

TEMPERANCE.

Impressive Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop.

On last Sunday evening His Grace Archbishop Walsh preached in St. Paul's church in this city on behalf of the League of the Cross, to a very large congregation. The following is a special report:

DEAREST BRETHREN—At the earnest request of your beloved pastor I have come this evening to say a few words on the question of Temperance. I cannot but express my pleasure at having an opportunity of addressing the League whose object is to promote the virtue of temperance, not only in the person of its members, but by the powerful influence of good example. In presenting the matter I have no wish to place it before you in an extreme light, but rather to make a quiet appeal to your reason and your conscience upon the subject of temperance.

First of all, what is temperance? It is one of the cardinal virtues; and may be said to enter into all other virtues. The first law God imposed upon man was abstinence; and the breaking of that law brought all the sin and misery that existed in the world. And when Christ came down upon earth to rectify the evils of the world He showed the most wonderful example of self-denial. He was born in a stable. When He hung upon the cross, His executioners were moved to pity, and offered Him wine mingled with myrrh to quench His thirst; but He refused, that, by His sacred thirst, He might make atonement, and set an example to all mankind of sobriety and total abstinence.

And this necessity of self-denial arises from the very nature of man. Man is one of God's creatures, composed of a body and soul, and made to God's image and likeness; but an animal is a beast of the field. Man is a rational being and must follow his reason; he must adore and serve his Divine Maker; but a beast of the field knows not his Maker and follows his own instinct. Now, when a man forms the habit of liquor he becomes a self-degraded being, a self-made wretch. No matter what his talents may have been, he has lowered himself into the mire of vice, and below the level of the beasts. In the city of Rome there was once a beautiful statue of an emperor; but now it is a broken and ruined statue. So when a man has become a drunkard, he is a broken, ruined creature, once made to the image of God, now a monster in the sight of his Creator. How, therefore, can they hope to escape His just indignation and wrath if they defiled and debauched His image by intemperance? But temperance has not only moral advantages; it has great physical advantages. The great oarsmen and successful athletes of every class in every age have practised temperance. St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, said: "Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now, they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible one."

When we come to consider the social effects of intemperance they are most disastrous. And the first thing that strikes us is the number of drunkards. If a Catholic priest were to keep a record of every drunkard's death-bed he has attended it would be the most appalling revelation that could be conceived. As with the human body each lends its support to the whole, so is it with society. All contribute to its support, and all work together for its elevation. But what does the drunkard do? Does he not violate every law, sometimes even committing murder? What habit produces misfortunes of such magnitude as intemperance? Who fill the jails, the penitentiaries, the industrial schools; but drunkards and their children? I

remember when I was in the city of London I was by accident an eye-witness of a scene which I shall never forget. As I was taking my usual walk I visited the orphan asylum. The children were all at recreation and I went to talk to them, when I saw a very sad sight. Apart from the rest of the children were three little girls who were sobbing as if their heart would break. I went over to them to find out the cause of their sorrow, when I learned that their father died of drunkenness, and their mother was dying of a broken heart. She was a respectable Irish woman, whose friends I had known in Ireland, and whose brother was a respectable young priest.

This vice is also a terrible domestic evil. Aye, here in the homes is where the results of this habit are seen in all their worst forms—a terrible sight to witness. Children are bound by the law of nature to honor and love their parents. But take the drunken bully of a young man who reels cursing and swearing into a house, bringing disorder into a home where otherwise there might be peace, prayer and comfort: does he honor and love his parents? Shall I picture to you the husband and father staggering into his home—his earnings spent, his wife weary with watching, his children clamoring for bread? I remember before I was consecrated Bishop I was in this city, I knew the case of a mother so abandoned that she sent her child out on a night as cold as this to beg money, and for what purpose? Not to buy food for the half-starved children but to buy whiskey. What is the comfort in a drunkard's home on a night like this; and how can their children be reared but in such a way as to curse their parents, and to curse their father's memory when he is lying in a dishonored grave? Society suffers fearfully from this vice.

Yesterday I was reading in one of our friendly papers that Protestants say that the Catholics of this city do not observe temperance. But I beg to correct that statement which was made in a very friendly manner. Since I have been consecrated bishop, twenty-five long years ago, I have administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 60,000 children; and each child took the pledge of total abstinence until they reached the age of twenty one. The Catholic Church does not hold big temperance meetings or make a great parade of temperance work, but by thus inculcating the principles and practice in her young people during the years when their characters are moulded, the habit of sobriety is formed, and the surest foundations are laid for moral and temperate lives afterwards.

In conclusion I advise all the men who have not become members of the League of the Cross to do so at once; and more particularly the young men.

And may God in His infinite mercy bless and protect you all and lead you to a happy eternity. This is a blessing which I wish you all.

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN—for five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day nor night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

An Irish Eviction.

In the Dublin Review, a Conservative organ published in Dublin many years ago, there is the following vivid picture of what an Irish eviction means:

"Let any Irish parent make the case his own. When we are assembled at the domestic hearth, with our family about us, let us bring home to our bosom the bare apprehension that for excruciating an undoubted privilege, not only recognized but actually enjoined by the constitution, it were in the power of some brutal tyrant, some abortive, stunted upstart of yesterday, of whom gold, amassed by speculation and plunder, is the sole nobility, to put out our fire, and drive us far away from that pleasant home; let us suppose him, by the word of his power, destroying our only means of providing for that bright and joyous circle, and turning our children and ourselves adrift to lead a vagrant, hopeless, scrambling life—disowned, rejected, persecuted and maligned; could we bear it? Where is the father's heart that could endure it? What reverence for the law, what sacredness for private property, what abstract right of men to do as they please with their own, would be of force to restrain our thoughts from imaginings, and our hands from giving them effect? We frankly avow that we would not submit to such treatment, but would take the law into our own hands, and, if possible, redress ourselves. Our children have a right divine to claim from us that protection which may be denied to them elsewhere; and we cannot recognize any human obligation which should constrain us to reject such an appeal. No man owes a moral obligation to an exterminating degree. No man, pretending or deserving to be free, would pay an outward homage one moment longer than superior force compelled him to bow his neck under its intolerable yoke.

"These are our deliberate sentiments—the decisions of a mind tutored, perhaps, by some small share of philosophy, and, at all events, not provoked to a passionate or hasty judgement by the sense of personal wrong."

A New Year's Letter to a Religious.

What is the use of wishing you a happy New Year? What else can the years of a religious be except happiness from the first of January to the last of December? What a beautiful life to have so much time for prayer as you have! It is so incredibly sweet to pray; the face of God grows daily more clear; the very sense of our own utter nothingness becomes quickly a positive sweetness. It is so grand to be allowed to say dearing words to our dearest, dearest God; and then it is so unutterably heavenly to lie at His feet in silence, without even so much as looking up. But why are we not always praying? Why do anything else but pray? Alas! there is that horrid eating and that idle sleeping, and then swimming an hour every day in that dirty, dingy ocean of venial sins, which in religious houses we call recreation—rightly so called, for I am sure we all need creating over again after each recreation.

I always say the Veni Creator as I go from the refectory to the recreation room for those gifts of the Holy Ghost which are an old Oratorian Father said were essential to a holy recreation. But it is not of much use to me, for I always say more than I ought to say, and much which had better be left unsaid, and I come away weary and peevish, because I feel less with God. Why then can't we be always praying? What brutes we are, scarcely half so meditative, as placid as cows! Very well, then, I retract what I said at starting, that the lives of religious were nothing but happiness from the first of January to the last of

December. It is only a happy unhappiness, growing more and more as we get more holy. We pine for God. We pine to be out of the way of sin. So let us wish each other no more happy New Years; but sigh, and sigh, and sigh for Eternal peace, the sweet welcome forever on the face of God.

FREDERICK W. FABRE.
The Oratory, London, S. W., January 4, 1859.

The Mass.

It is related of Thierry, the great French author, that when in 1854 he was confined to his bed from blindness he begged the Superiors of a neighboring Seminary to send him one of the students every Sunday to read some spiritual subject. His request was granted. The young man who was sent is now Bishop of Autun, Mgr. Perraud, and tells the story: I imagined that the illustrious blind man would express a desire to hear choice pages of our sacred literature, perhaps certain episodes of Bible history, or the master pieces of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon. In our first interview, after an exchange of politeness, Augustin Thierry said to me: "Monsieur l'Abbe, will you please read for me the prayers of the Ordinary of the Mass," which I did, beginning at the Introit and going on without interruption to the *Verbum caro factum est* of the Gospel of St. John. This went on every Sunday until May, 1856, when an attack of paralysis and apoplexy brought Thierry to death.

I shall never forget the manner in which he prepared himself to hear this reading. He had himself clothed as if he was about to pay a visit. He even showed his respect by wearing his gloves. I read slowly and in the language of the Church the liturgical prayers. Sometimes they drew from my hearer cries of admiration: "How beautiful! How grand! How profound!" Then when I had fulfilled my task he expressed his gratitude to me in the most touching and most delicate terms.—Mgr. Perraud—Translated.

Lord Houghton has given a very proper snub to the Orangemen of Great Britain. The Lord-Lieutenant, in a speech which he delivered a short time ago in England, recalled a historical fact which has hitherto been too seldom insisted on owing to the impudent persistency with which so unequivocally established a fact is denied. The English Orangemen not only threatened, but for once actually conspired to devalue the crown from the head of her present Majesty to a pretender. Happily their disloyal machinations were defeated peaceably.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sars parilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Mr. Clement Scott, the English dramatic critic, began his tour round the world a few days ago. Mr. Scott does not mean to remain idle during his peregrinations round the globe. He has entered into arrangements with a number of leading newspapers to give the result of his impressions. There is nothing very original in this idea; but Mr. Scott has a ready pen, is a great admirer of all that is beautiful in nature and art, and with his descriptive powers of observation matured by thirty years' contact with art and life on the stage and off it, he should give something really worth reading. Mr. Scott is a Catholic.

Mr. F. J. Pinfold, Hyde's Mills, Wis., U. S. A., writes: "Have been afflicted with sick headache for 25 years, but since using Diamond Vera-Cura have not had an attack of it." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.