

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-
COST

DEATH

For the days that come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee—because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation." (St. Luke xix, 43)

The sinful city of Jerusalem, which caused Our Saviour to shed bitter tears and utter these words of warning, is a figure of sinful man. Having led a bad life, having neglected God's grace, having ignored the day of His visitation, the day of mercy, he is now in the presence of death, and his spiritual enemies "cast a trench" about him and bring him to despair of God's mercy.

If he had recognized the time of visitation, the time of mercy, if he had listened to the voice of God calling him to repentance, if he had frequently reflected on death, then his life would have been a preparation for death. "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin." (Ecclesiasticus vii, 40.)

Death is a punishment of sin. "In what day soever thou shalt eat of it," says God to our first parents, "thou shalt die the death." (Gen. ii, 17.) If it is a punishment of sin, it is also a great preservative from sin. "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin." If we would but keep ever before us this thought, that we must one day die and render an exact account of our whole lives, of every thought, word, deed and omission, to a Judge who knows all things, who receives neither bribes nor excuses, would it not preserve us from falling into grievous sin and running the risk of dying in that state?

The young die as well as the old. Death is the end of life; and, although the young are but beginning life, they too must die when God wills. Those who flatter themselves that they have before them a long career of usefulness, many years of legitimate enjoyment, seldom or never think that before the morrow's sun death may claim them as his own.

Before the glorious orb of day sinks in the distant west, those who do not wish to surround the bright springtime of their lives with the gloomy atmosphere of death, may be wrapped in its cold embrace. For death is everywhere brought home to us. That grim workman is ever in our midst. He is inexorable to the cries of dear friends and the lamentations of fond mothers. He cares not for age nor condition; he strikes down all, both great and small.

The serpent may whisper in your ear, young friend, that although you must one day die, you have many years yet to live; so, enjoy yourself, and towards the end you can repent and prepare for death.

But he is the father of lies, and as he lied to our first parents in Paradise, so he lies to you. You may not live another day. Life is short at best. And the Great Disposer of life and death often takes the young and the freshness of early youth, or the vigor of early manhood or maidenhood, while he allows the old to whom life is a burden to linger for years between life and death.

Then listen not to the tempter whispering "long life." He is but deceiving you as he deceived our first parents in Paradise. But listen to the Church telling us even in our earliest years, when putting the ashes on our foreheads, "Remember man, thou art but dust and unto dust thou shalt return." And listen to the Holy Spirit when He tells you how to avoid sin: "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin."

Often think of this; think well on it, and it will be well for you. Often imagine that the hour has come—and it surely shall come—the most important hour of your whole life, the hour when you are to bid farewell to everything temporal, when you are to leave father and mother, and brother relations and friends, when you are to bid adieu to everybody and everything you hold most dear.

Only one step, and you are on the broad, boundless ocean of eternity. One step, and you are standing before the Judge of the living and the dead to render an account. The memory of your many sins will then flash vividly before you, and you know not if they have been forgiven. Would you not wish to strip death of half its terrors? You can do this by remembrance of the great preservative from sin. "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin." For the terror, "the sting of death is sin."

One of the best resolutions we could form is to devote to God not alone the last days of our lives, when life is scarcely worth the living, but to give Him the freshness of our youth and the strength of our manhood and womanhood; to devote to His service all the energies of our bodies and all the faculties of our souls.

Then, at whatever time God requires us to render an account, He will find us ready and watching.

Impress, then, that you shall certainly die; first, that the hour so decisive, so full of consequences, is not far distant; thirdly, that God gives us ample means of thinking on death as a preservative from sin in the deaths of our relatives and playmates; fourthly, that this decisive hour is so uncertain that we may well be always armed and ready for our departure.

These reflections will have a tendency to make us less worldly and

WILSON'S
FLY PAD.
POISON

Every ten cent packet will kill more flies than \$8.00 worth of any sticky fly killer. Refuse substitutes, which are most unsatisfactory.

more attached to God, Who, while everything else changes, remains unchangeable, our Good Father and faithful Friend. Death cannot deprive us of Him; but if we are faithful to the end, we shall see Him face to face a single glance of Whom would more than compensate for a thousand years of penance. If we offer Him our whole lives here, all that we are and all that we have, if we continue to the end to do all for His honor and glory, we shall enjoy forever hereafter the full fruition of the beatific vision.

TEMPERANCE

A PHYSICIAN'S NOTION OF THE
EVILS OF DRINK

"The evil a person does whilst drunk is morally imputable to him provided he foresees, even probably, that he will commit it," writes Dr. O'Malley in the American Ecclesiastical Review. "Criminal actions are especially chargeable against the drunkard, as murder, assault, damage of property, unchastity, scandal, neglect of family, and the like. Evil speech in the form of contempt may not be grave sin, as no one seriously heads a drunken man; but blasphemy and obscene speech are attributable to him as they are intrinsically evil. These deeds and words are not voluntary in act, but they are in cause." (St. Thomas, 2, 2, q. 150, a. 4.)

"The physical and moral evil done a child which is conceived in drunkenness, or is the offspring of a chronic alcoholic, is imputable to the drunkard, in greater or less degree according to the drunkard's knowledge."

As was shown above, 50 grammes of alcohol taken at a daily sitting (a pint of claret, a half-tumbler of whiskey) brings on all the somatic injuries of chronic alcoholism, although the drinker may not become drunk in the meaning of the term as used by moral theologians. The bodily diseases, the loss of working power, the injury done society and offspring are the least of the evils of technical inebriation. Sometimes, even a pint of American beer taken daily at a meal for twelve days will so congest the kidneys of a middle-aged man, who has been proved to be healthy by frequent previous examinations, that casts will appear in his urine where none before existed. In such cases a pint of beer daily is a dangerous excess, and where the excess is dependent on the loss of a family is a grave sin; just what degree would constitute a mortal sin in this case would have to be judged specially.

To take a drug in a quantity sufficient to cause chronic inflammation of the liver or kidneys, degeneration of the nerves, and the like, can evidently become mortal sin, apart from any notion of drunkenness as a deprivation of consciousness, provided the person knows that he is bringing on these bodily diseases.

Chronic alcoholism, as far as the body is concerned, is evidently a disease, as tuberculosis or nephritis is; but it is a self-inflicted disease, as the cutting off of a finger to escape military service is a self-inflicted disease, or mutilation. As the acquisition of a disease of chronic alcoholism is the result of a series of immoral acts, the fact that it is a grave physical disease adds to the moral turpitude. Like syphilis acquired in a brothel, it is not only a disease, it is also a vice and a crime.

The chronic alcoholic and the syphilis may repent their original immoral acts, but they seldom advert to the fact that the bodily degeneration in itself is also a deordination which demands moral satisfaction. The alcoholic cirrhosis, nephritis, neuritis, mental hebetude, the swarming

heredity of physical evils handed down to children and children's children, and so on, are each a separate vice or crime. Hence, Aristotle said 'The drunkard deserves double punishment'; and Sir Edward Coke, 'As for a drunkard, who is a voluntarius daemon, he hath no privileges there by; but what hurt or ill he ever he doth, his drunkenness doth aggravate it.'

"When one commits an immoral act he falls into the sins that naturally follow from this act, inasmuch as the immoral act embraces the proximate chances of committing these sins. Whoever, then, culpably grows drunk takes upon himself, besides the substantial malice of drunkenness, its accidental and derivative malice, by exposing himself to the danger of committing these resulting immoral acts, or of omitting the good he should normally do."

DRINK AND BUSINESS

The days when every bargain was concluded with what is sometimes called a "smile" have passed away, says the Boston Advertiser. The man of to-day who takes a drink during business hours is very likely to step into a drug store to obtain something to kill the smell of it before he goes back to work. Firms are beginning to look upon temperance on the part of employees as an unpardonable matter. This is particularly true with the railroads, and the Pennsylvania Road has recently taken the advanced ground that it would rather not have its employees drink at all, very decidedly rather than that they would. The men are reported as conciliated with such a stand on the part of their superiors, although it is not hard to imagine what their attitude would have been a few decades ago, if any such demand had been made. It is becoming apparent to an increasing number of persons that drink and business do not belong together.

HOW ABOUT THE BOYS?

If we had upon our statute books laws that permitted men to sell something that poisoned the pigs, calves and chickens, and interfered with their complete development as perfect animals, especially while the prices are so high, would there not be something doing? How about the boys? asks the Teachers' Journal.—St. Paul Bulletin.

HAPPIEST PEOPLE IN
THE WORLDPENOBSCOT AND PASSAMA-
QUODDY INDIANS OF THE
STATE OF MAINE

The happiest people in the world are the Indians of Maine. Seldom, indeed, nowhere else in the whole country—can there be found Indians without serious complaints to make about their grounds to show for their complaints. But these Indians who celebrate this year the three hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Catholic missions among them, are without a single grudge.

They have the happiest dispositions are the most industrious; the most pleasantly situated for the following of their natural bent, woodcraft, hunting and fishing; the best favored in their treatment at the hands of the government; among the best cared for in the matter of religion; the most Catholic in their history; by nature the most intelligent if judged from their legendary lore; in a word, they are the most favored Indians in the country.

PEACEFUL FACES

The faces of the Penobscots and Passamaquoddies are the most peaceful and the most expressive of peace of soul of any Indians in the land. Their voices, especially those of the young women, are the gentlest, the most musical. It is no dispraise of womanhood to add that they are the most talkative, because their talk is so charitable and their voices are as resonant as the woods they inhabit and as sweet as the babble of the waters under the paddle of the canoes they ride in. The manners of the people are the politest. Their sense of humor is the keenest, although not the noisiest. Their lives are among the most religious. An air of contentment pervades the whole tribe. It is set as a halo about them, especially when the thought of their homes comes to them.

The cluster of gray shingled houses with a setting of green hills on Passamaquoddy Bay, seen from a boat coming up from Eastport in midsummer, is a picture of the contentment which fills the souls of the inhabitants. The lake village at Dana's Point which one suddenly beholds as he rounds the point in a canoe, with the cross-crowned chapel set in a deep forest above the placid waters, is a blessing to behold.

Nor does the village of the Penobscots on Indian Island belie the first impression which one gets of it from the ferryboat which plies between Oldtown and the Island. It is self-contented but by no means conceited.

AN INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE

The Indians of Maine cannot be accused of laziness, although they are not disposed to farm life. They are members of the great Algonic, or Algonquin, family whose ancestors were hunters and fishers rather than tillers of the soil. In the olden times they planted their crops and left them while they went hunting and fishing until harvest time. To this day they have not a prejudice against but an indisposition to agriculture. If they must stay at home, it is not to remain idle; it is to pass the time busily in making baskets and moccasins for use and ornament, and toys

PRESIDENT
SUSPENDER
NONE SO EASY

guides of white sportsmen with rod and gun in both seasons.

The small remnant of Passamaquoddies at Dana's Point on the Schoodic Lakes are wood-choppers and farmers to a greater extent than either of their relatives on the river or on the sea. They are also trappers of otter and mink as well as hunters of moose and deer.

The Passamaquoddies, especially those living on the lakes, are more Indian in manner than the Penobscots. The difference may perhaps be measured by twenty-five or even fifty years. The railroad has come to the doors of the former only within ten years. The tracks have somewhat spoiled their shoreage.

The canoe is still the favorite with them. But the dory and the row boat have been called into use in the past two years by the building of the weirs and the introduction of fishing on a large scale. The sight is fascinating of a dory filled to the gunwales with quivering, jumping little fish, whose agitation gives the appearance of boiling water. The old birch-bark canoe is rapidly passing away. It yields to the canvas-covered shell.

The people of Maine have an enviable reputation for square dealing. And they have a great liking for the Indians. They do not forget the welcome and aid given the early colonists, particularly in the first severe and spare winter. They remember the service of the Indians in the revolutionary war. Does not justice demand that the State make return for the lands seized or ceded? The people of Maine need no outsider to inform them of their duty. They are fulfilling that duty, to the very brim if not to running over. They are a model for other States and for the National Government.

The helpful financial support given the Sisters for educating the Indians is small compared to the

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THE COAST INDIANS

The Coast Indians, the Passamaquoddies, cousins to the river branch of the family, the Penobscots, are fishermen by preference. And they are not fishermen of any mean sort, either in ability or in the scope of their operations. I have seen three weirs for catching sardines on Passamaquoddy Bay which cost the Indians \$500 hard cash. And this does not include the value of their untiring labor either in building or operating these great traps. They are owned and operated by Indians.

The construction and operation are curious, ingenious. The weirs are built on the beach when the tide is out. The tide is the highest in the world here, from fifty to seventy-five feet. When the tide is out a donkey engine hired from white men is used to drive the upright poles which hold the nets in the circle and the brush in the long straight fence or drive-way leading down the beach to the circle. This fence is fifty yards long. And the circular enclosure into the gate of which the fence forces the fish with the receding tide is fifty yards in circumference. The small fish, like sardines, come in with the tide to seek the protection of shallow waters from the large fish which pursue and would devour them. But the little fishy tribe cannot escape the cunning and patience of the redskin human.

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— asks Shakespeare

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