

REV. FATHER BURKE.

GRAND SERMON IN SLIGO.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HOUSE OF GOD. The following eloquent sermon was delivered by the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., on the occasion of the consecration of the Sligo Cathedral, on the 2nd of August. An account of the consecration appeared in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS last week. We now give the sermon:—

And entering into the temple He began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought, saying to them: It is written, My house is the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves.—(Words taken from the 11th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke.)

MAY I PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—The Evangelist St. John, in the Gospel relating the same fact just read for you, tells us that on this occasion, when our Divine Lord came into the temple and found that His Father's house was being profaned, that He made a scourge of ropes, and that with His own hands, He scourged out of the temple those who bought therein and sold therein. Now, dearly beloved, it is worthy of remark, that this is the only time that the Gospel brings us face to face with the indignation of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He received many injuries. He never complained; but on this occasion He not only speaks the language of divine indignation and anger, but with His own right hand He lays the scourges heavily upon those who profaned the sanctity of His Father's house. From this we see how deep in the heart of our Divine Lord and Saviour lay that zeal and love for the honor, the beauty, the grandeur, the dignity of the House of God. When the Apostles saw Him thus driving forth the profaners of the Temple they turned to each other, and there reminded one another of the words of Scripture, in which it was written: "The zeal of Thy House, O Lord, hath eaten me up." It was for this zeal, for the beauty and glory, and splendor of the House of God, more perhaps than any other virtue, that the royal prophet of Israel received the title of "The man after God's own heart." The man after God's own heart opens his heart to us, when he says in the language of inspiration: "For I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and Thy place where Thy glory dwelleth." It is, therefore, Christ-like, it is God-like,

TO LOVE THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S HOLY HOUSE, to burn with zeal for the grandeur and glory of the place where His glory dwelleth. It is a mark of predestination upon the brows of a people. It is also, dearly beloved, worthy of remark that the chiefest joy, the greatest almost that God ever gave to His own people of the old law, was connected with the glorious temple which the wisest of kings built up, and which was the honor, the pride and glory of Jerusalem for so many years. When that temple was to be consecrated—when its beauty, assuming such shape and form as to dazzle every eye and captivate the heart of every beholder, had attained to its perfection—the house of God was worthy to be offered to the Lord, and on that day the heart of Israel rejoiced. The people came; the princes of the people came; the priests and Levites came. Great was the joy of every heart, and that joy, by special ordinance of God, was to be perpetuated from year to year with all the statelyness and grandeur of Jewish ceremonial. To-day that joy is given to us, the joy of which the Psalmist speaks when he says: "May my right hand lose its strength if I forgot thee, oh Jerusalem; may my tongue cleave to my jaws if I make thee not the beginning of my thoughts, because of the house of my Lord that is in thee"—the joy of consecration, the joy of dedication unto the Lord God of His own house and His own dwelling. This joy is ours to-day, and dearly beloved, let me invite you to reflect upon the significance of the ceremonial, upon the depth of this joy, in order that we may know how not only to exhibit to God, a reasonable service, but also to rejoice in the Lord with a reasonable joy. This Temple of God is consecrated to the Lord under the title of "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." That very title invites us to consider this as the first great enhancement of our joy. When we reflect upon the excessive zeal for the honor and glory of God's holy house, as evidenced in the temple raised in the city of Jesus Christ, we ask ourselves why did He so love the beauty of His house, why was He so zealous that nothing profane should enter there, that nothing unworthy should be present there, why did He resent with such quick, almost fierce indignation, the profanation of His Father's house? Perhaps amongst other reasons, there is this—that the Temple of God, the House of God, raised by the hands of men, coming forth from out the genius of man, is but an image of Mary,

THE FIRST GREAT TEMPLE OF THE ALMIGHTY GOD—that the honor of Mary was concerned in the honor and glory of the holy temple of God—that the beauty of Mary was to be reflected, and represented, and proclaimed in the beauty, and statelyness, and splendor of God's holy temple—that the wisdom, the graces, and privileges of Mary, were to be shadowed forth again, the wisdom, and graces, and privileges that belong to the holy Church of God. Reflect, in the first place, that the first temple of the Almighty God upon this earth was the immaculate heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under whose invocation this house has been offered to-day to Almighty God. She was the first temple of God. When Solomon built and consecrated the glory of that ancient house in Jerusalem, he said, on the day of dedication, "shall it be said that God will dwell among men?" but he added, "No; we know that the power of heaven is thine. O God, and that we have built only a house of prayer, where Thy name shall be invoked." But when Mary appeared—the woman of women, the mother of mothers, the virgin of virgins—then did the eyes of man behold for the first time the living temple of the Almighty God. Jesus Christ came down to earth, was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, and was made man, and was enthroned on the spotless bosom of Mary. What wonder, then, that the sin which tainted all Adam's posterity was never permitted to approach her? What wonder that her glory, her virtue, her purity, her grace should have formed a theme for the poet, the prophet, and the seer of old? What wonder that when the eyes of men turned to look forward to the coming of God they were also taught to expect His coming in Mary? "Hear me, oh house of Israel, oh house of David, the Lord God Himself will give you a Son. A woman—a virgin—shall conceive and bring forth a Son. He shall save the people." And the Lord in the heavens gave a sign. "I saw a sign in the heavens—a woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." What wonder that Mary should be all purity, seeing that Almighty God Himself declared that there was one chosen from the daughters of Eve—one in whom no speck was to be found—one all perfection all beauty? "Thou art all beautiful, oh my beloved; there is no spot or stain on thee." The foundations of this spiritual temple of God were laid in perfect holiness. Where every other grace accorded to creatures had brought forth its fruit of sanctity, where every saint in heaven had attained to the highest point to which they could aspire—namely, perfect sinlessness—there Mary began. And when created it was in sinlessness far transcending the accumulated sanctity of all the angels and saints of God. And why so? Because Omnipotence created her, infinite goodness endowed her, and supreme councils decreed from eternity that she was to be the home, the dwelling

place, the temple, and the mother of God. To use the words of Scripture quoted in this day's office, her love was *gratia super gratia*—grace upon grace—graces accumulating upon graces—till she became a mystery, a marvel—a wonder being even in the sight of God's angels; until the day came when she who grew up in holiness received her consecration when the angel came to her, and saluted her, saying,

"HAIL TO THEE, OH MARY. Thou art full of grace; the Lord is with thee."—Then Mary, bowing down her head, said: "Be it done unto me according to thy Word," and at that moment, when the *fiat* passed her mouth, God became man in her womb, and the *fiat* of Mary created a greater deed than the *fiat* that came from God Himself, and created all things at the beginning of the world. Oh, how zealous was God for the honor and glory of this temple. And, dearly beloved, with what powerful hands did He scourge the devil and banish him far away from all approach to Mary. With what care did He not fence her round with His embraces, enshrine her with His sanctity, gather her into His heart of purity, that no shadow should ever fall across her path or taint her soul. With what zeal like Solomon of old, did He not use the most precious things in heaven to turn the soul of the King's daughter. With what love did He not pour out on her grace after grace, until came that supreme day when He culminated His gifts of grace by giving her Himself and taking up His dwelling within her. What wonder that God should have been jealous of her honor and glory—she who was to be His dwelling-place, His house, His mother? How wonderfully significant the very mystery—the very name under which this church is offered to God in all its statelyness and beauty, in its proportions of strength and grace. Oh, how significant is every purpose accomplished this day in its dedication to God—Mary was conceived without sin. The foundations of her spiritual love were laid in holiness. A very short time indeed has passed away—an inconceivably short time, considering the grandeur of the work and its greatness—since you assembled here to witness the laying of the first stone of this church. Do you not remember that it was laid with prayer and benediction, that its foundation stone deep in the soil—that soil that was opened till it came to the rock—that the foundation laid by the hand of man, should rest upon the deeper foundations of faith, laid there by the hands of God? On that day the Church, the Bishop, the pastors of your souls poured out on that foundation the mystic benediction and prayers of God. They were sprinkled with holy water, they were sanctified by hymns and prayer. And why? That the Church should be settled in holiness, and that the foundation of the temple might be laid in a holy place and consecrated to sanctity and divine grace. Then as it grew under your watchful eyes, as every heart rejoiced and every eye gladdened whilst you watched its rising proportions, was it not a grace added to grace, beauty following beauty—the beauties of solidity, of massive strength, of its hold of the earth so firmly with so broad and firm a grasp, as it climbed aloft to heaven—

THE BEAUTIES OF COLUMN AND ARCH—the beauties of its stono and windows each one coming forth, each one declaring the glories of some saint of the past, until to-day nothing remained but in the prelates of the Church to come here surrounding a prince of that Church, to open the door and fling wide the gates of the tabernacle. To-day this spouse of God speaks of God as Mary speaks, she, opening these doors, said, "Let the King of Glory come; be it done unto me according to thy word." Her word was spoken from the altar by venerable lips, and at this word the God of Heaven and Earth, the Creator and Founder of all things, came down from Heaven. How like unto Mary! Is it not meet and just that this church should take her title from her whose purpose of life she represents so well? Consider, again, dearly beloved, that this is no ordinary church—that this is not merely a church built up to supply the wants of religion—to supply the spiritual wants of the people. It is something more. It is not only intended to supply the spiritual wants of the people, but this and such churches—the cathedral churches of the land—are built also not merely to meet the spiritual necessities of the people, but as trophies and triumphs of the Catholic faith in this land. They are built as monuments of the undying faith. They are built to be silent yet most eloquent preachers and proclaimers of the sanctity and perpetuation of that faith. They are truth, not only to proclaim the Presence by the royalty of Jesus Christ. It is fitting, therefore, that they should represent, by the confirmation of their beauty, Him whom they preach—Christ Jesus, the Son of God. It is fitting that they should represent, as monuments, the endurance of Ireland's faith, what that faith has been, what it is to-day and what it shall remain and continue to be until the day comes that will summon all mankind into the valley of judgment. That, then, explains to us the grandeur of this building, as it also increases our joy on this day of its dedication. That explains to us, dearly beloved, the grandeur of this building. Oh, behold it! How stately it is, yet how strong and graceful! Surely these columns have been set there, not for a time, but for all time. Surely these arches are not intended to span for an age, but for many ages. There is nothing in the land like it. It is a thing of beauty—of supreme beauty—of majestic, of surpassing, of transcendent beauty. Why the lavish hand that spares nothing; why the selection of the choicest materials of earth; the sides of hills opened to bring forth their marbles; why have the very bowels of the earth been opened and rent asunder, and choicest ores of gold and silver drawn forth for the ornamentation of the altars; why the most fragrant flowers of the earth brought here? Oh, dearly beloved, it is because Jesus Christ is here, and He is our God; because He who made heaven and earth is here—abiding here, dwelling here.

HE IS A KING: THEREFORE HE MUST HAVE A PALACE. He is God, therefore that place must be a temple as worthy of God as the mind of man can make it to be. And therefore it is, dearly beloved, that zeal for the house of God, for its honor and glory, is a sign—a countersign—of Divine predestination upon the brows and on the hands of a people. Fifteen hundred years—blessed be God—have passed away. They have swept, in sunshine and shadow, in joy and weep, over this island mother of ours. The beginning of that long day brought with it the dawn of faith upon Ireland. The rising of that sun was the sound of Ireland's voice proclaiming her love, her faith, for Jesus Christ and His Mother, Mary. Fifteen hundred years have passed away—witnessing in their flight this land of blood—yet, behold, that God who came down from Heaven at the bidding of the sacerdotal lips of St. Patrick still continues in our land, through weal and woe, through sunshine and shadow, through shame and glory. He came to abide with the Irish people, and they have been faithful to Him. And, behold, the successor of St. Patrick is here to-day, and from the lips of the successor of St. Laurence O'Toole you saw God coming down to the Irish people as of old. Again, this church is grand, stately, magnificent, speaking of God—the awfulness of its beauty speaking not only of God, not only of its title, but in the presence of Him who is Mary's Child. But more than this: this church is intended as a trophy, a monument, of the great faith of the Irish people. We are called upon to rejoice for its grandeur. Oh, but, dearly beloved, it only typifies that still grander temple—that spiritual temple of faith—that was built upon the hearts of our forefathers, and there remained for ever unshaken. How strange the history of this land, which may be called the Mary of nations, for as Gabriel came to Mary and spoke to

her a message from God, so the messenger of God came when Patrick appeared in Ireland. And as Mary took the message from God, so Ireland, freely bowing down her head, lovingly received the message from her great angel, her glorious Apostle. And as out of that reception of the angel's visit arose the most wonderful union—the union of God and man in one person—so also out of the acceptance by the Irish race of the message of Patrick arose a union most wonderful—the marriage of Ireland to the Catholic Church. God entered into the bosom of Mary, taking His humanity from her, and binding Himself to her so that He has never been separated nor shall He ever be separated from His sacred humanity. God entered into Ireland by the preaching of St. Patrick. He shed Himself so over this ancient land of ours that never for a single instant has He departed from his people. They are His. He is their God, and the words of Scripture have been fulfilled here: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, that He may dwell with them; and the Lord God in the midst of them shall be their God." Is it not fit that the monuments of undying faith should be undying and imperishable things? Is it not fit that

THE TROPHIES OF SO GRAND A FAITH should be grand in every proportion, and what wonder that this church which we offered to God to-day should be all of this? St. Augustine, speaking of our Saviour, says that in that He died He showed that he was man, and in that He rose from the dead He proved that He was God. Shame and dishonor were put upon Him; He lost His good name; He was crucified; He was put into the earth and died man; but, when He arose and proved that he was God, He rose in greater glory, splendor, purity, and majesty than He had appeared in before. He lives in His Church. She represents Him living amongst men. She is the living illustration of His life. Fifteen hundred years ago the Catholics of Elphin first built a church, lowly in proportions and humble. It grew, with increase of knowledge, in style and beauty, until the fatal hour arrived when ruin came upon it and crushed, trampled, and robbed it. The holy images were broken, the altars shattered to their bases, the Bishops driven from their sees and made exiles of; the friars hunted, forced to seek refuge in the wild fortresses and caves of the land.

To all appearances, the Catholic Church in Ireland was dead. There was no sign of life in her. Blood was on her face—the blood of her priests and people, which continued for many a sad year. At length, in the accumulation of national misfortunes, she seemed as if she were utterly extinct—dead—no sign of life, no visible altar, no sound of bells, no peal of an organ, nothing to proclaim her existence in the land. She seemed dead. Yes, but, dearly beloved, behold her resurrection. See what she is to-day, when she springs out of her grave of blood and suffering, and sorrow, and persecution. She was holy and great before the sorrow of death came upon her; but behold her risen from the grave fairer than ever, brighter than ever, stronger than ever. In that she was persecuted man thought her dead; in that she rose from the dead men believed her to be divine. Dearly beloved, I draw from this one conclusion:—To the student of history reading

THE ANNALS OF VARIOUS RACES AND NATIONS, nothing is more astonishing, nothing is more puzzling and amazing, than the strong vitality of the old Celtic race. They live irrepressibly—they never consented to die more than this—they never agreed to grow old or decrepit. One of the most ancient of the races of mankind, one of the most ancient of the historic Western nations, it embraced at once the religion of Christ. Other nations have grown old and died, but the old Celtic nation lives on. And how does it live? Like an effete people? Oh, no, but with strong and super-human energy and vitality. Her hand is as strong, her brain as clear, her feet as firm upon the soil, her energy still as great as in the first days of our existence, as in the brightest days of our glory. Never during the years when this island was called the Island of Saints—never when Alfred of England came here to learn—when great emperors and founders of German and European institutions were sending over scholars to be taught to Ireland—never in the days of the Church's greatest glory were the Irish race stronger, more energetic, more widely diffused, more a church building people, burning with zeal for the honor and glory of God, than at this hour. Now, this is so strange a fact that one cannot help asking what is the secret and cause of it. "Explain," it has been said to me,

"NOW IS IT THAT THE IRISH ARE IRREPRESSIBLE,—that they increase and multiply in physical and intellectual strength in every land. The true explanation lies here, as is suggested by this very church this very evening. We have cast our lot as a nation with the only immortal, the only divine, the eternal thing in existence in this world, and that is the Holy Catholic Church. Everything else must perish—the Church, must remain for ever. The foundations of national prosperity, vitality, and greatness may be rent asunder and broken in pieces; the oak must yield to the storm, and the highest hills bend to the earthquake. The Church alone must remain, for God has said that she never shall die;—that the people who have made religion the foundation of national greatness can never die, because associated with the only immortal thing that exists in the world. Behold the true secret of that great faith. I claim for the heart of Ireland the title of "Great," and if I were to put forth an argument to any stranger I would bring him here before this altar and tell him to look upon our episcopacy and priesthood, tell him to look upon our people without until his soul expands with the idea of the grandeur of God's house I say that the nation that produces such a people, such a clergy, may well claim the title of "great." Ireland's faith being the secret of her vitality, we next come to consider what is the secret of Ireland's faith.

That Ireland's faith is there is known to the world. That it is there, a living, working principle of life is attested by all mankind; for if you ask me what was the secret that preserved that faith amidst the wreck of nations, what kept Ireland true to the day that St. Patrick waved his last blessing over her, what gave her strength to resist the greatest powers of the earth? I answer that, in the first place, it was her faith which lay in her devotion to the Mother of God. Secondly, in her devotion to the See of Peter; for, dearly beloved, Christ our Lord, our God, our Redeemer, the author and finisher of our faith, can ever be reached, even by the mind, through Mary and through Peter. Christ our Lord is our Redeemer, our Saviour, our God, and as God is man also. Every man to be saved must be ingrafted upon the mystic body of Christ, and must communicate the real body of Christ. The real body of Christ came to us through Mary, the mystic body of Christ rests upon Peter.

IRELAND WAS FAITHFUL TO MARY, recognizing in her the fulfillment of the mystery of the Incarnation; and Ireland's faith and love for Mary saved her from all the heresies that assailed the doctrine of the presence of the real body of Jesus Christ. These dearly beloved, were many. Scarcely was Ireland converted to the faith when a heresy arose, denying the reality of Christ, saying that He was not God, but only man, and denying to Mary the title of Mother of God. Other heresies arose denying not His divinity, but His humanity, and consequently denying to Mary the privilege of being a Mother. Scarcely was this heresy suppressed when another arose affecting the reality of the incarnation in various ways. Nations fell away and lost the faith in those times, but Ireland remained true to the faith of St. Patrick. Oh, how wisely St. Patrick preached when he told our forefathers to invoke the Mother of God as their mother—to recog-

nize in that gift made by her Son on the Cross their right to be children of Mary—the full brothers of Jesus Christ. But besides the mystic, the real body of Christ, there is the mystical body to which we must all belong, and of which we are members, as St. Patrick tells us. The Church of God is the mystical body of our Divine Lord. He lives in her, and through her to all people. The Church is the mystical body of the Lamb, and Peter is the rock, the heart, the mind, the supreme authority, the repository of this mystic body of Jesus Christ. There must be no want of faith in Peter, for he who believes not in him believes not in Christ; Peter, through his successors, Popes of Rome, are appointed the instruments through whom all jurisdiction, all faith, all authority, comes and permeates through the Church of God. Well and wisely did Patrick preach, when he taught the Irish people and bishops forever a difficulty arose amongst them to go to Rome. "Go to Peter that sent me amongst you; but," he added, "go like a child to its mother." There must be no jealousy of Peter, no fear that he will assume some strange power to which he is not entitled, no shadow of fear that Peter can ever tell a lie.

This feeling of loyalty and trusting obedience to Peter, Patrick impressed upon the Irish, and in their love towards Mary we find the secret and preservation of their faith. Their love for Mary was attested by this church consecrated to her under her name; their love for Peter is attested by the presence of the eminent and great men who are here at the head of the Irish Church to-day. Oh, dearly beloved, let us rejoice and be glad! Who would have ever thought that here, crowning this hill, and looking over your town, as if keeping sentinel over it, this grand and magnificent church would be raised? Did our fathers think that when driven from house to house for the faith, he was hunted down from every place in the land, and driven to the bleak, western hills, there to famish or to die.

The Very Rev. Preacher concluded his sermon by exhorting his hearers to rejoice and be glad for the faith of their country, for their devotion to the Virgin Mother, and for their love and loyalty to the Holy See of Peter.—*Cork Examiner.*

REV. FATHER BOYLAN.

HIS VIEWS ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

On the evening of Sunday, the 9th of Aug., the Very Rev. Father Boylan, P. P. of Cresserlough, Ireland, lectured before the Temperance Society attached to the church of the Holy Innocents, corner of Broadway and 37th Street, New York. At 8 o'clock, the President of the Society, Richard Bermingham, Esq., introduced the rev. lecturer, who was received with the most cordial applause. Father Boylan spoke as follows:—

My friends,—I come before you this evening to speak of one whose name is the pride of every Irishman, the glory of every Catholic; of a mighty conqueror whose antagonists were not mere human warriors, but demons that had destroyed millions, and crowded the earth with sin, misery, and desolation; a conqueror whose triumph was not signaled by the shouts of victory, and the clamor of trumpets, drawing the roar of cannon, or the lamentations of a crushed people, but by the sweet increase of soul-felt gratitude arising from millions of loving hearts, from thousands and tens of thousands of homes, where, through his efforts, blessed and rendered efficient by the grace of God, the light of purity, peace, and domestic happiness had driven away the dark shadows of discord, hate, misery, despair, and death: I speak of the immortal Father Mathew (applause). How glorious to review the works of this matchless reformer, whose career throughout Ireland and America was one continued moral miracle. To see him appealing to the hearts and minds of the people; showing to the drunkard, in his own simple and effective language, how, through the grace of God, the most inveterate habit could be overcome by a simple effort of moral courage—by one virtuous resolution;—how habit and custom tyrannized over men only because they wanted courage to face their tyrants; and how the strongest chain of passion that ever fettered the soul, or led man's senses captive, could be broken for ever by one bold, persistent virtuous effort; telling them that the temperance pledge,—which he called upon them to take,—did not enslave, but liberate; that the emancipation of the soul was the foundation of freedom,—freedom from vice,—from passion,—from enslaving habits;—that the man who rules his passions is the only freeman,—greater even than the mighty Alexander, who, after conquering a world, fell before intemperance, and to whom his instructor said: "Alexander, thou art a mighty conqueror; but the greatest victory remains to be achieved—the victory over thyself." Oh, how glorious to behold Father Mathew, as it were, driving before him the demons of darkness,—rash swearing, profanation of the Lord's day, blasphemous wit-out number, poverty, destitution, the ruin of homes, the seduction of innocence, the corruption of virtue, the disobedience of children, the neglect of parents, the discord and disunion of those whom God had united; all that dreadful legion to which intemperance opens the gate;—to see before his magic presence, and, through his ministry, those fiends of darkness disappear! To see how, in the face of so many obstacles bearing against him,—not only all the drunkards, scoffers, and idlers, but the determined opposition of that large, wealthy, and influential class, depending for its profits and livelihood upon the consumption of liquors,—vanishes. Father Mathew carried on his work to its glorious completion—a work which has never ceased, and I trust will never cease or slacken until not one drunkard remains to be redeemed,—not one home to be rescued from sin, shame, and misery (applause).—You all rejoice in Father Mathew's name and honor; but, increase his usefulness and you increase his fame; you perpetuate the glorious work which he commenced; and you perpetuate his glory with it. It is idle to talk of honor to Father Mathew apart from the diffusion of his saving principles. I have heard that it has been resolved to erect a monument to him in Central Park, and certainly no one now represented there, is more worthy of honor. But the true glory of great men rests not upon mere material mason or metal work—it rests upon the perpetuation of the reformation which they have achieved. The moral outlives the material, as the soul outlives the body. The projects, nay, the very purposes—of the round towers of Ireland have been forgotten; but the name of the Apostle who brought the gospel of truth to that country, is as fresh upon every tongue, as if he were living there to-day (applause). And Father Mathew's name also will be a household word in Ireland and America, when the testimonials raised to him are reduced to fragments and dust (applause).—What has held back Ireland,—what has ruined her cause, rendered every noble effort she has made for her liberty a terrible and unavailing sacrifice?—Every Irishman can answer—it was the fatal want of union among her sons. Now, I can remember, myself, to have witnessed union amongst Irishmen as one of the first fruits of the blessed spread of temperance throughout the land. I do not mean, of course, union of religious creeds, political opinions, or social values, but a union eminently of Irishmen,—of men bound together by the sacred tie of a common country, whose pride is our pride, and whose honor among the nations of the earth is our honor;—this union I believe to be the first grand step towards the final redemption of Ireland (applause).—Father Mathew, then, discovered the one spot of neutral ground whereon all Irishmen might take their stand in the brotherhood of national love—the common measure of national amelioration, in which, in sincerity and truth, we can concur.

Before Father Mathew's time it was often said that Irishmen were creatures rather of impulse than reflection; but let us be temperate, and that reproof applies to us no more; for to be sober and steady, sober and reflective, sober and self-reliant, are one and the same thing; and while still retaining the quick perception, the fertility of expedient, and the prompt energy of action peculiar to Irishmen,—and so often mistaken for mere impulse,—we shall acquire steadfastness of purpose, and unity of action, that will command not only the respect of all other nations, but the certainty of ultimate triumph for the cause of the land we love (applause). Ireland bowed down under the weight of misfortunes that would have crushed forever the spirit of any other nation,—her people barely permitted to live under the most degrading restrictions,—debarred, so far as it was in the power of her oppressors, from all support and consolation, was, as it were, driven with fiendish art, to drown the remembrance of her miseries in the fatal cup, and fill the exchequer of her tyrant with the price of her own ruin, and the degradation of her national character in the eyes of the world. But,—all honor to Father Mathew, and to those who perpetuate his blessed and glorious work,—all this will soon be a matter of history, or rather, let us hope, of utter oblivion. The drunkard can do nothing for Ireland; he is a traitor to his country who aids, endorses, and justifies the acts of her oppressors; but "a nation that has conquered its vices can never be vanquished;" the determined will of a sober and respectable nation is a moral law to which the wise submit, and fools only resist. A brave people may be formidable; but a brave and temperate people must be irresistible (applause). Such were the sentiments of the great liberator, Daniel O'Connell. In all his speeches of the Repeal year, he alluded to the temperance cause. "Oh," said he, "how I love teetotalism; it is the greatest effort of virtue; and I have made a rule that any one who disregards its solemn obligations and breaks his pledge shall not be admitted to the Repeal ranks. Napoleon boasted of his bodyguards, but I can boast of a more than imperial guard—a Christian guard of virtuous teetotallists. This mighty moral miracle of five millions of men pledged against intoxicating liquors, has come from the hand of God, and I regard it as precursor of the liberty of Ireland" (applause). "Yes," says O'Connell, "I can do much; but Father Mathew can do more; I can call millions together; but he can make them temperate; he can give them the self-denial and self-respect that bring such perfect security, and render these countless multitudes the terror of the English aristocracy, who see in these peaceful, sober, disconcerted thousands the mighty armies which they cannot conquer, and to which their own must at last surrender" (applause). Now, where is the Irishman in this country who would hesitate to make any sacrifice for the liberty and resurrection of Ireland? If there be such a one, in all my travels from the East to the far West, I have failed to meet him (applause). Ireland calls upon all her children, at home and abroad, to make one sacrifice—a sacrifice in which they no less than she will be honored: a sacrifice which will surely enable her to rank amongst the proudest nations of the earth, to vie her just rights and confirm them by the approbation of men and the blessing of God; and this is the sacrifice which the temperance pledge involves (applause).

With every priest in the land, of course, I must admire these temperance societies. We read every week lectures on temperance, in which the most appalling pictures are drawn (and they cannot be overdrawn) of the drunkard's condition and fate; but they are nearly always accompanied by sketches of some most hideous rum-hole in a filthy back alley, where none but the vicious, degraded and desperate resort. Now, I fear that many who read these, smile in fancied security, and say to themselves, "Oh, that does not apply to me; I never was in such a place and never will be." But I fear not to assert that the greatest danger, the first fatal step, in by far the greatest majority of cases, is made in the first class saloon; in the place where every convenience attracts the customer, and every attention is paid him whether he drinks or not; where quarrelling, fighting, and rowdiness are absolutely excluded, and from which the poor degraded drunkard would be instantly expelled; where a man can read his newspaper, or meet his friend in social enjoyment, surrounded by every luxury and comfort; the poisonous serpent of drink so well hidden amongst flowers that the unwary never suspect its fatal presence. All men love social pleasure, and most of all does the warm-hearted, frank, jovial and impulsive son of Ireland. Who can wonder at the almost irresistible attractions these places have for many. But again I say, all honor to Father Mathew, and all honor to the temperance societies of America. The devil is a skillful engineer, but they have understood his plan, and meeting him fairly, crush him with his own weapons. The power of united opinion and moral support, the attraction of social reunion, the excitement and enthusiasm of the public meeting, and the martial parade, with its soul-stirring music, all combine to supply the need of which he would take such terrible advantage.—And I rejoice to see that the temperance movement is gaining ground to establish reading-rooms and parlors where all the advantages offered by the saloons can be enjoyed with safety and profit. The moral influence of these societies can scarcely be over-estimated, and if properly directed, there are few things too difficult for them to attempt and accomplish. And what can be grander or holier than their noble work of reform? We see before us the miserable drunkard,—so often and so terribly described,—the twin of what was once a man, but now fallen lower than the beasts; so hideous an object that even the Pagan Spartans inspired their youth with a contempt for drunkenness by exhibiting to them their slaves under the influence of liquor, and showing their ridiculous and disgusting actions of intoxication and the lesson was always effectual. Language almost fails to describe the condition of this unhappy wretch, whom, as he raises the poisonous draught to his lips, we may thus address in the words of a powerful writer: "Yes, drunkard, take in hand the cup of delusion, and with your eyes on the consequences, drink. Gaze not at the white bubbles that dance on the brim; they are but the tears of your once-cherished wife. Drink on,—you have drained her happiness. Take the cup again;—the drops look red; shudder not—'tis the blood of your starving and neglected children. Drink them,—drink on. See the horrible cup anew; be not dismayed;—you see only the grey hairs of your parents floating on the surface. Drink on,—you have drained their existence. Drain the cup to the bottom!" But why does he start? Does he fear the prospect he sees there,—the open door of the prison, and behind it the scaffold of the murderer? Can that picture appal the man who laughs at misery, scoffs at the wrath of Heaven, and dispises an eternity of punishment? No! It was but for a moment, and with a wild shout, echoed by the triumphant laughter of the fiends who have trapped their prey, he calls for more, and dashes madly on,—whether? But there is even a sadder picture, when the woman who bears the sacred titles of wife and mother,—whom all men respect and honor as the highest human type of purity and virtue,—forgetting her sacred mission, falls from her high place,—and to what a depth! She has perhaps striven long against it; she has known the bitterness of the curse, when her husband left her for the accursed cup,—and the midnight prayer of the expectant wife and children ascended for the absent one, as they waited fearfully, restless and fireless;—hear his staggering footsteps;—and it may be, have their welcome home returned by blows and curses;—until despairing of her husband's conversion, her faith failed, and she, too, threw herself, headlong, into the current that was