have come through a blizzard are freighted with snow. Beyond in the background there was no line marking the limit of the throng, for at that distance the throng itself was indistinguishable from the inclosing wall of darkness.

To this place Mr. Roosevelt had come through streets of which the people had literally taken possession. To the right and left they had completely blockaded the sidewalks, and at every cross street formed a bulging mass of humanity. They had stood on doorways, stoops, and balconies, and for many stories above the street level they had filled the windows. On the lower buildings they edged the roofs. Mr. Roosevelt had acknowledged the people's greeting, and now, in turn, he spoke from this balcony to the people.

On such an occasion a speaker can convey his ideas only by expressing them in broad outlines. He gave his hearers but one elementary thought—that this was a time of simple, fundamental issues. In another period of the Nation's history Henry Clay had spoken from the same spot; and later, from the same spot, Lincoln had sent out to the people a message like a shaft. Now, at a time which, like those other two times, may well be termed critical for democracy, Mr. Roosevelt stood where these two men had stood and summoned the people to turn seriously to the problems of self-government.

That evening at Pittsburgh marked not only the end but also the culmination of an unprecedented journey. Like his passage from Naples to London, his tour from New York through the Middle West to the Rocky Mountains and back to Pittsburgh (where he was but a night's journey from New York) was unparalleled. His European journey has already had an influence upon the attitude of world powers toward world problems. So this journey within the United States is already influencing the progress of democracy in the United States and therefore throughout the world. Yet, in the one case as in the other, the effect has not been the result of deliberate purpose and plan, nor yet the result of mere chance; it is rather the inevitable result when a man gifted with the qualities of leadership encounters circumstances which demand a leader.

Between the morning of August 23, when he left New York City, and just before