

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." — "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## "A FACT."

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## AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

Maurice Francis Egan in Catholic Home Almanac for 1888.

The old man had worked hard. The veins in his reddened hands were swollen. As he sat in the sun, with his head thrown back against the wall, one could see how white his forehead was in comparison with the sunburned and weather-tanned skin of the rest of his face.

His eyes were clear and blue, with an occasional sparkle in them which was quenched soon enough. Only once he showed a sudden interest in what was going on around him. It was when a hand organ struck up "The Kerry Dance."

He showed a row of well-preserved teeth, such as are seldom seen in old men born on this side of the water, and said:—  
"I was Nora's son. And it always brings back to me the old days in Kerry, before her mother and me ever thought of coming to America."

The sparkle went out of his eye, as his daughter-in-law, a thin, yellow-haired, energetic Connecticut woman came down the steps and called his little grandchild into the house, which was part of a long row of Brooklyn brown stone flats.

The old man sighed, pulled out his pipe and suddenly put it back again, with a furtive look at the door, from which his nervous and keen daughter-in-law had just disappeared. The old man closed his eyes. The "Kerry Dance" floated down the street.

"The joy of the Kerry dancing."—  
The sun set, pink and gold and purple in a red glow, made a background for the brilliant spark which the arm of Liberty upheld in the Bay. Water and clouds seemed one, blended in a lake of slowly changing tints. From the Park on the other side came a sultry breeze laden with the scent of clover. Across the lots opposite—lots at this season of the year smooth as a tennis lawn—A little child, in a red frock, moved slowly, carrying a steaming path towards the clock factory, where one or two lights already shone in the windows. The organ, now far down the street, softened its notes, but still played the "Kerry Dance."

What was the old man thinking of in this alien land? His eyes were closed. A flash of light shone on the cross of the church, which towered among the trees. It touched his eyelids and he looked up in a startled way and grasped his stick.

"This is peace," he said.

He sighed, "There is no peace for an old man like me, sir, on this side of the grave."

"Why, you ought to be peaceful, and happy, too."

"I am alone."

There was a soft cadence in his voice and a sad one.

"Alone? Haven't you your son and your two grand children and your daughter-in-law?"

I could hear her voice within, scolding the servant in a strident way. Why had Howard been allowed to dabble in the water and why had not Lincoln his best apron on? These questions repeated themselves, were very evident. "Howard and Lincoln," said the old man, in a low voice, with a careful glance at the door, "they're the names of my grandchildren, and my own and my father's before me was Brian Murphy."

There was a bitterness in this simple statement which opened my eyes.

The quaint figure of the old man, stout, clumsy, bent, dressed in an alpaca coat, out of a pocket of which the clay pipe peeped, was out of place against the prim, brown stone wall, with its "gentle" stucco ornaments, as bright brogue was out of place beside the high-pitched tones of his active, nervous, and excessively "gentle" daughter-in-law. And somehow I thought of Mrs. Platt's "In Primrose Time," with a great sympathy for the old man. He seemed to belong to that land when, in May—

"Everybody wears the lovely favor of our sweet Lady Spring. And though the robins in a bright procession towards the chapel's chime,— Good priest, there be but few sins in confession. In Primrose time."

In the fading twilight, beside the rheumatic old man, who could not move of his own accord, the simple and blithe pleasures of his springtime arose before me. "Lincoln," cried the shrill voice inside, "I told you to keep away from your grandfather."

The old man was indeed alone. By and by, his son, trim, slender, bright-eyed, with a business manner and an alertness in the approved way of the time came along.

"Better, father?"

"Well enough, John."

And with a slight bow to me, he passed into the house. He came out in a short time and helped the old man in.

neighbors, had wrinkled her light skin and thinned the blonde hair which she tied in a small knot at the back of her head. Her frock—of wrapper, or gown, or whatever it was,—bespoke an anxious struggle with the sewing machine. It was a marvel of ruffles and ribbons. The unhappy children, too, were ruffled up to their eyes.

"Smoke?" why, of course," she said, relating her habitual frown into a "society" smile. "I don't mind smoking a bit, provided it's cigars. But I can't abide Grandpa's pipe. It's just too awful. And he will sit in the front of the house with it. John says it's his only pleasure. But I can't allow it all the same. People ought not to cultivate such pleasures. But he's Irish you know,—poor old man!"

Silence.

"May be you thought it strange that I called the children in. I came out just to apologize for it. But the real truth is,—lowering her voice,—that Grandpa has such an awful brogue and I'm desperately afraid Howard and Lincoln might catch it."

If it had been small-pox, this sentence could not have been breathed more solemnly through her nose.

"It does seem hard, and John, though he was born in this country, sometimes thinks it's not quite right." But since I caught Howard saying "taw" at his aunt's,—you can imagine my mortification,—I have interdicted all communication."

"Mrs. Murphy," I began, feeling very hot and indignant, "you and your husband—"

"I panted. One may do a great deal of harm by speaking the truth at the wrong time; so changed my words,—

"seem to suffer a great deal."

"Oh, we do, I assure you. Our friends are so nice. Americans of good family, like myself. I sometimes awake in the night all in a cold perspiration, thinking of what an awful time we'll have when Grandpa dies. Of course our friends will come and we can't keep out his Irish relatives. And they are common. I just put my foot down the other day when the old man said something about his wake."

I settled him on that point. He said he did not expect a very cheerful funeral, if I had the directing of it. Suck talk! I wonder an old man can live and think of death in such a frivolous way. I wish I could get him into an institution, I do dread a mixed funeral so!"

Howard began to sing, "I want to be an angel." His mother listened with complacency.

"The old man grumbles, too, because the children are not baptized. It's times enough, I say, though John worries a little about it. I haven't quite decided on their names yet. Sometimes I think I'll call Lincoln Reginald. Pretty, ain't it? Besides, I am a Baptist, and I'll just take my time. Another thing," continued this complacent and hateful woman, encouraged by my silence, "the old man wants a priest, a priest, and there's a big bunch of them. And it's thanks to me that they were here to give the old man a little reminder of home. It will not be long before he goes to his last home now."

And Bridget wiped her eyes. "Oa, I am sorry I ever came to a country where the people learn to look down on their own."

On Sunday I met Madam going to church, accompanied by Howard and Lincoln. There were tears on her cheeks, and her words corroborated the meaning of the symbol, which was anything but sad for poor Brian Murphy.

"He's gone at last," she said, in a manner suggestive of relief, decorously tempered by resignation. "It's going to be very quiet—of course I mean the funeral. No service at the house, though of course our minister will look in and may be make a prayer or so to the relatives. Of course his friends won't come—they don't know anything about it. The old man looks quite respectable for once in his life. I've ordered a vacant chair, three feet high, for the head of the casket. It's real cute. Well, in the midst of life we are in death."

And this charming person passed, with her children on their alien way. Their father was at home in darkness with the dead.

It was a very decorous funeral. Mrs. Murphy's pastor made a tender prayer to the relatives, who rustled in new clothes. The old man looked very serene. The furniture was gloomy, cold, respectable. I do not know whether John Murphy prayed for his father's soul or not.

I blessed Bridget with all my heart, when she bowed to me, this before the astonished groom, and laid the crucifix and the bunch of shamrock on the old man's breast.

"I couldn't help it, sir," she sobbed, after the funeral was over, "I felt he wouldn't rest easy so far from home, if he hadn't the blessed cross upon him."

with his blue eyes and curly head, in his white surplice. We were too proud of him, that's a fact." And the old man sighed, "Howard's a little like him. It's with a sore heart I say that child's name. Ah, sir, it's a heavy cross on an old man when he can find no joy in his grandchildren! They're so indifferent. Their mother,—I'm not saying anything against her, for she's only herself, after all—can't help making them look down on me. But oh," broke out the old man, with intense bitterness,—"it's hard! It's hard when I think of little Johnny's curly head hardly reaching to the priest's elbow and him serving Mass and having his Latin all by heart! Oh, the sorrow of it! The sorrow of it! To be alone—alone! My God grant you may never feel it, sir!"

We had stopped under a big oak. The flock of sheep were tripping over the green, with their shepherd and his dog after them. In the dusk, they looked like white-capped waves rushing up the hill in graceful undulations. All sounds were softened and mellowed. The old man's voice was more gentle and tremulous than usual, and the soft, rich accent of his native place seemed somehow in harmony with the half hushed tinkle of the sheep bells.

"I was out of my fault. We thought he was too clever for the parish school. And we sent him where he'd get out of our Irish ways,—and he got out of them—all of them." 'Twas at the public school, he met her,—Amanda, I mean. She was as pretty as a picture. I don't wonder John liked her as he grew older. But it broke Nora's heart. She'd set her mind on his being a priest. She found fault with the girl and said things about her,—you know how mothers are when their sons think of marrying,—she ought not to have said. It only made John the more set. He got a good place in the clock factory and he rose and rose, and Amanda seen that there was nobody more respected among all the Yankees, though his name was Murphy. Nora wouldn't hold her tongue. So John grew less and less and went with Amanda more and more. And one day when Nora was going out to church with the big rosetta she often carried on her arm and a new ruffled cap on her head, she saw John and Amanda turn away their heads and go down a side street to avoid her. That day he went to meeting for the first time with Amanda and that day the old woman took to her bed. She never got up again."

We made two pilgrimages to the church after the old man gave the glimpse of his life. A few days later I was asked to go in haste for Father Lightly.

Bridget came in the evening of this day and asked us for a crucifix. Her eyes were red; she said the old man seemed unconcerned. "The only thing that roused him," she said, "was the sight of the sham rocks in the bit of Irish earth my brother brought me last St. Patrick's Day. They grow like weeds, sir, and there's a big bunch of them. And it's thanks to me that they were here to give the old man a little reminder of home. It will not be long before he goes to his last home now."

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THE SUMMER OF ALL SAINTS.

Before the snows of winter settle down upon the earth, and after the autumn frosts have given to the forest trees a gala dress of russet and crimson, there comes in certain latitudes a peaceful season, when the sun is warm and the breeze light and buoyant; when belated bees fly about in the soft air, and a smoky haze clothes dream and mountain. This season we know as Indian Summer. The Acadian peasants, because this late respite from winter's rigors came at the time when the Feast of all the Blessed was kept, called it the Summer of All Saints, and the French for a similar reason named it the Summer of St. Martin. And as the Indians of New England called this summer the Smile of the Great Spirit, so the devout Frenchman speaks of it as the Smile of St. Martin.

Scientific people are yet discussing the reason for this strange phenomenon, but its cause matters not. The season, with its dreamy beauty, is our own, whether it comes from electrical disturbances or far away forest fires, it seems like making chemical analyses of a

tear to subject so tender and fleeting a time to the unpoetical researches of a scientist.

The bold soldier who, in a sudden impulse of charitable zeal, seized his sword and with it clove his cloak in twain that a beggar might share it, is inexorably associated with the city of Tours in France. The Feast of St. Martin of Tours falls on the 11th of November, and the sweet season coming near that time is especially sacred to his memory. Other pretty fables have their origin in a love for the soldier-saint. The robin is his own especial bird, the belief being that this feathered songster covers with leaves all unbared dead, as St. Martin clothed the beggar. The martins receive from him their name, and the swallows of the North go in winter, the pious say, to the summer-land of St. Martin.

When the stern Puritans of New England for once forgot their rage at all that was beautiful, and gave to the lingering summer which came in the New World a thought and a name, they probably did not know that they were following in the footsteps of the French peasantry of the Middle Ages. Their first winter in New England appeared to come early, and they eagerly prepared for the severity which should follow, and chided the friendly Indians for not doing the same.

"Winter has set in," the pilgrim fathers said.

"No," answered the Indians, "the Great Spirit will send another summer."

So when November's golden haze and quiet beauty came, "Lo!" cried bold Miles Standish, the "Indian's Summer" many English-speaking Americans have called it to this day, though some prefer a sweeter name.

The season was loved no less by the Acadians, whose pathetic story Longfellow has made familiar in the poem of Evangeline. The words will readily come to mind in which so much is comprehended.

"Then followed that beautiful season, Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All Saints."

The delight at the scenes which these words suggest is marred by the remembrance of the events which followed: the gentle people flying from flame and sword at the onset of a pitiless invader; homes left behind, themselves scattered,—nothing but a memory left them of their peaceful villages, their fertile farms, and their beautiful Summer of All Saints.—*See Maria.*

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

A gunboat was sent a few weeks ago to Clare island with police and Emergency men to carry out evictions. The agent, not satisfied with turning out the tenants, determined to take also their crops, their only means of subsistence for themselves and their families. For this purpose an emergency man and fire police were appointed, but at night the islanders, being equally determined that the evicted should not be thus deprived of their property, cut the corn and carried it to a place of security. The agent will have for his cleverness just the bill to pay the emergency man for his time and his board bill.

A most enthusiastic meeting of the Liberal Association was held in the Western Division of Birmingham on the 16th ult. This being Mr. Chamberlain's division, it was unanimously resolved to oppose him at the next election. An opponent was not chosen, but a committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. John Morley and other prominent Gladstonians with a view to select a proper candidate to contest the seat.

It is confidently stated by the regular London correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser that Lord Randolph Churchill is dissatisfied with the Government's policy in Irish matters, and that in private circles he very freely expresses his dissatisfaction. He does not object to Coercion, but he thinks that remedial as well as repressive measures should be adopted, and that ministers neglect to bring in a bill for local Government, which would support the Opposition in denouncing them.

For the third time in succession, the quarter sessions of Limerick has been without a single criminal case on the docket. With the large city of Limerick within the jurisdiction of the court, it is phenomenal that this should be the case, and there is probably not a city of the same importance in the world which could show such a record. Yet Limerick is one of the counties in Ireland which has been proclaimed under the Crimes Act, under the pretence which Mr. Balfour made in order to prevent the commission of crimes. The only matters of importance which came before the Court were some appeals against eviction on the Vandulker estate.

The Times will have to meet another libel case, proceedings having been begun by Mr. Thos. Quinn, M. P., against the journal for having associated his name with Frank Byrne, who is alleged to have provided knives for the Phoenix Park murderers. It is also stated that at least six other similar suits will be entered immediately.

It has now become quite the fashion for Mr. Balfour to release his political prisoners two days before the expiration of their term. This lessens the likelihood of public demonstrations in their honor, a thing not over agreeable to the Government. The three Mittonmalley shopkeepers who were in prison six months for refusing to sell provisions to the police were released in this manner soon after Father M'Fadden's release.

Andrew Leahy of Fermoy finished a term of fourteen days' imprisonment under the Coercion Act on the 18th ult., for resistance to the payment of the Leaky Blood Tax. It does not appear, however, that fear of imprisonment deters the people from resisting the iniquitous imposition. So far all the tax collected for this purpose has been eaten up by the

expense of collecting it. William Lane of Fermoy is now undergoing sentence of three weeks' imprisonment for blowing a horn on account of his imprisonment, but three hundred men went to work on his farm and in a couple of hours pitted four acres, after which patriotic speeches were delivered amid the greatest enthusiasm. On Mr. Leahy's release from prison he was honored with a grand demonstration, he being the first victim of the Leaky tax.

Several bands attended, and a meeting was held at which vigorous speeches were delivered against the Government.

Seventeen young men of Kilkree were brought before the Coercion Court of that town on the 19th ult., charged with riotous conduct and attacking the police on the occasion of the rejoicings for the release of Mr. John Dillon from Dundalk jail.

Police Sergeant Mitchell testified that the boys were lit, and that the town was illuminated and that the accused cheered for Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, and groaned Balfour. The police batoned the people, and were stoned in return. "He did not know" what action he would have taken if Mr. Balfour had been cheered for, and Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien groaned, but the officer considered it would be no offence to groan Dillon and O'Brien. It is an offence to groan Balfour. The prosecutions were a jumble for the fortnight. Judging from the past the learned magistrates will certainly convict the accused for it has been held that to cheer for Mr. Gladstone is an obstruction of police, and one District Inspector swore that to cheer for Lady Anne Blunt is a worse offence than to attack the police with sticks and stones. This is the kind of justice administered in Ireland.

Conservatives even urge the Government to do something towards a fair solution of the Irish question. The Dundee Express (Conservative) demands that the Government outline the course they will pursue in regard to land purchases. It says numerous incumbered estates are now wastefully managed by court officials which might be placed under peasant proprietors and conducted with advantage.

Eleven hundred evictions processes have been issued at Strokestown against the tenants on Lord de Freyne's estate, and eight hundred processes of eviction were taken out by various landlords at Athlone and Castleroa Quarter Sessions: a total of 1900.

As an evidence that Balfour has more dread of an adverse public opinion than he pretends a correspondent of the New York Evening Post states that of late he has displayed "astonishing activity in defending his policy and conduct by means of private correspondence, instead of affecting, as formerly, complete indifference to such attacks."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Catholics of Australia and India have presented the Pope with \$1,000,000, of which \$120,000 have been paid.

Rev. Buchard Villiger, S. J. received presents to the amount of \$12,000 on the occasion of his golden jubilee, at the Church of the Jesu, Philadelphia.

The Misses Drexel of Philadelphia recently visited White Earth Indian Agency, and will build a \$75,000 Catholic school-house there.

The celebrated Jesuit theologian, Suarez, is said to have known by heart the whole of St. Augustine's works, which consist of eleven large folio volumes.

The unveiling of the Orleans memorial to Mr. Dupanloup, late Archbishop of Paris, took place on the 11th inst. Three cardinals and thirty bishops assisted at the celebration.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever, Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Florida, heroically went to every part of his diocese where, owing to the breaking out of the dreaded plague, his presence was needed.

The Sisters of Bon Secours, from Troyes, France, who nurse the sick at their homes, were introduced into New York City some six years ago, and now are constant in employment for over twenty Sisters. They are erecting a splendid building.

The Rev. Father Villiger, S. J., of Philadelphia has been a member of the Order of Jesuits for fifty years. On the occasion of his jubilee the Rev. Father was presented with a purse of \$10,000. As he has taken the vows of poverty he will devote the money to charity.

The Pope has appointed Cardinals Rampoldi, Simeoni, Moselli, Jacobini, and Agliardi to re-examine the question of the restoration of diplomatic relations with England, with a view of deciding as to the extreme limit of concessions which can be made by the Vatican.

The Catholic bishops of Belgium have sent an address to the Pope, assuring him of their fervent devotion and praying that heaven may terminate the prolonged bitterness of his position and allow him to realize his aspirations for the independence of the Holy See.

In receiving the Archbishop of San Francisco, the Pope complained bitterly of his position and of the action of the Archbishop to stir up the American Catholics to a peaceful agitation for the restoration of the temporal power.

American Catholics who have a desire to visit the Holy Land will have an excellent opportunity of doing so in the early spring. A pilgrimage will start from New York, under the auspices of the Franciscans, and take an interesting trip through Europe, spending Holy Week in Jerusalem.

A cablegram from Rome announces the appointment of the Rev. Dr. J. R. O'Connell, now president of the American College at Rome, as Bishop of Richmond, to succeed the Right Rev. John J. Keane, who recently resigned his bishopric at Washington, as its first rector.

Father Gulliard, O. M. I., owing to ill health, has been retired from the rectorship of the Holy Trinity parish, this city. He is replaced by the quiet and popular Father Kierdan. We wish happiness in his retirement to Father Gulliard, who has labored hard in Buffalo, and extend cordial greetings to his successor.—*Buffalo Union.*

A priest in the Hartford (Conn.) Diocese calls out from the pulpit the names of his parishioners who violate the decree against round dancing. He recently created quite a sensation, it is alleged, in the little town in which he is stationed, by publicly calling the names of three young women, present in the congregation, who had previously indulged in the forbidden pastime at a public ball.

It is pointed out as an interesting historical fact that for the first time in English history there are four Cardinals of the Catholic Church resident in England at one time, viz: Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster; Cardinal Howard, Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage and Primate of all Africa.

Cardinal Lavigerie's expose of the horrors of the slave trade as now carried on in Africa, and his earnest appeal for co-operation among the European powers for its suppression, are bearing good fruit. It is stated by the Standard's Berlin correspondent that England and Germany have agreed to take parallel action to combat the traffic.

Bishop-elect Foley is to receive a present of a costly Episcopal ring from St. Merite's Institute, St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, of which he has been pastor for many years. At his consecration Cardinal Gibbons is to officiate, Bishops Loughlin and Wathams will assist, and Archbishop Ryan will preach the sermon.

Whatever one's estimate of President Cleveland may be, there is only one opinion regarding his excellent wife, who has certainly set the example of many noble virtues to her country women. Her benefactions are said to be without number. She recently gave an audience to three Sisters of Charity, and presented them with \$100 on behalf of the orphans under their charge.

Twenty-five Chippewa Indian girls have just finished a three years' course of instruction at the House of the Good Shepherd, in Denver, Colorado, and have returned home. Their parents are very proud that their daughters have learned to read and write, and have acquired in other respects the ways of the whitefolks. Educated Indian girls take pains when they return home to make the parents adhere to the white and degenerate habits of the whites, and flouting them comfortable adhere to them. This civilization is successfully acquired by the red children of the forest.

Pen Picture of an Ex-Priest.

From the Kansas City Catholic Tribune.

An apostate who publishes a libelous sheet in the city of Brooklyn and whose avowed object is "fighting Jesuits" has had the audacity to send us a copy of his scandalous writings.

He is an ex-priest who was once a Trappist and who, no doubt, was ignominiously expelled from his convent.

This is a brief summary of his virtues and the claims he puts forth for sympathy and money. Your ex-priest is a great money gatherer. No sooner does he forsake the altar than the cured thirst for gold takes possession of his soul and he becomes willing to slander everything he once held dear. No sooner does a Catholic become perverted than he seems to feel it his duty to mount the platform and strut and rant and tear his garments with the hate of Rome.

Oh! Rome, Rome, what a terrible account you will have one day to render—according to the denunciations of suspended priests. You were treated before the Franks had crossed the Rhine, before the Saxons had set foot in Britain. You saw the beginning and end of all the dynasties of Europe. But these envying hypocrites tell us you are doomed. The battle between you and freedom is to be fought in the Mississippi valley before fifty years.

The Rosary.

The Holy Rosary is a form of prayer, beautiful in its origin, easy in its use, efficacious in its results. Jesus will be in the midst of that home in which all the family unite once a day to recite the Rosary. They will be blessed who never fail daily to recite the Rosary. We beg of you then—each and every one—to make it a practice to say the Rosary with attention and devotion each day without fail.

It will be your consolation during life; it will be an earnest of a happy death; and when you stand before the judgment seat of God, you will then realize how beneficial, how salutary it was to have repeated so often, "Hail Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."—*Sodalist.*

One of the finest literary men in the United States add to a temperance lecturer: "There is one thing which I wish you to do everywhere: entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with apple brandy when a child. I thus acquired an appetite for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard."