

very success of our democracy must come from the sacrifice of our personal likes and tendencies unto the good of the whole body politic—and is not sacrifice the supreme test of all religion? We can also affirm that our ideal democracy must ultimately depend upon the developed sense of personal responsibility in each individual making up the nation, for as the individuals are, so will be the nation. Every man, no matter of what estate, must take his place; he must do all that falls to his lot, and in particular, he must, with wise appreciation, and without hope of personal advantage, choose the men whom he places in authority over his fellow men. This must mean a high appreciation of man's personal dignity, a clear insight into the value of liberty, a knowledge of the checks necessary because of man's frailty, and the willingness to sacrifice every personal interest that would stand in the way of the great good of the larger group. Here again, it is man's deep religious convictions which make him appreciate his dignity, and his God given freedom, and force him to forget his private, personal interests, to the end that the higher rights and privileges of his brothers may rest secure.

#### INSPIRATIONS TO HIGHEST IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY

In the ideal democracy, where the people really rule, religion must ever be a directing, energizing power, and if we hope for such a democracy in the future, the Church which represents religion, and bears unto the world the message and the power of Christ, will ever be democracy's greatest bulwark.

It has ever been the boast of democracies, especially in our age, that they mean naught save solicitude for the welfare of man because they are men; that they mean anxiety for the equal rights of our fellows before the law, no matter what may be their station, that they mean care for those who because of their circumstances in life, are least able to care for themselves—in a word, a benevolent movement in behalf of the people. In this, too, history teaches us that religion has been effective. Christ, when He came unto our estate, was born on the wayside; His early life was one of exile in a foreign land; His nearest home was among the poor; He earned His bread with the sweat of His brow, and when He came forth unto the light of public gaze, He astounded the world by His simplicity of life; by His attitude towards the rich and powerful; by His championship of the cause of the weak, the poor, the down-trodden, and through the ages, the religion of Christ, as personified by the Church, has ever been the champion and the advocate of the cause of the people. I need not recall the early Christian Church, whose democratic spirit has passed into proverb. I need not tell the story of the organizations for relief, that under the leadership of the Bishops, lifted the awful burden of hunger and sickness from the poor in the time of Constantine, and during the reign of the Emperors that followed him. Did not Julian, the bitterest of foes, exhort his pagan priests to emulate the Christian clergy, in the field of popular action? And when the empire fell, and the feudal lords began their way, the Catholic Church continued to advocate the claims of the masses; and in the laws of Charlemagne, her impress is marked to a high degree. Is not the great rule of St. Benedict the charter for popular action? Did not the crusades in which men fought for God, not for gold, bring in an era of democratic feeling, such as was never known before? The great Franciscan movement is democratic, surely, and the guilds of Medieval Europe, under the guidance and leadership of the Church, taught the people the power of organized effort, and taught them, too, that they could gain for themselves much greater advantage than they could hope for from kings and princes, who promised much and did so little. And the highest places in the gifts of the Church, went unto the men who rose from the poorest and lowliest of places, while her theologians, from Thomas to Suarez, spoke with uncommon clearness, of the inborn rights of the people, even in an age when the privileges of caste were not questioned. Surely, too, the monasteries, in all time, have been the center of democratic action, and the Church celebrates the deeds and the prowess of one, who with organized effort, did more to help the suffering, did more to champion the cause of the poor, than any man since the days of Christ—and his spirit today, marches triumphant through the land. Nor was the interest in the people's cause ever asserted with stronger emphasis, than in the great Leo, whose pronouncements on democracy, and on the rights and duties of States and of peoples, form the Greater Charter of all our modern Christian Sociology. To many of the modern democrats, these things indeed sound strange, to them religion seemingly has no place in advancing the people's cause, for they have abandoned the God of their Fathers, they have forgotten that the laws made of men, must reflect the truth, and the justice which are God Himself; they have, by asserting too great a freedom, thrown off the yoke of authority which is from God, or they have robbed man of his own individual dignity, by making him a slave, a plaything of the Dominant State; they have weakened the voice of conscience in the life of man, and forgetting that they must give to God an account of their gifts and

their stewardship, they have used the vast opportunities of freedom for selfish aggrandizement, and for imposing upon their fellows burdens more onerous than were known in the days of the tyranny of kings and of feudal lords—of these things, the traditional doctrine of the Church is the corrective; against this impiety, in all its forms, the Church has been, and must be, the safeguard. She teaches man's subjection to God's behests; she teaches man's high estate, and that he must not be a slave; she teaches man's obligation to listen to the voice of conscience, speaking with the authority of God; she tells of justice and judgment before God's august tribunal; she detests greed and dishonesty; she defines the obligations of wealth, and the rights of the poor; she inspires unto highest ideals of justice, and purity, and truth; she ministers strength unto men, that in spite of inborn weakness, they may stand valiantly for the things that contribute most unto the great purpose of our life here and hereafter.

#### RELIGION THE BULWARK OF IDEAL DEMOCRACY

Religion, then, will be the great bulwark of our ideal democracy, religion provides, and has provided ever for the betterment of the masses, and for increasing the measure of men's happiness here below, while it always avails itself of the chance to fashion minds and hearts to things which are everlasting. You who gather here, are representatives of religion in a very high sense; you speak as others may not, for the Catholic cause; your deliberations shadow forth the Catholic mind; as others do not, cannot, and of a consequence upon your utterance, your own people will stand, while those outside the pale of the Church will listen, at least, with that respect which is due to the great institution, the wisdom of which, you so honorably represent.

What, then, is your message to the American Nation in these awful days of ruin and bloodshed? What word of strengthening, of hope and of consolation, do you send forth from the city of St. Francis? Watchman, what of the night? And the answer rings clear—with banners unfurled you call us to battle, to battle for God, to battle for Christ, to battle for truth, to battle for justice, to battle for our fellows may be truly free, to battle for the highest national ideal that have ever dawned before a people, to battle for the inheritance of light and of power, which has been transmitted to us down the centuries, to battle that our children may live in peace, and may grow unto the fullness of the age which is in Christ. More efficacious than the crash of cannon and the clang of arms, will be the Christian teacher at whose feet we can learn the answer to the questions that vex our age, and can learn the cause of the desolation, which has come upon us; more efficacious than embattled militiamen will be the Christian School wherein the children of our great Republic will learn the standard in his hand, and in whose behests they must bow, and before whose judgment seat they must stand—wherein they will be taught the place of Christ in the economy of Divine Providence, and that He lives and teaches in the Church against which the Gates of Hell cannot prevail. The Christian School wherein they will know the great moral sanctions of the law unto the children of men—wherein they will con the counsel of Christ, and from His lips take their rule of life—wherein they may find that man is God's image, and of more worth than all earth's possessions, wherein they will learn the love of their kind, and that mercy must ever season justice—wherein they will be taught to make sacrifice of personal interests for the higher things of the Spirit—wherein they will be made to recognize the higher code taught by Christ, in accordance with which men are ruled by moral force, not by armed power—wherein they will search out the mystery of man's weakness, and learn God's way of strength—wherein they will know the power of humble prayer, and the moral strength that flows from the heavenly Sacraments—wherein they will be trained unto self-conquest, and be made, verily great by becoming verily humble, where, in a word, mind and heart, in the School of Christ, will be made to reflect Him, who, in the end, must reign; yea, until He "puts His enemies under His footstool." This will you fulfill your great task, and through education and through its mighty force, place our Republic on a foundation so strong and so deep that it may rise majestic through the years to come, to be unto men, of every clime, a refuge from danger, and a home of peace: to be unto all men, the opportunity to develop what is best and noblest in them, while they journey here below; to be in very deed the City of God here, that ever leads to the City of God, which is everlasting.—San Francisco Monitor.

#### BENEFIT OF BEING QUICK-WITTED

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the

waste-basket the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought back five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE SILENT KHAKI LINE

Preaching at a military Mass before thousands of officers and men and in the presence of the Governor of the State at Newport Camp, the Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, paid a worthy tribute to the exceptional heroism and humanity of the American navy. Looking out then over the cantonments and navy yards of the nation, each a "crucible of sacrifice," he asked the pertinent question:

To me as I visited Camp Bartlett and Camp Devens, Newport and Charlestown, and saw the fusing process in action, the overwhelming, crushing thought that seemed to buffet and benumb me was: Why this annihilation of the individual? Personal ambitions, past experiences, individual talents—all all were swallowed up in the military routine of the present.

At the call of duty every man had laid aside his tools, his pen, his books, his bright hopes, future success, the affection of dear ones, the very center of his heart's love, home, all were forsworn as each boy contributed his best and his all to the crucible of sacrifice. As he stood in that silent, strong, khaki line, each man, no matter what his qualities, his studies, his influence, his race, his creed, was "one," "two," "three," or "four" when the order was given. This was the mystery of Bartlett and Devens to me, and what is the mystery of Bartlett and Devens to the millions of Upton, Dix, and every camp clear across to Lewis on the Pacific.

Is it not a crime against reason? Is it not folly and madness of national pride to demand such sacrifice, so utterly to crush and seemingly annihilate the individual? Every man in that line is a living breathing witness of sacrifice. Was it for this service uniform and hat that the college man exchanged his academic cap and gown? Was it for this service rifle he exchanged the parchment of his degree? Was it to fit him for a commission in a camp that his Alma Mater gave of her life, her talents, her years of toil?

Shall the mystery of Bartlett, Devens, Upton, Dix, and Lewis be solved when before the bow of the transport the mist-clouds of ocean shall lift and, revealed in clear vision, shall be seen the outline of the shores of France? The man who stands beneath that emblem of our liberties, the man who takes that sacred standard in his hand, can never, according to our American mind, be too worthy of it, whatever be his education, his environment, his character. When his country's honor is at stake, when her safety is to be guarded, her preservation maintained, no sacrifice is too heroic, no obedience too irksome, no labor too difficult, no annihilation too profound. "Sacrifice" is the call from the soul of America. "Service" is the reply from the heart of the people.

Clearer than the light of the noon-day sun comes the truth for the mind of the nation in khaki; stronger than all the forces of earth, stronger even than death, comes the message of courage for the soul of the nation in khaki. That the authority behind all temporal sovereignty is from God. Thus alone can we rightly solve the mystery of that silent, khaki line. The voice of the legitimate ruler of these United States is the voice of God. When he commands, God commands, and man in obeying him is obeying God. So in every century and under every rightful form of government the Catholic Church has upheld her doctrine the arms of authority, bidding her children: "Be obedient unto your temporal lords as to Christ Himself." But neither has she feared, by the sole might of that same doctrine and in the name of the same Christ, to check the abuse of power and declare: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."—America.

#### THE SPIRIT OF EVIL

The Church does not put forth decisions without good reason. When she speaks, no matter what the subject, we listen attentively. A few months ago she spoke in no uncertain tones about the present dangers of Spiritualism. Those dangers, as we know, have increased through the War. How, then, have they become evident alone from the fact that the Church with so many serious subjects ever holding her attention has deemed it necessary to call the attention of her children to the evils of Spiritualism and the dangers to those who even play with it.

Catholics know that all this is a sin against the first commandment. But there are times when we need to be warned. And surely we are living in such times. All the dangers from Spiritualism are not on the other side of the ocean. Modern Spiritualism is after all, an American product. And it still thrives here. In a religious advertisement in the daily press of a recent issue we find no less than

twenty circles looking for business. We even find one "ordained medium," whatever an ordained medium may be. We find, too, a "Reverend Mrs.," medium. So, down the line through all sorts of promises—psychic healing, free flunners and even "circle and supper."

Where there are so many advertised mediums there must be a great number of patrons. It is terrifying when one thinks of it. Let one read Benson's "Necromancers," so filled as it is with the conviction that Spiritualism is essentially diabolical and then run down the list of advertised mediums in Boston; the thought arises that the devil is still the roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour.

It cannot be dismissed with a smile at the utter silliness of it. It is one of the modern evils infecting society. It is a thing to be feared, to be guarded against, to pray against. There can be no dallying with it even if the forms which may seem but as appeals to curiosity. It is all of the devil and should inspire horror.—Boston Pilot.

#### THE CHAPLAIN

How often in the letters that come from France we see clear and impressive evidence of the love and esteem in which the Catholic chaplain is held by the soldiers. The priest is the real "pater" over there, and although others may appropriate the title, the soldiers know where the word rings true. And the priest, in turn, loves the men under him, and is happy in the continuous sacrifice which his position demands. In all his dangerous and exhausting trials he is amply consoled and rewarded by the strong attachment of "his boys."

It is some time since the following letter was written to the Chaplains' Aid Society by the Rev. John de Valles one of the chaplains with the Expeditionary Force; but we publish it now because the spiritual conditions it describes are continuous "over there" and because, too, of its interesting reference to the Little Flower:

With my heart's desire fulfilled, here I am, right in the danger zone in a Massachusetts regiment of 3,700 men—70 per cent of which is Catholic. They had been clamoring for an English-speaking priest. You may then imagine what a royal welcome I received when I arrived and established myself in their midst. There are thirty-two chaplains along three neighboring villages, in which there are no less than six cold stone churches, without even the luxury of old fashioned stoves. The men do not, however, complain even after waiting three or four hours on confession nights for their turn. We are suffering hardships and privations, but I wouldn't exchange the experience for the best parish in the land. "This is an inspiring sight to see these churches filled to every inch of space with our soldiers in khaki. Every evening they file into the church for Rosary and night prayers. In these medieval inland villages, far from the theatres, dance halls and saloons, these men are closer to God than ever before.

"I believe I've already told you in my previous letter that I made a pilgrimage to Sister Theresa's convent and grave. Devotion to her has become very popular among the men. The Protestant boys have often asked me for medals and are wearing them. I gave a lecture on Lisieux and Sister Theresa in the Y. M. C. A. hut and the rush for medals and souvenirs was something to be remembered. You remember how troubled I was in New York and how I relied on prayer. Well, the Little Flower has been a great help to me in my work over here. The night before going into the trenches I am going to consecrate all my men to the Sacred Heart and to the protection of Sister Theresa."

Since this letter was written Father de Valles and his boys have gone into the trenches. Gold stars on the service flag of many a Catholic church in Boston tell the result. As our readers doubtless know, many of the survivors, including Father de Valles, were decorated on the field of battle for conspicuous bravery.—Buffalo Union and Times.

#### HENRY SOMERVILLE COMES TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE

Henry Somerville, M. A., the well-known writer and authority on social problems, will join the staff of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., in September next. Though only a young man of twenty-eight years, Mr. Somerville has had a great deal of experience in social work both in England and in Canada. Some years ago he won a scholarship at Ruskin College, Oxford, where he spent two years, devoting himself exclusively to the study of Political Science, including History and Economics. He received the University Diploma in this department with the highest honours. Before coming to Canada Mr. Somerville was sub-editor of The Manchester Guardian. He is a contributor to the Dublin Review, The Month, Studies, The Spectator, American and other periodicals. He has also written much during the last six months for the Toronto Star. Before coming to Canada he lectured extensively for the Catholic Social Guild and was one of the founders of Catholic Social Study Clubs. Mr. Somerville in his lectures at St. Francis Xavier's College will deal with the following:

Reform Movements and Social Progress, Principles and Methods of Social Reform, Poverty, Relief Agencies, Historical Review of the Work of the Church, State Systems of Relief, Public and Private Agencies at the Present Day, Principles and Methods of Charity and Relief Work, Classes of Dependents: Children, the Disabled, the Aged, the Institutional Care of Dependents, Family Relief, Social and Personal Causes of Dependence, Problems of Crime and Delinquency, Connection between Religious Work and Social Service in past life, the St. Vincent de Paul Society and other Catholic organizations.

#### "THE BELLS OF MAUREPAS"

The Rev. Thomas Tipady, a Methodist chaplain, describes in his recent book, "The Cross at the Front," how he found nothing left of the church at Maurepas but two great bells which lay just where they fell when the steeples tumbled down under shell fire. He writes: "The church had gone, but its music lingered. In peace time, the music of the bells had floated over the rolling downs and through the sleeping valleys that lie around the village. As the people ploughed the land, gathered in the corn, or tended their stock, the sound of the bells came to them as a voice from heaven. Daily, like the peasants in Millet's picture, 'The Angels,' they had, at the call of the bells bowed their heads and said an evening prayer ere the passing of the sun brought on the night, with its train of stars. On the first day of each new week they had left their fields at the sound of the music, had donned their best garb, had sought in the church the absolution of their sins, and a fresh start. Mothers looking on the picture of the Virgin and Child had felt a new sacredness in the duties of motherhood. Fathers had gazed upon the crucifix and become reconciled to a life of self-sacrificing labor for their offspring. Children, with wondering eyes, had looked upon the picture of the Angels surrounding the ascending Lord, and felt the power and glory of the world to come. All had listened to the simple words of the village priest and been reminded that they were but pilgrims, and that not set their affections too deeply on farmstead or field, but on things which are eternal and beyond the chances and changes of this mortal life. When Christmas had come the bells had rung merrily, calling to the farmers as aforetime the Angels of Bethlehem had called to the shepherds. 'O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.' Holy days had come and gone, and never without the bells calling the people from the toil of the fields to rest and rejoicings in home and church. When the children went to First Communion, or when the Church's blessing was given to a bridal pair, how happily the bells rang! And how sadly, when some old man finished his journey and went to his long home! Back home (in England) old people and young children often died without any notice being taken of their passing. They just slipped away like the birds in autumn. The bells called to the children to go to Mass, and when the Church's blessing was given to a bridal pair, how happily the bells rang! And how sadly, when some old man finished his journey and went to his long home! Back home (in England) old people and young children often died without any notice being taken of their passing. They just slipped away like the birds in autumn. The bells called to the children to go to Mass, and when the Church's blessing was given to a bridal pair, how happily the bells rang! And how sadly, when some old man finished his journey and went to his long home! 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