

If he has children, they are taken from him. If he has a profession, he is driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised.'

The Church has not been unabettled in its efforts to cast obloquy upon Paine's name. Other vested interests whose scions lauded his eloquence when foreign tyrants were assailed by him, turned and rent him when he directed attention to certain iniquities of his own.

Well could Paine have said with Lord Bacon: "The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, are the sovereign good of human nature."

A candid person is not always a desirable companion, especially if he is wise to our little schemes, and truth has a shorter, uglier meaning when applied to our own sins.

The state of the American mind when Paine landed here was not unlike the state of the American mind today. The colonists were vacillating between their loyalty to the king and their desire and need of relief from his oppression. They seemed to think, somehow, that if the king were aware of their grievances he would act at once to remedy their ills. Such a nice man as George III. by the grace of God would not allow these things to be, and all that is necessary is to draft a petition and all will be well again. But the effect of complaints upon his highness was simply the loosening of the screws at one point and tightening them at another more vital point. Although harassed in every way, and at the end of their patience, it never occurred to them that the solution of their problem lay in dumping George and predatory barons into the harbor and attending to their own business in their own way. Into this abysmal darkness came Thomas Paine and his "Common Sense." The idea of separation had never occurred to them, nor had it been before suggested. "Common Sense" cleared the atmosphere and inspired the flagging spirits of the colonists with patriotic enthusiasm and hope. This enthusiasm Paine did not allow to evaporate. "Common Sense" was soon followed by "Crisis."

"These are the times that try men's souls," he cried. "The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands by it NOW deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have the consolation with us that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated."

When he heard it said that Americans were rebels, he replied: "He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defense of reason rebels against tyranny has a better title to Defender of the Faith than George III." To those who wished to postpone the war to some distant day, he said, in the true spirit of self-sacrifice: "Every generous parent should say, 'If there must be war let it be in my day that my child may have peace.'" It was in this spirit that Paine enlisted as a private. He was a brave and efficient soldier and was actively engaged in many battles. Later he became aide-de-camp to General Greene.

During his life, it is pleasant to reflect, he associated intimately with the finest minds of his time, not only in America, but

also in France and England. A list of his achievements would make a chapter in itself. Advanced thinkers of today are advocating many of the things which were original with Paine.

The revolution ended in America, Paine went to France and became at once a prominent figure in the struggle there. "Where liberty is not, there is my country," he said, and words with him became golden deeds. Paine was a patriot of the broadest type. "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." Also, he was a humanitarian. In the French Assembly, when everyone clamored for the death of Louis XIV., Paine, when such an act would place him under suspicion with the extremists, in true devotion to his principles reminded his hearers that they must conquer themselves and not in the new birth of freedom perpetuate the barbarity and cruelty of royalty against which they had struggled. "We will kill the king and spare the man," he said, and voted for the life of Louis. For this he was arrested, imprisoned and doomed to death, but he was saved from the guillotine.

In 1802, Jefferson induced Paine to return to America, and for several months he was tendered reception after reception in recognition of his services to this country and to mankind at large. Paine held that any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system. He died very peacefully at the age of 72 in the year 1809, and was buried on his farm at New Rochelle, N. Y. In 1819, Wm. J. Cobbett, angered by America's neglect of Paine's name and the dishonor which his enemies heaped upon his memory, had the grave opened and his bones removed to England.

America today, in her own estimation, represents the apex of human civilization. If we were to listen to the Fourth of July bombast of certain fifth rate patriots, we would be led to believe that Justice, with scales held aloft poised and balanced, walks blind-folded as surely in our alleys as upon our boulevards. They will tell you that in this country all men are equal; that slavery does not exist; education is free to the poor as well as the rich; and that we abound in philanthropists and charity organizations. Let me remind you that all that is noble in America and American institutions today, is noble only because of the zeal and ardor and loyalty of Thomas Paine, and when America returns again to the purity of her early ideals the name of Thomas Paine will receive its meed of honor.

Mr. Boland's Poem.

THOMAS PAINE—1737-1809—1909.

Thy name I love, Tom Paine;
I love thy crystal brain,
I hail the hand that wrote
With sword-like pen, and smote
The despots from their long and rotten reign.

That name which calumnies,
And scorn and baseless lies
To us have made more dear,
That hand unstayed by fear,
When Freedom and her blessings was the prize.

From us who now may think
As freemen still, and drink
Of wisdom as a spring,