

the pledge now and stick to it through life, that they may never be where Dick Walker has been." And then with bursting heart and overflowing eyes, he recounted his miserable experience as the slave of King Alcohol; but gloried in the fact of being once more a free man, and ended by entreating the young men to beware of the first drink.

While he still spoke, with all eyes riveted upon him, a strange figure stole in at the door, and passing hesitatingly through the aisles, looked on all sides for a seat. It was "Boozy Sal," a poor unfortunate creature wedded to her cups and having no particular home. She had not been drinking enough to stagger; but her gait was a little unsteady as she came forward, heeded by a few, and took a seat by the Squire, who, listening intently to Dick, was all unconscious of her presence.

As soon as the young man sat down, Squire Lawson rose to his feet. The temperance element began to look indignant, and the opposition gratified. They could well foretell the tenor of his remarks. "My friends and neighbours," he began deliberately, "I am again as you know, moderate in all things, hasty in nothing. I have used of the good things of life just so much as I have believed to be for my highest good and happiness. I partake of the luxuries sparingly and temperately. I wish particularly to emphasize the word. I wonder if these young people have thought carefully of its meaning—temperate—temperance—what do these words mean? That paper is laid out there, and you are asked to sign it as a temperance pledge? Nothing of the kind. Temperance is a moderate use of thing; but when you sign this, you pledge yourself to not use it at all. In other words, you acknowledge you are not man enough or woman enough, to drink a little wine in the way of a luxury without drinking too much, and therefore pledge yourself to take none. I am proud to be able to say," drawing himself up and speaking in a loud voice, "that I've used liquors forty years and was never intoxicated in my life. And I mean to drink as long as I live." "So do I, Squire, so do I," cried Boozy Sal, darting to her feet and patting the speaker on the back. "You're the man for me!" The Squire started as though a rattlesnake had bitten him, and giving Sal a fierce look, turned to the tittering audience with a confused attempt to resume his speech. "I don't—I—of course I am as much against drunkenness as anybody and would work for temperance, but not teetotalism. Why even Paul thought a little wine was good for the stomach." "And so it is, Squire, so it is," exclaimed "Boozy Sal," edging up and patting him on the shoulder, "You and me knows what's good for us, don't we?" Again the Squire moved forward a few steps and continued in defiance of the suppressed laugh. "I don't know" he said hesitatingly, "but what's it's well enough for a drunkard to take a pledge. He may need some such support. But I don't propose to join him. I'd consider myself insulted if any man offered it to me." "Now you're a' talkin'," cried "Boozy Sal" enthusiastically slapping his shoulder, "just what I told 'em last night. Says I, 'Taint 'spectable, 'cause Squire Lawson says 'taint.'" Nearly everybody laughed outright. The usher tried vainly to persuade the creature to sit down. Squire Lawson was furious. Moving hastily still farther from his unwelcome follower and nearer the table in front of the pulpit where laid the pledge, he exclaimed, "Yes, I want it clearly understood, that I claim no fellowship with such as *that* (waving his hand toward "Boozy Sal.") "All who choose may join hands with such wrecks as sisters and brothers. But I'll have none of it—I'm a respectable man!" "You are that," chimed in "Boozy Sal," "you are the best man we've got on our side. We all say that," and her hand clenched his shoulder. It was more than human nature could stand, and amid the roars of laughter the poor Squire tore himself from his tormentor, and snatching the pledge signed his name. "There," he exclaimed savagely, as he passed Sal on the way to his seat, "I'm not on your side now." The astonished and delighted assembly rose by common impulse and came forward to congratulate him. He hardly knew what to do with his new honor, but soon found work enough in the cause and fought a good and long fight. But he was ever fond of relating how "Boozy Sal's" approval made him "see the point" in less than ten minutes, notwithstanding a dozen lectures had failed to convince him.—*Temperance Review*.

"ONE OF IRELAND'S NOBLEST SONS."

Away to the sunny South! Let me again in thought revisit the scenes of Father Mathews labors, and tell to thee, oh, Ulster Scott! what these eyes beheld in the ancient city of Cork.

Fresh from reading the Life of the Irish Apostle of Temperance, and also Sullivan's "New Ireland," I was beginning to feel within me an unwonted interest in the history of our country, and, therefore, the proposal of a tour in the South seemed to me doubly delightful.

To most of us Northerners that part of our native land is *terra incognita*. We go hither and thither for health or pleasure, but perhaps not one in one hundred has seen the purple glow on the Kerry mountains, or the lovely lakes of fair Killarney.

The Cork Exhibition, no doubt, drew many this past summer to the province of Munster, who would not otherwise have thought of going. But to me personally, the exhibition was of much less interest than the winding streets of the ancient city, the butter market, the curious looking cars, peculiar to Cork, the magnificence of the chapels, and the strong contrast

shown to them in the appearance of those who entered to pay their devotions.

On arriving at the railway station you cross St. Patrick's Bridge, and at once you feel your interest aroused by the sight of Father Mathew's statue. It stands on a broad pedestal, in the most conspicuous spot in Patrick Street, and is more than life-size. It is of bronze, by Foley, the sculptor, and was erected in 1864. I was told that sometimes people may be seen kneeling in the street beside it at their prayers. Let us not be in haste to blame them, that in their distress, when the heart is almost broken, and the board bare at home through the devastation of drink, their thoughts turn to one whose heart was large, and whose powers were all devoted to rescue victims of the whiskey, and, in gazing up into that noble face, they remember that there was one who loved his race, and spent his life in doing them service.

A hard battle had he to wage in life and in death there was none to take the standard from his weary hand. This much-loved apostle had no successor. No other noble capuchin arose to carry on the holy war. The personal influence of Father Mathew was immense; but the Irish character is notably unstable, so when their loved leader fell, and temptation came, there was a sad falling off. This fact is freely acknowledged by A.M. Sullivan. He says—"The circumstances under which the drink-curse arose anew amongst the Irish people are painfully reproachful to our law makers and administrators. There were scores, probably hundreds, of districts in Ireland from which drink shops had long totally disappeared; and had there been at the time any suitable conservation of this 'free soil' area, three-fourths of Father Mathew's work would have endured to the present hour. But what happened within my own experience and observation was this: When the Government relief works were set on foot all over the kingdom, close by every pay office or depot, there started into operation a meal store and a whiskey shop, nay, often the pay clerks and road staff lodged in the latter, and made it 'headquarters.' Only too well the wretched people knew what the fire-water would do for them; it would bring them oblivion or excitement, in which the horror and despair around them would be forgotten for a while. . . . In the track of the Government relief staff, and specially 'licensed' by law, the drink shops re-appeared, and to a large extent conquered what they had lost. Not wholly, however. There are thousands of men in Ireland who 'took the pledge from Father Mathew,' and hold by it still. . . . The pure-souled and great-hearted capuchin has not lived and labored in vain."

The wave of temperance which swept over the land at length receded, and now the evil is among high and low.

On all sides in Cork it is most depressing to see the signs of declension in temperance. It is a proverb in the city that on each side of the street, immediately opposite Father Mathew's statue, there stand three or four public houses. These do a good business. You see a stream of men and women, dirty, ragged, and degraded, pouring in and out, and none seem at all rebuked by the silent sermon preached by that noble figure in bronze.

I have before me as I write, a little photo which, perhaps, may be familiar to many of you. The scene—Patrick Street, Cork. Here is the statue of our hero. His arm is outstretched, as if in the act of blessing, and he is looking down, with benevolence on his handsome face. In the background you see the irregular line of shops, and below the statue sits a poor woman, resting awhile from carrying her heavy basket. In the foreground stands Pat, as he is generally represented in pictures, but rarely seen in real life, with battered hat, ragged coat, and knee-breeches. He has a shille-leagh under his arm, and a short pipe between his teeth. He is addressing Father Mathew in the following strain—"Bedad, the judge dhrinks it, the clergy dhrinks it, I dhrink it, so does Sheela, a little, and likes it, too, so yer riverence was desaved entirely in the potheen!"

This little photo is supposed to be a take-off, something for the English and Americans to laugh at, and buy as a little remembrancer of the "poor Irish," but it is a stern reality. As to Judge, Sheela, and Pat, we suppose it is a true statement; but as regards the clergy, I regret to say, that in all the hotels where our party stayed, we failed to meet a follower of the good Father Mathew, and we came across a good many clergy. Afterwards I made bold to mention this fact to some intelligent people whom we met at Killarney, and they could not deny it. I did indeed hear, upwards of a year ago, of two Catholic clergymen in Dublin, who were earnestly endeavoring to save their people from intemperance. But I merely record my own observation as to not meeting any.

We made our way to Father Mathew's grave, in St. Joseph's Cemetery, what was formerly the Botanic Gardens, but converted to its present use by the worthy friar. His remains lie in the centre of the chief walk, have a headstone, and a simple railing enclosing them. On leaving I saw two or three poor people kneeling around. On the stone were placed some odd little china figures like dolls, and other objects. Our guide told me that people with various ailments came there on pilgrimage, and to pray, and are cured. They leave crutches, and so on, as testimony to the fact. I certainly saw no crutches, but perhaps the little articles I saw had some significance.

Father Mathew himself always disclaimed any miraculous healing power. Even in his lifetime, many of the people accredited him with it, but he was far too honest to allow such an impression to go abroad. Wonderful restorations to health, no doubt, there were, after signing the pledge,