

she will never be forgiven but by God alone, never will friendship or love return to honor a brow thus defiled.

We shall have many opportunities in the following pages to shed tears over the falls and the miseries of woman. Here, we cannot even feel pity; we feel but disgust. It seems that when a woman is a drunkard, she becomes so degraded, so vile that she has no right to anything, not even to contempt. There is nothing left in her, neither soul nor heart (1)."

A priest who has written a book on drunkenness, quotes the above, and then adds the following example: — "I remember, that when still a young priest I was summoned to attend a sick person. As I entered the house, I shrank back terrified. I saw, lying on the floor, a wretched woman covered with filthy rags, her hair was in disorder, and her oppressed breathing was fearful to hear.

Four or five poor little children were sobbing around her. It was their mother, and she was dead-drunk! It was the first time in my life that I saw a mother in a state of intoxication, and truly, the sight disheartened me. After addressing a few words to the afflicted children of this vile woman, I retired under the most painful impression I have ever felt. (2)"

---

(1) Dr. Bélouino, *La Femme*, pp. 304-306.

(2) Abbé Mailloux. *L'ivrognerie est l'œuvre du démon*, etc., p. 43.