

These Are Our 7 DEADLY ENEMIES!

Men are rightly afraid today of the rising tide of evil and uncertainty that sweeps the world.

We tremble at the menacing danger of the atomic bomb. We live in dread of another full-scale war... the remembered shadow of economic depression... the widespread prevalence of crime and immorality. We see these and other evils as threats to our peace and security, but we do not see them for what they truly are. And we overlook our most dangerous enemies.

Actually, the evils which afflict us are only symptoms of what ails us—only the results of causes which we allow to exist within ourselves. Back of them all is a basic human failure which many men choose to ignore, which others hold too lightly, and which some even try to glorify.

This failure is described in a single, simple and ugly word—sin.

It is, seemingly, a reality which all of us should understand—a human failure which everyone should be able readily to evaluate. Unfortunately, however, many overlook the fact that the external acts of sinning are but the completion of offenses against God already committed internally.

These offenses are the sins of Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust... the Seven Capital Sins—our seven deadliest enemies.

Pride and covetousness prompt men to seek vast power over their fellowmen. Greed and covetousness lead often to thievery of many sorts. Murder may be the product

of anger, greed, pride, lust, envy or covetousness. Sloth begets religious indifference and low moral standards. Every sinful act, in fact, may be traced to one of the Seven Capital Sins.

God dignified man with free will... the ability to choose God's way or his own—and Catholics, of course, encounter the same occasions of sinning as anyone else. But we have in the Church the means by which we can, with God's help, easily avoid the occasions of sin and conquer temptations before they conquer us.

The Catholic attitude on this question will be of great interest to you, even though you are not a Catholic.

An interesting pamphlet explaining the nature of the Seven Capital Sins... the situations to which they apply... how some things you think sins may not be sinful at all... will be sent to you in a plain wrapper, upon your request. And nobody will call on you. Write today—ask for Pamphlet No. FM-34.

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As You Were Saying...

Reward of an Unwanted Job. When I was drafted as a house-to-house canvasser for a school-bond issue, I spent agonizing hours worrying about the job. When the time came for the actual work, just the effort of parking the car at the first home left me glued to the seat for several minutes.



Finally, I went up and knocked. What was I worried about? This first housewife answered me with the American ease of greeting a neighbor. She invited me in and, in the relaxed atmosphere of her living room, discussing the importance of the bonds and urging her family to vote became almost pleasant. Each call thereafter was easier.

Now that the job's over, I realize we don't just live in a community. These strangers—these people who now greet me on the street—all of us, we are the community.—Mrs. Irene Marsh, Eldridge, Calif.

In Time of Sorrow. A Canadian man recently was taking his 18-year-old son, a leukemia victim, to a Dallas specialist when the son became too ill to go on. He was placed in our local hospital where he died.

Because of the financial burden of shipping the body to Canada, the father decided to bury the boy in our cemetery. Our minister was called in, and the word spread among our congregation. Everyone immediately got busy; some sent flowers, others attended the wake, and at the funeral there were 12 cars filled with people who never knew the boy or his father.—Mrs. E. Lewellen, Childress, Tex.

Friendly Competitors. I had some misgivings last Summer when I entered the Nevada Beauty Pageant, which selects a representative for the Miss America contest. I had been in other beauty contests, and they left a bad taste in my mouth because every girl was strictly out for herself.

But I was lucky enough to win the Miss Las Vegas title and went on to the state finals in Reno. My four days there were among the happiest in my memory. Each girl went out of her way to see that the other looked her best and some even cried when the girls next to them were eliminated in the judging.

Since the contest, we've exchanged letters and made plans for reunions. I wish everyone could know the Miss America program and the wonderful spirit of friendly competition it has developed.—Saundra J. Meek, "Miss Las Vegas of 1958," Las Vegas, Nev.

Paid in Full. My father, who once operated a small dairy farm, had been retired 16 years and he and my mother had moved to a nearby town when this incident took place.

One day there was a knock at the door; it was a former neighbor they hadn't seen since moving. She said, "I've come to pay my milk bill." Father said she must be mistaken. "Oh, no," she said firmly, "I've never forgotten your kindness when my children and I were in need."

Then she opened a time-worn book and showed where she had marked down the amount for each bottle of milk she had received—and wasn't able to pay for at the time. It came to more than a hundred dollars.

She handed my father a check and said, "This is a day I've long dreamed of."—Mrs. Della O. Green, Ogden, Utah.



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