

out from Aunty's room so soon. And what surprised her more was that there was a look of concern on his small face.

"Mom," he said excitedly, "Aunt won't wake up."

At this his mother dropped the pan she had in her hand and rushed into Aunt Cecelia's room. What she saw made her gasp. There was Aunt Cecelia lying on top of the bed-clothes. She rushed to her and felt her pulse. Thank God, she was alive. She turned to her husband who had followed her into the room and said frantically.

"John, call the doctor quickly."

When John returned to the room Helen had Aunt Cecelia back under the blankets.

"The doctor is on his way. He had just arrived from Mass as I called. How is she?"

"I don't know. She seems to be breathing very heavily. But what I can't understand is how she got out from under the clothes. Oh, John, we should never have left her here alone. She was so helpless."

Just then Sammy, who had been standing behind his father, pointed to the corner of the room and exclaimed.

"Look, Daddy!"

What he saw was a scattering of ashes where once had been the corner of the rug. Apparently the rug had, in some mysterious way, caught fire which had been stamped out!

Aunt Cecelia died that night without again regaining consciousness. It was then that the people around know that the community had lost a saint. They had no other alternative than to believe that Aunt Cecelia had arisen from her bed and put out the fire, thus saving the twins and herself from burning to death. They were fully convinced that God had given her the ability to do it and, shortly after, had summoned the saintly old soul to her heavenly reward.

—EVERETT CAMERON, '46

AND GOD MADE TWO GREAT LIGHTS

(Gen. 1, 16)

The sun shines brightly on a waking world,
And nature's buglers call all men to life;
The landscape's beauty in the light unfurled
Calls out for all who see it to rejoice.
The daily toil starts off in spirits high.
Who says "O Hateful Morning!" lives a lie.

The evening sun gives word of pressing night,
 The work is done and tools are all put by.
 While men congest to talk in spirits light,
 Youth goes to rest, the sandman drawing nigh.
 All is serene, the troubled world afar;
 A madman's whims cannot this quiet mar.

The beaming moon keeps watch o'er sleeping earth,
 And inwardly is thankful for her task.
 Her lamp turned low, she waits upon the birth
 Of coming day to match the one that's past,
 Her lonely vigil o'er, earth's slumber done,
 Her light then fades before the rising sun.

—JOHN ELDON GREEN '47

A CAPITAL SIN

A good old English word which seems to be dying out of conversational and even out of literary usage, although common enough in both half a century ago, is the name of the seventh of the Capital or Deadly sins. Those of you who took your first lessons in dogmatic and moral theology from Butler's small catechism clearly remember, or at least can easily recollect, the list which you once so glibly recited: pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. Familiar as was the word in those days, not merely in the catechism but in other books as well, it has of late decades fallen more and more into disuse.

If the word, however, is obsolescent, the thing for which it stands is not. The vice or sin of sloth, call it by what name you will, is fully as common nowadays as it was half a century or a century ago; and it will scarcely become obsolete as long as human nature is not radically transformed. And what is sloth? The dictionaries tell us: slowness, tardiness, disinclination to action or labor, sluggishness, habitual indolence, laziness, idleness. In so far as the ordinary, everyday, temporal duties of life are concerned, sloth means practically the same thing as laziness or idleness; but when there is a question of the duties of religion or exercises of piety, the better synonym for sloth is lukewarmness in the service of God.

With respect to its effects on both body and soul, sloth has been denounced formally and publicly by the philosophers and moralists of all times and nations. We have often