

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Every year, on the tenth day of October, Catholic temperance advocates have been accustomed to celebrate the birthday of Father Mathew, and to renew their zeal for the great work to which he was devoted. The New Testament clearly teaches that drunkards are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. It was no new doctrine, therefore, that Father Mathew proclaimed when he appealed to all Christians to join with him in opposition to the degrading vice of intemperance. He decided that it was a Christian duty to organize a new crusade against an evil that has become more dangerous than ever before under the changed conditions of modern society.

That intemperance prevails to an alarming extent is unquestionably true; that it is a prolific source of crime and poverty cannot be denied, even by those who are enriched by the sale of intoxicating drinks. Apart from other channels of information, the records of the courts sufficiently prove that the habit of excessive drinking is widespread, and that every State in this free country is obliged to spend thousands of dollars annually because a large number of citizens become drunk and disorderly.

Our own experience shows us that homes are made desolate, families are brought to destitution, children suffer hunger because the money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is squandered for drink. Long observation has convinced those who are devoted to the relief of the poor that the most hopeless cases of misery are found in the sections of this large city where women are addicted to intemperance.

In the presence of an evil destructive of the Christian home, and dangerous to the moral welfare of the community, it is the duty of earnest Christians to speak out their convictions. Some there are who need to be urged to give a little more attention to what may be called out-door Christianity. The sound principles of the temperance question are misrepresented frequently and intelligently Catholics act in public as though tongue-tied, unable or unwilling to make known the teaching of the Church.

When silence seems to give consent to evil-doing it becomes necessary to proclaim aloud the truth, not only in the church but in the market-place. We owe a duty of education to our brethren which requires us to do many things for the common good. Indifference is culpable, silence is culpable, when such a course of action retards the progress of virtue and strengthens the power of the wicked. The cowardice of good people has often served to make vice bold and defiant.

Let us resolve, my brethren, to do something positive in the Christian warfare against the vice of intemperance. By word and example we can make it known to all men that the drunkard is a disgrace to human nature. While he remains intoxicated his conscience cannot guide him; his tongue gives forth idiotic utterances; his duty to God, to his neighbor and to himself are shamefully neglected. In fulfilling his divine mission as the custodian and teacher of the doctrines which Christ promulgated, the Catholic Church must everywhere oppose the sensual vices that debase human beings. The willing slaves of intemperance cannot be honored as exemplary Christians.

A Remarkable Convert.

Miss Diana Vaughan, the well-known ex-Luciferian, has given proof of her very earnest desire to be converted to the Catholic Church. While she was immersed in Luciferian errors, Pere Delaporte thought he detected in her staff of which religious heroes are made. The result has proved him to have been right. Miss Vaughan has already made an act of heroic sacrifice. Besides this, she is to the front in Catholic works. She recently forwarded a sum of money to the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victories, to be spent in sending certain indigent members of the association as pilgrims to Lourdes. She has proposed to Dr. Hacks, head doctor at the Law-Yers' "clinique," in the Rue St. Sulpice, to send at her cost three of the patients to Lourdes as members of the National Pilgrimage, and her offer has been gratefully accepted. The *Figaro* says: To give an idea of the importance which the higher clergy attach to the conversion of the celebrated Luciferian it will suffice to say that Mgr. Lazaretti, representative of the Holy See on the Anti-Masonic Committee of Italy, has just celebrated in the Church of the Gesù at Rome a solemn triduum of thanksgiving to God for the signal grace bestowed on Miss Vaughan. The same paper states that this lady, notwithstanding the proofs she has given of Catholic faith, has not yet asked for baptism and that all doubt respecting a fundamental dogma has not been removed from her mind.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Miss Marjorie's First Discipline.

"I want you to understand," said Col. Crissey, as he rose to go, "that my son is a very obstinate boy, and you will have to whip him soundly when he won't behave. It's the only way to manage him."

Miss Marjorie, the new teacher, glanced sympathetically at the little boy under discussion. He was sitting on one of the front seats of the school-room, with his big folding slate and well-worn school books piled up across his knees. He had been listening with an intelligent, though peculiarly impersonal interest, to his father's lengthy exposition of his character; and the closing suggestion of drastic measures failed to disturb the perfect composure expressed in the little fellow's countenance.

"I guess Frank will be good of his own accord," replied Miss Marjorie, with a pleasant smile toward the child. "You can't tell by his looks," said Colonel Crissey, observing the innocent expression, growing each moment more serene, of the fair, round face. "It's his very obstinacy that makes him look so good just now. You'll find out for yourself pretty soon; there's no need of my telling you any more about it. Only I want him to learn something this year. He's been to school a whole year and can't read yet, and it's all on account of his obstinacy. Whipping is the only thing that'll conquer him, and you mustn't be afraid of hurting him, he can stand it. Have you a good birch rod?"

"No," replied Miss Marjorie, with a sinking of the heart; "but, really, Colonel Crissey, I don't think—"

"Well, here is one," interrupted the Colonel, producing from some where beneath his long coat a formidable switch; "and I want you to use it. Now, my son," he continued, turning towards Frank, "I want you to understand this will hurt. There won't be any joke about it, either."

And with this last warning Colonel Crissey impressively laid the instrument of chastisement across Miss Marjorie's desk, made a stately bow to the young teacher and took his departure.

Frank watched Miss Marjorie with a pleased expectancy written upon his face as she quietly took the rod and placed it behind the chrono of George Washington which hung upon the wall.

Miss Marjorie Malcolm was just entering upon her first experience of teaching. She had undertaken the charge of a little "neighborhood school" in a booming town of Wisconsin. Her school opened with fifteen pupils, between the ages of seven and fourteen.

Every day Miss Marjorie spent the last half-hour of school-time reading aloud to the children. The first book she chose happened to be Jacob Abbott's "Life of Nero." The children became intensely interested in the story, and they were loud in their expressions of indignation against Nero for his cruelty, while their admiration for the martyrs who suffered under the wicked emperor's persecutions was unbounded. Miss Marjorie took advantage of the enthusiasm awakened to tell the children several stories of heroes who had sacrificed their lives for their faith. The stories often became the subjects of animated discussion among the children; and one day, before the morning session had opened, Miss Marjorie overheard through the open window the following fragments of conversation:

"What would you do, Franky, would you give up or would you die?" "I would never give up," came the firm reply, in a clear, childish voice. "Would you let them burn you?" "I would never give up," he repeated. "I would never take it back. No one could make me."

"But when you saw the fire!" "I would be perfectly immovable. I would walk into the fire myself—calmly, like this."

Miss Marjorie looked out of the window, and saw an admiring group watch the little fellow, as, with dignified bearing, he walked toward the woodpile. He climbed upon it, and when he had found a firm footing, he turned toward the spectators with an expression of lofty and serene resolution upon his face. The girls all clapped their hands, and some one cried, "Good for you, Franky!"

He was in dead earnest, and he did look like a real little hero. Miss Marjorie's heart swelled with admiration.

The school had been in progress three and a half weeks, and all had gone well. No pupil had been more docile and lovable than little Frank Crissey. Miss Marjorie had resolved, when she learned from his father, who surely ought to know, of the boy's obstinate disposition, that she would be very careful to avoid giving him any occasion to exhibit it, but that she would get him so much interested in his work that he would forget to be obstinate. The plan had worked admirably; and now as she watched him from the window, the thought occurred to her that possibly the father had wholly misjudged the son's character.

That day Miss Marjorie completely forgot her resolution not to come to an issue with Frank, and the result was—her first case of discipline. The trouble began out of a very little matter. An orange dropped out of Bessie Tubb's desk, and rolled down into the middle of the floor. Miss Marjorie herself could not help joining, when she saw the comical expression of helpless distress in Bessie's face; for Bessie was the only one who saw nothing funny in the behavior of her orange. Frank was fairly ecstatic with delight when he observed that

even Miss Marjorie couldn't help seeing how funny it was, and he became quite uproarious and clapped his hands. Finally, when the orange had been restored to its owner, the mirth subsided. But Frank did not like to have the fun over so quickly. He punched his seat-mate, made signs to various ones to go on laughing, and even whispered to Bessie Tubb, who sat beside him, to let her orange roll out again; but all to no avail. Finally, he made five little paper balls, and began to throw them around the room, aiming at different ones, Miss Marjorie thought it was time for her intervention.

"Frank," she said, "that will do; go on with your work now."

Frank was quiet for a moment, and then aimed another ball at Harry Van Slick.

"Frank," repeated Miss Marjorie, in a decided tone, "we have had enough fun now. You must go on with your work."

Miss Marjorie noticed that as she was speaking Frank slipped the last of his paper balls into his right hand, and held it in readiness for a throw under his desk.

"Will you be good now?" she asked, with a smile.

Frank, seeing her smile, was encouraged to hope that she might be made to laugh again; and so he replied, more in fun than in earnest, "No."

Miss Marjorie stopped smiling and said: "Frank, you must not throw that ball."

Receiving no reply, she added: "Are you going to be good now?"

Frank sobbed down immediately and replied, "No."

Miss Marjorie was taken by surprise. Here was open defiance before the whole school. Surely the time had come for the birch rod.

"Then I must punish you," she said. "Come here."

Frank walked forward, while Miss Marjorie took down the rod from behind the picture of George Washington.

"Hold out your hand," said Miss Marjorie, in a stern tone, though her heart within almost failed at the thought of the approaching contest.

Frank held out his hand fearlessly, and Miss Marjorie brought down the cruel rod rather sharply upon the tender flesh.

"Will you be good now?" she repeated. "No," he replied in an unshaken voice.

Miss Marjorie gave two more strokes, a little harder this time.

"Will you be good now?" she asked again. "Miss Marjorie," he replied, with dignity, "there is no need of my asking me any more. I shall not change my mind."

Miss Marjorie raised the rod higher than before, determined to bring it down with increased force, but something made her falter. She noticed on Frank's face the same expression of serene resolve that she had seen there, as he stood upon the wood pile fancying himself a martyr. Frank was holding his breath in anticipation of the coming blow, but the little hand, which lay in Miss Marjorie's palm, did not quiver.

"If I should whip him hard enough to make him yield," thought Miss Marjorie, "what a shameful victory it would be of mere physical force over a brave little heart!" She did not give the intended stroke. "You may go into the cloak-room, and sit down there," she said.

Frank obeyed, and the lessons went on as usual, until the children were dismissed for recess.

"Now, Frank," said Miss Marjorie, opening the cloak-room door, "you may come out."

He came out, pale with determination. Miss Marjorie placed a chair for him, and they both sat down.

"Frank," began Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to whip you any more, nor make you stay in the cloak-room, nor punish you in any way."

Frank looked up at her with his sweet blue eyes full of wonder. "Even if I should succeed in making you say you'd be good, that would not make you really good. In this world everybody must choose for himself whether he will be good or bad; and I am going to let you choose for yourself. Which did Nero choose to be?"

"Bad," replied Frank, expressing in his voice his disgust at the character of Nero.

"Would you like to be like him when you are a man?"

"No," replied Frank, with decision. "Perhaps," said Miss Marjorie, "when Nero was a little boy like you he chose to be bad and had no idea how very bad he would get to be by the time he was a man. When bad people grow, their badness grows too. Bad little boys make bad men, and good little boys make good men. When you decide what kind of a boy you will be you are deciding at the same time what kind of a man you will be."

Frank's face became very serious. "Oh, Miss Marjorie!" he exclaimed, "I will be good."

"Would you be willing," asked Miss Marjorie, "to say before the whole school, when they come in, that you have decided to be good?"

"No," replied Frank. "Well," said Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to try to make you. You may do just as you choose about it."

After a pause she went on: "Do you remember that girl I told you about who went into the arena and let the lions eat her up, and wouldn't say she didn't believe in God?"

"Yes," replied Frank; "she was brave."

"But the people in the amphitheatre thought she was wicked and silly."



"Yes," said Frank, "and that made it all the harder for her to hold out. I tell you, she was a brave one to let those lions get her."

"But did it make her any happier to be brave?" asked Miss Marjorie.

"No," replied Frank; "for she had to be eaten up. Oh, I tell you, it must have hurt. But I'd rather be brave than happy. I like something very, very hard to bear, so I could show how brave I could be. You didn't whip me very hard," he went on, with an apologetic smile. "I wanted you to hit harder, so I could show you how much I could stand."

"I am sure, Frank," replied Miss Marjorie, "that you could stand a very hard whipping."

Frank flushed with pleasure at these words.

"But," said Miss Marjorie, "doing wrong isn't brave, even if it is hard. It's doing right when it's hard that's brave. I know of something you ought to do that would be much harder for you to do than to bear a whipping. I don't know whether you would have the courage to do it or not."

"What is it?" asked Frank, eagerly. "Try me and see."

"If," said Miss Marjorie, "when the scholars all come in, you say before them all that you had decided to be good, they might laugh at you afterward, and say you had to give up after all, and that you weren't so brave as you thought you were. You see, this would be a very hard thing for you to do; but it is brave to do right when it's hard."

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, I can't do that," said Frank, his eyes filling with tears. "I was afraid it would be too hard for you," said Miss Marjorie, sadly, as she took up the bell to ring it.

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, wait a minute. Isn't there something else? I will say I've been naughty, and I will let you whip me, oh, so hard—till my hand is swollen, if you want to."

"No," said Miss Marjorie, as she rang the bell, "that wouldn't do any good. You may just take your seat as usual with the others when they come in."

"Miss Marjorie," said Frank, seizing his teacher's hand as she laid down the bell, "I will do it. I can ask me when they all come in. Just try me."

When the scholars had taken their seats, Miss Marjorie began, "Frank, have you decided—?" but she got no further, for Frank was upon his feet, pale as a sheet.

"Yes," he choked out, "I will be good."

He sank back into his seat, and buried his face in his hands.

That afternoon, instead of the usual reading, Miss Marjorie talked to the children about true and false bravery. They listened very soberly, and went away more quietly than usual when school was dismissed. As they passed the window, Miss Marjorie heard Harry Van Slick's voice saying, "I say Franky, aren't you glad you said you'd be good?"

Two months later, Colonel Crissey said to Miss Marjorie: "I want to thank you, Miss Marjorie, for what you've done for my son. There is a change come over him since he's been in your school. He hasn't had one of his obstinate spells for two months, and he used to have them nearly every week."

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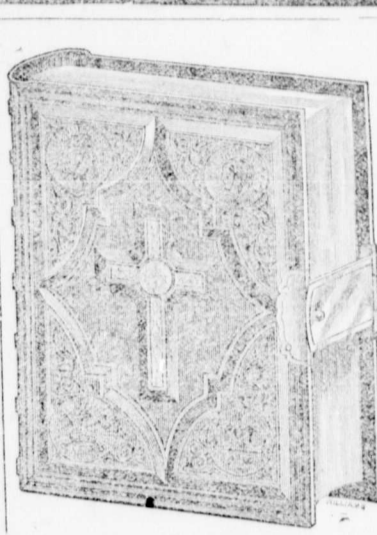
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