

attack upon the happiness, comfort, prosperity, peace, purity and religious character of a nation as the fell scourge of over-indulgence in liquor.

But here we think it opportune to declare our perfect accord with the "Great Liberator" who vindicated the character of the Irish people previous to the inauguration of the Temperance Crusade by Father Mathew. At a monster public meeting convened to do honor to the "Apostle," O'Connell during the course of his speech said "it would appear that prior to the temperance movement, the Irish were a depraved people, emphatically a drunken population, and that it required some mighty Apostle of the living God to rescue them from their captivity. Take notice that, in saying this, I do not mean in the slightest degree to detract from the great merits of what has been done by Father Mathew. I admit that he has performed a mighty moral miracle; but at the same time I utterly deny that the people of Ireland were at any time inferior to their neighbors, or to the people of any foreign country, in any part of the globe." Ireland's Demosthenes then proved from statistics (which by the way, are as true for '94 as they were for '43), that the Irishman did not drink as much intoxicating liquors as his English or Scotch neighbor.

To return from our short digression, the historic words, "Here goes, in the name of God" were the inauguration of the most successful mission ever conducted in Ireland since the days of St Patrick. The Almighty in His inscrutable designs must have looked down upon the Irish with a loving and pitying eye, for He sent them at the same time two of the world's greatest men; the "Apostle" to strike through their hands the shackles of moral slavery, the "Liberator" to free them from political serfdom, O'Connell could never have held in check the thousands who assembled at his political meetings, had they not been restrained from drunkenness and its consequent riot and disorder by their great moral leader.

We need not follow Father Mathew in his triumphal march throughout Catholic Ireland; at length he resolved to "beard the lion in his den" and extend his labors to the several Orange districts of Ulster. Now indeed came the crucial test of his

ability as a leader. Was he to fail? Let the interested party answer. One of the "Young Brittons" was asked by his companion why he knelt to Father Mathew. "Who could resist him? Who could help it? No one could refuse him anything he asked," was the quick response, which bears sufficient testimony to the respect, veneration and love that the Orangemen had for Father Mathew.

He had evangelized Ireland from Tor Pt. to Mizen Head; he had won thousands of supporters to his cause during his brief sojourn in England; he had visited Scotland, where myriads of sturdy Scots were fervent Mathewites. All this did not satisfy the cravings of his spirit, which chafed in its insular confines. He looked yearningly across the broad Atlantic to the younger and greater Ireland in the West. Consequently he set sail for the United States in 1849, and was given a royal reception when he reached the hospitable shores of America.

Father Mathew's course through the country, resembled more the victorious march of a conquering general, than the mission of a poor Capuchin friar. By unanimously passing a resolution admitting him to the floor of the chamber, the National House of Representatives conferred upon Father Mathew the highest honor that the Representatives of the American public can bestow upon a foreigner; the Senate granted him a like privilege, which had hitherto been enjoyed by only one—the illustrious Lafayette. During his American tour, his old enemy paralysis, once more returned to waste away his shattered frame. As he lay on his sick bed, with the angel of death waiting to claim its victim, the oft-repeated words, "God bless you father, for you have many a widow's blessing, and mine among them," must have been sweet balm to his spirit.

When this attack had become less violent, Father Mathew turned his care worn face towards his beloved Erin, for he wished to die and be laid at rest, in the land that was so dear to his loyal Irish heart. The doctors ordered repose, but he replied "never will I willingly sink into a state of inglorious inactivity; never will I desert my post in the midst of the battle. If I am to die, I will die in harness."