



1877. THEN AND NOW. 1899.

[From the Files of the "True Witness," Aug. 18, 1876.]

"To labor then as we have commenced; to be true to our mission in season and out of season; to stand by our Church and sustain it; to be with our people and defend them; to be ever ready at the call of duty, no matter for the suggestions of self-interest; to be Catholic first, last and all the time, and Irish whenever the legitimate native longings for native land call for sympathy and support. These are the main principles upon which we appeal to our old friends and solicit new; these the ideas that shall guide and influence the words; and the works of our twenty-seventh volume."

["True Witness" December 2, 1899.]

Every honest journal has a mission in its publication. The particular mission of the "True Witness" is the advancement of the interests of the Irish Catholic population of Canada, always amenable to the guidance of the Church. The "True Witness" knows no political party, has no axe to grind, but has as its lodestar a vision of the time when the Irish Catholics in Canada united as one man, will wield the influence in the councils of the country which their numbers and ability demand as of right. Political patronage is not the idea here expressed. The demand is that our religion and our nationality should have their full measure of representation and no more.

FATHER HOGAN'S POWERFUL SERMON, AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

On Wednesday evening, Rev. Father Hogan, C.S.S.R., one of the missionaries, preached a powerful sermon, on intemperance, to the married men of St. Ann's Parish, whose week of Mission opened on Sunday last. The sacred edifice was crowded to the doors, and as the zealous and eloquent priest drew picture after picture of the drunkard's home the vast congregation was visibly affected. Father Hogan took for his text:

"Who hath wine? Surely they that pass their time in wine and study to drink off their cups." (Pro. 23, 29, 40).

We read in the Book of the Apocalypse of St. John, chapter 18th, that the Evangelist was once taken in spirit to the sea-shore; that as he stood there, a hideous beast came out of the death of the sea. The beast he tells us, was like a leopard, and its feet were like the feet of a bear, and its mouth like the mouth of a lion, it had seven heads and ten horns. And the dragon of Hell gave to this beast his own form; and it waged war against the children of God. Brethren, how great would be your terror, if this horrible monster were to appear among you! and yet, would you believe it? There are many who have been for years, carrying such a monster in their own hearts—Yes, a monster, so horrible, that, could they but behold it in its true form, its mere sight would freeze them with terror. And would to God that none of you were of the number of these unfortunates! The beast—the monster that I allude to, is the vice of drunkenness. Yes, the vice of drunkenness constantly changes human beings into so many horrible monsters of the Apocalypse; it makes them cruel like leopards; savage like bears; cruel like lions; it has seven heads and ten horns. For it is the accursed mother of the seven deadly sins and of sins against the whole decalogue; and the devil himself.

but simply to show that this is not a sin; and to prove that certain modern hypocritical pharisees are very wrong when they condemn the use of all intoxicating drink as sinful and wish to oblige all to be or become teetotalers. They seem to consider teetotalism a kind of religion itself, and hence not unfrequently looked down with pharisaical pride, upon all who are not teetotalers like themselves. Now, teetotalism is no religion at all; it is not even of itself a virtue unless it be practiced with a good intention, and even then it is no part of the virtue of temperance, which moderates the use of food and drink, but simply a mortification, just as a man would practise mortification who would abstain from the use of any other kind of food and drink. So, understand me well, it is not against the moderate use of intoxicating drink that I am going to speak this evening, but against its excessive use, against abuse, or drunkenness.

I will endeavor to show you first, that the vice of drunkenness is most abominable in itself; secondly, that it is most disastrous in its consequences; and lastly, I shall point out the means necessary to keep from it, or rid one's self of it, if one has been its slave for the past.

DRUNKENNESS IS MOST ABOMINABLE IN ITSELF.

That is to say, it is very common, especially at the present day, that people look upon drunkenness as a pardonable weakness. But this, like many others is one of those false views of a wicked world; for it is in direct opposition to the word of God, and to the Doctrine of the Church. The Holy Ghost expressly and most emphatically declares in several places of Sacred Scripture that drunkenness far from being a pardonable weakness, is on the contrary a most grievous sin. Thus we read in the Book of Isaiah the Prophet: "Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and start men at drunkenness." (5:22). and do you wish to know what this woe signifies? It signifies an eternal and eternal damnation, as the Doctors of the Church explain. Hence drunkenness must be a most grievous sin. Again the inspired apostle emphatically declares that drunkenness excludes from the Kingdom of Heaven. "Be not deceived," says he, "Drunkards shall not possess the Kingdom of God." (Cor. 6, 9-10). Now, whatever excludes from the Kingdom of God, must be a mortal sin; you see then that far from being a pardonable weakness, drunkenness is a grievous mortal sin, excluding from heaven and deserving of eternal damnation as is evident from Sacred Scripture.

And no wonder that it is a grievous mortal sin; for drunkenness obliterates in man the image of God lowers him to the level of the brute man, sinks him even far below the level. I say drunkenness obliterates in man the image of God. Man is created to the image and likeness of God in this, that his soul is a spirit like unto God, endowed with intelligence and free-will. Now I ask you: Where are the intelligence and free-will of the man that is drunk? Can you recognize any trace of them? Intelligence! Indeed! Go up to him and ask him a sensible question. Will you receive a sensible answer? Ask him to read or to write something, or to work out the simplest problem in arithmetic. Will he be able to do so? Why, he does not even know what you mean, or what you want of him. Where then is his intelligence? It is all gone, for he is drunk! and as to his free-will this seems completely vanished. For when he has got over his spree he is told hundreds of things that he said and did and which he solemnly swears never to have intended saying or doing. Where, then, let me ask again, where is the image of God to be found, or recognized in that unfortunate drunkard? It is obliterated—vanished, gone! and who could look at that drunken wretch and say that without blasphemy: There is an im-

ago of God! No, he is no longer an image of God, he is no longer a man;—a human being—he is sunk to the level of the brute! Yes, he has made an animal of himself; for he has deprived himself both of reason and free-will; both qualities which alone raise man above the brute. He grunts like a hog, growls like a dog, and wallows in the mire like a swine, he is cruel like a leopard, savage like a bear, and furious like a lion. In short drunkenness has made a brute of him in the full sense of the word. But what do I say? a brute, an animal! No, it would be an insult to the whole animal kingdom to call that being a brute. And I would not insult one of God's creatures by comparing it to a drunken man. And what right have we to insult "it's" creatures, even those of the animal kingdom? We have a right to employ them, or to take them to the slaughter house, and to put them to death, but no right to insult them or to degrade in any degree the humblest creature that crawls on the earth, and hence I would not insult any such by comparing them to drunken men. Why? Because that poor creature or four-footed dumb beast, you can lead into the slaughter house, or put him into the shafts to draw us around or put him into our service any time of the day or night; and you will find him such as God made him, with every faculty that God has given him. But the drunkard is not as God made him, he is therefore not equal to, but below the brute. Such a man has ceased to be a man, and he has fallen beneath the level of the brute. The brute can give forth signs of pleasure or of sorrow, of joy or of pain, the drunkard cannot. The brute can give intelligent signs, by the law of nature, to his fellow beasts, in the field. The drunken man cannot converse with his fellow men. The brute can see and hear and feel, the drunk man cannot. The brute can walk and labor, the drunken man can do neither one or the other. How, then, can any one dare to compare him to the brute and thus insult the whole animal Kingdom? Not that is only one of God's creatures to whom we can compare him without insulting his Creator, and that creature was once seated upon a throne in heaven, and now is in the depths of hell. Yes, we can compare the drunken man only to the devil; though even the devil might complain of this comparison, by saying that he never was drunk. No wonder then, let me repeat that, drunkenness is a mortal sin, a most grievous mortal sin, excluding from heaven and deserving of hell; for it obliterates in man the image of God, lowers him to the level of the brute man, sinks him even far below that level.

the drunkard become guilty of all sorts of sins in consequence of his excess in drink. Nay, he not infrequently falls into most criminal excesses. Go to our jails and penitentiaries and ask for the worst criminals, they will point out to you nine out of ten who committed the most atrocious crimes in consequence of drunkenness. Take up the daily papers and read the long catalogue of robberies and murders and nine out of ten were committed by drunkards. Ascend our prison scaffold and ask why these unfortunates condemned to die so disgraceful a death and come out of ten will tell you: "It is because I was addicted to drink." His lust becomes at times so utterly monstrous that it knows no bounds; the drunkard will not even respect his nearest relatives, no, not even his own flesh and blood, so that the words of the psalmist are literally true of the drunkard when he says: "He is become like the horse and the mule, who have no understanding." (Ps. 31, 9).

His fury becomes at times so utterly horrible, that he will not shrink from imbruing his hand in the blood of his own brother and sister. Witness the execution of the parricide, Patrick Morrison who, years ago, ascended the scaffold with his own mother's blood red upon his hands for the drunkard has taken a big carving knife from the table and plunged it to the hilt into his mother's heart. Yes, there is no crime so wicked and atrocious into which the vice of drunkenness is most liable to plunge its unfortunate victims. But the worst consequence of drunkenness for its victim is the fact, that it renders his conversion next to impossible, yes, a real confirmed drunkard is scarcely ever converted. It requires a miracle of God's grace to convert such a man. Why? Because the drunkard gradually loses all moral strength, he loses all control of himself, energy and determination abandon him altogether, and his future once thoroughly infected with liquor, constantly longs for more. He will take the pledge, nay, he will swear by all that is sacred in religion to abstain from drink; but scarcely have a few days or weeks elapsed and he is drunk again. He cannot make up his mind to keep out of the company of drunkards, to keep out of the gin-shop, away from those of his companions and false friends, and hence, he must relapse into his old habits. He might obtain strength and grace from God, by prayer and frequenting the Sacraments, but this is precisely what he cannot make up his mind to do, prayer is disgusting to him, confession an insupportable burden. The sight of his temporal or spiritual misery, the thought of a bad death and the rigors of divine judgment, or the torments of hell eternal though he knows them to be—all, all vanish like smoke at the mere sight or sound of the accursed liquor. He is a physical and a moral wreck, and his conversion is next to impossible. Truly, then, the consequences of drunkenness are most disastrous for the drunkard himself, since it leads him into all sorts of sins and vices, and frequently into the most criminal excesses and renders his conversion next to impossible.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

But the consequences of this vice are also most disastrous for the drunkard's family, if he be a parent. First of all, he impoverishes his family, for either he does not work for them, being unable or unwilling to do so; or, if he does work for them he throws away the money for drink, which God places in his hand for the support of his wife and family. Nay, he not infrequently sells or pawns the property, the house and even the clothes of his poor wife and children. Thus his family once, perhaps comfortable is gradually brought to destitution; his wife and children are ragged, they go half naked and are starving for want of food. But this bad as it is, is only the least of the many evils which the drunkard brings upon his family. He robs his family not only of food and raiment, but also of peace and happiness. This needs no proof, for what peace or happiness can possibly reign in the family of the drunkard, since he fulfills neither the duties of a husband, nor those of a father, cursing, brawling, quarreling, fighting and abusing one another is the order of the day in that family, no one regards the feeling of another, every one seems on the contrary anxious to annoy and to abuse the other, and who is the cause of all this? It is the drunkard father. He ought to be a king, a prince of peace, in his family to whom all the members should look up to with respect and reverent submission. But who can respect such a man who lowers himself below the brute? Finally after robbing the family of their property, of their peace and happiness he is the cause of their entire spiritual and temporal ruin. Look at the drunkard's unfortunate wife! what a spectacle! Misery is depicted in every movement of her haggard face. She is unable to practice her religion, for the drunkard has stolen and pawned her clothes, so she cannot decently appear out doors, she finds no happiness in her desolate home, surrounded by a number of half naked children. No wonder, then, that at last she gives up in despair, nay, turns to drinking herself, or seeks to gain a livelihood by a life of sin and shame. And this is the woman, whom a few years ago, that unfortunate man

Continued on Page Four.

FAREWELL TO TALLON AND REDMOND.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

New York, December 6.—The farewell given to Lord Mayor Tallon and Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., as they embarked on their return to the old land, by the Irish Americans of New York, was as enthusiastic as their arrival in this Empire City two months ago. In the morning the corridors of the Hoffman House, where they were staying, were crowded with Irishmen who shook hands with them and bade them God-speed. They were followed by large crowds to the pier at which they got on board the Campania.

On behalf of the Lord Mayor and himself, Mr. Redmond, before he left the hotel, gave the reporters a statement in which he said that the result of his visit to New York, if not exceeded, justified the expectations of the committee. Over \$30,000 had been collected, and more was still expected. That very morning several thousand dollars had reached them from Boston. It is calculated that \$75,000 would be required altogether, \$5,000 for the Parnell Monument in Glasnevin Cemetery, \$20,000 to pay of the debt on the Parnell estate at Avondale and \$50,000 for the Parnell monument in Dublin. Mr. Redmond added:

"I may say for myself that much as I would have desired to remain in America and work for our mission, matters at home made it absolutely necessary for him to return."

For several days before their departure the distinguished visitors were fettered receptions by several organizations of their compatriots in this city. The First Regiment, Irish Volunteers, held a drill exercise, a dress parade, a review, and a reception in their honor. Colonel Thomas F. Lynch conducted the drill. After the review Miss Nora Maloney, of the Clare Ladies' Association, banded the Lord Mayor an Irish flag, requesting him to present it to the regiment on behalf of the association. She said that she had worked a whole year on the flag, and that it had been to her a labor of love.

Mr. Tallon then presented the flag to Col. Lynch. He had never felt so proud, he said, as when a few days previously President McKinley had assured him that the Irish Volunteers in the United States were the first to respond to the nation's call for arms. He also felt proud to see such a fine body of his countrymen as that regiment, well drilled and equipped and ready at any moment to fight for the great Republic in which they were citizens.

THE CENTURY MISSION.

In St. Patrick's Parish the work of mission for the unmarried women commenced under most promising auspices last Sunday. The work has been exceedingly encouraging and the influence of the mission on this important section of the population cannot fail to extend to all other sections and parishes. The final results on the other side of the street, where the mission was first given, were most encouraging. It is to be regretted that the Rev. Father, who is the ablest and most energetic of all the parish priests, should have been so suddenly called away, and that the mission, when it is resumed, will be the cause of his absence is the death of his brother, to whose funeral he was summoned.

That the young men of the parish will avail themselves, as have their mothers and sisters of the grand work of grace reserved for them.

In St. Ann's parish the mission goes on most advantageously. The work for the married men has been carried on by most encouraging and not a few of the members of the parish, which shall long remain a blessing to the members of the parish. Rev. Father, who is a devoted, practical and energetic worker, has undertaken a record of which we publish in our columns. In connection with that work, a most interesting incident took place in order not to interfere with the progress, and effectiveness of the good work, the parishioners voluntarily made, to refrain, under all circumstances from selling any intoxicants during the time, or hours of mission services.

It had been originally announced that the last week of Advent would be reserved for the retreat of the young unmarried men, but Father Quinnivan and the priest of the mission came to the conclusion that such a course would bring them too close to Christmas, a time when young men engaged in various employments would be prevented in attending the exercises. Therefore, it has been decided to commence the young men's mission on Sunday next. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be in accord with the splendid opportunity offered, and

The missions in St. Anthony's and St. Gabriel's will commence on Sunday evening, in St. Gabriel's parishes will be Rev. Fathers Connelly and Turgeon in St. Anthony's Rev. Fathers O'Brian and Kelly. The mission in St. Mary's has been postponed until after Christmas, owing to the church being closed for renovation and repairs. The work, it is expected will be finished at one for the celebration of Midnight Mass.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE BIGOTS.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of his triumphant return to New York, Admiral Dewey was presented by the people with a \$50,000 house, in recognition of his great services and as a mark of national appreciation. A few weeks later the Admiral married a distinguished Catholic lady, and, as a wedding gift, transferred the house to her. For weeks the press, of a certain class, was alive with abuse of the house, spread hostility was ridiculous, and the people gave him a house, or anything else, was it not with the right to use it, or dispose of it as best suited to him? The Washington correspondent of the New York Times, has come out squarely on the subject, and his exposure is so interesting that we give the leading features of it. He writes:

intelligent Americans drank it in eagerly and lauded the Admiral's name with epithets.

"It was religious bigotry which poisoned the shafts against the Admiral. The story which spread everywhere in Washington on Monday and still alive was that the house which the American people had given to Dewey was to become the property of the Roman Catholic Church."

"This story reported with the utmost circumstantiality, accounts for all the subsequent events by ascribing them to the greed of the Church and its desire to obtain the Dewey house for a paragon and to get hold of the property as soon as possible. The influence of this religious bigotry was felt as soon as the Admiral's engagement became known, and especially after the marriage. There was a distinct cooling off in the enthusiasm for Dewey. People who had been shouting for him became lukewarm and suspicious."

"It only needed the transfer of the house to give edge and point to this latent animosity. The fact that Mrs. Dewey was not a born Catholic, but a convert, inspired additional hostility."

"The newspaper which printed the abuse of Dewey did not let this underlying sentiment get into type, and it had no publicity outside of Washington until its appearance in the Southern Journal referred to. Its widespread and general acceptance indicates the extent to which public opinion can still be formed by word of mouth, even in these days of newspapers."

"Now that the Dewey incident is closed there is naturally a good deal of speculation as to the origin and cause of the sudden storm of wrath which came up, apparently from a clear sky, and began to beat on the Admiral's head within an hour after the first report of the transfer was known. It came principally from Washington, and reached its worst degree of vituperation and violence here."

"The fact is, that in the tide of abuse that set so strongly toward Dewey in the beginning of the week there was an undercurrent of the existence of which was so discreditable to American intelligence that no body liked to make it public. The edge of the wrath against Dewey was sharpened and poisoned by an incredible story which sprang up from nowhere and spread like wildfire, and was eagerly accepted and implicitly believed. It bore no marks of authorship; it was accompanied by no proofs, yet presumably

"The general outburst of wrath from the rest of the country has silenced this city so far as public expression is concerned, but in street, shop and private house, slander and rumor are still busy."

A fine illustration of the patriotism of bigots, and a splendid example of the anti-Catholic spirit that prevails in certain strata of American society. Where is their vaunted liberty of conscience, and equal rights to all freeborn citizens?