
We, The People.

Talk is cheap and no word is cheaper today than "democracy," though the real thing is the dearest treasure we Americans have. In this country, it has always meant, since the days of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, that ours is a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Our people-- and that means you-- are supposed to have a real share, not a feigned one, in the making and breaking of laws and wars.

Today, in our national capital, Congress reconvened in extraordinary session to discuss the gravest matter of law and war that has engaged the United States in your life-time.

As you assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion this morning, did you think to invoke God's blessing upon the deliberations of the President and Congress? They need it. They need it to make calm, unprejudiced, impassionate decisions for the good of the people. They need it to work first, as they are bound to, for our good before any one else's.

Tomorrow morning the principal Mass in Sacred Heart Church (6:30) will be offered for this intention: that God's Holy Spirit of justice and peace and truth may dwell in the thoughts of the President, the words of the Senators, the acts of the House.

For your part, solemnly pray. In a godly democracy, certainly prayer is part of the people's duty. If you do not pray; if you neglect prayer today, you may find yourselves very soon in the trenches. Or someone else may find you there-- dead. Pray!

Cream-Puffs.

You've liked Father Schulte. You've sat tight as he spoke of weeping and the gnashing of teeth. His talk on death brought many of you back to life. Now you can sit back, relax and enjoy what he has to say of God's infinite mercy and your perseverance.

You have crowded the boxes. You have filled the rail. You have proved yourselves sons of God and soldiers of Christ.

That is, most of you have; most of you who have been supposed to be making the first mission. Un-Notre Dame like, a few sappy freshmen have been pounding the cinderpaths round the lakes, scared stiff to find out the truth about themselves and true life. Pray that ere long even they may learn how to fight a man's fight. For the present, they cumber the ground hereabouts. For the present they have elected to continue their cream-puff life: they are soft, mushy and yellow inside and crusty outside. When the cream-puff grows old it sours and creates a stench. So does the soul that grows old in mortal sin.

A few upperclassmen, weak-heads of St. Ed's, willowly-spines in Carroll, immature children in Boys Town or College Inn, whatever the place is named, are also cream-puff. They have been seen slinking along the road toward St. Mary's, hiding out on the other side of the lakes, staying downtown till the sermons are over.

God bless our weaklings. May they stumble to sense on the stairs leading down to the Grotto. Mary, harden their soft brains and soften their hard hearts. Mary, lead these black lambs back into the fold tonight.

PRAYERS: (Deceased) Father George O'Connor, C.S.C., lovable pastor of St. Augustine's Parish, South Bend. Many of his faithful Negro flock assisted at his funeral a short time ago in Sacred Heart Church; Brother Augustine, C.S.C., killed by an automobile. (Ill) cousin of John and Rex Ellis; Paul Stratton (Buffalo); one very special intentn.