

A VIGOROUS PRONOUNCEMENT CONTAINED IN A PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CASEY, WHEN BISHOP OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

A VIGOROUS PRONOUNCEMENT

THE following document is a fitting endorsement of our Manifesto on Prohibition published on Friday; and we have never read a stronger indictment of the Liquor Traffic than that pronounced by Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B. previous to his appointment as Archbishop of Vancouver.

Commenting on this splendid pastoral, the St. John "Telegram" said editorially: "It shears through the flimsy defenses of the Liquor Traffic with the keen sword of truth and frankness; it names the evils and fixes the responsibility for them in simple and convincing language that cuts to the bone. It is probably safe to say that this message takes more advanced ground in favor of Temperance than any previous pastoral of the same Church in Eastern Canada. In Montreal, Archbishop Bruchesi has been similarly outspoken and emphatic in calling his flock to sobriety, and in declaring his own hostility to the drinking customs leading to intemperance."

The Bishop discusses several prominent vices of the day and then says:

WE SPEAK OF DRUNKENNESS

THERE is still another, which, in various ways, differs from the rest, and which, therefore, at times demands fuller consideration. It is less innate, less inherent to our nature than the rest; it may, nevertheless, be a fruitful mother to the all. Right on through history, it has demanded the attention of moralists; just now, it has all the world concerned, and no more place more earnestly than our American continent.

In the Councils of the State as well as of the Church, it calls for deliberation as to the means for its suppression. Every one knows it—for we speak of Drunkenness. The states and provinces of the whole continent are grappling with the evil, and with gratifying success; the Councils and Synods of the universal Church are deliberating to devise the most efficacious means of reforming and saving its unfortunate slaves.

What the Irish Bishops, once assembled in Synod at Maynooth, said of their children at home, may be affirmed, with equal truth, of many other nations, and not least perhaps of our own country:

"To Drunkenness we may refer, as to the baneful cause, almost all the crime by which the country is degraded, and nearly all the poverty from which it suffers. Drunkenness has wrecked more homes

once happy than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more homes and rent asunder family ties more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants."

Too often, it may be, we are so familiar with the scenes and effects of this vice, that we do not reflect on their terrible reality. It is worth while to pause a little now, to bring the gravity of the matter home to us. The subject is not pleasant, but it demands consideration.

THE GRADES OF DRUNKEN REVELRY

MAN was created after the three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity had taken counsel together: "A little less than the angels," God created him.

Look at the man passing through the grades of drunken revelry. With his first drink, his thirst is slaked, nature is satisfied; with the second, comes a joviality which for him is at least questionable; with the third, comes a delight which is not free from passion; while with the fourth and the following drinks, come drunkenness, madness, and insanity. During the early stages, the Christian is fast vanishing; vulgarity becomes wit, and obscenity, humour; drunken stupor soon overwhelms him; the man is gone, a worse than the brute lies in his place.

What a spectacle to his fellow-men! What to the angels, a little less than whom he was created! To the Saints, the just made perfect in the land of the living! To him who died to raise fallen humanity! The Son of God assumed human nature to redeem it to the Divine; this man has degraded it below the nature of beasts. He has no intellect left, his freedom of will is gone; there is no evidence that he has a soul; it is dead—more, buried in his miserable flesh.

It was a pagan who wrote: "Drunkenness knocks down the man, and nails him to the sensual intermixtures of his body."

And too often he has a wife, a family. What misery is theirs! Hunger, rags, cold—we stop.

"Adam, where art thou?" demanded the Lord God of the first guilty man after his fall. God knew where Adam was. It was the divine image effaced by sin, the life of grace destroyed, that He sought. What would He say to the drunkard, as pictured lying before us? "Render an account of thy talents; thy intelligence, thy will, thy Baptism! They are destroyed."

THE CURSE OF GOD UPON HIS HOME

NO other sin makes a man so helpless before Heaven. However abandoned by grace, however sunk in crime of any other nature, a sinner has intelligence left by which he can turn to God in prayer, a will by which to repent of his folly. The drunkard has neither intelligence nor will left, by which to pray or repent.

Is this picture exaggerated? No, there can be no exaggeration of such degradation. He is more obnoxious than the madman, more contemptible than the demoniac. These are objects of pity, for they are afflicted through perhaps no fault of their own; the drunkard deserves but scorn, for he has debased his very manhood. He has brought the curse of God upon his home, he has closed the gates of Heaven against himself.

Are we too severe? Listen to Saint Paul. Make no mistake, says the inspired Apostle: "Neither fornication, nor idolatry, nor thieves, nor drunkards shall possess the Kingdom of Heaven."—Cor. vi. 9, 10. Here we have the drunkard classed with the worst of criminals—idolaters, adulterers, thieves—and the gates of Heaven closed against him; and that by the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Let us see further what the Bible says about the drunkard, for the inspired Word can make no mistake. The wise man tells us that the woes of Heaven, that is, the curse of God, fall thick and fast upon him:

"Who hath woe? Whose father hath woe? Whose contentions? Who falls into pits? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink up their cups."—Prov. xxiii. 29, 30.

And Isaiah speaks to the same purpose:

"Woe to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening, to be inflamed with wine. Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and are stout men at drunkenness. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards, of Ephraim. The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot."—Isaiah v. 11, 22; xxviii. 1, 3.

FOLLOWED BY UNHOLY BROOD OF CRIMES

NO words of ours can add anything to such fearful denunciations of inspired penmen. Compared with other sins, it ranks with the worst; we may say, that its enormity is increased by the fact that it may become the mother of any or all of them. Indeed, we can scarcely consider drunkenness alone, for it is always followed by an unholy brood of crimes. In itself, it is but the starting point on the way to perdition. In its wake, follow idleness, carelessness, evil company, profanity, debauchery, gambling, destruction of property, ruin of family, disease, death in abandonment and impentence.

These are a few of the many vices that follow in the drunkard's course. We are convinced of this truth, appalled at its narration. We wonder not that the Apostle of the Gentiles saw in the light of inspiration the gates of Heaven closed against him.

"I have not gone that far" we are prepared to hear addressed to us on all sides. We answer: You have not come to such excesses. Heaven forbid it! You have not yet run the full course of the drunkard; but you have made a beginning; the habit of drink is growing; your haste to excuse it shows how insidiously it is growing. Any or all of these excesses are yawning before you. No drunkard ever makes and keeps the promise, "I will go so far, but no further," unless accident or death come to make his downward progress impossible.

That this pestilential vice is widespread around us, we have but to open our eyes and look. Nearly any day on the streets, the eye and the ear may be sadly regaled by the sight and profanity of "one more unfortunate."

The prison statistics and the penitentiary records throughout the Dominion, are afflicting testi-

monies to the ravages on the moral and social order of the Commonwealth. The well-being of the individual, of the family, of the public, is at stake. It is everyone's duty to be interested. The evil, though still vigorous and bent on its destructive course, may yet be conquered, if we can secure the good will and hearty co-operation of the great multitude not yet reduced to miserable slavery.

LET US LOOK THE EVIL IN THE FACE

IT is for this reason that we make the call to arms, as we would if some destructive epidemic were breaking out over the country. Such a passing visitation would not destroy as many as we know to be falling under the scourge of intemperance. We find an eminent statesman declaring, that this is an evil more to be feared than the three historic foes of humanity—war, famine and pestilence.

Nor are all those of the household of the faith, by any means, free from the meshes of this scourge,—to the scandal of those around us, and to the sorrow of their Mother, the Church. There are some who call themselves Catholics—and are such only in name—who drag that hallowed name into the mire of iniquity, swelling the prison rolls by their drunken excesses. Their families suffer, their friends weep, the Church blushes; the malediction of Heaven awaits them.

This is no time to tone down truth until it becomes falsehood. Let us look the evil in the face. What is it that fills many homes with misery and wretchedness, that leaves the children hungry and ragged, that makes the streets resound with profanity and worse, that makes the prejudiced fling prison statistics at us, that makes the scornful point at us, and, awfully to think, destroys immortal souls for which our Saviour died, sending them before their Judge with the brand of hell upon their brow,—what is it? It is the mad passion for the intoxicating cup.

Now what are we to do? How lift the cloud that sadly envelops so many souls for whom the Precious Blood was freely shed? There are many, thank God, who are free from the vice we deplore; but we are not thereby without care for our less fortunate brothers. We must not say to God, as did wicked Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Let us rather admit with Saint Paul, "Yourselves have learned of God to love one another."—I. Thess. iv. 9. Again therefore, we ask, what are we to do?

"HE THAT LOVETH DANGER SHALL PERISH IN IT"

AMONG the very first principles of religion, we remember that we were strongly impressed with the necessity of avoiding the occasions of sin; and this principle is founded on the word of God. "He that loveth danger shall perish in it."—Eccles. iii. 27.

This principle can be applied to no one with more truth and justice, than to the man or woman who is conscious of weakness in regard to drink. For such a one, certain places, persons or actions that are perfectly harmless to others, are deadly sin. For a man with the drink craving, there is absolutely no remedy, unless he shun as a pestilence the presence both of liquors and drinkers.

World-wide experience illustrates the truth of what the Holy Ghost said about loving the danger; and such a man can no more enter a bar-room with safety, than he can place his neck on the rails before the onrushing train. He can no more take a drink with a friend without fear of drunkenness than he can swallow a deadly poison without danger of death. The drink that may be without sin in another, is a real crime in him. As he hopes for salvation, he can only attain it by shunning, as he would a rattlesnake, the places and the persons that are to him the occasions of temptation.

HERE WE MIGHT WELL APPEAL TO ALL CHRISTIANS

WE may declare with assurance that, no matter how safe one may consider himself, everyone is obliged to strict temperance even in the lawful use of stimulants, to

avoid visiting bar-rooms without necessity, to shun the companionship of drinkers. In these is a real danger; and the Spirit of God, who never speaks without a purpose, has warned us: "He that loveth danger shall perish in it."

Not less guilty before God, than the unfortunate himself, is the false friend or the bar-keeper who places temptation in his way. He who offers to treat one whom he knows to have a weakness for drink, or the dealer who sells to such a one, is as guilty before high heaven as Cain who killed his brother. Here we might well appeal to all Christians, never to put temptation in the way of a neighbour by offering to treat him to intoxicating drink.

The vast armies swelling and increasing the ranks of drunkards throughout the world, are largely formed by sociality. Only the few crave for drink by nature, and these would easily overcome the beginnings, were they not led on by experienced hands. Scarcely any ever learn alone to go to excess. The young see their elders drink, and are but too prone to imitation.

In too many places, there is the public house every few paces along the street. Thus, temptations are multiplied for the young, the poor, the miserable, and the working man. Within these shops, everything is inviting to the wretched and the unfortunate—there is light, warmth, joviality, alcohol in various forms, that will throw a passing forgetfulness over their troubles; though this is but too often followed by the deadly consequences of drunkenness.

WHAT WILL YOUR CRIMINAL PROFITS AVAIL YOU?

NOW—Some weighty, but perfectly non-personal questions;—questions that can, only through double glasses, be construed as objectionable by any honourable man.

Is there a liquor-dealer worthy of general esteem, one perfectly respectable in all his relations, one who fears not the anger of God, or the reprobation of wives and mothers?

Is there one who has properly obtained a license and conducts his business to meet a legitimate

want of the public; who is himself perfectly sober; who does not adulterate his goods or sell them to any one likely to abuse them; who permits no disorder, as blasphemy or indecent language, in his store; who seeks not to evade the law, who incites no one to drink, least of all the young; who never sells to minors; in a word, who is obedient to the civil law and to the principles of Christian charity and justice?

Such a man is a liquor dealer worthy of respect, and one who has no cause from his business to fear the judgments of God or the reproaches of the public.

But there are others. There are others, who do not follow these wise rules, or act according to these Christian principles. Sad experiences and distressing statistics, are the proofs. We leave it to you to note them, and to form your own opinion of them.

To them, we would say, it is worth while to examine your conscience in the light of eternity, so soon to open before you. What will your criminal profits avail you, as balanced against your debts to God offended, to individuals destroyed, families desolated, society outraged? Would you save your souls? Get out of a business, in which you are damaging yourselves by damning your neighbours."

Friends of the Prohibition cause in Newfoundland should

pass this splendid utterance along to their neighbours, and we feel that its circulation will be productive of visible results when the time comes for casting their votes on November 4th.

Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the front): "Good-bye, my dear boy. Try and find time to send a post card to let me know you are safely back in the trenches."—Everybody's.

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Every item that goes to make a suit perfect are put into these suits. Sizes 4, 5, 6 and 7. Prices \$12.00 and \$17.00.

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