

suffered in the reflux of that impetuosity which impelled it on. In the United States during the temperance mania that existed there some years ago, orchards were cut down under the influence of fanaticism, and many hundred barrels of ale, of cider, of beer, and spirits emptied upon the high roads. The man who presumed to take any ardent spirits was looked upon as a Turk or a Heathen,—all morality, all obligations to society, every duty, religious, civil and political was to consist in one magic term alone, and that term was Temperance; or rather, it was a burlesque upon that sacred virtue properly understood. Every impostor in that country who wished to riot over the spoils acquired from ignorance or credulity, began his career by preaching up temperance—by creating outlets where every meddling babler might cant himself into notoriety, and the consequence is, that in the great cities of that Union the cause of temperance is in a sad condition indeed. People wondered at the delusion practised upon them, and as in the time of Charles the Second in England, when puritanism suddenly degenerated into the vilest licentiousness, the principle of temperance advocated unwisely fell into such contempt as it neither merits nor deserves. The movement in Ireland and its kindred branches in the Colonies have been more successful; but we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that both in England, Ireland and Scotland and in the Colonies the various Associations springing from, or claiming kindred with Father Matthew's own Association at Cork, have lost a great deal of the fervour which characterized them in the beginning. Hundreds have fallen away in Cork under Father Matthew's own eyes. Dublin, London, Limerick, Waterford, St. John's Newfoundland, St. John Brunswick, and many other places that we could mention can count their defections by hundreds too,—and is it wonderful then that Halifax should not have escaped the storm which spread its ravages over so many strongholds of Temperance. We do not wonder at the defection here. It was perfectly natural it was owing to a general cause at work every where, the depravity of man—his restless inclination to evil—his weakness, his folly, his having to contend here as elsewhere with all the evils which flesh is heir to,—his presumption in fancying that he is all sufficient for himself, and that he can procure every grace from Heaven by merely refraining from intoxicating liquors.

But it may be asked, and what remedy will you suggest?—How will you prevent the spread of intemperance? Do you think your meetings will do it? Do you think that mere talking will change man's nature, and transform the drunkard into a sober man? If we regarded meetings as the only means of advancing the cause of temperance, we should abandon them altogether, for we feel convinced that they are quite inadequate to that object—that their consideration enters but slightly into the motives which make people retain and give up their pledge; but still, as they do contribute something to the advancement of the cause, they should be rather fostered than treated with coolness. But the grand remedy, the only reasonable one that can be suggested, the only one that will stand the test of time, a remedy of general and particular application, a remedy compared with which every other is mere trash and nonsense,—a remedy for all places and all seasons, a remedy which every Catholic has an opportunity of applying in his own case, promptly and efficaciously,—a remedy for every evil as well as that of intemperance; is simply this: Attention to your religious duties. Temperance based upon any other foundation is nothing more than hypocrisy perched upon a mass of rottenness that will be felt more sensibly the nearer it is approached. How can the virtues survive the wreck of the principle which gives them existence? Temperance is one of the Cardinal virtues—it is not applicable to intoxicating drinks alone,—it extends to every action—it enters into every channel of man's duty—it is the handmaid of every virtue,—it corrects every excess or defect in the practise of the others: it comes from Heaven. How can the man who has not complied with his religious duties

during six, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, how can he stand up as an advocate of temperance? How can he raise his voice consistently in favour of a cause upon which his life is a scandalous libel? With what grace can he talk of morality who lives as if he believed his religion a cheat? No, if we wish to take the pledge with profit—to realize everything which we had promised ourselves by taking it, we must be firmly resolved to attend to our religious duties. Without this it will be a mere mockery to approach,—it would be better a thousand times never to take that pledge at all, for in the majority of instances a shameless violation of the pledge will follow where the resolution to attend to our religious duties is not firmly taken, earnestly pursued and recommended to Heaven. Everything that should be valued near and dearest to us, is involved in that resolution, and any attempt to make men sober without making them religious will meet what it deserves—failure, scorn and derision.

We have now arrived at the holy season of Advent—it is a season at which the Church reminds her children that they must reject the works of darkness and put on the armour of light, for that the Son of man would be seen coming in the clouds of Heaven with great power and majesty to judge the world. The gospel tells us that we know not the time of our visitation, but certain it is that the hour of death, though one which we neither wish nor expect, will come, and perhaps suddenly. Like the wretched Jews who were deaf to every warning the sinner, may go on in his career of iniquity—he may add habitual drunkenness to the catalogue of his other frightful vices—he may leave his wife and his children without the necessities of life during the severe winter experienced in this country—he may blast all his prospects earthly and eternal, but as sure as there is a God in Heaven, a day of terrible retribution is in store for him. If there be any among our readers who feel that they have need to take this pledge, or whose example might stimulate others, let them go forward in the name of God, not only determined to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks, but still more fully determined to purgo their souls from the guilt of sin.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

COLLECTED BY JAMES WALL AND PATRICK WALSH.

	s. d.		s. d.
Henry Griffin	5	Mr McCormack, L. Yard	1 3
Mrs Farrell	1 3	Thomas Gorman	1 3
Ann Delany	1 3	Mrs Oakley	2 6
Mrs Sullivan	1 3	Mr Bagnell, Miramichi	5 0
Anastasia Henebury	1 5	Thomas Deehan	1 3
Mrs Boyle	3 14	Mary Dunphy	1 3
Miss Foley	1 3	James Wall	1 3
" C. Foley	1 7½	William Sullivan	0 7½
Mary Condon	0 11	John Butler	1 3
Margaret Murphy	2 0	A Friend	1 3
James Kearney	1 3	Patrick Toolo	5 2½
Mrs Mahar	1 3	Edward Brett	1 3
Patrick Devany	1 3	Mrs Ryan	1 3
Mrs Daly	0 7½	" Connors, Hotel	5 2½

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that a few days since a gentleman of that city saw in the streets a lovely little girl of tender years standing on the banquetto bathed in tears. The good man approached her, and taking her by the hand inquired the cause of her anguish. The dear little creature continued to sob bitterly, until at length she exclaimed: "My father and Mother have been taken to Heaven, and I am left an orphan." There were three or more persons by at this time, and the feelingly eloquent words of the engaging little one brought tears from every eye. The worthy gentleman who first addressed her said a few kind words with a view of relieving her, and then said: "I will be to you a father, and my wife (and no man has a better one) will greet you with a mother's smiles." He then took her by the hand and carried her to his residence. This is an achievement on the field of mercy, of which any good man should be proud.—*Nat Intelligencer.*