

with the little vanities of birth, or if he cannot boast of a long line of aristocracy, he may inflate himself with unmeaning airs and pompous pretensions—he may think of acquiring respect by the very means which render him ridiculous and contemptible—he may make Mammon his god, and this world his eternity—but still he has some sort of animal happiness—he can look with an eye of complacency upon his lands, his house, his furniture, his goods, and his money—he may rejoice that it is not in the power of an enemy to lessen his credit or to deprive him of bread; and so far he enjoys worldly happiness. But the poor man who is deprived of all these things; who has nothing but the labour of his hands to support him; whose means of support are continually fluctuating, rendering him a prey to anxiety, threatening him with poverty and disgrace, whose house is often the picture of his soul, cold, cheerless and desolate, who hears the cry of his hungry child without being able to relieve it; and who, notwithstanding all this rushes to the dram-shop to spend his doleful pittance of wages—that poor man, we repeat, is the most unfortunate of human beings. Despised by the world, that hell that he makes for himself on earth, and into which he drags so many others is only a prelude to those eternal torments which he may encounter hereafter. As long as we live, to be sure, we are never to despair, but hope itself wears a sickly aspect to the eye of the drunkard. The future for him like a dark and blasted waste overhung by a lowering cloud is an object of terror and amazement. He gazes at the shadow of death through the mist of his sins. Heaven and Earth, and Hell, seem all combined against him, and he shuns the misery upon which he cannot look only by plunging into excesses which hasten his ruin, and usher him into that doleful region where a ray of hope shall not penetrate as long as God shall be God. This is no picture of the imagination, it is a stern, a frightful reality. It is a fact worth remembering that of those who have been hurried untimely into eternity nearly all had been persons of dissolute, abandoned, and drunken habits. How can the man who drinks, and whose earnings are small, do common justice to his family? How can he discharge the duty of a husband or a father? How can he satisfy his obligations to society? Without being directly stigmatized as a robber he ranks with him in public estimation—nay, he is a more detestable character than the common thief, for he robs his family not only of the substance which should sustain them, but he riots over the ruin of their bodies and their souls. In vain will the endearing sympathy that should subsist between man and wife appeal to him, for he is deaf to every voice but the whisper of his sottishness; in vain will the pallid, emaciated face of his child, its rags and its wretchedness, appeal to him—deaf to the entreaties of misery in its loudest or its gentlest accents of complaint—disgusting and faithless, as a husband; cruel, as a father; worthless, as a citizen; he lives but for himself and that self is a hell. Sunken, debased, degraded, lost; in life, a thing without life, or spirit, or intelligence, he sinks into his grave unpitied and unmourned, his very body becoming loathsome food to the worms that will fatten upon it. Such is the man likely to become who has given himself up to the shameful practice of intemperance—such is the drunkard. It is much to be feared that there are too many among us to whom the character of the drunkard is applicable. It is only the Catholic Priest who can know all the heartburnings caused by intemperance—he knows that it carries in its train an innumerable multitude of evils, and he sees them all

brought to a focus when he gazes upon the death bed of the sinner—there, as in a mirror, he beholds the wreck of body and soul, and sometimes in the discharge of the duties of his ministry is he called in to soothe the wild delirious ravings of one who is in the agonies of death, and whose mouth utters nothing but what is incoherent, profane, or blasphemous. No tongue can tell the frightful end of the confirmed, the unrepenting drunkard.

It is painful to think too that there are many among us who have taken the pledge at Father Matthew's own hands, and who have been known to violate it, nay, who have been seen drunk upon the streets of Halifax. This is mournful in the extreme. The poor emigrant who has come to this side of the Atlantic to better his condition, or to acquire a decent competency should look upon the maintenance of his pledge as the best guarantee of success—without friends in many cases—without a home and in a strange country, far away from those whom he loved and in whom he confided,—where every step he takes must be guided by prudence and by caution to him the cultivation of strictly sober habits is essentially necessary. Thrown upon his own resources his industry and energy must be called into action and without a character for sobriety in vain will he toil through the labour that is before him. Those dreams of happiness which he thought he would realize in America will be changed into visions of despair. The precious time when industry might be available is lost for ever—his energies paralyzed—his family, if he have one, piping in hopeless wretchedness,—his heart pressed down by the weight of his sins and miseries, he presents the melancholy picture of an exile who expatriated himself to shun poverty at home, expiring beneath its iron grasp upon a foreign shore, far away from the country in which he hoped his bones would repose when his toil was all over. He may have left an aged parent, a fond brother or sister behind him—he may have promised them assistance when he would reap the fruits of his industry in America,—with tears in his eyes he may have bid them farewell. He may have told them that no sooner would he land in the country to which he was going than he would write home to acquaint them of the fact, and of his chances of success—that his heart would be always with them, rejoicing in their joy and saddening in their misfortunes. If any one told him that he would break his plighted faith—that he would never send even a line to console a drooping parent—that he would spend in the public house what might be of service to those whom he left behind—that he would never attend to one practical duty of his religion—that he would forget God, his parents and his country, his friends and himself,—if any one told him this, he would tremble with horror and amazement. And yet that all this will turn out to be true, we have too many mournful examples to have any doubt whatever.

To the emigrant then who took the pledge from Father Matthew, and who may have had the misfortune to violate it, we would say “renew your pledge as soon as possible;” it is the only means by which you can rescue yourself from destruction—you cannot otherwise satisfy the obligations which you owe to God, to your neighbours and yourselves. It must be confessed, that within the last few years the cause of Temperance all over the world has rather declined than advanced. The wild enthusiasm which characterized it in the beginning has sunk into a lull—upon that as upon every human institution has time marked its corroding influence. Like every good principle when strained too far, the cause of Temperance has