

## TEMPERANCE.

## ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S LECTURE.

"Let the Spirit of Father Mathew be Yours."

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The great work of Father Mathew's life began on the tenth of April, 1838, in the city of Cork. He had gathered around him in his humble school-room a group of friends. He spoke to them of the evils wrought by intemperance. "Indeed," he added, "if only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you do not require them, nor do I require them—neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health; and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then approached the table and, taking the pen, said, "Here goes, in the name of God!" and signed as follows: "Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C., Cove Street, No. 1."

As revealed to us on that memorable April day,

FATHER MATHEW WAS A MAN OF SINGULAR COURAGE.

The tens of thousand of contemporary Irishmen bewailed, as Father Mathew did, the terrible evils wrought around them by intemperance. But the tens of thousands did nothing toward remedying the evils. Why should they? Those evils were of old standing. Moral evil will endure whatever is done. If it is blotted out under one form, it will reappear under another. The use of liquor in itself is not forbidden; to ask people to abstain from it might be bordering on the old African heresy. Enmities, too, would be awakened if action is taken against liquor; brewers, distillers, and publicans should not be rattled in their temper. Besides, he who stirs will be called, even by good and pious men, a fanatic and a fool. By all means let us be quiet, and leave the world to Providence.

NOT SO DID THEOBALD MATHEW ARGUE.

Sin and misery abounded; he felt in his heart that a remedy was nigh, however unusual and unpopular, and he vowed to apply it. He became a Total Abstinence, and he preached Total Abstinence. He stood out alone the moment he had taken the pledge. Many of his associates, when his determination was made public, called him a "madman"; but his solitude revealed his grandeur of soul. He imposed Total Abstinence upon himself, so as to be able to preach it with power to others.

His own words give the key-note of Father Mathew's life and labors. He loved God, and for God's sake he loved the neighbor. Sin through excessive indulgence in drink was rife; souls were rushing into the jaws of hell; family hearth-stones were made desolate; despair and early death circled around the brow of youth, and old age was dishonored. Was he to fold his arms in idleness, and watch unmoved the swift current of destruction? Was he to hesitate before any sacrifice to self, any appeal to others, that might alleviate the sin and the misery? Assuredly not, so long as his heart was fully aglow with the fire of divine love. To spend and to be spent for souls—this is at all times the test and the measure of apostolic zeal.

O FOR A PAUL OF TARSUS!

who cried out that he might be anathema for his brethren; who would never eat meat, or drink wine, if his weakest brother were thereby to be scandalized; who lived and died a martyr of zeal and self-denial! The world is warmer and better for the living of this true hero of divine love, and it is well to gather men closely around one such, that they be permeated with his spirit, and reproduce in themselves his ardors.

Such a man was Theobald Mathew, and hence his force of character, his strong resolve, his fearlessness in presence of criticism, and his perseverance despite impediments and contradictions. That Father Mathew was not mis-

taken in his estimate of the efficiency of Total Abstinence in the eradication of the popular vice, subsequent events gave ample proof. Within a few years he regenerated Ireland, whose people became the most sober among the nations of Christendom, and rose to an unexampled condition of material prosperity and social peace and virtue.

WHEN THE APOSTLE DIED ALL HIS POWER DID NOT GO DOWN INTO THE GRAVE.

His name remained, and it has been fertile in inspirations. A great man never dies among his fellow-men; his activity never ceases. The Total Abstinence movement of the present day in Ireland, in England, in the United States, inscribes upon its banners the name of the "Apostle," feeds itself upon his principles, and lives off his very soul.

The priest of Cove street reigns to-day, and his realm embraces the whole English-speaking world.

THE NAME OF FATHER MATHEW HAS FOR US A DEEP SIGNIFICANCE.

It speaks to us, in accents that will not be stilled, of our own duty. Intemperance is among us, doing fearful harm to bodies and to souls.

The slimy serpent lives, and through all ranks of society it trails its poison-laden length, distilling in all directions its pestilential breathings. Who is there who has not sorrowed over its ravages?

Let me speak as a Catholic. I know I will be blamed for my rashness and credited with unpardonable exaggerations, and maybe, with untruths. But speak I will, and let me be called, as Theobald Mathew was, a fanatic and a madman.

Intemperance to-day is doing Holy Church harm beyond the power of pen to describe, and unless we crush it out Catholicity can make but slow advance in America.

I WOULD SAY, INTEMPERANCE IS OUR ONE MISFORTUNE.

With all other difficulties we can easily cope, and successfully. Intemperance, as nothing else, paralyzes our forces, awakens in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens violent prejudices against us, and casts over all the priceless treasures of truth and grace which the church carries in her bosom an impenetrable veil of darkness. Need I particularize? Catholics nearly monopolize the liquor-traffic; Catholics loom up before the criminal courts of the land, under the charge of drunkenness and other violations of the law resulting from drunkenness, in undue majorities; poor-houses and asylums are thronged with Catholics, the immediate or mediate victims of drink; and the poverty, the sin, the shame that fall upon our people result almost entirely from drink, and, God knows, those afflictions come upon them thick and heavy! No one would dare assert, so strong the evidence, that the disgrace from liquor-selling and liquor drinking taken from us, the most hateful enemy could throw a stone at us, or that our people would not come out in broad daylight before the country as the purest, the most law-abiding, the most honored element in its population.

STILL—MYSTERY PASSING STRANGE!—THE THEOBALD MATHEW'S ARE FEW.

We philosophize at times, of course, over the evil which we cannot totally conceal from ourselves; but very strange the cogitations by which we excuse our do-nothing policy. In other countries, say we, drinking goes on, and no noise is made about it. Others drink as much as our own people do, and maybe a good deal more than they; and, if they are more temperate than our own people, they have vices more hideous than intemperance, from which ours are free.

Then—who knows?—by opposing intemperance too strongly we might drive men in to Manicheism, and, at any rate, we would offend the generous brewer and the jovial-faced bar-tender, men whose dollars are never held back from the charities of the church. Total Abstinence are moody, dangerous men, hypocrites and misers. The proper remedy for intemperance, if a remedy is needed, should be prayer and the sacraments; but the drunkards will not come to the sacraments, and our obligation toward them ends. Thus do we act, thus do we argue, thus do we joke, and meanwhile the Church of Christ droops her head in shame, legions of poor people rot in sin and misery, and immortal souls are precipitated into hell.

O! FOR A SOLEMN AND ENDURING AWAKENING FROM SLUMBER AND SLOTH

by virtue of the sacred memory of Father Mathew! Why dilly-dally an-

other day with this monster-evil which is desolating the land? Why, when the enemy is upon us, slaying neighbors and friends, and damning souls, lose a moment in idle discussions and heartless pleasantries? For once let us be serious-minded, and zealous and active in well-doing. One decade of years, in earnest warfare—the battle being general throughout the field, instead of being confined to some isolated bands of sharpshooters—and victory brilliant and complete shall be ours.

The task is much easier for us than it was for Father Mathew. Total Abstinence is no longer a novelty; it has made its record and proved its efficiency, and the Church has set her seal upon it. The cry was in Father Mathew's time, and for long years afterwards, that Rome had not recognized Total Abstinence. *Well, Rome has spoken.* "Hence," wrote Leo XIII., "we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil."

THERE REMAINS, NOW, NO EXCUSE FOR INDIFFERENCE OR INACTIVITY.

The practices of zeal and self-denial are very few, if there are any, that will give more public edification and bring greater glory to the church than that of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Let this truth be pressed upon our Catholics, in season and out of season. Let pastors, in whose keeping primarily souls are placed, teach it by word and example. Let the religious orders in the church, that make of self-denial a chief duty, embracing through love for God fasting and flagellation, take front ranks in the new crusade. Father Mathew was a priest and a religious, and his example comes home with intensified force to priests and religious.

Let the words of Father Mathew reverberate in the seminaries, the monasteries, the presbyteries, and the homes of the land. "Here goes, in the name of God!" The magic persuasiveness of Father Mathew's appeals lays in his own Total-Abstinence pledge. "In hoc signo vincis."

## MARRIED IN BOSTON.

MONTREAL'S CITY CLERK JOINED TO MISS LUDUVINE GARCEAU.

The marriage of Mr. L. O. David, City Clerk, to Miss Luduvine Garceau, sister of Dr. Trefle Garceau, of Roxbury, was a very quiet one. The ceremony took place at the French Church of Our Lady of Victories, conducted by the Rev. Elphege Godin. Among those present at the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. William I. Pelletier, Mrs. S. Pelletier, Dr. George A. Brouillet, Dr. Edgar Garceau, Miss Ruta Garceau, Hon. Boucher de la Bruere, speaker of the Quebec Legislative Council; Mr. John F. Daley and Mrs. Blake. The bride was attired in a becoming fawn-colored travelling costume, trimmed in gold brown velvet, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. She was escorted to the altar by her brother, Mr. Oscar N. Garceau, Mr. W. S. Pelletier, treasurer of the Union Institution for Savings, attended the bridegroom. A family reception took place after the ceremony, then Mr. and Mrs. David left for New York on an extended trip south. On their return to Montreal they will reside at Mr. David's residence on Cherrier street.

## The Lucky Shamrock Button.

Mr. D. A. Beauchamp on last Thursday afternoon received a small package at his residence, on City Councillor street, which, on opening, he found it contained a gold-mounted silver medal. On the front were the initials D. A. B., surrounded with gold mountings. On the back were the words, "Presented to D. A. B., in recognition of his services in bringing out the winning button for the Shamrocks."

Mr. Beauchamp is in ignorance of the names of the donors.

## An Enterprising Company.

This is an age of "push," of enterprise, of electricity; it is also an age in which that "give and take" style of business, so popular and so justly appreciated, is killing by degrees a narrower spirit in the commercial world. We have many samples, in Montreal, of the really public-spirited business houses, and one

of the brightest is in the "Metropolitan Manufacturing Company." The agent, Mr. T. A. Emmans, has an emporium at 1680 Notre Dame street, second to none on the continent. Anything and everything can be found there, the old saying exemplified of "from a needle to an anchor." Moreover there is to be found, what is an exception too often, a genial and obliging gentleman in the person of Mr. Van Gilder. What he is unable to supply it is useless seeking for in this Province. From cellar to attic he can furnish a house, and in any style, at any cost, and on any reasonable terms that you can mention. This establishment being such a boon to the city we thought proper to give it a well-deserved and unsolicited notice.

## An Appreciated Present.

The Hon. Mr. Costigan has just become the recipient of a beautiful and substantial Irish black-thorn stick, sent to him by Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon and Esmonde, M. P's, bearing the following inscription on a silver band: "To the Hon. John Costigan, M. P., Minister of Inland Revenue, Canada, as a small token of appreciation of his powerful influence and services on behalf of Home Rule for Ireland, William O'Brien, John Dillon, T. H. Grattan Esmonde, Bart." On the knob is a silver plate on which is engraved the arms of the City of Cork, and the inscription: "Statio benedice carnis;" and immediately underneath is an Irish harp wreathed in Shamrocks, also in silver. No doubt the honorable gentleman fully appreciates the compliment paid him and the kind thoughtfulness which suggested it.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

## THEW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE EVENT. STATEMENT OF MR. MCNEE.

For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size. Eleven running sores developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B. B. B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away my crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as any one, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, and it will cure you as it did me.

Yours truly, WM. MCNEE, St. Ives P. O., Ont.  
Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNea, and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district by this unrivaled remedy for bad blood, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and all diseases of the stomach, liver bowels and blood.

"What are the wild waves saying?" murmured the woman as she stood on the silver lining of the mighty main. "Nothing, Maria," replied the man hoarsely; "they are like some people we know; they make a great deal of noise, but don't say anything."

"BURNS AND SCALDS."—If you are so unfortunate as to injure yourself in this way, we can suggest a remedy that will [we speak from experience] soon relieve you of all pain and quickly heal the wound; it costs but twenty-five cents for the New big bottle and is sold by all Druggists—ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

"How do you get along with your bicycle?" "Well," replied the truthful young man, "sometimes one way and sometimes another. Sometimes the bicycle rides me and once in a while I ride the bicycle."

Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a cure.

Dumquizzle—"How would you define the word 'crank,' Skingullet?" Skingullet—"A crank, my dear sir, is a specialist in something that you take no interest in."

## Many a Young Man.

When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health falls and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.