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BETWEEN THE SANDHILLS AND THE SEA.

A STORY OF A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

It is nowhere easier to lose one's way than amongst sandhills. Even in the comparatively small stretch that lies between Dungonnel and Tillaroan land-marks are difficult to recognize, and wandering there in search of the old wandering there in search of the old abbey and the graveyard, that we knew aboey and the graveyard, that we have to be near the sea, we found ourselves circling round instead of keeping on-wards. So, catching sight of two figures on the shore, we decided to go and ask them for directions.

Drawing nearer, we saw that there was only one man, the other figure being a donkey, rendered shapeless by the masses of drippling seaweed that filled the creels upon its back and fell in shining brown masses over its makely in shining brown masses over its whole body. We were high above them on the hill, but the path winding from the smooth stretch of beach to the loose sands at our feet showed that by wait-ing where we stood we would soon have m within hail.

"The abbey, is it? Faith, then, 'tis a contrary way to be goin' from this."
The old man, shriveled and bent, pulled The old man, shriveled and bent, pulled himself upright to answer our questions, resting both his hands on the thick, crooked stick that helped him along. "Maybe, 'twould be best for ye to come along of me to the highroad, an' I'd set you on the way. Without that ye'll be wantin' to go climb them banks till you come to Con Tierney's fishing cot; an' after, when ye'll come to the last toepad on the right, ye won't take it, but wheel to the left a bit further on, an' ye'll come to where bit further on, an' ye'll come to where ye'll see the ruin, only there's an ugly gripe an' a couple of walleens—" W thought that this was certainly a cas where the longest way round was the most desirable, and we therefore followed Peter Keane, as we learned the old man's name to be, in the direction whence we had lately come.

He was the owner, or rather the older, of five acres of land, for which he paid two pounds twelve and sixpence a year to the sgent. Landlords are merely names in those parts; all are absentees, and most have never ever set eyes on the place or the people supply the incomes that are spent else

On reaching the highway, we waited to receive instructions before parting with our guide, but, having come so far he announced his intention of accom

panying us all the way.
"G'wanomerat!" He emphasized his parting word to the donkey with a whack of the stick, mercifully in a place where there was a comfortable padding of seaweed. Evidently the animal understood this adjuration, for it pro-ceeded immediately to "go along home out of that," whilst its master led us once more in the direction of the sea.

A dull haze hung over the islands that block the full stretch of the Atlantic. but between them the waves showe gray and leaden, with angry ridges of white foam; and even in the bay, where foam ; and even in the the gulls and terns had come for refuge, there was a big, heaving awell on the incoming tide, and we could hear the dash of waters against the rocks, even before we entered the graveyard.

The founders of the abbey had done well in choosing their site if they to live remote from the world. the sandhills behind and the broad seas than the country over the ocean, and the islands are merely stretches of rock, bleak and rugged, without vegetation or sign of human life. One really felt that churchyard to be on the verge of

eternity.

The builders of old did not lay their foundations in the sand; they chose the only read of rock for many miles and piled their masonry upon it at the point where it juts the farthest into the sea. Then the westerly gales blew in, and the flying sand gathered in layers round the walls and over everything. And when graves came to be needed, it was sand, hardened by time and bound to firmness with bent grass roots, that

the bodies were laid to rest.
Nothing remains of the monastery that e was there: little even of the itself. There are two gable ends pierced with early Norman windows, where ivy has grown up and sea and land birds meet and quarrel, and finally nest; and between these ends with a broken wall around it, is a great gray altar slab, weather-stained and worn, but with the five crosses of consecration still im printed on it. There are graves, seen ingly, on graves, and weeds and nettle everywhere. Some of the mounds have bare crosses over them, some slabs and heavy, ugly monuments; but many, nay, most, of the graves are nameless,

One reason for our visit was to seek the originals of some epitaphs we had seen in a magazine, and which were said have been copied from tomb-stones at Dungonnel. On paper they were de-lightful, but truth compels us to acknow-ledge that they did not exist on stone.

"It's a many I've seen comin here," said Peter Kenne cheerfully. "The Lord have mercy on their souls! There's not much place left in it now. That's where me an' herself'll lie, over beyont where the Widow Duggan's husband do be buried." Then Peter pointed to another grave still further away. There There was nothing to distinguish this grave from the others, but the old man told a real romance of the sea about it.

North of Tillaroan, between the shore of Killawurity, a mass of cliff stands boldly facing the Atlantic. Even at low tide the waters swirl and eddy round its feet, but when the waves come dashing in, breaking against the granite walls and thundering through the caves that pierce their rugged surface, they form a sight not easily forgotten. There are great pieces of rock, too, detached from the cliffs themselves, cruel, jagged points, that in a storm are hidden by the angry waves.

Since we have known the cliffs of Tillaroan a lighthouse has stood upon their heights, warning passing ships to keep away, Sailors travelling that coast know that they cannot seek the shelter of the bay without a local pilot to guide them through the narrow channel, seemingly so fair and wide, yet holding death at every point but one in the merciless rocks that lie beneath the water.

The village stands in the shelter of the headland, and when the fishing boats are out it is only an abode of women and of children. Thus it was the night that Owen Colohan lost his life. He happened, for some reason, to be at home just then, but there was not another sea-faring man in the place excepting Dan McGlinchy. Daniel in his day had been a first-rate seaman, but he was one of those who do not care for work, and when the others went away to fish he preferred to remain behind, ostensibly to mind his lobster pots, but incidentally to be within convenient reach of a public house. A storm had sprung up early in the afternoon, and when the evening fell it was raging so wildly that not an eye was closed in all the village; women and children had to keep awake to pray for

children had to keep awake to pray for those who were at sen.

Fierce as was the gale, there was always a hope that their own dear ones were away beyond it, but that some one was in danger from it became known in the village early in the night.

Sounds of distress came moaning through the darkness, and by the light

through the darkness, and by the light of fireworks sent up at intervals those on shore could judge that the sailors, whoever they might be, had tried to run for the Bay of Dungonnel, but, missing the channel, were lying now close to the hidden reef, and God only knew how long they could keep from drifting on it. Still, a man who knew the coast could aren yet have sayd the ship and fragile even yet have saved the ship, and fragile s a curregh is, it has been known to live where other boats were useless

There were curraghs in plenty on the strand: the question was who would dare his life on such a quest? A narrow question, embracing only two men, Owen Colohan, strong with a lad's strength, and Dan McGlinchy, than whom no one better knew the coast. Which would it petter knew the coast. Which would i

"Toss," said Daniel hoarsely-"Heads!"

A coin was thrown, turned in the air and fell. Some one struck a light, and man and boy bent forward. The flick of the match lit up two anxious faces.

Owen's, young, keen, cleanly, little touched by the passing of eighteen blameless years. And the other?

There was one black sheep in the parish, and his face it was that now showed gray and livid before the match died do For an instant their eyes met above the

coin that lay with head upturned, ther young Owen's hand went lightly to it. "Tails," he said quietly. "Tis me! Then in the dark they moved towards the curraghs, loosened one and carried her across the shingle. A lantern was set in her bows, and close beside it was the bottle of holy water, without which no man from thereabouts will ever put

Quick as the toss had been, some be dick as the toss had been some be-sides the two concerned had seen what happened. If the lad chose to go, why should they prevent it? Dan had his wife and children, all still young, and Owen's mother was an ageing woman, God help her! Owen knew that she was amongst the crowd that was gathered round, and, having tested both his oars, he turned to say one word to her. There was no fear in his face, for the call of the sea was upon him. She would have let him leave her with a muttered blessing from her strained, white lips, although she felt that death was almost certa Then, with a sudden instinct-or did

done?—she seized his arm.
"Is it you to go?" she questioned,
"Is ferceness, "Clean and honest, is it you?' "Let me go, mother!" But he left

her cry unanswered. it you?" she repeated, clenching her strong hands about his arm. "Don't dare to go before the throne of God with on your lips!

And all this while the precions ents were slipping by.
"Let me go, mother agrah! He has

his wife an' the childer at home."
"An' no good he is to them! Owen avick, come back out o' that." She was pleading now, but yet she held him strongly. "I wouldn't say you nay had it been the will o' God."

Then he bent his head and whispered in her ear, and even those about them could not hear the words he said. Afterwards the people learnt them, and Peter told us what they were. He was ready to go—less than a week, before he'd been to the priest, when the station was in Shane Devine's-but Dan-Dar wanted time. She loosed her hands and turned upon McGlinchy.
"Have you done your Easter? Are

you ready to meet your God?"

As far as animal courage went, Dan was no greater coward than his neighor, but now, in the dim light, the Widow Colohan saw there was awful terror in his eyes. Then she went again to Owen.

"Go, avick," she said. "God love you now and forever!"

For a minute or more they watched the tiny light cresting the huge waves, then as it disappeared in the darkness, the agonizing keen of a heart-broken mother was taken up by the winds and

carried sobbingly to heaven.

Meanwhile the ship was drifting nearer, nearer to destruction. Hope had almost died away, when Owen's light, the merest speck, gave it sudden life again. Twenty pairs of eyes were strained into the darkness, twenty pairs of ears sought for sound of human voice.
"Lower a rope!" The captain's order
was obeyed almost before it had been

The dot of light was close to the imperiled boat now tossing up and down in the black chasms of waters. Ower dared not go too close, and over and over again they flung the rope towards him, but never near enough for him to grasp it. When at last it hit the cur ragh, the force of the blow made the frail craft fly; but Owen had it safely held. Keeping only a single oar, he made the line fast about his body.
"Heave to!" Very faintly they heard his call. The cord tichtoned is the his call. The cord tightened; the spray flew from it on his face. A second pull and he felt the curragh glide from under him. He was hanging in space against the side of the ship, clasping his oar with both hands to protect him-self from crashing against the timbers. Once he flew out, but as he came back

the oar received the shock.

A second time the lurching vessel flung him from her, and those on deck

heard a splintering crack, a crash and the burden at the rope end hung limp and inert, and hurriedly they drew it in. His chest was bare and wet, but not with the cold sea waves. A warm crimson flood told its own tale, and the broken oar that had failed in its task lay shattered on the rocks below. Once again the thought of safety passed from the crew; then the lad opened his eyes "Hold up my head," he said.

They did his bidding pityingly, no yet daring to hope that he could guide

"Turn sharp to the right," he went of faintly. "Keep straight on. Now to larboard, but quickly. Put up a bit of sail if you can."

It almost seemed that he was wande ing, but desperate men try desperate remedies, and with the sail up the ship bounded through the darknes

"Can you see the lights of the village yet?" he asked. And when they an-swered "No," he bade them keep ahead. "We see them now."
"Then turn; turn right about to face

them."

A moment later the sailors did need to be told that they were saved. The great jagged rocks that had threat-ened their destruction stood up now a ened their destruction stood up now a solid breakwater between them and the

He was still breathing when they laid him in his mother's arms, and all the long hours whilst a barefooted lad of Dan McGlinchy's was away over the mountains for a priest she half knelt, half sat, holding him to her and wiping the lips from time to time through which the life-blood was slowly draining With the dim light of early dawn the priest came in and spoke the words bsolution over him. It was peace ready, and very soon came rest. And they had buried him there, only a few story. One question we had to ask, and that was whether the time he gave to Dan McGlinchy had been made use of

to good purpose.
"Didn't herself see to that?" said
Peter. "I was only a gossoon meself
that time, but the old folk did use to be that time, but the old folk did use to be sayin' he went to the priest that very morning. Anyways, 'twas a good day for his wife and childer, for wasn't he the changed man with the fret he got? An' many's the blessin's did the widov An many's the blessin's did the widow woman get for the hand that she had in it. 'Didn't my Owen give his life for that one to get time?' says she. 'An' 'tin't me that'll see him lose his imortal soul after.' Me mother, God be good to her! used to be sayin' that she seen her huntin' Dan along the road home when she seen him next or nigh the public house; and never would a station be from this to Killwurity but the public the Widow Colohan was in it, an' who would it be takin' her along on th' ass' back but Dan himself, an' he beside her

with the priest as well."

We crossed the stile leading back to
the sandhills and turned for a last look at the graveyard by the sea. It stood out against the sky, with the waters only showing on either side of it. The sun, sinking towards the horizon, was vainly struggling to pierce the heavy clouds, but it only succeeded in showing a faint light, just enough to recall the

great radiance beyond. Behind us Peter Keane had gone on his knees, and a glimmer of brightness seemed to fall upon his upturned face. His shapeless hat and the blackthorn stick lay on the grass before him, his head was bare, his hands joined and his ips moved in supplication to heaven for the souls who still were waiting. Dease in the Austral Light.

SKETCHES OF CHRIST'S FOLK

Thinking that the readers of the Review may like to share in the pleasure and profit derived by one of its subscribers by the perusal of Miss Alexander's letters to Rushin, now embodied in his latest published works of thirty-odd volumes, I transcribe a few passages from one of them, taking the liberty, however, to substitute the English instead of the occasional Italian word for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the Italian tongue.

Miss Alexander is a Bostonian and a Protestant. Her letters depict the character of the Italian peasants among whom she has spent her life. Mr. Rus-kin's own words about these sketches seem to me a sufficient excuse for their reproduction in the Review at a tin when the teaching of "Christ and Him crucified" is fast losing its meaning among our separated brethren, to whom we would like to bring home the fact the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" (the slogan now so vociferously proclaimed from the Protestant housetop) has been for centuries and still is, the underlying principle of the life of these Italian peasants.

the life of these Italian peasants.

Nor must one imagine that the superior Christian traits herein portrayed are peculiar to Italy alone. Mr. Guernsey, Protestant, and editor of the Mexican Herald, is very fond of telling us of the beneficent influence of the Gostantian and the superior of the description. pel among all classes in Catholic Mexco, and we have impartial witnesses to the same effect regarding Spain. Ireland and the countries of South America, and of all Catholic provinces among the

pagan people of the world.

There is a great deal said to-day about new religious, but one wonders if there is any hope of getting one that will be as helpful to the people, high or low, as is this old religion.

SUBSCRIBER. RUSKIN'S DESCRIPTION OF THESE SKETCHES.

Mr. Ruskin classes these sketches nder the general head of "Christ's folk," and here are his own words in his preface to these exquisite character sketches, Nov. 30, 1886:

It seems to me that the best Christian work I can do this year, (my own fields of occupation being also in great measure closed to me by the severe warning of recent illness and the languor it has left) will be to gather out of this treasure of letters what part might, with the writer's permission, and with-out pain to any of her loved friends, be laid before those of the English public who have either seen enough of the Italian peasantry to recognize the truth of these ritratti, (sketches) or have re-spect enough for the faith of the incor-

rupt Catholic Church to admit the sincerity, and rejoice in the virtue, of a people still living as in the presence of Christ, and under the instant teaching of His saints and apostles.

In another place he speaks of these ketches as " revealing all that is ser viceablest in earthly sorrow, sacredest in mortal sorrow, and purest in the re-ligion which has alike known and vis-ited the affliction of the fatherless and widow, and kept itself—as the very clouds of morning—unspotted from the

I introduce Edwige first because she plays a prominent part in all this cor-respondence between Miss Alexander respondence between Miss Alexander and Mr. Ruskin, and a knowledge of her position in Miss Alexander's life and the warm affection between them adds greatly to the interest of all these

THE STORY OF EDWIGE.

She was the eldest daughter of eleven children in a very poor family. . . When the last child was born, the father was away from home, and there was a long bill owing at the baker's and the day the poor baby was six days old, the baker refused to give them any more bread until the bill was paid. So there eleven children and nothing to Poor Assunta (that was the mother's name) knew that there was a man living outside Porta Prato, who owed some money to her husband, and she felt sure that he would pay it to her if she could see him and tell her story; but there were six miles from her house to his. She took courage, how-ever, and having gone first to church, walked the six miles, saw the man, told her story and received the money, and then walked the six miles, back again.

Assunta was a saint on earth if ever there was one. She never complained nor lost her patience, nor spoke a sharp word, nor was displeased when she saw others better off than herself. Whenever she was in any great whenever see was in any great trouble, and others pitied her, she al-ways said: "I can not complain; there was One Who might have chosen what He would in the world,—and He chose to suffer."

of course, in such a family the children had all to go to work very young and Edwige, when a very little child was sent to a mistress to learn to weave linen. . At eighteen she married Tonino Gualtieri, a stone mason, whom I never knew; and came to live near Florence. Her husband was an excellent man, who is still remembered affectionately by those who knew him. Sh describes him as a pious, humble, Chris tian man, very retiring in his ways, wh liked to go to church where no on knew him, and always laid aside part of his earnings in the week to give to sor aged or infirm people on Sunday: and he would rather deprive himself of any indulgence than of this pleasure. During eleven years that they were to-gether, her life was a very happy one.

CHOLERA EPIDEMIC. In those eleven years four children were born, all daughters. Then came that terrible year—if I am not mistaken it was 1855—when the cholera visited Florence; and in that time of terror, when so many were dying, the com-plaint attacked poor Tonino. He had cone out to his work in the morning apparently as well as usual, but cam home a few hours later, so changed the one could hardly know him! I will not dwell on the fearful details of his illnes and death-in eleven hours all was over His last words were : "Take care the children, Edwige, and the Lord will take care of you.

For some time after he died, Edwige remained like one stunned. She shed no tears, she could neither eat nor leep; she could not understand what and happened. Only the thought of her children roused her a little. There were no debts. Tonino was a scrupulously honest man, and never bought he could not afford; but for est, they were left with hardly anything in the house. She found in one of his pockets money to the amount of eight lire, (a little over a dollar) but he was afraid at first to spend it. thought," she said afterwards, his employers might have given him that money to buy something for them, and that he had forgotten to tell me of it before he died. noney and went to the gentleman for whom my husband had worked, and told him about it; but he said, "Keep it, your husband had earned it." And this was her only inheritance.

HARD TRIALS.

Just twenty days after her husband died, a fifth child was born in the Hos pital of the Innocenti, where she was obliged to go. . . She stayed a week at the hospital, no more; and then she took her baby in her arms and walked home with it, for she could not leave her children any longer. They were staying with some of her poor neighbors, who could not, she thought, afford to keep them. It was a very hot day, and she felt sad and desolate as she carried the fatherless child up the lonely dusty road to where she lived, and where she knew that the house wa empty of provisions; but she thought of what she considered her husband's promise—" Take care of the children. Edwige, and the Lord will take care of An old gentleman who lived near by-he was a good man but no saw her going into the house with her baby, and sent over a pentola of soup, which had been prepared for his own dinner.

And now commenced a long period of literally living by faith. She began immediately to work; at first she went to take care of the cholera patients of whom there were many; afterwards she used to go out washing; or to help the reapers at harvest time; or, when families moved from one house to another, she would help move the furni ture. When one of her neighbors moved to a place about three miles from where she lived, she carried all the furnitur there, making of course several journeys. She hired a hand cart for the heavier things, and the rest she took in her arms. But all her work would never have been sufficient, for there were six mouths to feed, if she had not been helped much. "Often," she says, "very often we have gone to bed without a crumb of anything in the house to eat the next day, and without knowing where we could find any; but in the

morning God would send someone to knock at the door and bring us help. He knew that I had five babies! Of course, most of the help came from very poor people; I believe it is always so; the poor are those who pity the poor. There was one poor beggar who used to go about the country with a linen bag, go about the country with a state of some and he wild stop at her door and give her the best pieces of bread out of his bag, saying: "You are poorer than I, because you have these children."

After a while Edwige obtained regu-

lar work from a washerwoman who em ployed several women. She used to go at 6 o'clock in the morning and wor until 8 o'clock in the evening. could not support such a life long; came a long and painful illness, from which she did not recover fairly for two years, and she has never been very strong since. While she was ill, she used to braid straw all day (an art that she had learnt from her mother) and when she was not able to sleep, which was often, she would braid all night, too, in the dark. And a friend who lived near her, used to sell the braid for her, and bring her straw to make more. FAITH OF LITTLE TONING REWARDED. One night as she was dividing the

bread to the children, she said, "W must eat moderately to-night, becaus this bread must last to-morrow." An little Tonino, then six years old said:
"I do not think so, for we are told to say in the Lord's Prayer. Give us this day our daily bread. God would never have told us to ask for it, if He had not meant to give it to us. Let us eat all that we need to-night, and then say that prayer all together, and He will send us some more to-morrow." This was such plain common sense that there This was no contradicting it; the hungry family finished all the bread that evening; then knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer with great devotion. And the next morning, being stormy weather, a neighbor sent them in a little provision; and Tonino was de-lighted, and said, "You see that I had son!" I think that was the last time: the family were never reduced to suc

extremity again.

After Edwige recovered, she entered our service as my particular attendant coming every morning and staying with me for some hours. And since then the course of our lives has been together. Her children are all married now and are all mothers of families, and she lives very happily with Clementina (her eldest daughter) and Clementina's children, when she is not with me. Nov that she is not cold, nor hungry, no over-worked, she considers herself a very fortunate and wealthy person; and metimes says that she is living in gold Sacred Heart Review.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE ONLY EFFECTIVE REMEDY F R TH EVIL OF INTEMPERANCE.

The civilized world stands aghast at the ravages of the White Pague. In a single year one-fifth of a million Amer icans have fallen victims to this dread disease, while throughout the world 1,500,000 persons were claimed by the same grim hand. Its cost to our nation annum. Astounding and incredible as are these enormous figures, they are only surpassed by those of that other and more terrible plague—alcoholism. Nor do we exaggerate. At the recent sessions of the American Society for the sessions of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Nar cotics, it was declared that "the alco hol problem is more important than the tuberculosis problem causes the loss of more lives and of more They showed that alcohol he United States annually money." the \$2,000,000,000 and causes more than 10 per cent. of all the deaths in the country. Nor is this all. The latest results of a critical study of the effects of alco of a critical study of the effects of alco-hol show that the record of its evil is appalling. The testim ny of prison chaplains, of wardens, sheriffs and judges of the criminal courts warrants the assertion that from 80 to 90 per cent. of crime is directly or indirectly trace able to the use of intoxicating liquors.
"Ninety per cent, of the women arrested," says May S. Maloney in the Philadelphia North American, "owe their So I took the trouble to drink." In the United States alcohol was the direct cause of divorce in 36,516 cases in the twenty years covered by the government report, and indirectly, with other causes, of 54,281 cases. Half the suicides and two thirds of the poverty and ruin of families may be attributed to the same cause.

Before the present financial crisis Professor McCook estimated that the tramps of this country alone cost the people over \$9,000,000 a year to support them, "a half more than the cos of the Indian Department and one-half the cost of our navy." "Stop drink for even one year," says Rev. M. Phelan, S.J., "and no child of toil need rest his head in a hovel or tenement rookery. Our insane asylums are filling

alarming rapidity. Every day swells their number. Alcohol is placed among their number. Alcohol is placed among its principal causes. "Stamp out alcohol for a century," says Nammack, "and it is probable that "insanity would shrink 75 per cent." Nor are we the only sufferers. The curse following in the train of alcohol girdles the world. the train of alcohol girdles the England and Ireland, France and Germany, Italy and Russia, Sweden and Switzerland, Canada and Mexico all feel its diastrous effects. But it is particulate arly in the wine and beer drinking countries that its most deplorable consequences are seen. Here is a powerful argument against those who advocate the use of beer and wine as a cure for interpretable. intemperance. In Prussia one-fourth of the inmates of the insane asylums were notorious drinkers. In the same country 20 per cent. of the chilnren of drinkers are weak-minded, idiots or epileptic. "One of the worst evils that have set back the German people," says Professor Munsterburg, "has been the wholesale use of beer and wine."
France is the land of light wines, but lcoholism is ominously on the increase there. Fifty-five per cent. of the mur-derers, 57 per cent. of the incendiaries and 70 per cent. of the thieves are shown by the prison statistics of France to be alcoholic subjects of their chil-dren. From the effects of alcohol alone France yearly loses 150,000 infants under one year old and 500,000 under ten years.

Rome, a Catholic periodical of the Eternal City, stated that "of the insane confined in the asylums of Rome 27 per cent. have been made mad through alco-

cent. have been made mad through alcohol," and that "most of the crimes of blood so frequently in Rome are caused directly or indirectly by wine drinking."

"From a sociological standpoint," says Nammack, "we are compelled by incontrovertable evidence to acknowledge that it is of all causes the most frequent sources of poverty, unhappers. quent sources of poverty, unhappiness, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, in-sanity, disease and death." What greater reasons should prompt us take an active part in organized total bstinence?

Among the many means proposed to remedy intemperance several have attracted international attention. These tracted international attention. These are prohibition, the general use of beer and wine, moderate drinking and to all abstinence. In the middle of the last century 15 States adopted the cause of Prohibition. Some even incorporated it in their Constitutions. But its success was short-lived. In a few years the number of Prohibition States shrank to four. Apparently Prohibition bears the four. Apparently Prohibition bears the elements of ultimate failure. As we have already shown, beer and

wine drinking countries are strong proofs of the failure of these two drinks for the cure of intemperance. "Refor the cure of intemperance, "Re-course to lager beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol," says the Scien-tific American, merely increases the danger and fatality." Similarly futile have been the efforts

of the "Moderationists." Indeed, moderation carries within itself the principle of its own destruction. It is this which makes it idle to attempt to teach selfwhose nature is to destroy self-control. Recent results of experiments control. Recent results of experiments in medical science have sounded the death-knell of moderate drinking, "From a scientific standpoint," says Professor Victor Horsley, of the University of London, "the claim so often put before us that small quantities of alcohol, such as people take at meals, have not, such as people that at many many practically no deleterious effect, cannot be maintained." The 'dea that there is safety in taking it "after the day's work is done," is a delusion, for Professor Kraeplin, of Heidelburg University, has shown by actual demonstration that "alcohol causes a diminution of brain power which lasts sometimes until the evening of the next day." Von Helm-holtz, the celebrated physicist of the nineteenth century, declared "that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served effectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort." It has been shown that alcohol predisposes to infectious diseases, lowers vitality and increases mortality in all surgical operations. According to Dr. Spratling. of Johns Hopkins University, there is no drug or medicine known which is so prominent a cause of epilepsy as alcohol. It is his opinion that from 20 to 50 per cent. of all the cases of epileptics are traceable to the use of alcohol.

Of the remedies proposed to check the evils of intemperance but one has proved effective; this is organized total abstinence. It has stood the test of time and has accomplished results be-yond the sanguine hopes of its founders. Apart from its moral advantages it has ontributed to the cause of a gain of four and one-tenth years in the average length of life in this country, as reported by a recent census. It has led to the demand by employees of total abstinence in employers and has been a powerful factor towards creating greater sobriety among American work-men. The chief among the organizations that have aided in the acco ment of these marvelous results is the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. For nearly forty years it has labored in this noble cause, and to day it numbers .over 1,000 societies and above 110,000 members. Its principles are advocated by capital and labor and by the leading men of our land. In an inquiry conducted under the direction of the Cormission of Labor among 7,000 industrial establishments employ ing 1,700,000 persons 5,303 replied that they never employed any one without being first informed as to his sobriety, and 1,794 that they absolutely prohibited the use of intoxicating liquors ited the use of intoxicating liquors by their workmen. The United States De-partment of Labor found that 90 per ent. of railways, 79 per cent. of manufactories, 88 per cent. of trades and 72 per cent. of agriculturists discriminate against employees addicted to the use of intoxicants as beverage. Nearly all the railroads forbid the use of liquor under any circumstances and make it a sufficient cause for discipline or dis-

charge.

Labor is strong in its denunciation against drink. One of the former leaders of the United Labor Organizations, referring to drink, said: "When I know that if free from the shackles of intemperance the workingmen of America would hew out for themselves a name and a place in the world which was never dreamed of in the past centuries, it makes my heart sick to know that one of them should ever raise to his mouth the glass that damns both body and soul." Practically every one of the Executive Council of the National Federation of Labor is a total abstainer. This is generally true of the great labor eaders in the United States

Our great men have strongly endorsed the principles of organized total abstin-ence. "He who drinks," says Presi-dent Taft, "is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement. Person ally I do not take such a risk. I do not drink." Throughout his career Lincoln was a total abstainer. "Three-fourths of mankind," says he, "confess that the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks." General Sheridan being once asked which of all the evils he would dread most for his son, replied: "It would be the curse of strong drink What the eminent Dr. Osler said of drink in England is equally America: "If all the wine, beer and spirits in Great Britain were poured spirits in Great Britain were poured be "If all the wine, beer and into the English Channel it would be hard on the fish, but good for the English people.

Experience both past and present in all departments equally confirms the principles of total abstinence. They were actually demonstrated in the