

virtue for merely war time. His is not the kind of love that is kept stored away for the day of danger but it is kept in activity every day of his life. His is not the patriotism that through indifference or fear or any other reason takes no part in the government of our country. Not the patriot that mourns and wrings one's hands over bad laws and lets them stay in the statute book. Not the patriot that is afraid of making a stir and not interfere if that is necessary to improve existing conditions. But the patriot that having the welfare of the country at heart calls on the use of the ballot to remedy that which is wrong and to oust from office those who have been renegade to the sacred trust given to them by their fellows. He preaches the gospel of true citizenship. That the highest type of citizen is the man of spiritual ideals. Not one whose patriotism gravitates towards his purse or lifts him no higher than his own personal interests or who shapes his policy for his own private needs. The nation that forgets God and the spiritual shall not live.

The Catholic Church encourages and develops a strong love and reverence for the rights constituted authority—no man can fulfill his duties as a citizen without reverence and respect for authority. No man can love or respect the laws of the land, if he holds in contempt or even in slight regard the authority which frames and executes these laws. No man can hearken aright to the voice that calls him in the day of the nation's need unless he reverences the authority uttering that voice. No man can make willingly, gladly, the effort, the sacrifice demanded of him for his country's good unless he reverences deeply the authority which makes such demands. What is the Church's teaching in regard to civil authority?

"We can best understand her position here by throwing it into contrast with those other theories of civil authority which have obtained outside Catholic thought, theories, mark you, that range up and down our literature; that have openly and covertly crept into some of our textbooks that underlie many of the commentaries of constitution; theories that are oftentimes swallowed blindly without any appreciation of their utter worthlessness or positive danger or disastrous results.

"Outside Catholic teaching there are really but two theories advanced to explain the origin and binding force of civil authority. I am well aware that these two are variously shaded and colored and modified to mend their defects or to escape the objections urged against them; but at bottom there are but two. One is the theory of "Social Compact" advanced by Rousseau, the other the theory of "Might Making Right" propounded by Hobbs and his followers. Take either one of these two and you will find beyond hope of resurrection all that love and reverence for civil authority which is essential in true citizenship.

"Make that authority the offspring of social compact, the birth of human choice, the agreement of the individual, free pittance; make it a mere agreement entered freely or performed by our barbarous or semi-barbarous ancestors—and what binding force can it have for me? Who dare make this contract binding without voice or consent of mine? By what title could any man or body of men make a compact that limits, destroys even in part my rights, my liberty—without choice of mine? What just power under heaven compels me to stand by that void and unjust law? And further if civil authority be but the burst of social compact of individual free consent—why that same force existing today can destroy it utterly and there is no law, no duty, no power under heaven to prevent me or any man from working for its destruction.

"Take again the theory of Hobbs—that civil authority has its origin in craven fear of the weak and the might of the strong—and the man who submits to it is still a coward and a slave; the might that I can bring to overthrow it is just as lawful as the might that made it first and still enforces it on me.

"Make any one of these two shabby systems and you sanction logically, inevitably sanction all the wildest dreams of all the wildest "isms" with which the age is accursed—Anarchism, Nihilism, Socialism, Absolutism. These thrones held the seed of that bloodiest upheaval of social order that darkened the fair name of France and deluged her history with crime. They are pregnant still with the same awful orgies wherever and whenever the hot passions of the human breast can develop them to the logical issue.

"Now set beside these the noble teachings of the Catholic faith—and what a contrast is here. There is her voice that the civil authority to which I owe and pay love and allegiance is a divine thing; it is God's authority invested in His creatures; that is, it comes down from heaven with the beauty and strength and glory of heaven round about it—not risen up like a hideous spirit from the craven fears of the lawless compact of men. This is her voice that when I bow down in sweet submission to the civil authority under which I live, I am no slave of any man; I am no craven coward; I am a free-born child of God doing His divine will lovingly, gladly. And so from the very beginning she caught up the inspired cry of the great apostle of the Gentiles and made it a

part and parcel of her revealed doctrine. "Be obedient to them that are your temporal lords, not serving to the eyes as if by pleasing to men, but doing the will of God from the heart." And again, "Let every man be subject to a higher power, for there is no power but from God and those that are, are ordained of God."

"Such, my friends, are the chief points of the Catholic teaching on this most important question of civil authority. The nations of Europe have, for the present, discarded these principles—they are seldom heard in their own halls of legislation; and I believe before God that the War that now devastates Europe and hangs like a pall over its life, will force us back to the recognition of the same sublime teaching. This is the Catholic teaching and practice—and how noble, how uplifting, how divine. There is the authority—a man can reverence and love: There is the authority whose laws are holy and true: There is the voice that in the days of the nation's need may call to hardship or sacrifice or death and shall be answered, "I come, because it is the voice of God."

"Hence, my friends, when the Catholic obeys the voice of his rightly constituted ruler, he is obeying the command of his God, and when he yields obedience to the law, he yields obedience to God. He looks upon the constitution as a divine thing, and would die rather than make one move to undermine or destroy them, for they are of God. What a power for union amongst us, a power of permanence! Are we Catholics a menace to the State? Are Catholics loyal to the constitution? We yield in loyalty to no man or race or creed. Our Catholic Church and principles bind us more strongly to our laws and constitution than any other body of men in the Union, eighteen millions swearing to reverence the constitution and the law because they are of God.

"And this is principle. In practice have we been loyal? Oh, look upon the flag of our country that floats so proudly in the breezes in these days of our triumph. It is red with blood, yes and with Catholic blood laid down in defence of the land that bore them. Beneath its stars and stripes they have marched o'er many a field and beneath its stars and stripes they have been laid away in many a patriot's grave. The blood that flows in my veins has reddened that flag. The blood that flows in yours is there.

"That same love burns as fiercely to-day with love and loyalty as in the days of battle, and in these days of dread war, when the cry for men issues forth from the capital, and calls us from our friends and from our altars, every Catholic will hearken to that cry and with a glad voice and thrilling heart, hasten to the defense of the flag and, if need be, gladly lay down his life for the land he loves next to his God.

"Down the centuries we have come—the Catholic, the patriot standing for the principles of liberty and equality, holding aloft the crucifix of his faith and wrapped about it the folds of the flag of his native land. Oh, you Catholic men, love and reverence that flag in life and death. And when the summons comes, your eyes dimming with death, look for the last time upon the stars and stripes and above them the face of Him that died for us, smiling and beckoning to the land of liberty beyond."—Providence Visitor.

A NUN'S DREAM REALIZED

FAMOUS MAYO HOSPITAL PRO- JECTED BY FRANCISCAN SISTER

The recent gift of Dr. William and Dr. Charles Mayo of Rochester, Minn., to the University of Minnesota, recalls the story of the beginning of the world-renowned hospital at Rochester. The dramatic incident which led to the founding of the famous medical institution was told by the "Old Doctor," father of the "Mayo Boys," to a group of convalescents who gathered one day at the Kahler Hotel, Rochester.

The most noted surgical institution in America was founded on a nun's dream—a vision she called it.

More than thirty years ago the little town of Rochester, Minnesota, was swept by a tornado. Scores of the inhabitants were killed or injured.

At the edge of the town in a white house set in the midst of a blooming orchard lived Dr. William W. Mayo, not the famous Dr. William Mayo of today, but his father. The country doctor possessed exceptional skill as a surgeon. He used to cut off limbs mangled by reapers and mowers and he performed other difficult operations when they were required. He never took his cases to better known surgeons in the larger cities. He felt competent to handle them himself. But there was small need for surgery in that country doctor's practice and he had not half a dozen major operations a year.

Then came the tornado. For close on forty years Doctor Mayo had driven from house to house in the neighborhood of Rochester caring for the sick. He had presided at the birth of nearly half the population. The men and women mutilated by the storm were his friends.

His own house was outside the path of the storm. No member of his family was injured. A messenger came on the run—"Most everybody's killed, doctor," he cried, "and there isn't a house standing."

The statement was exaggerated, but the truth was bad enough.

All that night Dr. Mayo performed miracles of surgery on the long oak table in the old town hall. All night long he piled his little-used surgical instruments, and through the long hours of that night of half a hundred operations four women helped Dr. Mayo. They were women he had never known before. They wore the habit of the Order of St. Francis. The four hastened to the shambles from their small convent school in Rochester. They never had done any nursing, but their vows of poverty and service made it imperative that they offer themselves to the superior as one of the first to offer herself as a nurse. Doctor Mayo accepted her services and the help of the others as well.

When the worst was over, the dead buried, the injured recovering, the mother superior of the little convent sent for Doctor Mayo. She told him she had a vision of the future. It had come to her in a kind of waking dream, but so vividly and with such force that she had to reveal it.

Her vision was of a great hospital in Rochester—the little country town with its one doctor. To that hospital she had been told in her vision would come patients from all parts of the world. And she had seen, in her fancy, the name of Mayo respected the world over for surgical achievement.

"But I am nearly sixty years old," said Doctor Mayo. "How can I achieve such fame? How can we build such a hospital? How would the world know it if we did?"

"You have sons," answered the mother superior. "They will be great surgeons, wonderful surgeons. The world will find a path to your door."

At that time the Mayo boys, William and Charles, were little chaps in short trousers, and with no thought of becoming surgeons.

Doctor Mayo is several years past ninety, but he recalls the beginning of the great Mayo Hospital with a thrill of pride. He gave the order twenty acres of land for a hospital, for it had been part of the vision that the Sisterhood erect the building and care for the sick.

A small brick building was erected, the money scraped together somehow and the work accomplished through the influence of sheer will. It was the will of a wonderful woman and it built St. Mary's Hospital, in which thousands of patients have been cared for—patients from the ends of the earth. None but surgical cases have been received there.

Dr. Mayo was not a Catholic. When the mother superior broached the subject to him he was skeptical of many things about it. First, the idea seemed visionary, preposterous. Second, how could he, a Protestant, countenance the practices of a Catholic institution? Why, they would be hanging pictures of saints upon the walls! All this he told the good mother, but her spiritual vision had been clear, she was sure the work had been divinely planned, supernaturally inspired.

Somehow she imparted her enthusiasm and conviction to Doctor Mayo. Today the hospital stands a monument to her vision. The nurses are of her order. And yet the name of the wonderful nun is hardly known in the hospital. Another executive Sister succeeded her in a few years as its head, and the nun who created the institution was transferred to a smaller one in another part of the diocese. But the work created by the good mother goes on, and the old surgeon who watches the fulfillment of her prophecy honors her name.—J. G. Gable, in the Echo.

DIVORCE IS DENIED

That the Church because of her uncompromising attitude on the question of divorce incurred the reforming fury of Henry VIII, and suffered the loss of England from her fold is a matter of common knowledge. But that a similar unyielding attitude on the same question frustrated a projected reconciliation of the Orthodox Russian Church will come as a new and most interesting fact to most people.

To St. Simon, a noted French nobleman, we owe the interesting account of this little known fact. In his "Complete and Authentic Memoirs published in Paris in 1842, in 40 vols., he tells us, what we also find confirmed in the Secret Memoirs of the reign of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. by Ducloux, published in Paris in 1791 in two volumes, that Peter I. of Russia wished to undertake seriously not only a personal reconciliation with the Roman Church but contemplated an attempt to force his subjects to follow him in such a course. His motives for such a project were as the author tells us "on the one hand his vaulting ambition burned with eagerness to establish family connections with the first ruling houses of the world, such as the houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon, and to secure for his own dynasty, till then scarcely known in civilized Europe, a position of equality with them. In this he was hindered by the fact that no other ruling house belonged to the Greek orthodox religion. Besides this Peter I. hoped to find the Apostolic See more compliant than the Russian clergy who stubbornly refused to legally and finally divorce him from his first wife Eudoxia Lapuchin, from whom he passionately desired to be separated. This they refused because there was not even the semblance of a reason for doing so."

To encompass this his design the czar sent his most astute and accomplished diplomat, Count Kurakin, to Rome to conduct negotiations towards realizing his scheme. It is this same Count Kurakin whom Saint Simon gives as his personal source of information in the matter. Our author continues his interesting revelation by telling us that: "Still the negotiations conducted in greatest secrecy for over three years yielded no result, for the reason that in the first place, the Pope without a shadow of a doubt absolutely refused to lend himself to divorcing the sole lord of all Russians from poor Eudoxia, and then especially because Kurakin's report convinced him (Peter) that from his own and the conversion of his people there would arise such an obstacle to the establishment of that absolutism which he so desired that even the most brilliant family alliance would be too great a price to pay. Peter therefore gave up the project and allowed the Greek Church to remain in Russia."

Thus we have here again a most telling example of the unyielding attitude of the Church on so fundamental a principle as divorce, a matter of such vital social importance in our day of neo-pagan laxity. So too, we have here again, out of the mouth of what we here in America have come to regard as one of the classical examples of Absolutism, a strong confirmation of the Church's championship of the rights of nations and peoples. The fact that at all times she has stood against absolutism of every form should be strongly impressed on our minds to-day, when there is such a bewildering array of opinions on different forms of government.—C. B. of C. V.

PRAYER AND THE YOUNG

Perhaps never before in the history of the Church or, for that matter, of the civilized world, has the welfare of the child played so prominent a role in progress and development. The last three Popes, together with the present Holy Father, have shown in many ways the solicitude which they cherish for the spiritual well-being of the young, who are ever the hope of future success and happiness in Church and in State. Pope Benedict, in assigning the intention for October to the League of the Sacred Heart, asked that the members pray that the Apostleship of Prayer may be spread among the young. The Holy Father's appeal has a peculiar force at this time for many reasons.

In the first place, the children of Europe for the past three years have been going through experiences and sufferings that have never, perhaps on so large a scale, been the unfortunate lot of the children of any other generation. Sufferings of body, anguish of soul, afflictions of mind have been the portion, the daily portion of the little ones of Europe. The piety of good parents and of zealous teachers in Catholic countries has been instilled from infancy into their souls. But the times which stir men's souls must certainly leave a deep impress upon the tender minds of the little ones. Prayer has surrounded them from infancy; prayer must continue to be not only their weapon against a world of troubles, but also the guiding wand of those who would protect them.

Experience teaches us that the prayers of little children are most efficacious in moving the heart of the infinite God to exercise compassion and mercy. Christ in His mortal life made the child the model of the future inhabitants of heaven, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Again, the dangers which threaten the spiritual welfare of the growing child even in our own country are many and insidious. Books, pictures, immoral performances, irreligion and atheism abroad, indifference and neglect at home, all tend towards enervating the strong Christian fibre of the child's moral and spiritual being. Faithful attention to prayer, which usually promotes fidelity to the sacraments, is absolutely needed if the child is to pass unscathed through the fires of materialism that surround him.

It is the sacred duty as well as the privilege of Catholic parents to promote in their children a love and a practice of prayer. Strict adherence to the daily practice of morning and evening prayer, seriously performed, will do much towards keeping the child on the straight path which leads to religious manhood and womanhood.—Catholic Bulletin.

SAYS CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS NOT PROTESTANT SECT

London, September, 20.—A British general on the western front finds his men so imbued by the Catholic tradition which is all around them that those in charge of the cemetery have been carrying "R. I. P." (Requiescat in Pace) on all the wooden crosses of the military cemeteries in the vicinity, regardless of the religion of the soldier who rests beneath.

The general, thinking this might shock the feelings of Protestant relatives, has issued an order that R. I. P. is only to be put on the crosses of Catholic soldiers. The Anglican Church Times is so angry over this order that it gives itself away unwittingly. First it launches out against the deprivation of an appeal for eternal rest suffered by Anglican dead, and then it rages that Angli-

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cans and Nonconformists should be grouped in the same category. Abandoning all pretense, it says "The Church of England refuses to be Protestant!" If this is the case the sooner she makes her submission to the Holy See the better.

THE SISTER

The religious inventions of man are of the earth, earthy: the religion of God is of heaven, heavenly. Man's ingenuity or ambition or even natural rectitude has given rise to various forms of belief that is intended to connect Time with Eternity. Hence, each so-called religion of man possesses a distinct claim on the credulity of its adherents. Some of the ancients exalted the miracle, while others grovelled in the mire of materialism; each one made his religion answer to his own individual impulse. Some, as the Romans, recognized the exalted nature of single-eyed devotion to the religious ideal: hence the Vestal virgins. In each form of belief, however, it is to be noted that error and truth are mixed and commingled promiscuously, presenting an incoherent and illogical mass of doctrines.

In the home of the Father there are many mansions; in the vineyard of the Lord is found every variety of luxuriant fruit; in the garden of the Church exotic blooms mingle their rare and delicate perfumes with the fragrance of the heavenly courts. The luxuriant vegetation of this glorious garden recalls the zephyr-swept reaches, the lowly dells, the idyllic beauty of that first fair domain, the paradise of Eden, whose planter and builder was God.

The hierarchy, under the heaven-guided hand of Peter's successor, directs the destinies of the children of God. The priests, those valiant and indomitable warriors, ever in the trenches, ever on the fire-scorched battle front, hold the forces of the enemy at bay, charge and rout them, lest they harm the God-fearing faithful at home.

Quietly and unobtrusively gliding in and out among the hosts of God's children is seen the gentle Sister. Here not to preach; hers not to sacrifice the Immaculate Lamb; hers not to appoint the dying. Her duty is to reach into the recesses of the heart, to touch the chords of the soul, to evoke the tender strains that indicate an awakening of the spirit to the beauty and the glory of God. To the little child, her presence is a benediction and a pledge of protection. To the poor, her words and her deeds are a reflection of that blessed land towards which they ever yearn. To the sick, the outcast, the dying, the wayward, the erring, the suffering, her sweetness and her helpful ministrations are the balm of Gilead, the oil of mercy, the soothing reassurance of faith in human nature untainted and unalloyed.

Moving among the rough ranks of the world the Sister is everywhere honored and revered. Her early years may have glided by amidst the pomp and wealth of luxury. Her beauty may have inspired artists with envy; her talents and accomplishments have been the pride and the delight of the connoisseur; or it may have been just the reverse of all this. But now, now, she is the Sister beloved of the Master, the living and speaking likeness of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. She loathes not suffering, she approaches the repulsive, she loves the ignorant as fit objects of her tender guidance. She is the Catholic Sister, the one flower which no other but the garden of the living God has ever been able to produce.

Is this Sister, think you, a proper person to whom you can safely intrust your child? She will surround that child with all the loving affection inspired in her heart by the God she serves, for that little being is not a mere object to her: it is a soul, and for a soul she willingly would pour out the last drop of her virgin blood. She is the Catholic Sister.—Catholic Bulletin.

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We rise in glory, as we sink in pride. Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.—Young.

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here alone that the Catholic child can be adequately prepared for that warfare described by St. Paul. The great battle-ground of the modern world is not that whereon the armies of embattled Europe are at death-grip with each other. It is not, as of old, the stormy heath, the darksome wood, the lonely fen. It is the field of education, beset with far more terrible dangers.

It is here that the dragon of error has made his lair, white with the bones of his victims. It is here that purity, holiness and truth must be defended more insistently than ever against a world filled with error, vice and irreligion. Can Catholics then be indifferent to the Catholic education of their children in a Catholic school?

All parties are struggling for the possession of the child, and through it of the future generation. "Every-one's cry," said Ferrer, "is for and by the school!" On the one side Christ claims it for His own; on the other the world would contest His right by placing a thousand obstacles in the way of Catholic education, Catholic schools, colleges and universities.

The eagerness of the world to mould to its perverted ideals the soul of the child should arouse Catholics to the need of intensified efforts in the support of their own Catholic institutions. There is no truer wisdom and no higher patriotism than that which devotes itself to the Christian education of the youth of our land. There can be, in fine, no other foundation for a sound democracy of intelligence and godliness than the Christian school.—Our Sunday Visitor.

Let us remember that any class or party we may adhere to is merely a tool which we use to accomplish a certain purpose. But you are greater than your axe or your spade. Who ever allows himself to drift into class prejudice is a slave. In every pigeonhole in the desk of humanity there are some good papers along with the bad. Let us learn to estimate every soul for what it is and not for the place in which it stands. The emotion of friendship is amongst the most mighty and the most mysterious of human instincts.—Monsignor R. H. Benson.

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