

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

THE LAST OF THE EYES.

Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For the things that are done by them in secret, it is a shame even to speak of. (Ephes. v. 11, 12)

Some weeks ago, my dear brethren, we had occasion to speak of the horrible and filthy vice of impurity, which is every day dragging into hell thousands of souls with the mark of the cross of Christ on them, and washed in vain with his Precious Blood. As was said then, many Christians do not seem to realize the enormity of sins against the Sixth Commandment—at least those of thought and of the tongue; to which may be added those coming from the use of the other senses, especially that of sight.

An immodest imagination or desire, willfully entertained or enjoyed, is a mortal sin, and gives the soul so harboring it instantly into the power of the devil. Let us hope that no one having the Catholic faith will doubt this, or think it too strict a doctrine; for it is the unanimous consent of all the teaching authority in the Church from the beginning, amply supported also by Holy Scripture. What shall we say, then, of wilful and deliberate gazing at immodest pictures, or of reading matter directly calculated to inflame impure passions, and certain to have its effect?

Now, I hardly need to say that a city like this is full of these temptations coming through the eyes into the heart. The good and pure instinctively avoid them, and scarcely know that they exist; accustomed to watch the slightest movements of their souls to evil, and instantly to repress them, they shrink with horror from those filthy words and pictures on which others eagerly gaze. They know that, as the Apostle says, it is a shame to speak of these things, a greater shame to write or to read of them, greater shame yet to expose them to sight, to incite temptation by them, and thus to destroy the souls for which Christ died.

I say that the good and pure are not likely to be caught in this net of Satan; by this I mean those who have been warned of the evil, who understand its danger, and from well formed habits of virtue set themselves resolutely against it. But there are others who are good and pure—in their baptismal innocence, perhaps; young, at any rate, and unused to sin, at least of this kind—who are not forewarned and forearmed like those of maturer years, who, seeing bad pictures in papers sold even at stores otherwise of good repute, and kept, perhaps, by Catholics, do not fully understand how bad they are, and are led to look at them with pleasure, to learn evil which they know not of, and thus to contract habits of sin which they will never overcome.

Now, what does our Lord say of those who thus put temptation in the way of the young and innocent? You all know His words: "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones who believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea. Seeing words these! but they are those of the Divine Wisdom, and beyond correction by human lips. Yes, it is better to die, better even to die in the state of sin, than to add such a sin as this to our number.

Let us beware, then, not in any way, however indirect, to give sanction or encouragement to this work of the devil in our midst. "Have no fellowship with these works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Do not buy or even take up for a moment the indecent papers or books now unfortunately so common among us, and still more, do not sell them; do not allow them to be in the house; do not suffer your children to look at or read them; do not frequent places where they are to be had. Set your faces resolutely, for the honor of God and the Catholic name, as well as for your own soul's sake, against this plague of immodest literature, which has assumed such fearful proportions and become so bold and unblinking in these days in which we live. Think nothing to be light or of little moment in this matter; mortal sin is much easier in it than you may believe.

The Drunkard's Will.

I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as the human heart can bear.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could bring upon them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, poverty and shame, to weep over my untimely death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, disgrace, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.—Sacred Heart Review.

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A LITTLE WHITE DRESS.

By MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"Only three weeks more, Constance. Aren't you glad?" said Lillie to her little companion and neighbor as they hurried to school.

"Indeed I am. But it's so long in coming!" sighed Constance. "The days never seemed to go so slowly before."

"I have made a calendar, and every morning I cross off a date; there are already seven gone since the 1st of May," explained Lillie, with a satisfied air, as if she had discovered the secret of adding "speed to the wings of time." "We shall not have a great while to wait now."

Was it a grand holiday that our young friends were anticipating so eagerly, or the summer vacation, now drawing near? One might suppose something of the kind. But not at all. On the approaching Feast of the Ascension they were to make their First Communion; and, being convent-bred little girls, every thought and act had been directed to preparation for this great event, to which they looked forward with the artless fervor natural to innocent childhood. No one must imagine, however, that they were diminutive prudes, with long faces. Is not a girl or boy gayest when his or her heart has no burden upon it? In fact, it would have been hard to find two merrier folk, even upon this bright spring morning.

Lillie was a sprightly creature, who, somehow, always reminded Sister Agnes of one of the angels in Murillo's picture, "The Immaculate Conception,"—a lively, happy-go-lucky, rollicking angel, who plays hide and seek among the folds of Our Lady's mantle, and appears almost beside himself with the gladness of heaven's sunlight. Yet Lillie was by no means an angel. She had her faults of course, and these often sadly tried the patience of the good Sister. She was quick tempered, volatile, inclined to be a trifle vain. Alas that it is so hard to keep a child's heart like a garden enclosed as with a fragrant hedge, laden with the blossoms of sweet thoughts—safely shut in from the chilling winds of worldliness! She was lovable, withal, generous, affectionate, and would make a fine woman if properly trained.

Constance, a year older, was more sedate, though with plenty of quiet fun about her. But, as a general thing, she knew when to be serious and when to play—a bit of wisdom which Sister Agnes frequently wished she could manage to impart to the others of the band of aspirants, of whom the gentle nun had special charge.

Constance and Lillie were nearly always together. Now, as they tripped onward, they were as happy as the birds in the trees above them, and their voices as pleasant to hear. Having turned the corner they began to meet a company of children, who came along, sometimes in groups, again in detachments of twos and threes, all clad in white, with white veils upon their heads and floating about as they passed joyously on, as if keeping time to the music of their own happy hearts. Poor children they were, most of them, with plain, ordinary faces, but upon which now shone a light that made one think of old sweet stories—of St. Ursula and her throng of spotless maidens; of Genevieve, the child shepherdess of Nanterre. Who that has ever witnessed such a scene can forget it!—this flock of fair, spotless doves amid the dust and mire of the city streets, that by their very passing bring even to the indifferent spectator a thought about gain or traffic—a memory perhaps of guileless days and noble aspirations, as looking up at the blue, calm sky, perchance he likens them to the snowy cloudlets that gather nearest to the sun and are irradiated by its brightness.

"Why," exclaimed Constance, "here come the first communicants of St. Joseph's parish! They must be just going home from Mass. How happy they all are, and how pretty in their white dresses!"

"They do look lovely," assented Lillie, readily. "How could they help it! And some of the dresses are nice, but surely you see, Connie, that others are made of dreadfully common material, and the veils are coarse cotton stuff."

"Well, I suppose they couldn't afford any better," returned Constance, regretfully.

"I declare there's Annie Brogan, whose mother works for us!—don't you know?" cried Lillie, darting toward a girl who had parted with several others at a cross-street and was walking on alone.

As Constance did know, she hastened to greet her, and to vie with Lillie in congratulating her. "O Annie, what a happy day for you!"—"What a favored girl you are!"—"I almost envy you!"—"We have three whole weeks to wait yet." This is about what they said, again and again, within the next few minutes; while Annie turned from one to the other, with an added gentleness of manner, a smile upon her lips, and a more thoughtful expression in her grey eyes.

Yes, she was happy; she felt that this was indeed the most beautiful day of her life. To be almost envied, too, by such girls as Lillie Davis and Constance Hammond! This was almost incredible; and so she continued to smile at them, putting in a word now and then, while they chattered on like a pair of magpies, and all three were in perfect sympathy.

Presently Lillie chanced to glance at the little communicant's white gown, which, though fresh and dainty as loving hands could make it, was unmistakably well worn, and in some

places had evidently been carefully darned; indeed, her sharp eyes discovered even a tiny tear in the skirt, as if Annie had unwittingly put her fingers through it when searching for the pocket.

"Why, Annie Brogan," she exclaimed, thoughtlessly, "you did not wear that dress to make your First Communion!"

"Yes, to be sure. Did not mother do it up nicely?" answered Annie, with naive appreciation of the patient, painstaking skill which had laid the small tucks so neatly, and fluted the thin ruffles without putting a hole through them. "And mother was saying, when she was at work on it, how thankful we ought to be to have it; since, much as she wished to buy a dress for me, she would not have been able to do so, with the rent and everything to pay; and how good your mamma was to give it to me."

"Pshaw!" rejoined Lillie. "I could have given you a dress ten times better than that if I had only remembered. Mamma just happened to put that in with a bundle of some of my last summer's clothes, which she hoped Mrs. Brogan might find useful. But she never dreamed you would wear it to-day."

"I thought it was so nice!" said Annie, coloring, while a few tears of chagrin and disappointment sprang to her eyes; somehow, a shadow seemed to have unaccountably arisen to dim the brightness of this fairest of days—a wee bit of a shadow, felt rather than defined.

"So it is nice!" declared Constance, frowning at impulsive Lillie, to warn her that she had blundered. "It is ironed perfectly; your mother has made it look beautiful. And what a pretty veil you have!"

"Yes, I did buy that," replied Annie, in a more cheerful tone. "Oh, it's all right! And Our Lord must have welcomed you gladly, Annie, you are so good and sweet," added Lillie. "I didn't mean any harm in noticing your dress; it was only one of my stupid speeches."

Lillie looked so sorry and vexed with herself that Annie laughed. The shadow was lifted; the children wished one another good-bye; Annie went homeward, while the others quickened their pace, fearing that they would be late for school.

But the circumstance had made an impression, especially upon Lillie; and at the noon recreation, which the first communicants spent together, she hastened to tell her companions about it.

"Just imagine!" she cried; "Annie Brogan made her First Communion this morning, and she wore an old dress of mine—an old dress, all mended up, that mamma gave her!"

"The idea!"—"What was she thinking of?" etc., etc.; such were the exclamations with which this announcement was greeted. Most of the girls did not know in the least of whom Lillie was speaking, but it was the fact which created such a sensation.

"Why didn't she get a new one?" inquired Eugenia Dillon, a girl of a haughty disposition, who attached a great deal of importance to costly clothes.

"Hadt' any money," responded Lillie, nibbling at a delicious pickled lime which she had produced from a corner of her lunch basket.

"Then I'd wait till I had—"

"Oh, not put off your First Communion!" protested one of the group.

"Why, yes," returned Eugenia, a conclusion that she had scandalized them a little and trying to excuse herself. "It is not respectful or proper not to be fitly dressed for such a great occasion."

"But Annie was as neat as could be," said Constance; "and looked as pretty as a picture, too. I'm sure Our Lord was as pleased with her as if she were dressed like a princess, because she is such a good little thing."

"Come, Connie, don't preach!" objected Eugenia, impatiently. "Besides, how could she have looked pretty in a mended dress? I wish you could see the one I'm going to have! It's to be of white silk—the best that can be got at Brown's."

"It won't be any more beautiful than mine. I'm to have tulle," said Lillie.

"And I—" continued Constance. "Mine is to be trimmed with point-lace," broke in another.

"And I'm to wear mamma's diamonds," boasted somebody else.

"You can't," demurred a quiet girl, who had not spoken before. "Sister Agnes said that we are not to be allowed to wear jewelry or silk either; and that, though the material for the dresses may be of as fine a quality as we choose, they ought not to be showy or elaborate."

"That is all very well to say," answered Eugenia. "The nuns can enforce these rules in their boarding-schools, but hardly in a day-school like this. We'll wear what we please, or what our mothers select. Mamma has decided to get the white silk for me, because so many of our friends will be present, and she wants my dress to be the handsomest of any."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE LATE FATHER CASEY.

He was Widely Known and Much Esteemed by Men of all Sets—Villa Maria Academy—A Fortune for Church Uses.

Eric, Pa., Feb. 16.—In the death of Very Reverend Father Casey, Vicar General of the Erie, Pa., diocese, the Catholic Church loses one of its notable men. The esteem in which the deceased was held among those of his faith in Erie amounted almost to veneration, and seldom has a death been more generally or sincerely mourned.

Born in St. Catharines, Ont., on January 1, 1846, Thomas A. Casey studied for the priesthood at Niagara Falls, graduating in 1868. He was ordained in the following year and signed to the church at Tidicut, Pa., as his first charge. There he remained until 1870, in which year he came to Erie and assumed the pastorate of St. Patrick's pro-Cathedral. Ten years later Father Casey was elevated to the important office of Vicar-General of the Erie diocese, included in which are the counties of Erie, Warren, McKean, Potter, Crawford, Mercer, Venango, Clarion, Jefferson, Elk, Clearfield and Cameron. During the present month the silver anniversary of his ordination as a priest would have been celebrated.

On the death of his father, James Casey, some years ago, the subject of this sketch inherited a considerable fortune. His means have been used liberally both in upbuilding the church and in worthy charities. His efforts were unremitting to hasten to completion St. Peter's Cathedral in Erie, dedicated a year ago, and in addition to cash contributions of the Casey family, amounting to \$70,000, Father Casey himself presented the magnificent organ now in use.

The most enduring monument to Father Casey's memory is Villa Maria Academy, an institution for the higher education of young women, which was erected and furnished by him at an outlay of over \$100,000 and presented to the Sisters of St. Joseph in May, 1892.

Father Casey leaves a fortune estimated at a quarter of a million, most of which, it is anticipated, will revert to the church.

The Baron's Retort.

An irreligious young man met one of the Barons Rothschild in a Parisian cafe, and began boasting to him, and to a number of others who sat at the table, of his extensive travels. He was most enthusiastic in his description of the island of Tahiti, and mentioned attractions of that favored spot which the Baron thought rather beneath the notice of a sensible man.

"My dear sir," asked the Baron, politely, "did you see anything else worthy of note on the island?"

"I observed," replied the young man, indignantly, "that it was fortunate enough to possess neither pigs nor Jews."

"Indeed!" said the Baron, blandly, not losing his temper in the least. "What do you say to accompanying me to that privileged spot? In the absence of others of our sort, we should soon make our fortunes."

The young man suddenly remembered an engagement that he had elsewhere, and left the cafe.

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