

Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE: THAT THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?" —TERTULLIAN *Præscriptio* xlii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious." —St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God." —St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- August 12—Sunday—XI after Pent 3d Aug St. Clare V d com 2 Oct.
- " 13—Monday—Oct of Transfig d com of Oct S Laurence &c Mm.
- " 14—Tuesday—Vig S Hormisdas P C d com of Oct Vig &c of Eusebius C.
- " 15—Wednesday—Assump B V M d I cl with Oct Holyd of Oblig in Diocess of Hx.
- " 16—Thursday—St Roch C doub com of 2 Oct.
- " 17—Friday—Oct of St Laurence doub com of Oct.
- " 18—Saturday—St Hyacinth C d com of Oct & St Agapitus M.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

TEMPERANCE.

We offer no apology for again occupying the attention of our readers, by this important subject. The time seems propitious for its discussion. The presence of Cholera and of Father Matthew, forcibly remind us of the punishment of vice, and the triumph of virtue. The great public Benefactor, who has wrought such wonders in his native land, has commenced his benevolent mission on the American continent, and this at a time when death is mowing down in hundreds and thousands the unfortunate victims of intemperance. Little need we fear the spread of Cholera if our habits were temperate. In the great majority of cases the drunkard and the man of dissolute, intemperate habits is found to be the victim. The inflamed and disorganized state of the drunkard's stomach, invites and feeds this dreadful disease; and when it comes, the drunkard is a trembling, powerless victim before it. In this respect alone, the visit of Father Matthew must have already accomplished much good. Many must have been saved from this destroying pestilence, and snatched from the jaws of death. He will have preserved many a hearth and a homestead, from desolation and sorrow. No human mind can conceive the extent of those blessings which Temperance is sure to bring in its train. No tongue can describe the unutterable woes from which it preserves its unfortunate votaries.

We offered last week some religious reflections on the vice of intemperance, and presented some scriptural texts in support of our views. We will now consider this soul-destroying habit in its odious nature and frightful consequences. It is a vice which pre-eminently brutalizes and degrades. Man, says the Psalmist, has been compared to the beasts which have no

reason, and he has been made like to them. Never was the likeness more complete between the brute beast and man, than when the latter is in a state of intoxication. Nay, when a comparison is instituted, it is all in favour of the beast. The beast without reason, more truly fulfils the ends of its creation, than the drunkard who has been made after the image of God. The one has never received reason; the other has nearly destroyed the precious gift. The beast follows its natural instinct; the drunkard smothers his soul in the fumes of intemperance, and extinguishes his reason in draughts of liquid poison. The beast drinks to satisfy the wants of nature; the drunkard to gratify one of the lowest of the animal appetites. The beast will generally stop when its thirst is appeased; the man will continue to gulp down, long, long after he has been unable to distinguish what he is swallowing, or even to derive an animal gratification from the act. It is therefore, in some respect, an injustice to the brute creation to compare them to a drunken man. There are, however, various qualities in the beast, which are to him natural, but which are produced most unnaturally in the drunkard; and indeed, the transformation of the man into the beast is so complete and so general, that there is hardly any attribute of the beastly or animal nature with which the drunkard is not invested. In fact there are various classes of drunkards which remind you of different beasts. The ass, the dog, the sheep, the calf, the ape, the sow, the wolf, the tiger, laughing hyæna, &c., has each its human representative in the drunkard. The stupidity of the ass, the barking of the dog, the silliness of the sheep, the helpless bleating of the calf, the hideous grimaces of the ape, and the filthy evolutions of the grunting sow, may all be witnessed in the drunkard. The howl of the wolf, the bloody spring of the tiger, the malicious grin of the hyæna, are all to be found in the drunken type. In our streets, in our squares, in our houses, on our public roads, by land and by sea, we have roaring lions, creeping serpents, blubbering sea-calves, weeping crocodiles, rapacious foxes, devouring cormorants, snorting whales, bellowing bulls, and foetid polecats. The same drunken sot will, in the course of an hour, exhibit specimens of a half a dozen birds, beasts and fishes, so that he is in appearance as well as in fact, the greatest monster in creation, a *lusus nature* at which nature herself stands aghast. Take the most filthy, hideous and repulsive thing in creation, and compare it with the drunkard, and it gains by the comparison. Look at a

drunkard at home, or in public, and you will blush for our common humanity. He was made by God a little less than the Angels; he has degraded himself much lower than the brute. He was established in glory and honour; he has sunk into ignominy and disgrace. The tavern is his temple, his prayers are blasphemies, his belly is his God. In the midst of his infernal orgies he barks, he shouts, he roars, he screams, he bellows; he stamps, he kicks, he strikes, he gnaws, he tears, he snores, he grunts, he yawns, he hiccups, he vomits. Vengeance, hatred, blasphemy and bestial obscenity are on his serpent, slimy tongue; his eyes are fiery and bloodshot, his ears are stunned, his carbuncled nose is a dripping distillation of nastiness which mingles with his foul eructations, dropping into, and savouring his poisonous cup. His hair is a bundle of hissing serpents, his teeth chatter and rattle like ivory in a dice-box, his hands are palsied; a cess-pool is a pure fountain compared with his mephitic stomach, his knees totter, and his legs refuse to support his bloated carcass. The drunkard tramples on all the laws of nature, as well as all the precepts of God. He robs, he steals, he cheats; he breaks his word, he violates his promise, he betrays the secret which was confided to him. He has no honour, no principle, no spirit of independence, no regard for truth, no respect for modesty. Theft and sacrilege, adultery and murder he commits without remorse. He is a wicked husband, an ungrateful child, a cruel father, a false friend, a troublesome neighbour, a social pest. At home he is a roaring lion; when he appears in public a mid-day devil, vomiting fire and flame. He is always in excitement, his nerves are on the rack, his thoughts are scattered, his memory is weak, his will is vacillating, his judgment is obscured, his understanding is impaired. The drunkard is exposed to a thousand dangers from which the sober man is secure. Every time that he drinks to excess he is in peril of his life, his property, his liberty or his reputation. He may be seen by hundreds, and to be seen is to be despised. He may commit many crimes or which he is amenable to justice. He becomes an easy prey to the robber, the villain, and the cheat. He makes a ruinous purchase, his pockets are rifled; his valuables are stolen, he is sometimes even stripped of his clothes. Then he falls from his horse and breaks his neck, or fractures his skull; he tumbles into a river and is drowned, he falls into a dyke and is suffocated. His eyes swim, the earth reels, surrounding objects are in motion, he staggers from one side to the

other, he describes all manner of geographical figures on the highway; he creeps like a serpent and grasps the earth for support; he advances like a crab, and continues to walk backwards whilst he is making the most violent efforts to go forward. No arabesque is more intricate, no Crotan labyrinth more tortuous than his zig-zag path. He falls upon his skull and his brains are dashed out, or upon his face, and he is smothered, or upon his side and he perishes from the inclemency of the weather. And if he escape death after wooing him in so many forms, who can describe the agony of his returning consciousness, or the trembling fits of his delirium? Hideous spectres surround him, frightful apparitions appal him, terrific and mysterious whispers curdle his blood; the demon of intemperance, to whom he has sold his body and soul, exults over his despairing victim, and all the imps of hell are, as it were, summoned to his bedside to laugh at his destruction, to mock his agony, and to tell him in the language of the damned that the reign of mercy is passed away and that hope is no more! The sequence is natural. He cuts his throat, he pierces his heart, he hangs himself or blows out his brains. But, before he executes this vengeance of heaven upon himself he will frequently murder his wife, dispatch his child or set fire to his house. If he is not prematurely cut off by a sudden accident, or a blow, or a wound, he is sure to hasten his end by the insidious poison which he daily imbibes. That spongy throat of his, cries out like the horse-leech, give, give; and is never satisfied. That scorched palate has lost all savour, and more powerful stimulants must be mingled with the hellish liquid, in order to arouse, for a moment the jaded sense. No foal shaft in a coal mine is more explosive than that bottomless pit, the drunkard's stomach. The heated blood is propelled through the swelling veins with rail-road speed, and the very marrow is flying in his bones. He exposes himself to a long catalogue of excruciating and fatal diseases. He leads a dying life, he endures a lingering martyrdom, and whether by apoplexy, or dropsy, or consumption or fever, Death is sure to clutch his wretched victim. So true is the old proverb that the *throat has killed more than the sword*. So true would be the Epitaph upon almost each of the cursed race of drunkards—*HERE LIES A SELF-MURDERER!*

But we must have done with the *Human Beast* for the present, as our soul is sickened at the contemplation of his degraded nature.