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The League of the Cross Magazine sent post-free to any address for 1s. 6d. yearly. A dozen copies and upwards forwarded post-free.

Contents of this Number.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Words from the Cardinal Archbishop</th>
<th>33</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Bad Kind of Patriotism</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Drowning the Shamrock?&quot; a Story for St. Patrick's Day</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bishop of Salford on Lent</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Apostle of Ireland</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A New Temperance Melody</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Four-Leaved Shamrock</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Note-book</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catholic Temperance News</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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WORDS FROM THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.
February 14, 1884.

My dear Mr. Britten,—I wish to thank you for your zeal and perseverance in bringing out the *League of the Cross Magazine*. To do this single-handed, as you have done, requires no little courage. It is difficult at first to know exactly what is wanted, and, in the vast extent of matter relating to drunkenness and to Temperance, what to choose. I would suggest to you to write upon the following points:

1. That no person in health has need of any stimulant.
2. That every stimulant changes the natural state of a healthy subject; and that such a change, however slight, is unnatural and unhealthy.
3. That no better description can be given of disease than an unnatural state of the body.
4. That stimulants, therefore, cannot be food; for they change the healthful state of the body into a less healthful condition.
5. That for the same reason they cannot give strength to the body; for health and strength go together, and when the health grows less, the strength grows less too.
6. That stimulants, therefore, so far from being necessary to health and strength, are directly hurtful to both.

But the superstition has rooted itself and spread so widely that fathers and mothers begin to teach their children to drink stimulants from an early age, and to believe that they cannot do without them, and, what is worse, to get a liking and a taste for them, which is ruin to many and, when they grow up, a temptation to all.

I very heartily wish you God-speed in the *League of the Cross Magazine*.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Britten,

Yours very faithfully,

Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop.

March 1884.]
A BAD KIND OF PATRIOTISM.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

The opening number of this Magazine contained a short paragraph headed "A Lesson from Madagascar." It stated that the Madagascar Ambassadors, during their visit to England last year, were interviewed on the subject of the drink traffic in their island. They said that this drink traffic was a source of wealth to their Government, but that their Government did not rejoice at the revenue that came from it. "We would rather have a small exchequer than a degraded people." A very proper and edifying remark, no doubt; but the Madagascar Government pockets the money all the same. Where, then, is the lesson? The practice is the same as at home, and the theory has often been put forward here already. For instance, Lord Cairns, at a Temperance meeting at Bournemouth some years ago, said that "of every sixpence spent on spirits no less than fivepence went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so that the working men paid an enormous voluntary tax to the national revenue. They might be very good friends to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he did not think that such persons were very good friends to themselves; and he strongly advised them to take taxation into their own hands, and leave the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find his money in some other way."

Here is the Madagascar doctrine over again. Perhaps some of our Irish readers will take it to heart, or impress it on some who need the lesson more than themselves. The lesson has a peculiar force in Ireland for two reasons especially. First, because the intoxicating drink that is most popular in Ireland is the most heavily taxed; and secondly, because the argument for total abstinence that is contained in these remarks would be much less cogent with Sawney and John Bull. The drunken Briton might consider it a mitigating circumstance, in his degradation as a sodden guzzler of beer, that his private vice becomes a public benefit, inasmuch as his drinking habits help to replenish the Imperial Exchequer; whereas the majority of the patrons of Irish public-houses would probably regard this as an aggravating rather than as a mitigating circumstance in their guilt. If Irishmen to-morrow were to adopt on a large scale the policy of total abstinence, the financial system of the Empire would be seriously deranged. It would be a strange motive for the practice of Temperance if one kept sober just to spite the Government.

A Dublin carman was once pointing out to a stranger St. Patrick's Cathedral, which had just been splendidly restored by the munificence of Lord Ardilaun's father. "They praise ould Benjamin Guinness," said he, "for laying out so much of his money on that building, but I can tell ye there's a dale of my money in it,"
too.” Most certainly: for Sir Benjamin made his money by the manufacture of porter, and this poor cabby was, no doubt, one of his most faithful patrons, a diligent consumer of the stuff that floated Lord Ardilaun into the Upper House.

Every drunkard may apply to himself the same remark with reference to the revenues of the State. He contributes far more than his proper share to them. Now, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer may find this extra generosity in paying taxes very convenient, is it not, dear reader, a very bad kind of patriotism?

This subject, which unfortunately is in season all the year round, is particularly seasonable during the month which includes the celebration of our great national festival, St. Patrick’s Day. Alas! too many of St. Patrick’s sons have been accustomed to honour his feast in a way that was far from pleasing to their great Apostle. It is a pity that so amiable a periphrasis as “drowning the shamrock” should ever have been invented as a cover for deplorable excesses. The story goes that a poor old woman, lying helpless by the roadside on one bleak and rainy Patrick’s Day, probably after drowning several shamrocks, exclaimed, “O holy St. Patrick! see what I’m suffering for your sake!” Our glorious Saint does not desire such proofs of filial devotion. We must honour our Patron by practising sobriety and all other social virtues, not only on his feast-day, but on every other day of the year, and by helping as many as we can, by every means that we can, to be in all their conduct and character creditable to our Church and to the country which, thanks to St. Patrick, is identified with it. This, dear reader, will not be a bad kind of patriotism.

**Why They Drink.**—Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little. Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery. Mr. C. takes a drop because he is wet. Mr. D. because he is dry. Mr. E. because he feels something rising. Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking. Mr. G. because he’s going to see a friend off to America. Mr. H. because he’s got a friend home from Australia. Mr. I. because he’s so hot in the evening. Mr. K. because he’s so cold in the morning. Mr. L. because he’s got a pain in his head. Mr. M. because he’s got a pain in his side. Mr. N. because he’s got a pain in his back. Mr. O. because he’s got a pain in his chest. Mr. P. because he’s got a pain all over him. Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy. Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable. Mr. S. because he’s married. Mr. T. because he isn’t. Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him. Mr. W. because he’s got no friends, and enjoys a glass to himself. Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy. Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling. Mr. Z.—we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.’s reasons are for drinking; but putting the question to him, he was found to be unable to answer.
"DROWNING THE SHAMROCK."

A STORY FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY MRS. CHARLES MARTIN.

"Only for three months, Owen! Just think what a little while! Why, 'twill have slipped away without your ever noticing it. Come now, child, don't be afraid. God will help you and make the water taste just as good as the poteen. Just make up your mind to it, and I promise you that you'll bless the day that will have made a sober man of you for the rest of your life!"

The speaker was a kindly white-haired priest, who for years had been the pastor of the Catholics in the busy little town of M—, near Liverpool, and the person whom he addressed was a tall handsome fellow of about five-and-twenty, with deep Irish blue laughing eyes, brown wavy hair, and a well-knit figure, which as yet betrayed no sign of exhausting toil and hard living. Indeed, Owen Lambert was as fine a young man as one would wish to see, and the few months that had elapsed since he had left his home amidst the mountains and lakes of Connemara had not yet robbed him of all the freshness of colour and brilliancy of eye of his native country. To be sure, both had faded somewhat; and to-day particularly there was an unusually dejected expression in his handsome face as he stood before the old priest. The fact was, Owen had just been getting a lecture, which he knew was well deserved, from Father Laurence. Owen was the best of fellows, industrious, honest, God-fearing, a model son, a kind brother, a true friend. In his home in the West he was a general favourite, and the lamentation had been universal whenever circumstances had caused him to leave it for a while, for a good job that had been offered him in M—. There he had left a mother who adored him, and a bright-eyed girl who had promised to be his wife, and a character of which any man might be proud. For a while after he came to M—, his good habits stuck to him, and he was the same steady hard-working fellow as at home. Then the moment of trial came, the bad companions, the evil example, the ridicule and jeers of his comrades, the overpowering temptation, the sudden yielding, and then the cruel, dreadful, unavoidable consequences.

After all, it was only the first step that was difficult. If it is hard to resist at first, it is doubly hard to do so when one once has yielded. It was little more than a month since the fatal night when the young man had turned into the public at the corner of the street, and already he was on the high-road to becoming a drunkard; his self-respect was gone, and his courage was going fast, his good looks even were disappearing. Rapidly he was sinking down, as each day the passion for drink obtained a firmer hold upon him, and each day he felt himself growing weaker and weaker, and less able to resist it.
Good Father Laurence had made more than one attempt to rescue poor Owen from the horrible fate to which he was so surely and quickly drifting. All in vain, however. The young man had of late begun to avoid him, and even to absent himself from the chapel. At last, rumours reached the priest's ears which determined him to make a supreme effort before it should be too late. One evening, after a long and tiresome day's work, he made his way to the house in the little back street where he knew that Owen lodged, and, catching him just as he was going to join a set of boon companions at the neighbouring public-house, he had made him an earnest appeal to save himself from ruin and misery, and there and then to take the pledge. "You'll never regret it, Owen, I promise you, you never will. It is your one chance, and if you reject it, it is all up with you, I do believe. Just think what you're coming to, my boy—you as fine a young fellow as ever stepped a month or two ago. And proud I was of you, and used to point you out as an example of what old Ireland could produce, carrying your head so high, and not afraid to look any man in the face. But now, my poor fellow, just look what you're coming to—what you've come to, rather—shaky and pale and besotted like the rest of them. Just brutes; that's what they are, and you'll become one too. And it will be the death of your poor mother, and of the lass who trusts and loves you. O, if either of them saw you as you were last night, rolling about the streets, bringing shame and discredit on the old country, on the mother who bore you, and, worse than all, on the holy religion you profess! Upon my word, it is enough to make St. Patrick himself weep for very shame."

Owen's heart was touched. He was sorry for the old priest, whose dim eyes were really filled with tears, and he was ashamed of and disgusted with himself.

"I tell you what it is, Father Laurence," he said at last—"I'll stay at home to-night. There! I have promised those chaps to meet them, but not a foot will I go; and if they come here, I'll be in my bed, and pretend to be sick. Now, won't that satisfy you, Father Laurence? I'll not go near the public as long as I live. Do you think I care for the drink? Not a bit of it. It's only for the sake of comradeship and doing like the rest. But I'll give it up to please you; and I'll only drink a glass now and then, just to stand a mate a treat, and because one must wet one's lips with something. Won't that do, Father Laurence?" the young man concluded, with a coaxing air, taking off his coat, as though already beginning to prepare for bed.

Father Laurence was not, however, so easily taken in. Experience had taught him how little such promises were to be trusted.

"Shame on you, Owen," he said, "to try to put me off in that shabby fashion! To please me, indeed! Is that your motive? Why, it's God Almighty you should be thinking of pleasing, and of saving your body and soul from ruin and destruction. Nothing will save you from that accursed temptation but the pledge, and
it is the pledge I have come to give you. Pretend you're sick, indeed, and go and hide your head in the blanket! Why not tell the truth—that you're determined to save yourself while there's time, and to give up the drink altogether? O Owen, Owen! it just shows you the mischief that's done already, and the coward you're fast becoming, that you should have to go to bed to hide yourself from the danger, instead of facing it like a brave fellow, and showing the sort of stuff you're made of."

This appeal produced a considerable effect, but it was by no means conclusive. Owen made a stout resistance still. To take the pledge was a serious matter. He foresaw how he would be jeered and scoffed at; how all those with whom he had of late associated would despise and laugh at him. Even his own pride was mortified and humbled by the suggestion. Could he not take his glass like another? He hated to think that he should be so weak as not to be able to know when and where to stop.

But Father Laurence was determined that, in spite of himself, Owen should be dragged away from the terrible abyss. He pleaded, he argued, he entreated, he commanded. At last he fell on his knees and prayed—prayed to God that this poor fellow should at least be given light to see what was good for him, and grace to do right. And when the young man heard this earnest imploring prayer, and realised that Father Laurence really cared so much, he simply had not the heart to refuse him altogether, and jumped at his suggestion, made as a last resource, that he should at least take the pledge for three months. It was now the 17th of December. Christmas was coming, and the old priest knew well enough the dangers and temptations of that time. The end of it all was that before he left the young man's room that evening, Owen had taken the pledge for three months, reserving to himself the right of "drowning the shamrock" on Patrick's Day.

Three months! It seemed easy enough to say; but it was surprising how long they appeared to get through. Owen, though he had made such a fuss about it, had, in reality, not seriously foreseen much difficulty in giving up the drink for three months. As to the deprivation, he had hardly thought about that; but he did dread the loss of the boon companionship, and, far more than this, the taunts and sneers of the men with whom he worked, and who would despise him for his sneakiness and want of pluck.

Not to taste a drop! Not to stand a treat! Not to turn in of an evening to the public for a smoke, and a chat, and a glass of liquor! Jeer him and taunt him they did to their hearts' content. Now and then he felt that it was too much, and that he must either yield or run away altogether. Bill Greenwood, a huge Welshman, who got drunk every Saturday night as regularly as clockwork, and spent the rest of the week in slowly recovering himself, was amongst the worst of his mates. He was a violent fellow by nature, and his excesses not seldom made a wild beast of him. One Saturday evening, Owen met him face to face at the
corner of the street, and the Welshman, thinking the opportunity too fine a one to be lost, and already more than half seas over himself, caught hold of Owen's arm and dragged him along to the nearest gin-palace. Before he knew where he was, Owen found himself inside, amidst the glaring lights, the well-known faces, the foul language, the noise, the confusion. The glass was put in his hand, and his hand was carried up to his lips; the hot liquor touched them. Then he remembered all, and, dashing the glass to the floor, he made a bound out of the place, followed by the hoarse laughs and loud oaths of the men. Owen did not care a rush about their coarse derision and insulting jeers then. He felt he had been saved from a terrible danger and degradation. He thought of his mother, who was, perhaps, praying for him then; of Norah, who was counting the days to their marriage; of Father Laurence; of the little quiet chapel, where he had first renewed his good resolutions, and asked for strength to keep them; and he went home to a peaceful night, to awake next morning with an easy conscience and a clear head. And so the days and weeks slipped away; and, after a while, when they began to perceive that Owen was not to be bullied into doing what he had made up his mind not to do, they left him alone, with the exception of Bill Greenwood, who, ever since the night he had dragged him into the public-house, and had found the laugh turned against himself by Owen's sturdy resistance, seemed to entertain a special grudge against him which he lost no opportunity of displaying.

So the three months went on: and Owen's employers, satisfied with his steady conduct and industry, began to notice him, and gradually improved his position. He was already beginning to see the time when he could venture to marry, and to offer a home to his mother. Gradually he was making up his mind that the home should, at all events for the present, be in England, where work was plenty, and wages, for steady folk, high, rather than in Ireland, where his prospects were, alas! not brilliant, though, to be sure, old uncle Dan, to whom he was nearest of kin, must die one day or another, and folks said that Dan Lowry was as rich as he was miserly. Owen and his uncle, however, were hardly on terms, and he always declared that the old chap would leave what he had to leave to anybody rather than him. It cost him a pang, to be sure, to think of leaving the old country for good. Yet, with Norah for his wife, and his mother to keep them company, the notion of living a few years in M— became at least tolerable, and there was always the chance of being able to return home, and of recovering possession of that "bit of land" which had been his father's, and from which it had been so hard to part. Owen often thought of that "bit of land" with yearning still, for, bleak and poor and wild as it was, it had yet been the home of his childhood, and to it his heart was tied fast by many strings. The times, however, had been during the last few years too bad even for Owen's stout will and strong hands, and he had to let it go.
"The longest lane has a turning," and at last it was the eve of St. Patrick's Day. That evening was a singularly bleak and wretched one. The March winds were howling through the narrow ugly streets of M— with a cruel fierceness, and drifts of snow, blackened by smoke and soot, were heaped up here and there. Owen thought he had never felt so cold and wretched as when he was returning from his work that evening. A queer and very unusual feeling of weakness was upon him, as he turned the corner of the lane where he lodged, and his eye was caught by the glare of the public-house a few steps off, where they were just beginning to light the lamps, an almost irresistible impulse came upon him to cross the street. A glass, one single glass of spirits was all that was necessary to set him right again, and to restore his chilled circulation! He had actually reached the door, when he recollected that till twelve o'clock that night he could not with common honesty consider himself free to satisfy this longing for drink which had suddenly gripped him. Patrick's Day! Yes, it would then be Patrick's Day, and he would "drown the shamrock" in earnest.

He had thought of going down to the chapel after his supper, and of preparing himself in a Christian manner for the next day's feast. But now the intention was clean gone. He would just wait quietly at home, locking himself in by way of precaution, till he should hear the clock strike twelve, and then he knew a "public" not far off, where they would still be open, where he could have a good glass of liquor that would make him himself again, and rid him of this intolerable longing. But he wanted to be cheered and warmed up a bit, and to give himself some little indulgence in honour of the feast. How cold and cheerless his little room looked when he entered it! He hardly felt equal to preparing his own supper, and the food was distasteful to him. He could not eat it, he could not even look at it; and with a dazed bewildered sensation, he sank down on his bed, intending to rest quietly there for the few hours which must elapse before the longed-for hour struck, when he would be free to give himself that which would supply the place of food to him.

But he could not rest. Presently he started up again, and, clapping his hat on his head, was out in the open air, striding with hurried steps down the little lane, with a half-formed notion in his brain of buying the whisky and bringing it home with him. But once in the public-house, the temptation was too strong for him: the smell of the liquor was overpowering, and in an instant he had put the glass to his lips and swallowed a draught. O, how good it was! How it ran like fire through his veins, all at once endowing him with a magic strength, and making him feel able to defy the world! The weakness and depression had all disappeared, and as one glass had done him so much good, another was tossed off to complete the cure.

At that moment, a familiar figure passed the open door, and Owen, recognising his old enemy, Bill Greenwood, felt a sudden
desire to show himself off to the man whose taunts still rankled deeply in his bosom, and perhaps to find an opportunity of making him smart for them. So he followed Bill down the street, and overtaking him, offered to stand a treat at the nearest public. Bill, who seemed more sober than usual that evening, and who, Owen observed with surprise, wore a clean shirt and a tolerably respectável coat, gave a surly kind of assent, remarking that he hadn't too much time to lose, as he had to go to the station to meet a girl whom he expected from Liverpool. "An Irish girl too," he said, with a grin, "who is coming all the way over to marry me. I guess your'n wouldn't do as much for you! But mine is a brave wench, and though she's kept me waiting a bit, she's coming at last. Ye see it's not them that's afraid to look a glass of good whisky in the face that the Irish women like," he concluded, with a contemptuous glance at his companion. "They're much too sensible for that, and know well enough that it's only sneakys and cowards that won't take their drop and stand a feller a treat when he meets him."

Owen shrugged his shoulders at this speech, feeling strong in the thought that he would soon stand Bill such a treat as would go a long way towards knocking him over altogether. Bill, however, was disposed to be prudent that evening, and though, as he said, just to oblige Owen, he tossed off a glass, it was Owen himself who drank the most on the occasion, and on whom the liquor took most effect. Bill seemed half inclined to shake him off, as he set out for the station, declaring that the train was due in ten minutes. Owen, however, he hardly knew why, unless with some notion of picking a quarrel with him, stuck to him like a leech, plying him with questions concerning the girl who was coming all the way over from Ireland to marry him. The Welshman got angry at last, and with an oath told Owen to come along with him and see for himself "as decent a girl as was to be found in all Connaught, and with a pair of blue eyes that just give a chap 'the squeaks all over' to look at." This assertion, for some mysterious reason, riled Owen considerably. The notion of a pretty Irish girl marrying a coarse brute like Bill was too much for him altogether. He swore that his Norah had bluer eyes and was a comelier lass than any other in all Ireland, let alone Connaught, and that Bill was a liar if he said the contrary. Whereupon Bill, growing furious, burst out, "Your Norah be ——! My Norah is the wench that's worth a dozen of your'n! And she's a-showin' on it too, by coming over the sea to marry me instead, of sticking at home, with her finger in her mouth, waiting to be fetched like a barrel of goods!"

They were at the station now, and at the words "my Norah" coming from Bill's coarse lips, Owen reeled as though he had been struck, and all the blood in his body seemed to rush to his brain. Like a tiger he turned upon his companion; but at that instant a train rushed up to the platform where the two men were standing,
and Bill had darted forward to a third-class carriage, from the win-
dow of which a young girl was looking anxiously out. Owen stood
transfixed. It was Norah, his Norah, with sweet red lips and
eager laughing eyes; and in the flash of a second, without ever
even so much as seeing him, she was out of the train, and was caught
in Bill’s embrace. At first Owen was paralysed at the spectacle;
but the next moment, a wild frenzy took possession of him, and
he had sprung upon Bill, seizing him by the collar, and then clos-
ing with him in a desperate struggle, while Norah’s shrill scream of
horror and fright rang through the station. It was a desperate
struggle. Bill seemed at first to get the worst of it; but his great
strength presently began to tell. In another instant Owen felt that
he would be powerless. Suddenly he recollected his knife that
was in his waistcoat-pocket, which by a dexterous movement of
his hand he seized. What happened next? Owen did not know
by what devil’s trick he managed it so promptly and cleverly;
but he had plunged the knife into Bill’s throat, and the Welshman
had fallen back with a gurgling groan, and was lying helpless on
the platform.

O, the horror of what followed! Owen only seemed to hear
Norah’s screams, and to see Bill’s white face, with wide-opened
staring eyes looking up at him. At first, he did not know what it
meant; but presently he heard voices around him saying that Bill
was dead; and he felt a strong grip on his arms, and he realised
that they were carrying him off to the station-house, and that
people were looking at him with a strange shrinking, and calling
him a murderer!

He, Owen Lambert, a murderer! It was impossible—quite
impossible. And yet, his hands were all covered with blood, and he
knew well enough that the awful expression he had seen on Bill’s
face mean—could mean nothing else but death. And then the
wretchedness of the night that followed: the long sleepless hours,
during which his bewildered senses seemed slowly to recover them-
sewrs, and the awful truth came home to him with a terrible reality!

He could not deny his guilt, or dispute the justice of his pun-
ishment. And what a punishment! To die a shameful death; to
be remembered with horror and loathing; to be pursued to the
very end by Norah’s reproachful eyes and his mother’s curses.
Would she curse him? This thought seemed the crowning misery
of all. He could bear everything else—the shame, the ignominy,
the terror of the slowly but surely approaching end, which, in
some wonderful way, seemed already to be on him, and that fearful
death, from which the bravest may well shrink, to be imminent.
He saw all the horrible preparations—the cold, chill, raw morning,
the scaffold, the executioner, the stony, pale, pitiless faces of the
spectators; and he knew that he deserved it all, for was he not a
murderer?

As this climax was reached, Owen, with a great bound of horror
and despair, started to his feet. Where was he? Whence had he
come? What had happened? He looked around in chill amaze-
ment. There was no light save that of the moon, which poured
through the shutterless windows; but the light was sufficient to fill
him with the assurance that he was standing in his own room;
that his untasted supper was on the table before him. And hark!
What were the sounds that at the moment reached his ears, which
seemed like heavenly music, but which were really nothing else
but the town clock striking twelve?

All at once, Owen fell on his knees in the middle of the room,
with a wild laugh, and yet thanking God. It was a dream—only
a dream! And he was free, and Norah was still his own promised
wife, and his mother would not curse him; and even the mad
temptation that had been on him a few hours ago had passed away,
and he no longer seemed to care for the drink. He was hungry—
hungry and tired, after all; and having hastily swallowed a morsel or
two, he turned into bed, and slept peacefully for the rest of the night.

Need it be added that Owen did not “drown the shamrock”
on that Patrick’s Day, nor on any Patrick’s Day after? Next
morning he went and told all to Father Laurence—his mad tempta-
tion, and his terrible dream. The kind old priest smiled and
blessed him, and told him how he had missed him from the chapel
the previous evening, and had intended that very day to go after
him, to see what he was about. And while they were talking a letter
came to Owen, directed to the care of Father Laurence; a letter
telling him that his mother and Norah were well and expecting to
hear soon from him, and another great piece of news, too. Old
uncle Dan was dead, and had made Owen his heir!

And so they married, and lived happy ever after.

Visited on the Children.—An example of the sins of the
parent visited upon the child is given by the Dublin corre-
respondent of the Weekly Register (who, by the way, speaks kindly of
our Magazine, and warmly welcomes it to Ireland). In the
Children’s Hospital is the case of a little boy of eight years old, who
had been brought into the hospital in delirium tremens. He is
the child of a respectable and sober father, but his mother is com-
pletely given up to drink, and this child appears to have lived chiefly
upon whisky from the day of his birth. The doctors of the hos-
pital take an immense interest in his case; and doctors and priests
considered the question whether or not to administer the pledge at
once to the infant-drunkard. The boy is quite aware of his
position, and greatly ashamed of himself. He is a miserably
delicate-looking little creature, and some among the visitors could
not help hoping that when he left the tender care of the nuns it
might be for heaven rather than for a world of gin-palaces. There
are several children in the wards who may well be called victims
of the misconduct of drunken parents, and there are three boys
under nine years of age the worse for drink.
THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON LENT.

The following is an extract from the Lenten Pastoral of the Bishop of Salford for 1876:

"There are many penances we can perform, if we cannot fast. One mode of mortification and penance is suggested by that sin of drunkenness, which floods the land, and leaves it as if stricken by a plague. Can you do aught to remedy that? Consider whether, if you cannot abstain from meat, you may not abstain wholly, or in part, or in quantity or quality, from wine or other spirituous drinks. You, perhaps, have often over-indulged your palate in eating and drinking. Some reparation is due to God for such excess. Then, again, God often vouchsafes to be appeased by the prayers, the fastings, and penance performed in atonement by His faithful servants, and so to have mercy on those who have outraged His majesty. If you are pleased to undertake a fast from wine during Lent, you can be cheered on by the example of Saints and of multitudes of devout Christians. We learn from the historian Eusebius that the Catholics of Alexandria and its neighbourhood, out of a spirit of penance, abstained nearly every day from the use of wine; and that the Cenobites habitually fasted from wine. The author of the Apostolic Constitutions, speaking of the fast which preceded Easter, says that during those days there was an abstinence from wine as well as from meat: 'Abstain,' he says, 'on those days from wine and flesh; for they are days of lamentation, and not of feasting.' The Patriarch Theophilus, writing an encyclical letter to the Bishops of Egypt in the year 404, says: 'Those who keep the precepts of the laws in Lent taste no wine in their fasts,' and 'that in time of fasts men should abstain from wine and meat, should eat only the fruits of the earth, and drink only water.' Cozza, in his famous work on fasting, says that abstinence from wine was a regular observance in the fasts of the Eastern Church; and though it was never a law in the Western Church, the practice of such abstinence, at least as a voluntary mortification, was recognised, and is alluded to in several places by St. Augustine; for instance, where he says (sermon 205), 'Let no one seek for dainty food because he does not eat meat, nor indulge in rare drinks because he does not drink wine;' and (sermon 207), 'Gluttony and drunkenness must be shunned on all days; but in Lent even lawful food should be refused. Take care to lay aside luxuries, and not merely to exchange them by indulging in rare liquors instead of ordinary wine.'"

"Drink is the source of nearly all our poverty, nearly all our sin, nearly all our crimes; it is the beginning and the end of nearly all our afflictions and humiliations, and it is dragging hundreds—nay, thousands—of Irishmen and Irishwomen down into hell."—Cardinal McCabe.
THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

In the year of grace 387, when St. Siricius reigned in Rome, and Theodosius governed the empire—Nial of the Nine Hostages being Ard-Righ of Ireland—the dwellers on the coast of Antrim witnessed the return of one of those expeditions described by Claudian:

"When Scots came thundering from the Irish shores,
And ocean trembled, struck with hostile oars."

On the decks were seen the figures and the strange costumes of captives from lands beyond the sea, doomed to that stern slavery which prevailed wherever Christ had not set men free. Amongst them stood one, lost in the crowd—a boy just turned fifteen, in the dress of a Gallo-Roman noble; and the boy was sold to Milcho, who led him away to watch his sheep on the rugged crest of Sleemish. For six years he guarded the flock, and held communion with Heaven; for unwittingly he reveals how "the rain, the ice, and the snow" were as voices calling him to prayer, and how his young soul mounted like an eagle on the storm. Such souls are certain to find their way into the tents of angels, and ere long Patrick received one as his companion, "who spoke to him," says the ancient writer, "as friend speaks to his friend." Then God sent him by the Wood of Fochluth, and through the deserts of Gaul, to his kinsman St. Martin, where now "the flowers of St. Patrick"
bloom in undying remembrance of the Saint.* Four years were spent with Martin, and thirty-four years in alternate pilgrimages and study under St. Germanus, while the fiery heart was growing old; for God is slow even with His saints, as the hearts of all men are fretful.

At length his eyes again rested on the shores of Ireland, and the pent-up love of long years, fed by recollections of sorrow, and the voices of little children which followed him across the seas, broke out in torrents of living and life-giving fire. He came, in his own words, as "ambassador for Christ," with credentials from Celestine, the gate-keeper of heaven. A divine power so possessed him that he was a mystery and a terror even to himself: "In the body or out of the body, he knew not." He cried out, "Who am I, O Lord, or what is my prayer, whom Thou hast so surrounded with the signs of Thy divinity?" He raised the Staff of Jesus, and the giant idols sank into the earth; he prayed, and then he spoke, and the wild hearts of men rose, and swelled into sweet cadences like the tides of the ocean. He made a "Breastplate" of prayer against "all knowledge which blinds the souls of men;" and "as the lightning goeth forth from the east and appeareth even in the west," so did Christ go forth with his words:

"Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me.  
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me.  
Christ in every eye that sees me.  
Christ in every ear that hears me."

His was that faith which is the unfettered presence of omnipotence in man, which flings challenges to Heaven which God Himself inspires. For forty days he knelt on Cruachán Aiglé, which looks over the Atlantic. No food passed his lips, and his robe was drenched with tears, as he cried, "I have been tormented, and I will not depart until I receive my reward." He prayed for the children of his tears, as well in the future as the present. He demanded dominion until the end of time, and God granted the prayer which He Himself had dictated. And now, from the rising to the going down of the sun, one faith binds his children together, and princes glory in being the vassals of his empire. It is an empire which advances and never recedes; which builds fortresses whose very ruins are garrisoned by angels. "I have been tormented" is still the voice of the ambassador of Christ, and by his Master's authority he now claims his reward.

* Father Morris, in his Life of St. Patrick, gives the following account of the tradition here referred to: "St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attracted by the fame of that Saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the bank of the Loire (near Tours), near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a [blackthorn] shrub. It was Christmas-time, when the cold was intense. In honour of the Saint, the shrub expanded its branches, and, shaking off the snow which rested on them, arrayed itself in flowers white as the snow itself. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank, another blackthorn under which he rested at once burst out into flowers. Since that time, says the chronicle, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas in honour of St. Patrick."
A NEW TEMPERANCE MELODY.

By J. K. C.

Air—"Paddy Whack."

There are not in the Church's bright firmament glowing—
   And countless their number, effulgent and bright—
Any luminous stars greater blessings bestowing
   Than those that have shed on dear Erin their light;
But O, there is One that delighteth the eyes
   Of the real true-born Irishman, roam where he may,
       And, where'er his path lies,
       Amid laughter or sighs,
Leads homeward his thoughts on St. Patrick's Day.

When our Pagan forefathers, false idols adoring,
   Were sunk in the darkness of error and night,
This star led them on, their false doctrines ignoring,
   Till they stood forth illumed by the Gospel's full light;
And nations converted beheld with acclaim
   An Island of Saints, that sprang forth at a bound
       To carry the name
       Of their God, and the fame
       Of their own dear Apostle, to kingdoms around.

The name of St. Patrick to-day let us honour,
   Who ne'er has forgotten the isle of his love,
Who invokes in high heaven rich blessings upon her,
   And welcomes her children to glory above.
Let us all, like our Saint, evil passions control,
   And put wicked thoughts and temptations away;
       And rejoicing in soul,
       Let us touch not the bowl,
And we'll pay greater honour to Patrick's Day.

And when we shall go, like our fathers before us,
   And leave this dull earth and its sorrows behind,
Our own dear Apostle shall never ignore us,
   But show himself merciful, loving, and kind;
And shall use with St. Peter his influence great
Not to send any child of poor Erin away,
   But early or late,
       To throw open the gate
To all who kept piously Patrick's Day.

February 1, 1884.
A FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

By the Very Rev. Canon Murnane.

When St. Patrick, on the Hill of Tara, was preaching to Laeghaire and his Court, he took a shamrock from the ground, and by its threefold leaf brought before their minds the mystery of the most Holy Trinity. So an old tradition tells us; and if any one questions it, let him give a better reason why, on St. Patrick’s Day, in every land under the sun, true Irishmen will be found wearing the emblem of faith and fatherland, the

“Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin’s native shamrock.”

But another tradition has sprung up in the last two hundred years that might well be discredited and forgotten. Irish men (and women too) not only wear the shamrock, but drown it also, which means drowning their intelligence in drink, especially in Irish whisky. Any reason will serve as an excuse for drinking; but surely the observance of a pious tradition or the wearing of a sacred emblem is the very worst. It looks like a sacrilege. Who can recall without horror the drunkenness, fights, blasphemies, and murders even, that have come from drowning the shamrock on St. Patrick’s Day? What Irishman can think of it all without hanging his head for shame?

A change is coming, thanks be to God! Our churches are full on the festival of Ireland’s great Apostle; fewer people get drunk; and year by year, as the welcome day comes round, we have less fear that the foolishness of Irishmen will make other Irishmen ashamed.

Learn the reason: Many Irishmen wear now a shamrock that never fades—a four-leaved shamrock, more precious than any ever searched for in fairy rath or haunted fort of dear Ireland. It was not found in those far-off days, when life was young, and the inspiration of old songs and stories sent us out in the early spring morning to search through the dewy grass for the “charmed leaf.” But here in London, black and sinful, we have had the blessing of finding it, and with it, all for which a sweet poet of Erin yearned:

“I’ll seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
O, how I’ll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense—
Such triumph is but cold,
But I would play the enchanter’s part
In casting bliss around;
O, not a tear or aching heart
Should in the world be found!”

What is the four-leaved shamrock? It is the Irish Cross of the Total Abstinence League. Take it, Irishmen and Irishwomen;
keep it carefully; and be faithful to the pledge of which it is the symbol. It will work like a magic spell in your homes and hearts, and shed sunlight by night as well as day over your lives. It will make old clothes new, and empty pockets full; bring to the ignorant knowledge, and to the sick health and strength; it will change brutes into tender loving-hearted men, and give dull eyes and hardened faces the love-light and modesty that once won an Irishman’s heart; children will laugh with cheerful voices, women will bless with rapturous praise, and Irishmen be Irishmen once again; for it will banish the black demon that has so often cast dismay and despair among those whose chief love and work and prayer is for Ireland at home and abroad.

"To worth it will give honour;
’Twill dry the mourner’s tears;
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years.
And Hope shall launch her blessed bark
On sorrow’s darkening sea,
And Misery’s children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be."

**OUR NOTE-BOOK.**

**The St. Patrick’s Day Indulgence.**—The following Indulgence was granted by Pope Pius IX. four days before his holy death, and has been ratified by the present Sovereign Pontiff: "Inasmuch as the vice of intemperance is usually very prevalent on the feast of St. Patrick, his Holiness granted a Plenary Indulgence, to be gained by all persons (even if they are not members of the League of the Cross) who, besides fulfilling the conditions usually required for a Plenary Indulgence, shall abstain from all intoxicating drinks on the day before St. Patrick’s Day, on St. Patrick’s Day, and on the following day."

**Temperance Cottages.**—In the pretty village of Weston-sub-Penyard, near Ross, there is a block of neat, well-built, and well-kept cottages, and on the wall of one of them is affixed a tablet with the inscription:

"Temperance Cottages.
Who would have thought it?
Abstinence bought it;
If you a like freehold would buy,
The very same plan you can try."

The worthy owner is a painter by trade, and is now sixty-four years old. Forty-seven years ago he resolved to become a total abstainer, and to save up the money he had been in the habit of spending in intoxicating drinks until he acquired a sufficient sum to enable him to buy one or more cottages, "as something to fall back upon in his old age." He faithfully held to his resolution, and in 1870 he became the proprietor of three good freehold cottages and gardens, purchased with the accumulated savings of thirty-four years, "the
whole of which," he says, "I should in all probability have otherwise spent in drink, to the permanent injury of myself and family."

A DISGUSTING SIGHT.—On the 1st of February, the ship Simla was run into off the Isle of Wight, and her cargo washed ashore on the Sussex coast, among which was a large quantity of ale and spirits in casks and bottles. A correspondent of the Standard gives the following account of the disgraceful scene which took place: "All the scum of Brighton got scent of the plunder, and as I was coming back I met groups of men, women, and even boys, rolling back to Brighton, every now and then falling in the road; and all along the bank at the side of the road were men, and women too, stretched insensibly drunk. But the worst and most sickening sight I ever saw was at Ovingdean Gap, where there are some steps down to the beach. The people, of course, were not satisfied with the bottles, which they reserved in their pockets, but they broke open some thirty-gallon casks and drank out of their hats, and afterwards were lying on the grass, some, I am afraid, dying, and others nearly so. On the beach were several people mad drunk; some would lie down, and others would try and crawl to the casks to get more drink; and others, again, fell with their faces on the shingle, and were streaming in blood. During all this time more people were coming from Brighton. The policemen here could do nothing with 200 or 300 roughs. I telegraphed to the Superintendent of Police in Brighton to see if something could not be done to stop this disorder. One woman was nearly drowned here this morning. A good many of the villagers too have been drinking, but not to the extent of those worse than brutes from Brighton. I do not suppose anything will be done, as it is out of Brighton boundary, but it is a disgraceful scene to be going on so near a large town like Brighton. Three hundred casks came in at Portobello, beyond Saltdean, and as there are no police, and I have not seen a coastguard all day, there is no knowing where this disgraceful affair will end. Every one has been doing as he likes, even to bringing the casks away here. I counted thirty casks here this morning when I left, but they have nearly all gone now. This is a very mild account of what I saw, and what I hope I shall never see again." One boy of fifteen and two others were found to be so bad that they were removed to the Sussex County Hospital, and were detained, the stomach pump being brought into requisition. John Mockford, aged forty-four, was found late on the Friday night in an insensible state in a cave at the foot of the cliff by a policeman, and was afterwards removed by his brother to the top of the cliff, and placed under an oat-rick for the night. The brother of the deceased found him still there on Saturday morning early, and at midday, when the brother visited him again, he hailed a medical man who was passing. This gentleman directed his immediate removal to the Sussex County Hospital, and his instructions were carried out. Mockford never rallied, and died on Sun-
day morning. A coroner’s inquest was held, and the jury found that death was caused by pneumonia, accelerated by exposure and the effects of alcohol.

With the wreck of men and women and children and homes daily before us, and with such a movement of Christian charity and self-denial, of zeal and of prudence, all around us, how could we be, I will not say cold or opposed to it, but even passive and unmoved? Our people come about us, and ask for our sympathy and help in their sorrows and sins. They beg of us to support them in aiming higher and in rising to a better life. They are acting on the counsel of St. Paul: “All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient.” They know that it is lawful for them in their Christian liberty to drink what they never abuse by excess; but they forego their liberty, or rather they use it in not using it. Some do it for their own sake, some for others, in the spirit of the Apostle: “It is good not to eat flesh and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended or scandalised or made weak.” I thank them for this effort of generous charity; and I hope that we shall not fail to guard and to guide these higher aspirations, which are not from flesh and blood, but from the spirit of discipline and chastisement of self.—Cardinal Manning.

The Drink Plague.—The Right Rev. Bishop Ireland made an eloquent speech at Chicago in January 1883, from which we quote: “The baneful feature in the dreaded evil which the Temperance movement seeks to combat is that it succeeds in covering up its fierceness from casual observation. We walk over and amid smouldering fire of hell, unconscious of harm or danger to come. . . . The evil is the drink plague. Plague I will call it, not finding a better name to express its inhuman hideousness, and its demon-like power to harm men. It is ubiquitous. It has shot through the whole land its poison-bearing arrows. It holds in cities pompous courts, riots amid wild revelry in burgh and village, breaks in with savage howls upon the quietness of rural homes. It obtains dominion among all classes in the social scale. The poor man’s garret, the marble palace of the wealthy, open equally their doors. Peasant and prince, merchant and labourer, man and woman, child and adult, are in turn stricken down. Not the ignorant alone feel its deadly touch; over brightest minds it casts its Stygian shades. Wherever it enters, the plague debases and degrades. It scatters broadcast disease and death. Poverty and vice form its retinue. It demolishes homes, blasts the happiness of wife and child, laughs at the purest affections, delights in the ruin of virtue and innocence. It fills gaols and asylums, carts victims to morgues and gibbets. It eats into the very foundation of civil society, and defies strong governments, whose arm it paralyses. It annuls the potent ministrations of religion by locking against them the minds and hearts of men. All forms of evil and misery are its allies and march in its track.”
The National Temperance League's Annual for 1884 contains a large amount of valuable and practical information on various aspects of the Temperance movement and the drink traffic. The "Chronicle of Temperance Events" is an admirable summary for 1883, but we feel that Catholic work is somewhat inadequately represented. For instance, we find no reference to the week's "Crusade against Drunkenness," held at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, although comparatively small meetings held in remote parts of the country are duly recorded. A little quarterly paper, the Middlesex Temperance Chronicle, is yet more unsatisfactory in this respect. In this, the League of the Cross occupies a very limited space, and the information given about it is mostly inadequate and sometimes incorrect.

Under the title of a "Novena to St. Patrick (for Irishmen)" the Rev. Arthur Ryan, of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, has published through Messrs. Gill & Son a very original, practical, and beautiful set of meditations on St. Patrick's chief characteristics, followed by an earnest prayer and a hymn, both words and music also from his pen. The importance of promoting the virtue of Temperance is duly set forward, and we extract a prayer which we think many of our readers will be glad to have for use on the coming feast of the Apostle of Ireland:

"To thee, our Irish Apostle, we commend, with all the fervour of our hearts, the Temperance of the Irish people all over the world. O, help us to crush and root out from our midst every custom that perpetuates the evil of excessive drinking. Give strength and prudence to every Society that supports, under the guidance of the Church, the holy cause of Temperance; give eloquence to every tongue that advocates it, power to every pen that defends it. Make clear to every child of thine the ruin drink has wrought in Ireland's past: the homes made desolate, the hopes extinguished, the virtue wrecked, the souls lost. Guard especially thy own glorious festival from the desecration of drunkenness, and do not permit the joy of thy children on that day to be to them the cause of grievous sin."

"The Discipline of Drink."—Father Bridgett sends us a copy of this very useful book, which is, as all who know his other works would expect, most valuable as a volume of reference on the history of the drink question. We regret that space will not permit us to review it at length, but on another page will be found extracts from the notices it has received, all of which we warmly indorse. We shall also from time to time make extracts of some of Father Bridgett's telling passages. We note with pleasure his statement that "the evidence would seem to prove that drunkenness as a national vice in Ireland is of a very modern date," and we trust the day is approaching when it may be looked upon as a thing of the past.
CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE NEWS.

** Under this head we hope to give monthly information regarding the branches of the League and other Catholic Temperance Societies. The space at our disposal being small, the notices must of necessity be very brief; but we shall be glad of any information the Secretaries of branches may be willing to send us.

ARDMORE, CO. WATERFORD.—The people in this small seaside village are almost all total abstainers, between four and five hundred members having joined the League of the Cross. A weekly meeting is held, presided over by one of the clergy, and a reading-room, well furnished with books, papers, and games, has been established.

BELFAST.—The weekly meetings are held in the League Hall, Divis Street, which are well attended.

BERMONDSEY, S.E.—The tenth anniversary of this branch was celebrated on February 19th by a tea, concert, and ball. The Rev. E. F. Murnane, who presided, delivered an address, in the course of which he stated that the branch had £140 in hand. A coffee-tavern and club for young men has just been started in the mission.

BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.—A tea and crowded public meeting of the united branches of Brentford, Isleworth, and Hounslow took place in the Town Hall on February 4th, the Rev. Dr. Redman presiding.

BRISTOL.—A lecture on “Drink” was delivered by the Very Rev. Canon Coxon on the 4th February, at the Catholic Workmen’s Club, Colston Street.

CHICAGO.—The Jesuit Fathers have recently established the League of the Cross in this place, with every prospect of achieving an immense success.

DUBLIN.—The Father Mathew Total Abstinence Sodality of the Sacred Thirst held its annual meeting on the 14th February, the Very Rev. Father Maher presiding, the hall being densely crowded. The secretary’s report showed that 600 had joined during the year, 48 public meetings had been held, 18 dramatic performances were given, an altar had been erected in Church Street Chapel, and donations forwarded in aid of the distress in Donegal and Sligo. The Very Rev. Canon Fricker, Rev. M. Russell, S.J., and others addressed the meeting.

EDINBURGH.—The annual meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society was held on February 11th. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that nearly 600 pledges had been given during the past year.

GIBRALTAR.—The League has been in existence here for thirteen months, under the presidency of his Lordship the Bishop of Lystra: it at present numbers 250 members.

LANCASTER, ST. PETER’S BRANCH.—The third anniversary was celebrated by a supper and social evening on January 23rd, the Rev. R. Walsh presiding.
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.—On Sunday, February 3rd, his Eminence Cardinal Manning inaugurated a branch of the League of the Cross at the Church of Notre Dame, and administered the pledge to thirty children.

LIVERPOOL, LEAGUE HALL.—The Temperance drama The Last Loaf has been performed at the weekly meetings with much success, the Rev. Father Nugent presiding.

PECKHAM, S.E.—Mr. M. F. Doherty has been delivering a course of lectures on the life and times of Father Mathew at the Sunday evening meetings.

SHEFFIELD.—The first anniversary of St. Catherine’s Branch was held on February 12th, when a miscellaneous entertainment was given under the presidency of the Rev. L. Burke.

SHIPNAL, SHROPSHIRE.—A tea and entertainment, in the course of which a lecture on Total Abstinence was given by the Rev. D. Cregan, took place on the 6th February.

SOUTHWARK, ST. GEORGE’S.—Crowded meetings are held here every Sunday evening, under the presidency of the Very Rev. Canon Murnane. The League of the Cross Magazine has been localised in the mission.

STOCK, ESSEX.—A branch of the League has been formed in this small mission by the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

WARRINGTON, CHESHIRE.—The weekly meetings of this branch have been carried on on Sunday evenings with much success.

WATERHOUSES, CO. DURHAM.—A coffee-tavern has just been established here by the exertions of the Rev. P. C. Fortin.

WIGAN.—A series of monthly concerts has been inaugurated in connection with the League; the first, held in the Public Hall on February 11th, was a great success.

WILLINGTON, CO. DURHAM.—A Temperance Society has recently been formed here, and has already been joined by large numbers.

WOOLWICH.—A special service, followed by a crowded meeting, was held here on Sunday, February 3rd. The Rev. J. Cotter preached, and presided at the meeting, the League Guards from various branches attending by invitation.

OUSRESELS.

Our readers will notice that the present number is enlarged to twenty-four pages. We are encouraged to this by the support we have already received, and by the belief that the League Magazine needs only to be more widely known to obtain a yet larger circulation. With a little effort on the part of our friends, we hope that we may soon be able to make each number as large as the present. The Editor has no wish or intention of making any profit out of the Magazine, and the proceeds will be devoted to its enlargement and improvement. We shall be glad to give information as to terms for localising, &c.
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held in the schoolroom, when the Rev. F. Coventry gave the pledge to a large number.

KENTISH TOWN.—On Sunday, July 13th, Mr. J. J. Tierny (chairman) gave an earnest address, and Mr. D. R. Burns delivered an "Experience Lecture," showing how total abstinence promoted good health. The meeting was well attended.

MANCHESTER, ST. ALPHONSUS.—This branch meets every Sunday night in the schoolroom, Clarendon Street. During July, two lectures, one by the Rev. Father Lynch, the other by Mr. F. W. Lawler, have been delivered to large audiences.

READING.—A public tea and entertainment was given by the members of this branch on the 14th July. The presence of the Very Rev. Canon Hall (President) and the Rev. Dr. Ferris, priests of the Mission, and the Rev. Father Rivara (of Southampton), late assistant priest here, and vice-president of the branch, added greatly to the enjoyment of the large gathering. The entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, &c., under the able direction of the Very Rev. Canon Hall, supported by the Misses T. Cushman and F. Doran, Messrs. Colbert, McCarthy, Goddard, Cushman, Willis, Borland, and Shaw (hon. sec.), was a marked success. The branch, which was instituted last November, now numbers upwards of two hundred members.

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.—A most successful quarterly meeting was held on Sunday evening, July 20th. The Rev. J. Meagher, S.J., presided. The report presented by the hon. sec. showed the society to be in a satisfactory condition, both as to its members and the state of the funds. A vigorous address was given by the Rev. President, during which he exhorted the members to persevere in their good resolutions, and to win others by their influence and good example. He then administered the pledge to a large number of new members.

THURLES JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—This society is composed of more than 500 members, and has already produced most salutary results. The ages of the members vary from eight to seventeen, and they are bound to abstain from all intoxicating drinks until they shall have attained the age of twenty-one. The beloved spiritual director, Very Rev. James Cantwell, Adm., established this branch of the society some three years ago, under the fostering care and with the warmest wishes of the great Archbishop of Cashel. In its management Father Cantwell received heartiest cooperation from the parents of all the children, and during the short existence of the society instances are recorded of children of ten and twelve years of age exercising most touching influence over their own parents, who had been addicted to habits of drinking. The usual monthly meeting of this society was held on Sunday, the 13th July, and after the usual programme of prayers, hymns, and a lecture upon the rules of life for children had been gone through, the Archbishop gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and the meeting terminated.
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</tr>
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<td>Men's Caps and Sashes, embroidered to order, and with Harp, Shamrock, &amp;c., complete</td>
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<td>Women's Collars</td>
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<td>6</td>
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PUBLISHED BY
London : BURNS & OATES,
6 Paternoster Row, E.C.; and 28 Orchard St., W.
New York : BURNS & OATES,
Catholic Publication Society, Barclay Street.


Aberdeen .... Murphy, Silver Street.
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Being anxious to give our readers a good story in time for Christmas, we have been obliged to go to press earlier than usual, and have to omit our Temperance News. Reports of Branches must arrive in future by the 10th of the month.

Contents of this Number.

Bishop of Leeds
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VOLUME II.
JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1885.

OFFICES OF CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
18 WEST SQUARE, SOUTHWARK S.E.
LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAE ROAD, N.W.
INDEX.

"Adeste Fideles," 186.
Apostle of England, The (Illustrated), 44.
Archbishop of Cashel on Temperance, The, 37.

Bishop of Leeds on Intemperance, The, 1.
Bishop of Southwark, Death of the, 84.

Calvary (Illustrated), 59.
Cardinal and the Children, The, 165.
Cardinal MacCabe, Death of, 52.
Carlyle and Father Mathew, 100.
Catholic Clubs, 151.
Catholic Teetotallers, 195.
Crime and Drink in the Army, 146.
Christ the Consoler (Illustrated), 170.
Cruelty to Children, 179.

Elias and the Widow of Sarepta (Illustrated), 78.
Epiphany (Illustrated), 17.

Flight into Egypt (Illustrated), 26.
Floating Grog-shops, 192.
Foe within the Camp, The, 145.
"For God and St. Patrick," 47.
40,000£. for a Glass of Beer, 99.

Government to Blame, The, 52.
Habitual Drunkards' Retreat, 33.
Hands off! 57.
House that Bass Built, The, 49.

Intemperance and Pauperism, Bishop of Leeds on, 1; Pius IX. on, 164.
It doesn't Pay! 196.

Last Letter, A, 133.
League at the Crystal Palace, The, 142.

Leeds, Bishop of, on Intemperance, 1.
Local Option, 51, 196

Moderate Drinking, 70.
More Beer, 133.

Note-Book, Our, 15, 18, 25, 70, 82, 83, 97, 100, 135, 179.

Our National Vice, 88.

P.P.P., The, 27.
Pius IX. on Intemperance, 15.

POETRY:
The Arab, 58.
The Changed Father, 116.
The Drunkard's Death, 35.
For the Children's League, 77.
The House that Bass Built, 49.
Sir Malcolm's Tomb, 25.
Our Patrick's Cross, 47.
The Pledge, 148.
Progress, 53, 115, 116, 152.


Reviving Power of Alcohol, The, 147.
Rum and Bibles, 82.

St. Francis of Assisi, 159.
St. Joseph's College (Illustrated), 141.
St. Lawrence (Illustrated), 121.
St. Vincent de Paul (Illustrated), 106.
Singing and Stimulants, 163.
Soldiers without Drink, 82.

TALES:
Denis Martyn's Truce, 39.
George Chester's Ghost, 187.
Jim Daly's Repentance, 124.
John Wilson's Christmas Eve, 136.
A June Rosebud, 98.
The Leg of Pork, 105.
Little Molly, 155.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TALES (contd.):</th>
<th>INDEX.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My Mate Joe, 61, 71.</td>
<td>Teetotalism at Thurles, 34.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The May Queen's Test, 79.</td>
<td>Temperance, Archbishop Croke on, 37.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Meridy's Trial, 2.</td>
<td>Testimony to Total Abstinence, 83.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starved to Death, 36.</td>
<td>To our Readers, 181.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worse than Shipwreck, 172.</td>
<td>Widow's Mite, The (illustrated), 96.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tar and Feather Temperance Society,</td>
<td>Words of Cheer, 149.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The, 82.</td>
<td>Words from the West, 69.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE
LEAGUE OF THE CROSS
MAGAZINE.

THE BISHOP OF LEEDS ON INTEMPERANCE.

The following is from the Advent Pastoral of the Bishop of Leeds:—"There is a reigning scandal, a master-sin, the root and origin of a multitude of others—the vice of Intemperance; that crying evil of the day, which has invaded both sexes, young and old, and every rank, from the highest to the lowest. To see the indulgence with which it is treated, the carelessness with which the habit is contracted, the rashness with which it is fostered, and the recklessness with which its victims abandon themselves to it, it would seem to be a light and indifferent matter. A pagan would never imagine that our sacred books contained a single word against this prevalent sin, much less that their language was so threatening and damnatory. "Wine," says the Spirit of God, "goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake." Truly that is a bewitching vice, which allures its victims by steps so easy and so pleasant; as the sacred text has it, it is a soothing and gentle process, but in the end it discloses the lurking snake, the mortal bite, and the destruction of an immortal soul. It is an old vice, as well as a fatal one. Centuries ago, far back into the older dispensation, the inspired lips of the Prophet Isaiah, purified by a burning coal from the altar of God, pronounced the woe that awaited all who indulged in it. "Woe to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening, to be inflamed with wine. . . . Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men at drunkenness. . . . Therefore, as the tongue of fire devoureth the stubble, and the heat of the fire consumeth it, so shall their root be as ashes, and their bud shall go up as dust, for they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts."

Here, indeed, is a woe! Can language give expression to a destruction more complete than this? The drunkard, because he is a drunkard, is found guilty of having cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and his very root, not his growth only, his very root, without hope of revival, shall be reduced to ashes, and scattered to the winds of heaven. No wonder that St. Paul reckons this vice amongst those that exclude from the kingdom of heaven: "Drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of which I foretell you, as I have foretold to you, that they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God."
There are, however, dear children in Jesus Christ, other points that claim our attention to-day. We will not, therefore, pursue this subject further than to say, that we have spoken of it because, though in the sight of God not the only cause of our present miseries, it is the most prevalent and the most ruinous that exists amongst us, and because just now, having “heap’d up wrath against the day of wrath,” it may become at last the occasion of a visitation of the very scourge which has already left such widespread desolation in the most beautiful scenes of Italy and France, and against which the intemperate man seems to have no protection; on such it appears to seize as on its proper prey. Let us all, then, turn from the evil of our ways, and take refuge with humility and confidence in the mercy of God, praying with fervour for the Church and for ourselves: “Spare, O Lord, spare thy people, and give not thy inheritance to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them. Why should they say among the nations, ‘Where is their God?’ Arise, O Lord, help us and redeem us, for thy name’s sake.”

---

ROGER MERIDY’S TRIAL.

BY FRANCES KERSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

One of the last dull days of November was closing in. An orthodox Scotch mist kept up a dogged, relentless drizzle, and most people felt foggy inside as well as out. Even the hearty little village of Gingerley could not resist the atmospheric influence. Labourers, returning from their work in the fields, marched along in silence, and disappeared into their houses one by one, without even the ghost of a good-night to their comrades outside. Others, I am sorry to say, turned into Satan’s special preserve in Gingerley—the “Plough and Harrow.” Women jerked their babies homewards by one hand crossly enough, some cursing the weather, others putting up with it, whining sullenly, as a thing past cure, and therefore to be endured.

But bye-and-bye a cheery whistle broke the stillness, and the tall gate-keeper and signal-man at the Gingerley gate-house came up the street, accompanied by some five or six lads and lasses of all shapes and sizes. The whistle was broken at intervals to give the gatekeeper a chance of replying to a volley of questions fired upon him on all sides by these young olive-branches of his.

Tom (boy No. 3): “Father, will any new ones join to-night, think you?”

“Two, I hope, Tom. Young McNulty and Phil Nolan’s wife promised to come up, and I think they meant it.”

“That’s good, father, ain’t it,” rejoined Nora, the eldest girl. “How glad Nolan himself will be! He never could get a bit of comfort
in the home, with his wife for ever pawning the bits of things for
drink, and the bairns starving. Why, our Lizzie 'ud make three of
their Becca, and Becca's a year older than our Lizzie come last
October!"

"Father," put in Mary (girl No. 2), "our little Dick says he does
want to join the League ever so bad. He did cry when mother told
him he couldn't come along with us to night!"

"Dick's over small to know what it means yet awhile, bless him!"
said the signal-man, smiling. "I want you all to join, God knows!
You can't do better. But you must know well what you're about.
A promise to God, and one that is to be kept for a whole life-time,
is a very solemn thing, lassie."

"Father, I b'lieve you aint right glad that Tim Timmens has
joined the League," says Will, the sharp one of the family, and
a loyal member of the League of the Cross. "I've seen you sort of
shake your head when you've spoken to him more'n once. Yet he
was a big drunkard before, and now he's as sober a chap as I am.
I call it half-hearted of you, father, I do indeed,—unless—don't you
think he makes a good member, father?"

"Will, my boy," the father answered gravely; "it ain't your
place nor yet mine to judge others, but to pray for 'em. Depend
upon it, we shall have our hands full in seeing to it that we are
good members ourselves."

"You're right, father," assented Will. "Do you think the
Squire's Bartle will join? I saw you at him to-day."

"And not for the first or twentieth time, Will"—the whistle ends
in a sigh this time. "He's as good-natured a fellow as ever breathed,
is Bartle, but he don't see how his easy nature is leading him astray.
He likes company, and he's got into a bad set. They have him in
tighter chains every day, and I can only see ruin at the end if it goes
on. He smiles at the League, says he could be a sober man
any moment he chose without any pledge or fuss of the sort. I
only wish he could and would; but he won't and can't."

"It's a wonder his master aint found out that he's been drunk
every Saturday night of late," said Will. "What a row there'd be
if he did. Bartle would be safe to lose his place!"

"That's what I'm afraid of," sighed Roger Meridy; "and in these
hard times, it's a serious thing to lose a good place, and to lose it
without a character, too. God help his poor wife and poor bairns!
She's a good soul, is Mary Bartle, and she has a deal to put up with
as it is, but then—!"

"Hollos, Roger! You out?" a man's voice broke in upon the
gate-keeper's semi-soliloquy; "beastly weather, ain't it? Off to the
League meeting, eh?"

The voice belonged to Tim Timmens, the subject of Will's re-
marks awhile ago.

Roger felt tempted to reply that the weather was good enough
for him, since God saw fit to send it, but he checked the words on
his tongue, and said, "Ay, we're all off to the meeting. You, too, I suppose, Timmens?"

"Oh yes! Come what will, I shall do my duty by the League to my dying day, Roger. It's a fine thing,—the finest thing going. It's made a man of me, I tell you. Tim Timmens was but a brute beast before, with scarce a rag to his back or a lining to his stomach. Now Timmens ain't ashamed to shew his face nowheres, nor to stand with the best man in Gingerley, Wharton, or Tuxford, and say—'I'm your equal!'. And as for my wife, she can go to the eleven o'clock mass of a Sunday in her silks and satins, if she likes, pay top price for her seat, and take Margaret along with her! The League's done me a power of good, and no man shall say Tim Timmens is the man to deny his gratitude to his benefactors. I'm proud of the League, and I take it the League's proud of me. I'm an example worth having, you see, of what temperance may do for a man who has sopped away more than a good score of years in the public yonder; ain't I?"

Roger contented himself with giving a nod by way of reply, which might be interpreted either affirmatively or negatively at will. "But now, Roger," went on the other, "I may as well tell you I've had the League greatly on my mind of late; for this reason. It's my belief that our Brach 'll never keep pace with the times as long as we've a priest at the head. I'm a Catholic, and not the man to say a word against the priests. They're right enough inside the church, and outside where they're wanted. But we shall never get either reading or songs racy enough to tempt outsiders to our meetings, as long as Father Douglas is in the chair. Who but a priest would hold against a little well-meant swearing, or to a song that ain't over-polished, or a tale that has a clever lie or two to tell Catholics? What's a religion worth, I'd like to know, if it can't weather an honest sneer? There's a many I know would join us, but they say, 'We'd have to go in for bein' good Catholics as well as good teetotalers if we did.' Now I say, it's a sin and a shame that such honest fellows should be kept out in the cold! And besides this, there's one rule I should very much like to see altered in the League—it's that one about monthly Communion. It ain't no mortal use, I say, binding a man to his religious duties. Bind him to temperance and I'll agree with you; but, bind him to religion, and I say it's a mistake."

"You talk about smoothing the way to bad Catholics, Tim," said Roger Meridy gravely; "but you forget that if the League were to be reformed, as you say, a good many of us'ud be sorely tempted to leave it to its fate. No one will deny that I'm a teetotaler (thank God for it!), and that I love the League with all my heart, and will do my best to spread it far and wide. But I will never take the means for the end, and make temperance my religion. I love it because, making us sober men, it helps us to be better Catholics. God bless our good priests for the work they have done
amongst us in the League! As for that rule about monthly Communion, why, Timmens, it seems like heaven when we go on our Sunday—wife, self, bairns and all, with our green rosettes, up to the altar-rails, indeed it does!” and Roger Meridy’s eyes filled with tears, as he looked round on the fresh cluster of “olive-branches,” with which God had gifted him so bounteously. Tim Timmens shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about “old-fashioned notions not answering in this nineteenth century,” but Roger let it go by in silence.

They were passing the “Plough and Harrow” then. Its glaring gas-lights cast a warm, comfortable glow over the wet flags and steaming street, lighting up the mist, and changing the drops in each dreary pool to diamonds. The sound of noisy jest and laughter rang out from within.

“God help them!” murmured Roger.

“Let them help themselves!” muttered Tim. “I’ve no pity for men that are content to lie down in the mud. Hallo! there’s that fellow Bartle coming towards us. I’ll warrant he’s bound for the ‘Plough.’ Just step back with me a bit, Roger; the other road’s every inch as short as this, and my pride won’t let me be seen in the company of a man that’s going down the hill so fast.”

Roger thought of One who did not refuse, nay even sought, the society of publicans and sinners, that He might do them good, but he felt it would be a waste of words to speak his thought.

“I’m going on, Tim,” he said. “Perhaps a word may turn Tom Bartle back, who knows?” But Timmens had already disappeared into the mist.

“What! you here, Roger?” said the squire’s groom and coachman, with a little evident confusion and shame in his manner, at meeting the signalman just on this spot, and unawares. “Whither away with all your tribe? A bonny lot of bairns, surely! It does one’s heart good to see ’em this dull November night.” “We’re off to our League meeting. Come along with us, Bartle,” said Meridy warmly; “and spend a pleasant two hours. We ain’t the slow, stupid folks you think us, I can tell you.”

“Thank’ee,” returned the other, a little nervously; “another time perhaps, but I’ve other fish to fry to night. You must excuse me.”

“Bartle, tell me,” said Roger earnestly; “you’re not going to spend your evening at the ‘Plough,’ are you?” “Well, I believe—I am thinking of it, lad,” said the coachman hesitatingly. “Why?”

“O Tom, if you could but see how you are ruining yourself, body and soul!” cried Roger in real distress. “Go home to your wife and bairns, Bartle, if you won’t join us; but don’t enter that place to-night!”

“What a fuss you all make about my going into the public,” exclaimed Bartle, putting on a would-be jocose air. “One would
think that a man couldn’t go in for his glass of ale and a chat with
his neighbours without staggering home on shaky pins after it!”

“Would you make me believe that you ever come out the same
man that you went in, Tom?” rejoined Roger, sadly. “You know
you don’t. We can’t throw ourselves willfully into an occasion of
sin and come out unscathed. What does your poor wife say to you
of late, Tom?”

“Not much. She cries in her apron sometimes, as women will,
and says her prayers hard enough for me, I believe. But she ain’t
nothing to complain of—I tells her. I’m a good husband to her if
any man ever was. I never raises my hand to strike her, and as
for food and clothing and home-comforts for herself and the child-
ren, it ain’t no fault of mine if she wants for anything. So there!”

“But your own soul, Bartle, have you taken into consideration?”
rejoined Rogers, earnestly.

“I’m not worse than the general run, Roger; and I take it I
ain’t so bad as your good friend and teetotaler, Tim Timmens that
was, Mr. Timmens that is! There was a time, my lad, when I had
half a thought of joining your League, and turning over some sort
of a new leaf. It was just after Tim got made a member. But
when I see’d that specimen of teetotalism, says I, well, if teetotal-
ism ends in one’s speaking against one’s priest, dropping one’s reli-
igion, and keeping away from the sacraments, and beating one’s
better half, and abusing her and the barns of a week-day while one
rigs ’em out fine ladies of a Sunday, my soul ’ll stand as good a
chance at the judgment with the drink as his without it! And after
that, I gave up the notion of joining you. If I do get wrong at odd
whiles, I’m sorry enough for it afterwards, and off I goes to confession
and means never doing so no more. But Timmens, he’s made up
of no better stuff, than pride. It’s Timmens, and Timmens, for
him, over and over again. There’s nobody in the world worth
mentioning but Timmens, nor talking about but Timmens. I saw
how he cut off just now to get out of my way! And his wife’s well
nigh as bad, while that pretty Maggie of theirs is a thorough-bred
Timmens! Mark me, Roger, Tim Timmens’ pride will have a fall
some day, and it’s my belief that day ain’t so distant as he thinks.”

“Poor Timmens!” said Roger, who had been groaning in spirit
all the time the coachman was speaking. He didn’t take the pledge
in a right spirit, I’m afraid. It’s a thousand pities, for his own
sake, and for the scandal that it gives. He has cast out the one
devil, and the ten-fold demon of pride has come in its place. His
last state seems almost more hopeless than his first. But, as you
say, Tom, trouble may bring him round some day. God grant it
may! But you are not going to take Timmens as a model teetotaler.
Look at Summer and Drall, March and Eden, ain’t they downright
good teetotalers and Catholics in one?”

“And our young squire, bless him!” said the coachman, desirous
of giving the conversation a turn. Mr. Noel is twenty-one on
Christmas-day, and ain’t they going to have a grand do up at the
grandfather’s place, Thurlish Hall, with every relation from far and
near to do him honour! Don’t my master and mistress just dote
on their only son and heir, that’s all!”

“We’ve an extra train on Christmas Eve, all for the squire and
the relations and friends that are expected,” said Roger. “Such
a thing ain’t been heard of before in these parts. I’m sure I wish
them all joy! But come, children, we must hurry on, or we shall
be late! Good evening to you, Tom! You won’t go in there to-night,
will you?”

Bartle did not reply, but the next moment saw the door of the
“Plough and Harrow” open and closed. Roger’s question was
answered without words.

Chapter II.

Christmas Eve had come round. Christmas itself stood on the
threshold. Merry, happy Christmas, ever old, yet ever new; with its
snow and frost, its piled log fires, its laughter and rejoicing, and the
sweet perfume that pervades it of that first Christmas and of the Babe
of Bethlehem! The church, the Squire’s mansion, and the lowliest
cot in Gingerley was duly adorned with its tribute of ivy, and of
holly, bright with its blood-red berries. The squire himself
mounted the step-ladder this year, and decorated the great hall,—
a marvellous feat for him. The servants got up a “bough” in the
kitchen-premises worthy the name,—a mass of oranges, apples and
ribbons, rainbow-hued paper-roses, Christmas-cards, flags and tapers,
not forgetting the orthodox sprig of mistletoe to entrap many
butcher boys and the like.

To the lovely little gate-house, too, Mrs. Meridy had given a
properly festive appearance. Nelly clipped paper fly-catchers in
any quantity for the “bough” which Bartle had sent them, until
there was more fly-catcher than bough left visible. Ingenious
Will manufactured a novel species of candlesticks out of an old
cane which his mother had invested in, with a view to his own
special benefit, in younger days; and to do duty for tapers, he had
hoarded up his mother’s candle-ends for weeks past. Mary and
Nora with the little ones’ help arranged the Crib on the pretty
cottage altar, but the Holy Child was not to be unveiled till the
morrow.

To-day the great centre of attraction in the signalman’s family
was the Christmas pudding. Squire Thurlish had sent a present of
five shillings, in company with a good joint of beef, and the usual
ingredients of a rich plum-pudding, to every cottage in Gingerley,
in honour of his son’s approaching majority, and a Benjamin’s
portion to the gate-keeper’s, for Mrs. Thurlish had been mindful of
the fourteen hungry mouths of the fourteen young gate-keepers.
Right early on Christmas Eve, the manufacture of the pudding began,
for Mrs. Meridy is of opinion that the most ordinary Christmas pud-
ding requires nine hours’ boil at least, and this is an extraordinary one. Depend upon it, it will taste none the worst for being a temperance pudding, neither served with rum-sauce nor fired with brandy! What a mighty interest the children took in it! Poor things, the memory of it will linger pleasantly in their minds for many months after it has met with a pudding’s fate. Everybody had to have a hand in making it. Dora stoned the raisins and ate the stones. Mary relieved the almonds of their over-coats. Sam kept up the fire. Walter cleaned the saucepan. Dick floured the beef, and produced a bran-new piece of whipeord from his pocket to tie up the pudding. Nelly rubbed the currants. Wilfrid pounded suet.

Will went from one to the other, offering advice gratis, and speculating on the success of each component part of the redoubtable pudding. The twin babies were privileged to dig their small thumbs into the batter from time to time, at which performance they crowed mightily. Occasionally, father, who was pretty busy in the signal box, would make a rush into the kitchen to enquire after the pudding’s progress.

“I reckon they’ll be pretty busy at Thurlish Hall about this time,” the gate keeper remarked, when he came in to tea and found the pudding safely consigned to the pot. “The old place won’t have been so gay since our Squire married from it. We must drink to the young Squire’s health in your good temperance elder-berry, Mary, and a merry Christmas to us all to-morrow!”

“An extra merry Christmas to every member of the League of the Cross!” amended teetotal Will.

“And to the pudding!” a further amendment from the twins, which made everybody laugh as only those can laugh who have good consciences.

“You bairns ’ll have to cut off to the League meeting without me to night,” said the signalman, when they had done laughing. “This new train put on late for the convenience of the folks coming down to Thurlish Hall will hinder my getting away until later, on account of closing the gates.”

“Roger,” said the signalman’s wife; “I wish one could be sure that our friend Bartle will spend this holy happy time as he ought. It will throw a good many temptations in his way, I’m afraid.”

“Ay, Mary,” answered the signalman thoughtfully. “I’ll try to look in upon him a bit to-night.”

And, true to his word, Roger did go down to Bartle’s cottage that night. He found Mrs. Bartle in a great state of distress, her eyes red with weeping. The Squire had made Tom the present of a guinea as a Christmas gift, and Bartle had carried every farthing of it straight away to the “Plough and Harrow.”

“And how he will come home,” I don’t know, moaned the poor wife; drunken, or nearly so, I’m afeard, and a merry Christmas we shall have of it! But the worst of it is that the dog-cart is ordered for half-past seven and Tom is to drive the young master
down to the Hall. It's six now, and no sign of his coming back!"

Of course, Roger did his best to comfort the poor woman, and finally hurried off in search of Bartle himself, and then back to his work in the signal-box.

It was late when his evening's labours were completed, and he entered the League-Hall, out of breath with a good run in the frosty air. Since the Gingerley branch of the League had come into existence, he had never been absent a night from the meetings. When business and entertainment were over, the signalman and his children started homewards, the last verse of the temperance hymn they had joined in still ringing in their ears. What a happy, light-hearted band they were! Even the stars in the chill blue heaven seemed to blink for envy as they looked down on a happiness so lowly, yet so far out of their reach.

"What a happy family we are!" thought the gate-keeper, as he went home. "I'm sure I feel as gay as a child myself to-night, and I ain't a bit ashamed of it neither. Thank God for all our happiness!"

Alas! for the transient nature of all, even the purest, of earthly joys!

The merry party were hardly come in sight of home, when Mrs. Meridy rushed forth to meet them, her face white as the apron on which she wipes her streaming eyes; her heart evidently too full of trouble for her tongue to tell.

"Oh, husband, husband!" was all she could gasp forth between her sobs.

"What is it, Mary? The twins are not taken ill, are they? You have heard no bad news, have you?" the signalman inquired anxiously. What could have so upset his brave, self-governed wife!

"The pudding!" exclaimed the children in a breath; "Our Christmas pudding ain't happened with an accident, has it?" This was in their eyes the worst possible calamity that could have occurred.

"Ah, no! The twins are well, thank God!" sobbed poor Mrs. Meridy! "and the pudding will be fit to serve to any king, children. It's something worse—far worse. Oh, husband, I can hardly tell you!"

"The Squire?" faltered Roger. "You don't say that anything—"

"I say that everything is up with them now, husband," cried the wife, bursting into fresh sobs. "O Roger, Roger, tell me—did you shut the gates before you went to the League?"

"Shut them, and signalled!" repeated the gate-keeper, turning pale. "Of course I did! I left everything just as usual. Why do you ask?"

"Because—the gates were open, and—the Squire's dog-cart crossed the line, and—"
“Merciful heaven!” cried Roger, with a groan of well-nigh despair.

“The train was due, and—there was a wreck,—everything smashed to bits. Oh, Roger, if you had only heard that scream as I heard it!”

“But where—what—who was in the dog-cart? I don’t understand!” cried the distracted gate-keeper.

“The young Squire and Bartle were in the cart. Mr. Noel was killed on the spot; Bartle, they say, is dying. The horse was hacked to pieces!”

“Now the great God in heaven have pity on us and them!” groaned Roger; “for this is woe indeed to them, and I seem to see rain staring us in the face. The Squire is a hard man, and who is there to prove that I shut those gates? He will look at me as the murderer of his only son. God help us now, Mary, in our sore need. I must go up to the House at once.” “Yes, go. But tell me, Roger—let me hear you say it again with your own lips—those gates were shut?” “Shut, Mary? God knows they were! How they came to be found open is a mystery to me. Perhaps poor Bartle may be able to throw light on it, if he has strength left. Pray that he may not die thus, Mary, for he was drinking at the ‘Plough’ an hour before the accident, and would not leave it for all my entreaties.”

So Mary sat by the fire and said her prayers as she never had said them in her life before, and the children went away sobbing to bed. The elder ones understood something of the dark cloud that hung over them, the younger ones wept to be in the fashion.

“It will be a sad Christmas, after all,” they said. “Even the pudding will have lost its taste!”

CHAPTER III.

Never within the memory of man had Gingerley seen such a sorrowful Christmas. The black flag floated over the roof of the Squire’s mansion. In one room lay the dead body of the only son and heir of the house, struck down by the hand of death but a few hours ere he had attained his majority. In another the distracted mother tossed upon her bed, in what the doctor did not hesitate to pronounce brain-fever, brought on by the terrible shock to her nervous system. The Squire paced like a caged lion up and down the corridor without, tearing his hair and vowing vengeance on all who had any share in his son’s death. Not far away the coachman lay at death’s door, speechless and unconscious. The signalman’s house seemed almost deserted, but in the little kitchen wife and children huddled together weeping bitterly. Roger Meridy had been arrested and taken to gaol that morning on a charge of manslaughter through neglect of duty. A stranger occupied the signal-box in Roger’s place, a stranger opened and closed the gates, until the trial had been decided at least.
What a Christmas it was to the Meridy family! The crib was still veiled, the "bough" unlighted, even the pudding was forgotten, and allowed to overboil itself, and then swallowed in silence, except for sobs as each one thought of a father who had no Christmas pudding but only hard prison fare in a cold, narrow cell, and who (worse than all!) was accused of a terrible crime. Not that his family for a moment doubted his word. They knew him too well for that. He must have shut the gates, but then who was there to prove that he had done so?

Of the neighbours, some sympathised, some seemed to take a malicious pleasure in Roger Meridy’s troubles. "He had always been so prosperous, a bit of trouble would take him down a peg," they said. "No one would put much faith in his teetotalism now," they added. "Hadn’t he been seen entering the ‘Plough’ that very Christmas Eve, about six o’clock? No doubt when he had opened the gates, he had been rather the worse for liquor, if the truth was known." And even some of Roger’s best friends shook their heads doubtfully now when they spoke of him, and even hoped he would plead guilty when the case came on.

Mrs. Timmens called upon Mary Meridy that afternoon, attired in her Sunday silk. She was by way of acting the sympathising friend; "pitted Roger from the bottom of her heart; but no doubt as it was his first offence, the judge would not be too hard upon him. She always had considered it a mistake for Roger to "set up for being so religious. He must have broken down sooner or later, and then other folks had the laugh against them, and moreover, the cause of temperance suffered. Mary did not believe, then, that report about Roger’s having been seen in the ‘Plough’! Ah, well! happy the woman who could afford to discredit it! She herself would have expected it of anyone who gave himself airs. She was thankful that her Maggie had not been brought up as Roger brought up his children. Religion was all very well in convents," etc. . .

Right glad was poor Mary when this Job’s comforter departed. The next visitor was Miss Vernon, the priest’s aunt and housekeeper, a dear, silver-haired old lady, who pulled up at the door in her pony-carriage, and brought a giant parcel of sweetmeats for the children. Her very smile seemed to warm up poor Mrs. Meridy’s heart.

"Of course Roger spoke the truth, Mary," she said. "He shut those gates as he said. He never was the man to neglect his duty, or if by some strange chance he had forgotten to close them, he would not have been the coward to deny it. As for all these reports about the ‘Plough,’ you know as well as I do what they are worth. Trust in God, and say your prayers, and let your troubles slide off you ‘like water off a duck’s back!’ Mark my words—the truth will out, and Roger be cleared sooner or later; and if later, why we must find something for you to do meantime!"

But the case was tried, and sentence was given against Roger Meridy,—eighteen months, with hard labour.
Happily, good old Miss Vernon was not one to forget her promises, and in one way or another the gate-keeper’s family was provided for. All the old lady’s friends and acquaintance were speedily interested in poor Mary, and her hands were soon as full as they could hold of sewing and washing. Nora, the eldest girl, was taken as nursemaid into a gentleman’s family. Sharp-witted Will was taken into the presbytery to operate on boots and knives, and in a generally useful capacity. In this way one year dragged by, with many a heartache and a tear, but not without many a mercy for which to thank God, who ever tempers the wind to his shorn lambs. This one short year had wrought several changes in Gingerley. For example, you would hardly have recognised in that silver-haired, old man that creeps daily to mass, and seeks some dark, retired corner, as though shrinking from the gaze of others, Tim Timmens, the proud teetotaller! He looked humble enough now, and no mistake. Mrs. Timmens too, seemed to have “come down a peg.” She had dropped her silks and satins, and contented herself with simple stuffs. Two poor old Irish bodies could perhaps have given us an account of where the money that once went to the draper’s shop now goes; they do tell it daily to Almighty God on their beads. A way far more likely to benefit Mrs. Timmens, than ever did the poplar-like rustlings of those silken gowns of her’s! And how came this change about? Ah, the fall which Bartle had predicted to Timmens’ pride came! His Maggie, “pretty Maggie,” as the whole village called her—a pretty butterfly, with no religion or principle to guide her, had singed her pretty feathers in the world’s candle sadly enough. It was more her misfortune than her fault, for she had been badly brought up, poor child! They found her one night, drunk on the streets, and—well, the father’s hair was grey from that time forward; the mother’s pride humbled to the dust. They sent her to a convent that received such poor fallen ones—it was all they could do. But oh, the anguish of the thought that this was but in great part the natural fruit of the seed they themselves had sown in their child’s soul! Curiously enough, they turned to Mrs. Meridy now in their trouble; it comforted them to tell out their woes to her, and to ask her advice in everything. “She was such a good religious woman,” they would say, “with no pretence about her.”

Bartle, the Squire’s gardener, had recovered, but Mrs. Meridy saw nothing of him now. If they chanced to be passing down the street at the same time, he would step into some cottage or shop to avoid her. Evidently he considered Roger had been the cause of his accident, thought poor Mary, and it grieved her, for Bartle and Roger had always been good friends. What troubled her still more was to know how terribly Bartle had given way to drink of late. He seemed to have grown reckless. Not once, nor twice, had Squire Thurlish caught his man “on the beer.” True, Bartle had professed himself penitent enough afterwards, but the grand
proof of penitence, amendment, was wanting. The Squire found Bartle drunk in bed one day, at a time when the carriage had been ordered round. Mrs. Bartle could not deny it, though she implored the Squire to forgive her husband for the children’s sakes. This time, however, Squire Thurlish was inexorable. Next morning the coachman received notice, and at the week’s end he and his wife and children were turned adrift from their comfortable cottage, to seek work and home where they could find it in the big, unfriendly world. Bartle had grown too reckless to care what became of them. He sallied off to the public, with his few remaining shillings in his pocket, leaving Mrs. Bartle penniless to find for herself and the children as best she might. It would have gone hard with them, but for Mrs. Meridy’s charity. She welcomed the poor destitute ones to her little home, and fed them with the best she had. Mrs. Bartle was deeply grateful, but the good woman would not listen to her tearful thanks.

“Don’t speak of it, Martha,” she said; “I wouldn’t have our Lord say to me, ‘I was a stranger, and you took me not in.’ Besides, I know it seems to you all as if I and mine had done you a great wrong. Almost every one thinks so, and only God knows the truth. So I am glad to welcome you to my home, Martha, and Bartle, too, if he comes.”

But that night they neither saw nor heard anything of Tom Bartle. Only, when morning dawned, and the labourers were going out early to their work, some of them found Bartle lying on the roadside half-frozen. In the darkness, his dull, drunken brain had led him astray, and in the winter air, on the frozen road, he had fallen asleep. They carried him to Mrs. Meridy’s cottage, and sent for the doctor. But Tom Bartle was a dying man—his night in the frost and snow had completed the ruin of a not over-strong constitution, enfeebled by drink and by that accident which had laid him at death’s door a year ago. He could not last many hours. His wife and children stood by his bedside and wrung their hands. When Bartle returned to consciousness, and saw where he was, a shudder passed through his whole frame. “Not here!” he groaned. “Take me away; I can’t die here!”

But the doctor’s orders were imperative. He was on no account to be moved.

They sent for the priest, but Bartle refused to see him. An awfully peaceless, agonized look was on his face. Whenever Mrs. Meridy came into the room, he positively groaned aloud.

“Bartle,” the poor woman could not help saying, for his horror of her grieved her to the soul, “I know you hate us all. You look upon us as the cause of so much suffering to you, and of the death of your master’s son. Ah, if you could but know before you die that my poor Roger spoke the truth!”

The dying man raised himself in bed. To judge by the working of his face, a fearful struggle was going on within. “Come
here!" he cried excitedly; "I can keep silence no longer. Mary,
your husband is the noblest fellow that ever breathed. I know
that he closed those gates. I know that he is suffering now
unjustly!"

"Now, thank God for these words, Bartle!" exclaimed Mrs.
Meridy, with tears in her eyes. "This is indeed generous of you,
Bartle?"

"Generous!" he repeated, as if the words stung him. "Yes, I
have been generous, God knows! Listen, Mary—and you too,
wife and bairns—it was I who opened those gates; it was I who
have to answer for the death of my master's son. It is in my stead
that Roger Meridy is eating prison-fare to-day!"

"Gracious heavens! He is raving. It is the drink," cried his
wife, wringing her hands.

"I am neither drunk nor raving," Bartle answered calmly; "but
I am a dying man, and dying men speak truth. I was drunk that
night, but I should not have been if I had taken Meridy's
advice. He came himself to the public, and brought me out, but I
sneaked back again afterwards. I was so drunk that I forgot the
train, but not so drunk that I could not remember all I did. God
forgive me that I have let him suffer long in my place, being
innocent!"

"God forgive you!" murmured Mrs. Meridy, hiding her head in
her hands.

"And you—can you forgive me?"

"If God forgives you, how can we dare withhold our pardon?"
she answered with an effort. "Oh, Bartle, Roger was so fond of
you. If you only knew how he used to pray for you? If you had
only taken his advice!"

"If I had! But now, it's too late. I must do all I can. Send
for the priest, and I will make my confession now." Then, turning
to his children, he said, "God help you to take warning by
your father. Never touch the glass. It is the first down-hill step
that ends in ruin. I know it by bitter experience!"

Bartle died—a penitent sinner, and on Christmas morning, while
the Christmas bells were still ringing out the "peace on earth
towards men of good-will," Mary Meridy clasped her husband in
her arms once more, laughing and crying for joy, while in one
breath, father, mother and children thanked God for all their trials
and for the mercy which had ended them at last.

Roger was looked upon as a hero in Gingerley on his return.
The neighbours all hurried in, proud to shake hands with one who
had suffered so long, so unjustly, and so uncomplainingly.

Squire Thurlish was by no means the last to call upon Roger.
He was most anxious to do his best to make amends to him for his
past sufferings, and offered him a very good post as keeper of a
temperance hotel which he had just opened in a town near. He
would take all the first year's expenses upon himself, and no doubt
Roger would make a very paying thing of the business in time, besides the good it was sure to do in the cause of temperance.

Of course Roger could only thank him heartily, and close with the offer.

"Roger, old fellow!" said Timmens, as he bade the family farewell as they left the village for their new home; "you were right. Temperance is a grand thing, but it's only the means to the end after all; and religion is the end. I couldn't get on without it!"

"Thank God for that, Tim!" said Roger; "and mind you look after our Gingerley Branch of the League, and give me news of it from time to time. I shall wish and pray for it every prosperity."

"Hurrah for Gingerley and the League of the Cross!" cried the Meridy lads and lasses, waving hats and pocket-handkerchiefs, until the spring-cart turned the corner, and Gingerley was out of sight.

And so say we—hurrah, and a merry Christmas to every member of the League of the Cross!

---

A Year in New York.—During 1882, 38,624 deaths occurred in New York City, and 35,000 births were reported. For the education of children some $4,000,000 were expended, while the drinking-places, of which there are 9,215, absorbed the enormous sum of $60,000,000. Of the army of wine-bibbers who cast their substance into this pool, 32,391 were committed to the Tombs.

It may be useful to reprint the following words, addressed by the late Holy Father, Pius IX, to the members of the Massachusetts Catholic Total Abstinence Society. Speaking of drinking to excess, he says: "In your zeal, consequently, to abolish this disreputable and promiscuous custom, you not only struggle against one vice, but in your efforts to stem the innumerable evils flowing from the source, you also advance the interests of your religion, promote the interests of your fellow men, and the prosperity of your country; and should you, by God's grace, prosecute the movement to success, you will call down manifold blessings on your people. For St. Augustine says: 'Sobriety is the mother of all virtues. It puts to flight sin and crime, shuns the danger, is faithful to duty, and rules over the home and family with care and moderation.' We exhort you, therefore, for the true welfare of your country, to vigorously urge outward the total abstinence movement, under the guidance of the Church. Thus will you, beyond all contradiction, deserve well of God, of the Church, and of your fellow men. We cordially wish you the largest measure of success, and the happiest results of your labours; and in token thereof, and as a pledge of our paternal tenderness, we most lovingly impart to you, beloved children, and to all those engaged in this same work with you, the apostolic benediction."
EPIPHANY.

"When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, of Juda, in the days of King Herod, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to adore him." (S. Matthew ii.) Who were these "wise men?" These were what we should call philosophers—the Latin name for them is *magi*—men devoted to the pursuit of science. They were of high position in their country, probably chiefs of tribes, and hence they are called kings. Whence did they come? From the east, but from what part of the east is unknown. Some think they came from Persia; others from Chaldea; others, with greater probability, believe that they were from the western parts of Arabia. They were astronomers, and while engaged in their study of the stars, they observed one star which, by its extraordinary brightness and by its position, seemed to be a messenger from heaven. Then the prophecy of Balaam, foretelling a great and wonderful ruler, came to their minds: "A star shall arise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel . . . out of Jacob shall he come that shall rule" (Numbers xxiv. 17), and when, as St. Leo says, God's face shone in their hearts, showing that it was His will that they should pay homage to that ruler, they set out with servants and camels, carrying with them gifts. The star led them on till they reached Jerusalem, where they inquired, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to adore him."

The Jews were in expectation of the Messiah at this time. The prophet Daniel had clearly foretold in his day the number of years that were to elapse before the Redeemer should come; and the number was now complete. So when the wise men came to Jerusalem inquiring after the new-born King, whose star they had seen and whom they had come to adore, all knew that this King was the Christ. But instead of receiving the news of His long-expected birth with joy, Herod "was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him;" Herod fearing that this heavenly King would take from him his earthly crown; Jerusalem, lest He should disturb them in their pleasures and chastise them for their vices. "And Herod assembling together all his chief priests and the scribes of the people, inquired of them where the child should be born. But they said to him: In Bethlehem of Juda. For so it is written by the prophet (Micheas)." Foolish guides! they could show others the way of life, but would not go themselves. Then the crafty Herod, thinking to destroy the Lord of Glory, inquired diligently of the wise men the time when the star had first appeared to them, and, sending them to Bethlehem, bade them, when they had found the child, return and let him know, "That I, also," he said, "may adore him."
When they left the city for Bethlehem, "the star which they had seen in the east went before them until it came and stood over where the child was. And seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house they found the child with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored him; and opening their treasures they offered him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Gold as tribute to their King: incense, worshipping Him as God; and myrrh, which was used for anointing the dead, acknowledging Him as mortal man.

The word Epiphany means a showing or appearance, and the festival is so called because on that day Christ first showed Himself, or appeared, to the Gentiles—those who went were not Jews. Hitherto the Jews had been God's chosen people, and had been specially favoured by Him; but now the light was to shine upon other nations; there was to be no distinction between Jew and Gentile; the Arabian and the Celt was free to have as full a share in the blessings of the New Testament as the proud Pharisee and haughty scribe. Happy day for us Gentiles which saw the three wise men from the far off east kneeling in adoration at Jesus' feet, smiled upon by Him, blessed by His tiny hands—the first-fruits of that mighty family, numerous as the stars of heaven and as the sands of the seashore, which that Holy Child was to gather from all nations of the earth into His Church.

The question of how to suppress the drink traffic has been settled in Indiana in a rather striking way. At Palmyra, Ind., a party of thirty women disguised in men's clothes rode up to the liquor saloon of W. Bolt, and demanded admission. Bolt, who resided above the saloon, refused, but the women enforced their demand with drawn revolvers, and were admitted. They at once set to work and broke all the decanters, glasses, and furniture of the bar, and knocked in the heads of all the barrels and kegs, pouring the contents out. They gave Bolt notice that, if he re-opened the saloon, they would repeat the visit and lynch him, as they did not intend to tolerate the sale of liquor in the town. Bolt is looking for another location.

The liquor-traffic, it is my conviction, is directly responsible in a very large measure for the fearful flood of intemperance which devastates the country, and in this view the reduction of intemperance, for which we are contending, demands imperiously a change in the customs and practices which the traffic at present recognizes. Alcohol has wrested millions of souls from God's Church, and devotion to the Church should be with her children the most powerful of all motives to wage war against it. Saloon-keepers are the professional distributors of the alcoholic fluid.—Bishop Ireland.
THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.
A TALE TOLD TO A CHILD.
BY THE REV. J. W. REEKS.

Air—"The Harp that once."

Long years will pass, and tears will flow,
And my young heart grow old; 
But I shall ne'er forget the tale
The neighbours came and told.
'Twas round the fire they told the tale;
They spoke with trembling breath—
I seem to hear their voices now—
"He died a drunkard's death."

"In sin he lived, in sin he died,
And cast his soul away:
And he will stand before God's throne
Upon the judgment day!"
This is the tale they told; and now
I lie awake at night,
And think I see God judging him,
And tremble with affright.

And then there rises in my mind
The story of his life:
The empty, squalid, cheerless room,
The scene of drunken strife.
His starving wife and children left
At home to weep and die,
Whilst he, half senseless, mad with drink,
Heeds not their dying cry.

And was he once a child like me,
A simple loving child?
And like the Infant Jesus, too,
So pure, and meek, and mild?
And was his Guardian Angel there
To watch him as he fell?
And if he fell, and others fall,
May I not fall as well?

O God, have mercy on his soul—
And save me from his sin,
And when the struggle comes for me,
O help me then to win,
Let long years pass, and let tears flow,
And let our hearts grow old,
But never let that tale of woe
Of you and me be told.
STARVED TO DEATH.

A TRUE STORY.

In the waiting-room at the railway station of a busy town in the north of England, three men were sitting, chafing their hands at the stove, one cold winter night. To judge by their appearance, their packs, and their conversation, they were commercial travellers. They had just come in by the London train, and ordered hot whisky and water from the refreshment-rooms. Presently a fourth traveller joined them, a relieving officer in a neighbouring town. He seemed to hesitate whether or not to address the trio at the fire. “Good evening, gentlemen,” he said at last. “A cold night this?”

“Beastly cold!”

“Awful weather!”

“Enough to starve a dog!” were the three grunted replies.

“God help the poor!” the relieving officer went on. “Gentlemen, this morning a half-naked woman came to me, seeking relief—not for herself, but for a poor stranger child, whose mother was dead, and whom she declared to be starving. The inhuman father drank every penny that he earned. Of course I determined to see the true state of the case myself. Down by the river, I found the house pointed out to me, half-way down a dark alley. I groped my way in, and the first object that met my eyes was a child lying on the floor, a little straw under her, and a few rags thrown over her—dead! Life could not have been long extinct, for the emaciated body was still warm. About a moment later, the woman who had pleaded in the child’s behalf came in. ‘You’re over late, sir,’ she said, pointing to the corpse with her bare foot. ‘Poor little lass, she’s gone, and it’s well for her. Her father is nought better than a drunken devil. Only see those black bruises all over her arms! Only last night I heard him beating her. He was “on the beer,” you see, and she kept crying for food. I’ll be bound he’s in the pawn-shop now, fastening every rag of clothes she had!’ The woman spoke the truth, I found. Within an hour after his child had breathed its last, the father was off to the pawn-shop with every miserable garment it possessed, even to the threadbare skirt in which it had gone shivering through the streets with its basket of pipe-clay. Gentlemen, that child died of starvation. It was starvation, that its father might drink.”

The faces of the three travellers showed that the sad tale had gone to their hearts. They were fathers, all of them. A subscription was quickly raised among them for the decent burial of the poor child, and given into the relieving officer’s hands. The waiter came in with three steaming glasses on a tray. Each one was quietly poured away undrank, and it was not long before two of the party took the pledge.

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Contents of this Number.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL INTERVIEWED ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION ........................................ 37
DENIS MARTYN’S TRUCE. A STORY FOR ST. PATRICK’S DAY ................................................................. 39
THE APOSTLE OF ENGLAND ................................................................. 45
OUR PATRIARCH’S CROSS ................................................................. 47
“FOR GOD AND ST. PATRICK” ............................................................. 47
THE HOUSE THAT BASE BUILT ............................................................. 49
A TRUE INCIDENT .................................................................................. 50
OUR NOTE-BOOK ................................................................................ 51

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FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL INTERVIEWED ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

"Would your Grace object to my asking you a few questions regarding the Temperance movement?"

"Certainly not. It is a matter that I have constantly before me in one shape or other. But before you begin, let me tell you honestly I think we in Ireland have been a deal too ready to plead guilty to all our enemies say against us in this matter of intemperance. I don’t see that we are as intemperate as, for instance, the English or Scotch people; and certainly I deny most emphatically that we are more so than they are.”

“But, my Lord, there must be some foundation in fact for the charge laid at the door of your Grace’s countrymen. They are not called ‘the drunken Irish’ merely for spite.”

“Well, I believe spite has a great deal to say to it. Their accusers drink a great deal more than the Irish do, but they drink much more systematically. The Englishman, however, carries his liquor better: and so does the Scotchman. A drunken Englishman staggers home, sodden and stupid, and falls asleep without minding any one. If drink brings out the stupidity of the Saxon, it brings out the caution of the Scot, who can get drunk, and return home, without any one being a bit the wiser.”

“And I suppose poor Paddy, my Lord, has neither stupidity nor caution?”

“Not he, poor fellow. Drink makes a fool of him. He must talk to every friend, and fight with every foe. He takes a glass or two in town, and the whole parish knows it. He seems to be just twice as drunk as he really is; and where an English or Scotch drunkard would pass muster, he, poor fellow, shouts out his own guilt. And as for that guilt, half the time I firmly believe that it is the big heart and the empty stomach, rather than the big drink, that we must hold to be the cause of his disgrace.”

“You think, then, my Lord, that, were the Irish peasant better fed, his liquor would do him less harm?”

March 1835.]
"I am certain of it. The truth is, he eats very little and drinks very seldom. Perhaps once a week the Irish countryman touches whisky, or not as often. His head is not used to it, and, as I said, his stomach is empty—and there's the whole of it."

"But surely there is something to be put down to the famous Irish whisky?"

"Famous! Infamous, I should say. If the poor Irish got good whisky, there would be a very different tale to tell. It is the horrible poisonous stuff that the Government allows to be given out and sold to our poor people as whisky that does the harm. It is not that it intoxicates—it maddens them."

"Do you think, then, my Lord, that Government should legislate with a view to regulating the age and quality of the whisky sold by the publicans?"

"Certainly. Why not? There are laws regulating the sale of other poisons; why should this vitriol be excepted? I am sure a home Government would have long ago passed such a law. We are robbed of the liberties we ask for, and given a liberty that is ruining us. But it is useless to talk of Englishmen ever taking the trouble to grapple with this question."

"And what does your Grace say to the total abstainers?"

"I say, and from my heart, God bless them! Let them stand by their pledges, and not abuse every sober non-abstainer, and they have my best wishes. They are already a power in the country. I have close on a thousand total abstainers in the parish of Thurles alone; and many of my priests through the archdiocese are cold-water men. Even here the words and example of your own great Cardinal have their effect. I think the Irish people should never forget the debt of gratitude they owe Cardinal Manning for all he has done for them in this matter of Temperance, and in many a graver matter. He has been a true friend in all our needs. His League of the Cross is one of the leagues that we Irish look on with thankfulness and hope. May God prosper it!"

"I wish your Grace would say a word to your countrymen in Ireland and England, regarding the avoidance of drunkenness on St. Patrick's Day."

"Why should I? For years past I have seen by the police reports of all the large centres in Ireland and England that there have been scarcely any cases of drunkenness before the magistrates after St. Patrick's Day; and you may be sure that in England, at least, no poor Irishman forgetting himself on that day would be allowed to escape, so anxious are our rulers, and, indeed, it would seem, some amongst ourselves, to fix on that day—the dearest and holiest to an Irishman's heart—the stigma of intemperance. In this parish, which includes the town of Thurles and a large country district as well, there is never, now, a case for the police-court resulting from intemperance on Patrick's Day. What I say to my countrymen is, that they should continue to improve
in this respect as they have improved for the past few years. Let them be jealous of the honour of their country and their Patron Saint, and give neither friend nor foe the smallest grounds for these insulting accusations. If this cannot be done save by abstaining entirely on Patrick’s Day from intoxicating drink, let them so abstain. ‘Tis the least sacrifice they could make.”

“Thank you, my Lord. I am sure your Grace’s words and blessing will encourage many an Irishman this coming Patrick’s Day.”

DENIS MARTYN’S TRUCE.
A STORY FOR ST. PATRICK’S DAY.
BY CASSIE M. O’HARA.

The time is the eve of St. Patrick’s Day, the place a humble but very tidily kept cottage in the remote suburbs of Dublin, and the _dramatis personae_ are two young girls, chatting and working together in the bright front room of the aforesaid cottage.

Five years ago, when the shadow of the “hard times” had first touched the fair green valleys of Munster, Denis Martyn and his only sister Mary turned out of their little holding in Clare, had come to the metropolis, determined to win their way as best they could in the, to them, wonderful city of Dublin. They had been recommended by friends to the care and attention of Mrs. Moran, a thrifty kind-hearted widow, who with her only daughter Katie occupied the suburban cottage in which our story opens.

Widow Moran and Katie gave the young travellers from Clare a hearty Irish welcome, and insisted on their making the cottage their head-quarters until they obtained remunerative and permanent employment in Dublin.

The brother and sister were more than usually successful in their quest of lucrative occupation. Denis, following the bent of his inclinations, applied himself to learn the trade of a mason; while Mary, introduced by Katie to a shirt-making establishment in town, obtained large orders of needlework, in which she was an adept.

But although the Martyns had succeeded in getting sufficient employment to warrant them setting up a home of their own, Widow Moran and Katie would not hear of their leaving the cottage.

“Shure you can pay us a trifle towards the housekeepin’ when you can, and stay where ye are.”

Mrs. Moran would object when Mary and Denis talked of renting rooms in the neighbourhood: “Isn’t Denis the better of havin’ plenty of company when he comes home in the evenin’, and aren’t Mary and Katie like sisters, with the ould mother to watch over yez all?”

So the brother and sister decided, nothing loth, to remain
where they were, and a happier and more united household could scarcely be found in Dublin.

For five years the sunshine of peace and happiness lay over the cottage on the Dublin road; for five years it was a paradise where the innocent flirtation of Denis and Katie had bloomed into the flowers of a mutual love, and then the shadow fell, the serpent came forth in the fair noonday, and anxiety, sorrow, and sin followed in its wake.

A change had come over Denis Martyn, and those who loved him best sorrowed bitterly as they at last acknowledged to themselves that he was sadly different from the Denis of old. At first steady, intelligent, and persevering, the young workman had won golden opinions from his employers, when one terrible evening he was induced by a companion to turn for the first time in his life into a public-house.

A great, vulgar, flaunting-looking building, with the gas flaring from its many windows, and warm crimson-coloured lanterns set at its doors, as if to lure unwary passers in to their doom, this monster tavern, more like a London gin-palace than an Irish public-house, stood at the corner of the street where Denis used to turn on his homeward way. For years he had passed and repassed the gaudily-lighted doors without once thinking of entering them, until the evening when, half through curiosity, half for sociability, or perhaps wholly to escape his comrade's rather stinging banter, he followed him over the fatal threshold. Ah! who shall say that drink in itself is the charm that first leads over the fatal Rubicon? Who shall say that gay genial company, light, warmth, mirth, banter, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," are not the primary influences that allure men into the meshes of intemperance? At least to Denis Martyn's warm, excitable, southern temperament it was the attractive surroundings more than the vice itself that led him evening after evening, despite his sister's grave rebukes and Katie's pleading glances, to the big house at the corner.

The first step taken, the downward path is smooth and easily trodden. Six months after he had tasted the first glass of whisky Denis Martyn was a confirmed drunkard. In vain his grave, gentle sister remonstrated with him; in vain Katie, her soft eyes dim with tears, her sweet young face piteous with sorrow and anxiety, implored him for her sake, for the sake of God and His Blessed Mother, to give up, while yet he could, the shameful, degrading vice that was ruining soul and body—that was making him a thing of contemptuous pity to the good, and of scorn to all. But in vain. Night after night found Denis reeling home dead drunk; morning after morning found him wrapped in heavy drunken slumbers, until Mary half turned away from him in horror, and Katie hardly recognised in the shrunken figure and drink-blearred eyes the bright, manly-looking young fellow that had won her respect, her admiration, and her heart's whole love, in the happy days not so very long ago.
But the darkest night has its star of hope, the deepest anxiety its balm of relief in prayer; and in trust and surpassing faith, the two girls prayed that God would touch the drunkard’s heart, that Mary, the Mother of all mercy and consolation, would lead the prodigal back once more to the grace and friendship of her Son. And prayer is never lost. Like the silvery vapour from the sea, it only pierces the clouds, to return again in showers of grace and strength.

As the Lenten days came on, and St. Joseph’s month dawned on the land, the girls whispered to each other that their many Masses and novenas were beginning to bear fruit. Denis, apparently ashamed and conscience-stricken, began to see the danger of his ways, and promised to amend. Of late he had remained in during the evening, listening to Widow Moran’s anecdotes of the “ould times,” and blending his rich voice with Katie’s, as she sang once more the old-fashioned ballads that had made the charm of the happy evenings of the past. With hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude, Mary and Katie watched his improved life, and whispered to themselves that the truce of St. Patrick’s Day would put the crown upon his conversion.

On the day before the eve of St. Patrick, the girls went to the Jesuit church, and asked one of the Fathers for a card for Denis. This card bore a solemn promise that the possessor would not enter a public-house from the eve of the 17th until the 18th, being thus a three days’ truce to the bondage of the devil, and given to God.

On the morning of the 16th of March, when Denis had finished his breakfast, and was preparing to go to his work, Katie slipped up to him, as he stood in the window, buckling the wallet of tools upon his shoulder.

“Denis,” she whispered softly, “here is the card of truce that Mary and me were tellin’ ye about. Won’t you take it, avourneen, and keep it faithful, for the love of God and the honour of St. Patrick?”

The young fellow’s brow darkened, but he clasped the little hand held out to him, card and all, in his.

“I’ll take yer hand, Katie darlint,” he answered, “but no card, nor bind myself by no promise, that I’ll maybe break before the day is out. This is Patrick’s Eve, and the boys will all be makin’ merry, and askin’ me to have a dhrop, and shure I can’t refuse. You wouldn’t have me make a ‘bad fellow’ of myself, would ye, Katie?”

“I’d have you remember that you have a soul to save,” she rejoined earnestly, “and that every glass of whisky you take, you run the chance of losing it. O Denis! Denis!” she went on passionately, “you are a Catholic, you have the faith, you believe in God, in mortal sin, in the punishment He metes out to it! O, remember, every time you are drunk, you throw yourself down on the brink of perdition; and if God—the God whom you have
insulted, outraged, defied—were to withdraw His hand from you for one moment, you would fall into hell. And O, think too, you do not know how many mortal sins God will allow you to commit; you have no guarantee that the next moment you are drunk may not be your last; you have no assurance that God will not demand your soul at the very moment that, unconscious, more brutalised than the brute itself, you are unable to ask His mercy—what we must all ask and plead for at the hour of death. O Denis, think of this to-day; think to-night, when you are passing that horrible house, ‘If I enter it, I may never live to leave it.’ And now,” she continued more coaxingly, “take this card; it will recall that thought, and give you strength to act on it. Put your hand in your pocket, and hold it tight; say the little prayer on it; and I have no doubt you will pass those doors, and come home safe and sober to Mary and me to-night.”

Denis, startled by his betrothed’s earnest words, took the card in his hand, kissed it solemnly, made the required promise, and went off with a light heart to his work.

The day wore on, and when the evening came on which we introduced Katie and Mary to our readers, it found them happy and hopeful, working together in the big bright window, with often a wistful look at the clock; for it was now near six, and Denis was expected at seven.

“It is time to lay the tea-things, Mary,” said Katie, rising and laying aside her work. “I’ll cut the toast, and leave all ready, and then—” and Katie hesitated.

“And then I hope you’ll make it,” answered Mary; “for I want to finish this row of stitching before I rise.”

“No, Mary avourneen, ye’ll just make it yerself this time; for I’m goin’ out for a walk. I’ll tell ye, Mary,” she went on, laying her hand caressingly on the girl’s shoulder. “There’s a notion in my head all day that I’d like to meet Denis to-night, and bring him home meself. If I get me eyes on him afore he gets to the public-house, it will be the quare ‘ould boy’ that I’ll let take him in.”

“All right, me darlint, go, in God’s name; and I’ll have the tea ready for yez both when ye come back.”

It was half-past six o’clock when Katie, equipped in an ulster and neat little bonnet, came in sight of the “big house” she so feared and detested. She was still in a quiet part of the road, and, although it was quite dusk, she determined to sit down and say her beads; and then, when it neared seven o’clock, she would go and meet Denis, and bring him safely past those bad red-lighted doors.

But even as she took the resolution, she saw a well-known figure in the distance; and she gave a little cry of joy, as she recognised Denis, far beyond the tavern, walking on quickly, as if he had no intention but that of getting home soon. He did not perceive her, but the next moment he would have passed the ominous doors, and be close to her. She did not stir, but
watched him fondly, as he came with long quick strides towards her. In another second he was at the doors, and—O God!—Katie saw he had stopped! Will he go in? The girl’s heart might have been heard, so loud were its rapid pulsations. Another second, apparently of hesitation; one quick glance at the tavern, then around him, again at the tavern; and then, like a madman, he dashed up the entrance into the great, glaring, noisy hall, where Katie neither could nor would follow him.

With a low cry of unutterable anguish, she staggered against a huge old tree that stood in the roadway. All was over now; her every hope blasted. He had broken the truce, and gone into the terrible place from which he would not emerge a man.

“The drunkard’s curse is on him, I suppose,” Katie sighed, as she turned her trembling steps homeward; “he cannot give it up, even if he would.”

Black, dreary, and anguish-laden, the hours crept away, while Widow Moran and the two girls kept sorrowful vigil at the cottage fireside. Katie gave way unreservedly to her grief: it had been such a disappointment—she had hoped so much from that promise to God; and the promise had been broken, the hope crushed even when it seemed at the point of realisation.

And she loved him so well! and she must give him up. She could not marry a man to whom no promise was sacred, who had neither strength of mind, nor faith, nor fear of God sufficient to resist the craving for one glass of whisky. She would never be a drunkard’s wife; and poor little Katie wept passionately, while the young heart stormed and writhed with the anguish of a love it must cast away.

Nine, ten o’clock struck, but no sign of Denis; no sound, as Widow Moran opened the door for the twentieth time, but the night wind growing louder, and the shout of the drunken reveller staggering along to his outraged home.

But at last a noise like the tramp of many feet fell on the listener’s ear. At first far away and muffled, then distinct and near, nearer still. O Heaven, they have turned into the cottage gate! and the women looked at each other in a despair that could find no expression. Katie, deadly pale, scared, trembling, was the first to speak.

“O God!” she gasped, “they are carrying some one in here!” The next moment the door was thrown open, and three men bearing an apparently lifeless body entered the room.

Katie in an agony of grief never glanced once at the men, nor at their burden: it was Denis, she knew—her Denis, dead. Her prophecy had been fulfilled—to-night’s debauch had been his last—God had called him when he was least fit to answer; and with these agonising thoughts surging over heart and brain, the girl staggered and fell, white and senseless, on the floor.

When Katie Moran came back to life and light, she found her-
self seated on the big easy-chair at the fire, her mother leaning over her, and Denis, safe and sound and thoroughly sober—yes, even to Katie’s bewildered gaze he looked that—at her side, clasp- ing both the cold little hands in his.

“O Denis!” she murmured, “is it you, alive and well? Shure, I thought it was yer body they were carrying in—that you had died, or been killed maybe, in the public-house.”

“Make yerself aisy, Katie darlint,” he answered earnestly; “I am here with you safe and sound, though I had a narrow escape of my life. I’ll tell ye all now, avourneen. quick, for I have to run for the doctor, for that poor boy that we brought in is nearly burnt to death. I started for home to-night,” he began, “a bit earlier than usual—we got off work in good time—and I wanted to get home soon, to show you how well I would keep my promise. Well, just as I came to the doors of the public-house I happened to look, and I saw a volume of smoke and flame coming out of the top windows. I looked around me, but I could see no one to give the alarm, so I rushed into the house myself. I was in time to save the lives of the inmates, but nothing more. The house was doomed; and before the Fire Brigade could be got, the ‘big corner tavern’ was a heap of blackened ruins. The neighbours gathered round, and we did all we could, but in spite of our efforts some lives were lost. Every room and available spot in the house was crowded with drinkers on account of its being Patrick’s Eve, and many of them, drunk and insensible, could not be made to understand their danger until it was too late. Some of those rescued were horribly burnt, and I had to help to convey them to the hospital, which it’s the reason of my being so late coming home.

“Among the victims I recognised our neighbour Paddy Dolan’s son, and as he was not much injured I thought I would bring him here, and we would attend to him. So me and the two Egan’s carried him in, and the moment we entered the door, you cried out my name and fainted.

“This is the solemn truth, Katie avourneen, as God knows it and sees it,” he continued. “I would not have entered that house only that I saw it was afire, and it was my duty to give the alarm, and help to save the poor people in it. So you see, me darlint, the ‘truce’ was not broken, after all.”

Two years have passed away since the Patrick’s Eve which witnessed the burning of the ‘big public-house,’ and Denis Martyn, completely awed and converted by what he deemed the judgment of God, has never entered a tavern nor tasted drink since. After six months of trial and probation, which Denis bore with as much patience as he could muster, Katie at last rewarded him with her own thrifty little hand, and in all the dear green land there is not a happier, holier fireside than that where Denis Martyn and his bright young wife often tell their friends of that memorable St. Patrick’s Eve and the unbroken truce.
THE APOSTLE OF ENGLAND.

About the year 540, there was born in Rome, of a rich and noble family, a child who received the name of Gregory. Through his great ability he was raised at an early age to a post of high civil authority in Rome; but soon after, he left the world and became a monk, and spent the whole of his private fortune in building seven convents. In the year 590 he was made Pope, and, till his death in 605, he governed the Catholic Church in a manner which has gained for him the title of "Gregory the Great."

But to English Catholics he is known by a dearer name: "the Apostle of England." This country was, at the time of which we are speaking, about A.D. 590, in the power of the Anglo-Saxons. The British people, who were Christians, though with some religious practices not admitted by the rest of the Catholic Church, were being driven westward into Wales and the neighbouring parts; the English were pagans and worshipped idols. One day, while he was still a monk and shortly before he was made Pope, Gregory was walking in the market-place at Rome, and saw there some handsome youths exposed for sale as slaves. He asked of what nation they were. "Angles," was the reply. "Truly," said he, "they have an angelic face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. And what is the name of the province from which they are brought?" "Deira," he was told. "Then must they be Deira, withdrawn from wrath and called to the
mercy of Christ. And how is their king called?" "Ælla," he was answered. Then, alluding to the king's name, he said: "Alleluia, the praise of God the Creator, must be sung in those parts."

Then Gregory went to the Pope, Benedict I., and begged him to send missioners to the English nation; and he himself set out for England, and had gone a three days' journey from Rome, when he was recalled; for the Roman people were not willing that he should leave them. Shortly after, on the death of Benedict, Gregory was elected Pope, and soon set about the work so dear to his heart. From his own convent he selected a number of monks, in whose zeal and courage he had confidence, and sent them, with Augustine at their head, into the country of those young slaves whose beauty had excited his admiration and zeal. Of the work of Augustine and his fellow-missioners we will speak another time; it is sufficient now to say that all through their difficult task they were encouraged and directed by Pope Gregory. When, before landing in England, they were frightened by the accounts that reached them of the people whom they were to convert, and thought of returning home, he directed them to proceed, and promised success. He caused Augustine to be consecrated "Bishop of the English," and gave him authority, not only over the Bishops who were afterwards to be consecrated in England, but also over all the Bishops and priests of the British. A year or two after, hearing from Bishop Augustine that he had a great harvest but few labourers, Pope Gregory sent him other monks, of whom the chief were Mellitus, first Bishop of London, and Paulinus, first Archbishop of York; and by these he sent all things that were necessary for the worship and service of the Church—sacred vessels for the altars, ornaments for the churches, and vestments for the priests and clerks, as likewise relics of the holy Apostles and Martyrs. It was he who divided England into the two provinces of York and Canterbury, with an Archbishop to each.

The Venerable Bede, from whom we have taken this account, writes of St. Gregory: "Whereas he bore the pontifical power over all the world, and was placed over the churches already reduced to the faith of truth, he made our nation, till then given up to idols, the Church of Christ, so that we may be allowed thus to attribute to him the character of an apostle." King Alfred caused the book *On the Pastoral Care*, written by Pope Gregory, to be translated into English, and a copy of it to be given to every parish priest in the kingdom.

The feast of St. Gregory is on the 12th March. We ask our readers to pray that through his intercession, and that of the many Saints who have laboured in and for England, the mercy of God may again visit this land, and bless it with the unity of the true Faith and of the one true Church.
OUR PATRICK’S CROSS.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR RYAN.

What! pledged to take no “Patrick’s pot”
Upon St. Patrick’s Day?
Father, ’tis well you know I’m not,
And never was, a drunken sot;
Why take my glass away?
I always liked my grog or beer,
But knew well when to stop.
And now you’d make me, Father dear,
On this, of all days in the year,
Give up my cheerful drop!

My child, not for ourselves we bear
To-day our Patrick’s cross,
But for our weaker brothers there,
Our Irish joy, our Irish care,
Lest they should suffer loss:
That loss to pocket, hand, and brain,
To soul—ah, who can say!
Beside that loss our loss is gain—
Our one day’s drink—Pat, we’ll remain
Teetotallers to-day!

"FOR GOD AND ST. PATRICK."

BY THE REV. LORD ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.

"Save the boy!" That, my dear friends, has been, you know, my battle-cry these last ten years; and on the feast of St. Patrick I once more raise aloft his banner, and call on all to rally round the standard of the Patron of Erin, and, invoking his prayers before the throne of God, advance shoulder to shoulder against the enemy destroying our children. "Save the boy!" Here in this vast London, and in the great towns of England and Scotland, our children are perishing; and we are no true men and women if we do not stand forward in the breach to save them in their pitiful helplessness. If a concourse of children were seen by you crossing a bridge over some rapid river—if in the midst of their laughter and merry prattle the supports of the bridge suddenly gave way, precipitating them into the rolling flood—is there a man or woman who reads these words who would not with a great cry rush to their rescue, and would not he be accounted a craven coward, and worse still, who should refuse to exert himself to snatch these little ones from their sore peril? Help would not be wanting. All would realise at once that one man could not save them, but that if all united joined hands and worked each for one child’s life, many might yet be plucked from the peril in which they had been plunged.
His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster only the other day summoned me to his house, and called around him the captains of the Guards of the League of the Cross. He put before them the peril of a large number of our children who cannot be reached by the net which rescues many; he showed them the words of encouragement which he had written me, and the general invitation which he had given all his flock to help; and he then called upon the Guards, through their captains, in an especial way to labour with me in the extension of St. Patrick's League. I am a gleaner. His Eminence in the schools of the archdiocese reaps (I am using his own metaphor) the children, who are gathered into the Diocesan schools, the Poor Law schools, the Industrial, the Reformatory; but there is a further class of our children who are perishing, and for whom there is no provision save such as St. Vincent's Homes can afford them. Our non-Catholic friends have such homes in many places, where these children are received without any payment at all, and in thousands, those of our children who need such homes go to them at the price of the loss of faith, because there is nowhere else to go.

Sons and daughters of St. Patrick, this is a reproach! It must not go on: and that it may not, you must support St. Vincent's Homes, the only Catholic free homes for this class of children in England, Scotland, and Wales. I appeal to you all, and I appeal in an especial way to all members of the League of the Cross, to devote one penny a month saved from drink to the building up of St. Patrick's League.

What have the members of St. Patrick's League to do? Simply two things: 1. Send to me, at St. Vincent's Home, Harrow Road, London, W., their name and address. 2. Forward one shilling for their year's subscription. That's all. Their names are then enrolled on the register as members; they belong to the society which is carrying on the work of the Homes, as explained in St. Vincent's Gazette, which is then sent them with their certificate of membership.

In its younger department, St. Vincent's Home receives little children uncontaminated; in its older department it teaches them from their fourteenth to their twentieth year good trades in the workshops of the Home.

St. Vincent's Home Farm in Canada, 400 acres in extent (500l. yet to be paid), is the centre of our work there; and I can select for its inmates hundreds of happy homes with farmers, with excellent prospects for strong lads of about fourteen years.

In Limehouse we are starting a new branch for big boys of fourteen to seventeen years of age, who are destitute and want work.

All the thousands of pounds required to carry on and extend these works by the multiplication of St. Vincent's Homes must come from this penny.

Fifteen Thousand Members have now enrolled, and, my friends, one and all, I want you to work with me to double this, to make the number Thirty Thousand before the year is done. Now then, all together, "For God and St. Patrick!"
THE HOUSE THAT BASS BUILT.

THIS is the house that Bass built.

This is the beer that lay in the house
that Bass built.

This is the man that drank the beer
That lay in the house that Bass built.

This is the gutter where fell the man
That drank the beer that lay in the house
that Bass built.

This is the peeler who did mutter
“Come along!” to the man in the gutter—
The man that drank the beer
That lay in the house that Bass built.

This is the mother pale and worn,
Whose children all are tattered and torn,
Who heard the peeler softly mutter
“Come along!” to the man in the gutter;
That’s her man that drank the beer
That lay in the house that Bass built.

This is the station-house next morn,
And these the tenants all forlorn;
There’s the mother pale and worn, &c.

This is the “beak” that did adorn
The bench at the station-house next morn,
Who caused these tenants to be borne
To gaol or workhouse, there to mourn;
There’s the mother pale and worn, &c.

This is the League where drink’s forsworn,
Where the Temperance badge is worn;
Of its ranks such scenes are shorn,
Unknown’s the house that “beaks” adorn,
From whence are tenants daily borne
To gaol or workhouse, there to mourn;
Unknown the mother pale and worn,
Unknown the children tattered and torn,
Who heard the peeler softly mutter
“Come along!” to the man in the gutter—
To the man that drank the beer
That lay in the house that Bass built.
A TRUE INCIDENT.
BY M. M.

A great yard piled with all sorts of iron-work and resounding with noise. Two sides are closed by gloomy-looking workshops and furnaces, the remaining portion being enclosed by a high stone wall. In this wall are two wide entrances, guarded by massive gates; the one pair of gates on the north side being usually closed, while those on the east side stand wide open for the ingress and egress of the laden and empty railway wagons, which are perpetually coming in or going out. At the moment four trucks are waiting to go forth: they have received their load, the great crane with its swinging chains is still, and the men marching off to fresh work. All but one; and, after a final survey, he springs on the buffer of a wagon to do something to the tarpaulin which protects the newly loaded machinery, and just then the locomotive engine glides up and touches the line of trucks. It has seemed but the slightest tap, but that tap has shaken and jarred every one of those heavy trucks, and with the unexpected shock the poor workman has been hurled from his perch on the wagon end. His fall has been seen; and in an instant there is an outcry, and the grinding, clanging trucks are as quickly as possible brought to a standstill. The trucks and the engine itself, however, are harmless, for Barnett has fallen clear of the rails: he has, in fact, been flung a considerable distance. His fellow-workmen rush to the spot, and two or three of them try to help the poor fellow to his feet. But he is not to be raised; he falls back inert as a log. They sprinkle water on his face and endeavour to rouse him, but the stones around are not more insensible than he. All movement, colour, feeling, would seem at one instant to have fled his body.

"Is he dead?" cried one.
"Looks like it," answers a companion.
"In a swoond, maybe," suggests a third man.
"Give him air, and he'll come round after a minute or two," says a fourth.

"He ain't hurt," declares the man who has lifted the unfortunate victim's head on his knee, and who is supporting him there gently enough; "he can't be hurt, there ain't a scratch on him."
"'P'raps the hurt is in his inside if it ain't on the outside, and that's worse," comments a Job's comforter in the little group.
"Most likely he's stunned; which way was his head?"

At this point Mr. Milburn, the manager of the works, appears on the scene, having been informed by some one of the accident. A doctor is sent for and speedily arrives, but nothing that he can do restores consciousness. In fact, after a brief examination, he holds out little hope of his life being saved. He expects the man will merely linger a day or two in that insensible condition. Then the poor fellow is laid on a plank and carried to his home.
About one or two o'clock next day Mr. Milburn was walking along the streets, when he espied Mr. Thomson, the works doctor, on the doorstep of his surgery. He stepped up to him.

"How is Barnett, doctor?"

"O, that's a bad affair, a bad affair! That blow on the side of the head has pretty well done for him."

"Do you think he'll not get over it?"

"He has just one chance; he's a teetotaller and always been one, I find."

"Does that better his case?" asked Mr. Milburn, with interest. He was a staunch supporter of total abstinence principles himself, but he knew the doctor liked a glass of good wine.

"Yes, it happens to make all the difference here. That's one advantage you teetotallers have, you can get over an accident or an illness that we ordinary mortals die under. I have seen it very much since I have been down here practising among these works. However, give me a short life and a merry one," wound up the doctor, laying his hand on the handle of the door, and preparing to retire within his surgery.

"But one moment, doctor," cried Mr. Milburn eagerly: "if that be so, if total abstainers can better recover from an illness or an accident—more especially recover from an accident—does not that fact prove that the body is in a healthier, a more natural condition than it is with the use of alcohol?"

"Don't ask me; I have said enough and too much. You want me to furnish shot and shell to the enemy," laughed the doctor, as he opened his door, and this time he really effected his retreat within his own domains.

Barnett was unable to work for some time; but he finally recovered from every effect of his accident, and is at the present a hale and hearty man.

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OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Local Option.—Press the Local Option Bill until it is passed into law. I will not enter into the arguments about it. I may only restate it, and leave it to your further consideration. To appeal to the people, whether they desire this or that for their welfare, is the very spirit and genius of our Constitution coming down from our forefathers. But this has been defeated and paralysed by the interposition of political parties between their just demands and the granting of that which they ask. Therefore, it seems to me that there is no other just way. They have to pay for all the evils; it is their homes that are wrecked; it is not the homes of the magistrates, who never set foot in a public-house—it is the homes of the poor. If public-houses are to be opened in the neighbourhood where honest working men and their families dwell, they ought to have the power to protect themselves—to
say: "You have a very benign feeling for us: you say we want a public-house; give us the opportunity to say that we don't want one." They are now voiceless; let them have a legal voice which shall be heard: that is Local Option. It seems to me a sad thing that the people who pay, the people who suffer, the people who know their own dangers, and the people aspiring after a better and higher life, should not have the legal power to protect themselves in seeking after the fulfilment of that higher aspiration. I hope that legal power will be won. It is a law of nature to protect oneself, and it is said that an Englishman's house is his castle. I hope the millions of the people will be able to defend themselves and their homes. The welfare of the people is the supreme law; and there are primary and divine laws which are anterior to and superior to all human laws which regulate political society. All that endangers the welfare and safety of the people, all interests of individuals and of classes, must give way. I hope that truth is being learnt in its fullest extent, and that the Legislature will soon come to see that an aspiration among the people at large for a higher, nobler, and better life is not the mere outcome of the human will, but is an inspiration from the Divine Will, and that they will cease to fight against God.—Cardinal Manning.

The Government to Blame.—The Government, and that for centuries, has raised an enormous revenue from the drink trade, and therefore I may call the Government a sleeping partner in that trade, and a guilty partaker of its consequences. So long as the revenue is raised upon intoxicating drinks, I hold that we are all of us partakers of the crime and the misery, and the disease and cruelty, and the evils of body and soul in time and eternity, which are caused in such prolific abundance by the trade in strong drink. The Legislature has multiplied the facilities for drinking. You know too well, and I need not dwell upon it, that the facilities have been multiplied continually; they have been multiplied on every side. I hold, therefore, that the tendency has been to widen this plague, and we are all of us responsible. It seems to me that the Legislature ought to clear itself and the country at large from being a partner in this trade, and a guilty partaker in its evils.

—Cardinal Manning.

We regret to record the death of his Eminence Cardinal MacCabe, which took place on February 11th. We have more than once had occasion to refer to his Eminence's efforts to promote Temperance, and his last Pastoral, read on Quinquagesima Sunday, contains an earnest exhortation to avoid the sin of drunkenness.
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Tract</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How did England become Catholic? (No. 1)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How did England become Protestant?</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>England Evangelised (25)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life of Thomas Cranmer, first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury (71)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppression of the Monasteries (72)</td>
<td>2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Mary restored the Catholic Religion (3)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Smithfield Fires (7)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Elizabeth restored the Protestant Religion (45)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why did the Pope excommunicate Queen Elizabeth? (49)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Days of Good Queen Bess (54)</td>
<td>3d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life of Martin Luther (65)</td>
<td>2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life of John Calvin (67)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Its Effects on Christian Faith and Morals (69)</td>
<td>2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Inquisition (58)</td>
<td>2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Massacre of St. Bartholomew—What had the Church or the Pope to say to it? (63)</td>
<td>2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religious Toleration a Question of First Principles (63)</td>
<td>1d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Contents of this Number.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total Abstinence</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Leg of Pork</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Vincent de Paul</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Abstinence among the Lower Animals</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Changed Father</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.*

The only effectual way to resist the vice of drunkenness is to have some organised society for Total Abstinence, e.g. the League of the Cross, which shall be well worked, the priest himself being a practical member, and taking an active part in the work. The society can soon be made a very useful organ, not only for the suppression of drunkenness, but also for the promotion of parochial work, concerts, libraries, &c.; and as true Catholic abstainers do not believe in the pledge without grace, the establishment of such a society would lead people to the Sacraments, and not, as some persons think, repel them. The League of the Cross earnestly exhorts its members to approach the Sacraments, even in a body, at least once a month.

I propose to state very briefly what a Catholic Total Abstinence Society is, what it is not, and the principles upon which Catholic Total Abstinence rests. A Catholic Total Abstinence Society—such, for instance, as the League of the Cross—is an organised opposition, defensive and offensive, against intemperance. It comprises two classes—not of members, but of persons: i.e. some join for their own sake to be preserved from danger; others to give good example and encouragement to their weaker brethren. It is, in fact, an organised opposition to a great evil—perhaps the great evil—of the day. Catholic Total Abstinence does not condemn drink, but drinking to excess. Though it proclaims that, considering the customs of the day and the many temptations to intemperance, moderate drinking often leads to excess, yet it does not, cannot say that, under ordinary circumstances, moderate drinking is a sin. Hence the charges of Manicheanism so often brought against Total Abstinence proceed from a misunderstanding of its true tenets, and from mistaking the dicta of the sects as those of Catholic Total Abstinence. Hence also the irrelevancy of the Scripture argument against Total Abstinence. For what avails it to bring forward passages in which the Holy Text makes honourable mention of wine? Who denies (I speak of Catholics) that wine, &c., in itself, is good? Who says that, speaking in a general way, moderate drinking is unlawful? But observe, first, that nowhere does the Holy Scripture define the

* A paper read before a Conference of the Essex Clergy, June 9, 1885. July 1885.]
necessity of drinking. It is true it says that “Sober drinking is health to soul and body” (Ecclesiasticus xxxi. 37); “that it is hurtful to drink always wine or always water, but pleasant to use sometimes the one, sometimes the other” (2 Machabees xv. 40); and more to the same effect. But are these dogmatic definitions? and if one found by experience, or even if he concluded from reason, that moderate drinking (strong drink) was not health to soul and body in his particular case, but the contrary, would he be a heretic? Is there any one so bold as to say that a total abstainer from wine, &c., no matter what his reason for abstaining, commits sin? Second, observe the Hebraism of the Scriptures. In comparing two statements and preferring one to the other, it was usual to assert the one and deny the other, e.g. “I have desired mercy and not sacrifice” (Osee vi. 6), preference only being intended. So in Ecclesiasticus xxxi. intemperance and moderation are compared; the advantages of sobriety strongly asserted, and its healthfulness as compared to intemperance declared. But this does not imply a condemnation of Total Abstinence. Third, observe that the word “wine” as found in the Scriptures, and as applied to the drink of the present day, is an ambiguous term; for without going into the meanings of “tirosh,” “yayin,” and “shakar,” &c., it is sufficient to state that as the knowledge of the art of distilling was spread in the beginning of the fourteenth century only, and the use of that not before the seventeenth, therefore the wines of Scripture were not the brandied, or potato-spirited, thirst-provoking stuff which is sold nowadays under the name of port, sherry, whisky, &c. Fourth, but while Holy Scripture neither condemns nor enjoins in general Total Abstinence, it has enjoined it in special cases, and it presents it to us as the accompaniment of the state of perfection. To Aaron God said: “You shall not drink wine, nor anything that may make drunk, thou nor thy sons, when you enter into the tabernacle of the testimony, lest you die; because it is an everlasting precept through your generations” (Leviticus x. 9). Of the Nazarites: “When a man or woman shall make a vow to be sanctified, and will consecrate themselves to the Lord, they shall abstain from wine and from everything that may make a man drunk” (Numbers vi. 2, 3). Amongst the Nazarites were Samson, Samuel, St. John Baptist, and St. James the Less (who were “Nazarites for life”). Akin to the Nazarites were the Rechabites, praised by God for their abstinence (Jeremiah xxxi.), and the sect called Essenes. Daniel and his companions were total abstainers. Elijah was also probably a total abstainer, as were most, if not all, the prophets. Baronius (ad annum 51) argues that St. Paul was a total abstainer. St. Timothy also was a total abstainer, and St. Paul’s advice, which was directed to him personally and not as a general direction to all Christians, shows that he approved of Total Abstinence as a means of perfection; but in this special case, “for thy stomach’s sake, and thy frequent infirmities” (1 Timothy v. 23), he advised Timothy to
moderate his penance, and to take a little wine medicinally—"by advice of a doctor," as St. Jerome says (Ep. 22, ad Eustach.).

Here I may notice the plea of certain excellent persons whom no one would for a moment suspect of exceeding the limits of moderation, but who excuse their use of stimulants by the advice of St. Paul to Timothy. This plea is a very poor one; they follow the advice without having the reasons for it, they take medicine without the "infirmities." What need of a plea at all? Why have a lame excuse for that which is perfectly lawful? No one attacks them on that point. What we do say is this: We want your help. Thousands of souls, many of them Catholics, are being lost through drunkenness. We believe Total Abstinence to be the only efficient remedy, and no other is proposed; we want you, as occasion offers, to persuade drunkards to this remedy, and, as words of themselves are of little power, we ask you to persuade and encourage them by your own example. Further, we want to influence public opinion: you, however humble your sphere of life, can join your protest, and you will probably exercise some influence in your own circle. In exchange for the pleasure you sacrifice we offer you the immense rewards for cooperating in the conversion of sinners. This is the appeal we make, and is not sufficiently met by the counter-appeal to authority. The circumstances under which, on the one hand, St. Timothy took wine, and our Blessed Lord gladdened the marriage feast with wine and made use of it as the "matter" of the Blessed Eucharist; and, on the other hand, those under which wine—not the same, but different wine—is taken now, are totally different. The drinking customs of the day, so frequently tending to excess; the temptations, the traps which are laid for the people, to whose interests we cannot be indifferent; the prevalence of intemperance, and the misery and ruin caused by it—all these warrant us in drawing the conclusion that at the present time, though the moderate use of intoxicating drinks be lawful and sinless, as in the time of our Lord and St. Timothy, yet, all circumstances considered, their non-use is more perfect than their use.

I may now claim to have proved conclusively that while Holy Scripture does not forbid the moderate use of wine, &c. (and on this point there was no question), on the other hand, so far from condemning Total Abstinence, it exhibits it as a practice of perfection. This, too, is the teaching of St. Thomas. He says, "For some persons in order to arrive at perfection it is necessary that they should abstain from wine, according to the circumstances of persons and places"—where intemperance prevails there surely is greater need of abstinence; again: "Christ withdraws us from some things, not altogether unlawful, and from some others as hindrances to perfection; and in this way He withdraws some persons from wine on account of an earnest desire for perfection" (2a 2ae, Q. 149, a. 3, ad i et 3). There is in the Weekly Register, Jan. 17th, 1885, an account by Father Arthur Ryan of St. Thomas's teaching on Temperance.

Now, great evils require strong remedies. If intemperance is a great and prevalent evil, if in these later times it has increased
to an alarming extent, and if Total Abstinence be a remedy against
the evil, what reason is there why this should not be upheld and
recommended as a special remedy against a special evil? On
this question two points should be proved: 1st, that drunkenness
is the great evil that it is said to be; 2nd, that Total Abstinence
is an efficient remedy. Speaking to priests, I may take the first
point for granted (see, however, Synod. West. xi., decr. 2). The
second point may, for brevity’s sake, be stated thus: Total Absti-
ence is already in the field, it is organised and very widely ex-
tended; its adherents, many of them of great experience and judg-
ment, maintain that it is an efficient remedy, though not, of course, that
it is infallible: not that there are no cases of relapse, but that it is, on
the whole, a successful means, and the only successful means, of re-
claiming drunkards, and that it offers a successful barrier to the vice of
intemperance. Are you prepared with some other remedy equally
organised, equally popular in its extent, equally efficient? If not,
then at least do not despise or oppose what you cannot improve
upon—rather help on the good which is being done, even if you
do not think it perfect.

Upon what principles is Total Abstinence founded? Briefly,
on these: 1st, upon the necessity of avoiding that which is a
dangerous occasion of sin. “If thine eye scandalise thee, pluck
it out” (St. Mark ix. 46). It is well known that to the drunkard
the very taste of strong drink is a temptation to excess. 2nd, zeal
for the salvation of souls, for “it is good not to drink wine nor
anything whereby thy brother is offended, scandalised, or made
weak” (Rom. xiv. 21). Many a brother is “made weak” by strong
drink, and it is necessary for him to abstain from it; but if those
only to whom abstinence is necessary were to practise it, they would
soon be branded as “reformed drunkards;” others, then, against
whom no such charge can be brought, must come to their rescue,
and encourage and sustain them by their example. 3rd, self-denial
and penance. For this reason numbers of Christians have practised
Total Abstinence. The thousands of monks and hermits in Egypt
were water-drinkers, and they, with many monks and nuns of Italy,
were praised by St. Augustine for their Total Abstinence (De Morib-
bus Eccl. 31 et 33). St. Jerome was a teetotaller himself, and
induced those under his direction to be the same; thus St. Paula
and St. Eustochium, with the nuns of Bethlehem, were teetotallers.
St. David of Wales, with his monks; St. Aelred, and three hundred
monks of Rievaulx; St. John Chrysostom; St. Marcellina, sister of
St. Ambrose; St. Germanus, who preached to the Britons; St. Fran-
cis, and numberless other canonised Saints, were total abstainers.

In conclusion, what is the action of the Church? The Church
has nowhere given a general precept of Total Abstinence, nor a
general condemnation of it; but she has clearly shown her approval
of it under certain circumstances. Thus, Total Abstinence was
enforced in all public penances, and up to the sixth century formed
part of the ordinary fast in Lent and at other times. In our own
days Pope Pius IX. granted Indulgences to the League of the
Cross; and the present Holy Father has confirmed these Indulgences, and has expressly commended and encouraged the Catholic Total Abstinence movement in America. Most of the Bishops of the United States are, I believe, total abstainers, and they strongly exhorted their flocks to Total Abstinence in their synodal letter of this year. In Ireland the Bishops recommended that Temperance Societies should be established in every parish (Provincial Council, 1873). In England at least two Bishops are total abstainers; the Cardinal Archbishop’s action in the Temperance movement is well known; and the Bishops of Leeds and Salford and the late Bishop of Southwark have encouraged it.

I have not touched the question from the hygienic point of view, but the argument in favour of Total Abstinence as a means of health is very strong: it is not shaken by Ecclesiasticus xxxi. or any other passage of Holy Scripture, any more than the theory of the earth’s revolution round the sun is refuted by the book of Josue.

THE LEG OF PORK.

“Suppose we have a little leg of pork for dinner to-morrow, father,” said Mrs. Pritchard to her husband, as he sat taking his tea on Saturday night, in the little kitchen at No. 4 Water Lane.

“A leg of pork costs a lot of money, don’t it, mother? I likes a hand just as well.”

“No, father, we’ll have a leg or nothing. There’s no children’s boots this week—mending or buying—and I’ve earned a few shillings, washing paint for Mrs. Mantles, and I fancy a leg with some parsnips.” And Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard set forth upon their marketing expedition.

Now, Mrs. Pritchard was fond of a glass of beer, and she expected to drink one with her husband during the fatigues of the Saturday evening’s shopping. “Father would have his glass, and why should not she have one? She could not stand outside in the street.”

As they came near the Brown Bear they met a friend, and all three went into the public-house for a glass. Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard treated the friend, then the friend treated them. There was much to talk of, and time slipped by. The night was cold—they must take another glass before they left the house. Then the friend called upon a brother who was in the public line, and more strong drink was partaken of. A voice kept repeating in Mrs. Pritchard’s ear, “The leg of pork—the leg of pork,” but she put it aside with “There’s plenty of time, and the later we go the cheaper the meat.” Alas! she was soon in no condition to make purchases; husband and wife stumbled and tottered along together homeward, where, finding the children had put themselves to bed, they shortly followed as best they could, and slept the sleep of intoxication.

Very sombre was the Sunday morning. Cold, raw fog outside the house; inside, headache, ill-temper, and—no leg of pork!—The Crusader.
ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Vincent was born on April 24th, 1576, in the village of Pouy, near Dax, in the south of France. His father, William de Paul, was a small farmer, and maintained his wife and six children, of whom Vincent was the third, by the produce of the little farm. At an early age, Vincent gave proofs of ability, and he went first to the Franciscan school at Dax, and later on was sent to Toulouse to study theology; in the year 1600 he was ordained priest.

In 1605 Vincent went on a visit to Marseilles, and on his return by sea to Toulouse, the vessel in which he made the voyage was captured by Turkish pirates from the coast of Africa. These took their prisoners to Tunis, and Vincent was sold as a slave. His last master was an apostate who had left the Faith and had become a Turk. This man had three wives, one of whom used frequently to go to Vincent as he was working in the fields, and desire him to sing to her some Christian hymns. He sang the "Salve Regina," the psalm "By the waters of Babylon," and other
psalms and hymns of the Church. The Turkish woman was so impressed that she did not cease to upbraid her husband for leaving his religion, until she had brought him to repent; whereupon he and Vincent returned to France. The former went to a monastery, with a view of doing penance for his sins; the latter went to Paris.

At Paris Vincent formed the acquaintance of the holy Cardinal de Berulle and of the pious Countess de Joigny, both of whom afforded him the greatest assistance in the work which God had chosen him to do. In 1617 he commenced the institute of priests for giving missions among the country people, whom he found to be very ignorant. This institute or society was approved of by Pope Urban VIII. in 1632, and it has done a vast deal of good in France, not only by instructing and giving missions to the poor, but also by preparing students for the priesthood.

Who does not know—and knowing her is to bless—the Sister of Charity? Go where you will—in the hospital, on the battle-field, in the prison, in the cottage, mid the hail of bullets, in the thick pestilence, where the sick are dying or the poor famishing—there is seen the stiff white headdress and gray stuff gown—the simple dress of some of the French peasantry: there is the Sister of Charity, praying, consoling, helping, feeding, ministering at once to body and soul. And this great religious community was founded by St. Vincent de Paul.

St. Vincent was all charity—all love for the poor. Every affliction touched his heart, and he had a knack—or I should say the grace—of gleaning from the different cases of distress that came in his way regular methods of charity. One winter's night, as he was returning home from visiting some sick person, he found a child exposed in the streets and almost perishing in the snow. The good Father took it in his arms, and, wrapping it in his cloak, took it to his own home where it was well cared for. But he saw in the case of this one child the wants of many children in a like danger. Calling together his friends, he appealed to them for help, and the result was the great Foundling Hospital of Paris.

We must not omit to say a word on the Society which has been established of late years, under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, and which is doing, and doing well, work after our Saint's own heart. The Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul devote their spare time in visiting the poor and the sick, assisting them in their temporal wants, reading to them, and preparing, where they can, the way for the priest; they also distribute leaflets and lend good books. A branch of the Society, called the Patronage, provides lodgings for boys in work, and assists boys in getting employment.

St. Vincent de Paul died on the 27th September 1660, in his eighty-fifth year. His feast is on the 19th of July.
TEETOTALISM AMONG THE LOWER ANIMALS.
A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

By Frances Kershaw.

TARRINGDALE is a small village squatted down between low hills in the west of the county of Lancashire. It is remarkable for one thing only—that in the hottest times of persecution it never quite lost the faith, and now that the Damoclean sword no longer hangs over our country it has blossomed forth a very garden of Catholic life.

There is not a Protestant in the place except the parson and his big family, who are perched up on one of the hills just outside the village in the only house capable of holding them. The parson’s congregation, outside his own immediate family, consists of a handful of old maiden ladies from adjacent parishes, who have happened to fall out with their own proper pastor.

One only blight, some few years ago, had fallen upon the fair garden of Tarringdale—that of intemperance. And it spread and increased, to the sorrow of all good Tarringdalians in general, and of the good priest in particular.

True, there was no public-house in the village itself, but the neighbouring town of Oxterby could boast of enough to cause the heart of Satan himself to leap for joy, and to supply all the poor innocent little hamlets round with abundant occasions of sin. Father Meynell had done all that he could think of to check the progress of the evil in his own little Tarringdale flock. Amongst other things, he started a branch of the League of the Cross there. All the good and some of the wavering members of the congregation joined it, but the score or so of bad ones who needed it most still held aloof.

Soon after this, the parson set on foot a rival branch of the Blue Ribbon Army, for the express benefit of his old ladies; but they one and all agreed in holding this article of their creed, if they could be of one mind in no other—that a drop of gin or whisky was a very comfortable thing, and even a help on the way to “the place we all (Protestants and Catholics alike) hoped we were going to.” So the affair began and ended in the parson’s pinning the blue badge to his own coat, where it remains, I am told, to this day; while the emerald rosettes in Tarringdale may be counted by hundreds.

These Tarringdale folk haven’t much to talk about, as theirs is one of the ordinary little humdrum villages, and as they are happily a people not much given to scandal-mongering; and so it comes to pass that the interests of teetotalism in general, and of the League in particular, form a great part of their conversation when they meet. You will forgive me the innocent superstition, I know, when I tell you that even the Tarringdale dumb animals seemed to me to take a great interest in the subject. You see, they
one and all heard so much of it from their betters, and it really interested some of them very nearly, especially those who had the misfortune to belong to drunkards.

One breathlessly hot evening in August, it was my good fortune to be nodding and napping in my chair before the door of the principal farm in Tarringdale, and so to be present during a very animated discussion on the Temperance question among the various domestic animals of the said farmstead. I was on a visit at the farm. Mine host was Daniel Buckle, a young bachelor who had succeeded to his father's property on the death of the latter about a couple of years before, and who, with a small brother not yet in his teens, and a suspiciously beery-looking cook-house-keeper, formed the resident inmates of the farm. As it happened that this discussion exercised a very considerable influence on the fortunes of Tarringdale generally, I may as well try to give you a sketch of it.

The milkman's horse was in the yard, waiting to carry the milk from the farm to Oxtoby for sale, and he opened the meeting. He was a melancholy-looking beast, and no marvel; for his master was one of those who most needed, and consequently who held out most obstinately against, the "wearing of the green."

"I've given him up as a hopeless case," the poor animal said, as he shook his head and ragged mane slowly. "I've nothing to complain of as we go, friends; but once in that town, I have to stand for about a quarter of an hour before every blessed public that we pass. And after every one my master's more shaky on his legs and in his temper, till at last there's no doing anything to his liking. The weals on my poor back are a pretty striking proof of the savage cutting he gives me with that confounded whip of his, every inch of the way home."

"And his wife and bairns," chimed in a sheep, popping her head over the low paling of a neighbouring field. "I'm sure I can hardly bear to see those pretty lambs running about, with scarcely an ounce of wool on their poor backs, nor as much food in their insides! Bah! it goes to one's heart, it does!"

"He-ar, he-ar!" applauded the ass, between mouthfuls of the thistles which Master Harry had brought him. "There's a vast deal of talk about teetotalism—haw! it's a pity there ain't a trifle more practice of it. But one may bray oneself hoarse, and it won't mend matters a bit—haw! They talk about degrading themselves to the beasts by drink; but, mark my words, friends, there's not a beast of us all that would degrade ourselves to burn our throats with the fiery stuff that men delight to pour down theirs."

"That old cook at the farm's a good instance of what you say," put in Nero, the big yard-dog. "It's a pity our master's eyes ain't open to see what stuff she's made of. She wouldn't be here long, if he once got a notion of how she tipples, I warrant! Every tramp that comes to the door she dismisses in a twinkling, with 'Drunken beggar, I'll be bound!' at his heels. I'd like to know
who's got a better right to the title than herself! Why, Nell Callaghan's pinting away the whole evening, and Mignon tells me she makes free of the wine-cellar that the old master left behind him, too!"

"Ugh, that cook!" grunted the pig; "why, she has nearly ruined my digestive organs. She's too drunk at night to know what she's about. My evening meals are almost unetable. I assure you it's no uncommon thing for her to serve me up half a dozen silver teaspoons! And if the stuff those wine-bibbers take is the same thing as what she puts in my trough under the name of 'swill,' well, I wonder they have the heart to get drunk on it, that's all! Imagine, friends—the other day I swallowed a cork which smelt strong of some nasty stuff. Of course, she had dropped it into my trough by mistake. She's always making mistakes of the sort, and—I suffer. Ay, if those drunkards would only remember how they entail suffering on others, perhaps they'd take the pledge for other's sakes, if they're too unselfish to do it for their own; ugh, ugh!"

"If we only got the Local Option Bill passed," said the goat wisely, twirling his beard as he spoke, "wouldn't we soon close every flaring public-house in Oxterby! They're ruination to our Tarringdale people."

"What is Local Option, please?" inquired Mrs. Cow meekly, turning her head round. She didn't go in for the rights of her sex, you see, and hadn't any clear notion of the subject in question. Yet perhaps she, by virtue of her fresh warm milk, had had as big a share as any one in helping forward the cause of Temperance in Tarringdale, and her relations elsewhere.

"It's one and the same thing with Temperance, dear madam," the farmer's horse politely enlightened her ignorance. "It stands to reason that if you keep drink out of folks' way, seven out of eight of them won't go out of their way to get drunk."

"Would it be likely to affect the sale of my milk?" Mrs. Cow proceeded to inquire practically and meekly.

"Doubtless your milk would rise in value—in the estimation of mankind," replied the horse; "every wholesome article of food would. It's drink that vitiates the appetite, spoils the sense of taste, destroys the constitution. If our people would but substitute milk for beer and spirits, depend upon it there would be no finer race on the face of the earth."

The horse was naturally of an oratorical turn, and he had gathered a good deal of information as he stood eating his corn in the Oxterby market on a Saturday.

"I'll tell you what," put in Jacko the monkey, who inhabited the kitchen premises at the farm; "that cook's ruining her constitution! She's turning the colour of pickled lobster, and her hand positively shakes like an aspen. You should have seen what a mess she made of that fine niece of yours, Mrs. Cochin!" pursued he, to an old hen, past laying and too tough for the table, but whose life was spared because she was a favourite with Mas-
ter Harry. "She had been paying a visit to the cellar, I'm sure, and had got port-wine on the brain, for she positively drowned it in port-wine sauce. Even our easy-going master complained, for, being a member of the League, he couldn't touch it! But the worst was that cook had the benefit of it herself."

"Now, I do call that too bad!" complained Mother Cochin, in cracked tones; "when I do my best to see to the feeding of the younger members of our family, so that they may put in a creditable appearance on the table! Many's the fat worm I've scratched up for that very pullet—only to be wasted, after all, on that cook—cook—cook—cook!"

"The pledge, the pledge!" struck up the milkman's horse, in tremulously eager tones. "Here lies our last resource, friends. Let's one and all take the pledge, and see what the force of good example will do for our betters. It's all we can do. We ain't responsible for their following it."

On the instant, horses, cows, pigs, dogs, goats, monkey, fowls, ducks, and geese joined in a mighty chorus and babel of cries, each and all of which signified that he or she or it purposed to be and remain a teetotaller for life, and to hinder, as far as possible, the use of intoxicating liquors. Thus the motion was carried and the pledge taken.

Then the monkey volunteered to get the inmates of the house to take the pledge—Mignon the toy-terrier, the gold-fish in the dining-room, and the rats in the cellar.

Mignon was easily induced to do anything that Jacko chose to propose, even that she would refuse for the future to swallow the teaspoonful of gin served out to her daily with a view to stunting her growth. And she stuck to her resolution, and, by so doing, greatly improved her own state of health. As for the gold-fish, they declared from the very bottom of their little hearts that their sole article of faith was water, and that they would die before they touched intoxicating liquors—which was probably true. After such a speech, Jacko felt a sort of respect growing up in his heart for the insignificant little creatures, and resolved for the future to resist the strong inclination he had at times to fish them out of their bowl, and enjoy their antics on the carpet. So that to the gold-fish, too, teetotalism was its own reward.

Jacko found the rats more difficult customers to deal with, but after a vast deal of persuasion they also took the pledge, "to be in the fashion." Whether they intended to keep it was another matter, and Jacko felt doubtful about them.

At this point, I suppose I must have gone from nod to nap and from nap to sound sleep and snore, for when I awoke the milkman's horse had departed, the animals were settling to rest, and there was Jacko sitting on his tail in front of me, imitating my slumbers with ludicrous accuracy. Of course I sent the good gentleman off to the kitchen, and went to join my friend in his cosy parlour.
But the animals' labours in the good cause of Temperance were
by no means at an end for the nonce.

When cook settled herself comfortably to her pinting that
night, Jacko felt it a matter of conscience to hinder, if possible, the
imbibing of intoxicating liquors. With the utmost dexterity he
contrived to turn on the cold-water tap in the back kitchen, and
presently the stream penetrated into the front one, setting in a
gentle tide towards cook's chair. Up she sprang, and ran to
turn off the tap. This was all Jacko wanted. In the twinkling of
an eye he had whisked the pint mug of steaming spirits off the
table, and escaped with it into the yard, where he held a short
colloquy with Nero.

"Mercy on us alive!" stammered cook, aghast, when she
returned to find her potion vanished; "whatever can have taken
my twopenn'orth, I'd like to know?"

However, she produced a second mug from the corner cup-
board, and poured out a fresh supply of spirits.

Hardly had she raised the pint to her lips, when a violent
barking in the yard made her set it down again in a trice.

"Tramps! Drunken beggars!" she growled, and hastened out
to see who had invaded the premises at that hour. The cold
night air was all the foe she encountered, however, and she came
back, swearing at Nero and all possible tramps in one. For it is
a noteworthy fact that swearing and drinking are boon companions.
But the whisky had clean vanished.

Cook began to feel a creepy ghostly sensation stealing over
her. Could the old gentleman from below have had a hand in—?
But no, she was sure he would never object to her taking as many
"twopenn'orths" as she pleased. Drinking was quite in his line.

Well, at any rate it was gone. With a trembling hand this time
she poured out a third pint into a third mug. Then a fresh volley
of barks from Nero called her forth, and the old scene was repeated.

By this time cook's conscience had begun pretty sharp stinging
operations. She was convinced that nothing natural could account
for the supernatural disappearance of those three "twopenn'orths."
But stronger, alas, than conscience was her love of liquor. The
keys of the wine-cellar were in her possession, and down she went
with her candle. A light in the lower regions rather took her aback,
for she was prepared to expect any supernatural apparition after the
strange events of the night. However, the ghost was only Mas-
ter Harry, preparing a compound of beer and treacle to entrap non-
teetotal moths. Cook put on an air of sharpness to get rid of him.

"Gracious, Master Harry! you down here this time o' night,
a-catching your death o' cold! Whatever'd your brother say if he
knew it? Let them moths alone, child, and up you goes to
bed. Now, Master Harry, do you hear?"

"Just a moment, cook. Let me sticky the trees in the orchard
first. I've seen heaps of moths to-night—such bouncers. Do let
me, cooky dear."
But cook was inexorable, and Master Harry was obliged to leave his mixture in the cellar and take himself off. As soon as the coast was clear, Mrs. Callaghan turned the key in the wine-cellar door, and brought forth a dusty bottle of dry old sherry. Her eyes fairly danced at the sight of it, as she carried it up to her own domain. Not a mug was left, and she must needs fetch her master’s silver cup from the pantry as a last resource. She had just filled it to the brim with the golden wine, when Nero recommenced barking more furiously than ever.

“Drat that dog! I’m convinced there’s some tramp sneaking round. He never barks for nought!” cried cook, as out she went to the door again. Not a burglar was in sight. The wind puffed out her candle—that was all.

Cook retired to the kitchen, to find bottle and cup alike spirited away.

“Goodness gracious me!” she cried in real terror; “my master’s cup, too! There’s something uncanny about all this!” And conscience declared to her that if she had had spiritual visitors that night, they could have been no demons, but angels of light which had thus defrauded her of the occasion of mortal sin. The conviction grew upon her—grew and grew. Cook turned pale. Then the parlour-bell rang, and she positively trembled with fear as she went to answer it.

“Two cups of milk and bread-and-cheese, cook,” said her master, who did not observe her perturbation.

“Mercy on us!” groaned cook, as she went back to execute her orders, “to think that he should want it now! And he’ll never drink out of anything else! O, merciful heavens! Angels and Saints above! If only that cup might return, I’d promise never, never, never to touch the horrid drink again.”

The bell rang again; her master was evidently getting impatient at the delay. Cook took in the milk in two tumblers with trembling hands.

“You know I always like my milk in the cup that belonged to my dear mother,” scolded Daniel Buckle. “Take away the glass and change it.”

“Ye-s, sir,” stammered cook. She felt as if everything was over with her now. “O, if only you’d bring that cup back!” she wailed, addressing some invisible spirit overhead; “I’d never, never sin with the drink again.”

When she reached the kitchen, her knees failed her, and she sank to the floor, dumfounded. Her prayer was heard. There on the table stood not only the silver tankard in question, but likewise the three pint mugs which had previously been spirited away.

“Thank ye, spirits, whoever ye are!” cried poor cook from her knees. “You’ve got what you wanted—Nell Callaghan’s a sober woman from this night forward, God helping her.”

Then she washed the silver cup, filled it with milk, and carried it in to her master.
"I've made up my mind to take the pledge with Father Meynell to-morrow night, sir," she remarked. "I believe I've held out agin it too long."

"Indeed! I'm very glad to hear it," Daniel responded warmly.

Then cook returned to the kitchen, and poured herself out a glass of milk. She was thirsty, and she found the beverage uncommonly refreshing.

As for Jacko, he sidled out of the house, to impart to Mistress Moo the fact that her milk was already growing in cook's estimation at least, and to the society in general the success of his first efforts in the cause of teetotalism.

The parlour-bell rang again that night.

"Cook," said the farmer, "don't you hear what a commotion those rats are making in the cellar? I've tried to trap them for long enough, but they are too wary. Now show me a light, and I'll bring my gun to bear upon them."

Down into the cellar they went; and what a sight met their eyes! Squeaking, squealing, fighting—the rats were tumbling about in Master Harry's dish of moth-mixture. Not a man Jack of them but had broken his pledge!

The farmer's two barrels were loaded with small shot, and he fired upon them with terrific effect. Not a rat escaped. They were too drunk. It was a St. Brice's Day among them. Jacko hastened to relate the awful fate of the pledge-breakers as a solemn note of warning to the rest of the animals.

Next day, when the creatures met, the milkman's horse had a tale of his own to tell. The evening before, he had insisted upon not stopping at the door of any single public-house in Oaxterby. For once his master had let him have his way. The creature's obstinacy had made a deep impression on him. The consequence was that, for the first time in twelve months, the milkman had gone home sober to his wife. He told the story to cook himself, in exchange for her own experiences of the previous evening.

"Robinson," she said solemnly, "you'll remember there was Balaam's ass wot spoke out in the Scriptures?"

"Ay, Nell," returned the milkman.

"It was a dumb critter, I reckon?" continued cook.

"Ay, Nell," responded the milkman.

"And yours is a dumb critter, I take it?" pursued cook.

"Ay," assented the milkman.

"It was a dumb critter wot spoke," cook went on.

"Ay," returned the milkman.

"And yours was a dumb critter wot didn't speak," added cook conclusively.

"Ay," nodded the milkman.

"Then you just mind the leadin's o' Providence, that's all!" cook wound up her argument triumphantly. "Now, that's all I have to say for this time, Robinson. I'm off to take the pledge!"

And putting on her bonnet and shawl forthwith, away she went.
“I'll wait awhile, and see how things goes on,” said the milkman to himself, as he drove away on his usual rounds. And what he saw was just a repetition of the past evening’s events. At never a public would his horse stop, for all the blows and curses and coaxing he might waste upon her.

“It's a 'leadin' o' Providence,' as cook said,” the milkman was forced to own at last.

They were just in front of the League Hall then. The doors stood ajar, and from within poured forth light and the sound of cheery voices. Whether the milkman gave some involuntary twitch to the reins, which his steed mistook for a call to halt, I know not; anyway before the doors she stood stock-still, and refused to budge an inch.

“Going in, my friend?” inquired Farmer Buckle, who was leaving the hall at that precise moment.

“Well, it do seem so, at any rate,” stammered forth Robinson, feeling somehow that his horse's fresh piece of obstinacy might be another of those “leadins o' Providence” with which cook seemed familiar, and somehow he found himself shortly after in the hall itself, taking the pledge with half a dozen others.

Didn't he feel a happy man after it! And didn't his poor little wife bless him with tears in her eyes for coming home a second time sober! But when he told them shyly how he had taken the pledge, wife and bairns alike almost worshipped him as the greatest hero on earth.

As for the milkman's horse, he was fairly sick with joy as he related the change that had taken place in his master to the assembled animals, utterly unmindful the while—poor humble beast—of the big share he had had in bringing it about.

It would take up a few numbers of our good little Magazine to relate how the influence of the Tarringdale animals told far and wide upon the Tarringdalians. I can only say, as a striking instance of the force of good example, even when shown by the lowliest, weakest, and meanest of God's creatures, that when I last heard of Tarringdale, there was only one drunkard in the place, and that was the parson's old housekeeper, whom he is still vainly trying to persuade to don the Blue Ribbon, and the village has earned the happy title far and wide of Teetotal Tarringdale.

Progress in Scotland.—A branch of the League of the Cross was inaugurated on May 31st in the parish of Our Lady and St. Margaret, Glasgow, under the presidency of the Very Rev. Dean Mackintosh, and already numbers 270 members. A roomy hall, with reading-room, library, and billiard-table, has been provided for the men and boys of the branch; and connected with it is a Penny Savings Bank, which is very flourishing, the average deposits for each evening amounting to 104. A series of lectures, concerts, &c., will be provided during the winter months. It is evident that our Glasgow friends understand "the way to work."
THE CHANGED FATHER.

"What's the matter with you, Daddy?
It's only just gone eight:
I was frightened when I heard you,
'Cause you scold if I'm up late.

"I go to bed quite early;
But when mammy cries for you,
I creep out again to kiss her,
And then, Daddy, I cry too.

"We wait and wait and listen,
Till you fall against the door,
And then I run to bed again,
And mammy cries the more.

"She's never lit the candle,
So it can't be late to-night;
And, Daddy, she's been singing,
And she said her heart was light.

"Mammy said I need not hide me
When I heard you on the stairs;
She laughed, and kissed a lot of times
The little cross she wears.

"Why, you have got one, Daddy!
It looks so bright and new;
Shall you always wear it, Daddy?
And may I have one too?"

"My little lad, thy father,
While ever life shall last,
Will wear this cross, and struggle
To wipe away the past.

"And never need you hide again,
For Daddy's joy shall be
Thy mother's smiling greeting,
And a kiss, my lad, from thee."

T. W.

GOOD NEWS FROM IRELAND.—Mitchelstown, Co. Cork.—The Very Rev. P. D. O'Regan, P.P., Dean and Vicar-General of Cloyne, has established a branch of the League of the Cross in his parish, and has appointed the Rev. Walter J. P. O'Brien, C.C., as president of it. Although it is not yet one month in existence it has made surprising progress, and has been taken up with great spirit. The population of the parish is somewhat about 8000, and of these over 1000 have enrolled themselves, and the president expects at least as many more. He is now engaged in getting up a Temperance Hall for the members, as a counter-attraction to the public-house, and is appealing to all lovers of the cause for funds to enable him to complete it. We recommend his appeal to our readers.
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PUBLISHED AT 18 WEST SQUARE, LONDON, S.E., AND BY

London: BURNS & OATES,
63 Paternoster Row, E.C.; and 28 Orchard St. W.

New York: BURNS & OATES,
Catholic Publication Society Co., Barclay Street.

And to be had of

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Contents of this Number.

TO OUR READERS
THE O.Q.Q. No. III.
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GEORGE CHESTER'S GHOST: A CHRISTMAS STORY
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LEAGUE OF THE CROSS

MAGAZINE.

TO OUR READERS.

Another year of our life has been completed. The League of the Cross Magazine is now two years old, and on the eve of its third birthday it is well to cast a glance backward, and learn from the past something that may be useful towards our guidance in the future.

First of all, however, there is a duty to be performed—a duty which is also a pleasure. It is to offer our warmest and best thanks to the many friends who have helped us in many ways. Were it not for these, we could not have carried on the work. To the writers of our stories we feel especially grateful, because this branch of work requires special skill, and because we ourselves are quite devoid of it. We do not fear comparison under this head with any other Temperance journal, and we beg to express our thanks. These are also due to other writers, whose names do not come before our readers, but whose pens have contributed to the success of our venture. If the writer of the practical papers called “The P.P.P.” and “The Q.Q.Q.” does not choose to reveal himself, it is not for us to raise his mask; there can, however, be no harm in guessing at his identity with one of our earliest and hardest workers, not only in the cause of Temperance, but in that of thrift, in London as well as in Cardiff. Father Bernard Vaughan’s brilliant address on “Our National Vice” is another contribution of which we feel proud; and the constant help of the Rev. W. H. Cologan has been of more value than we can express in words. The great Archbishop of Cashel, too, allowed himself to be “interviewed” on our account: that his utterances carry great weight was manifest to us somewhat unpleasantly, as they were appropriated bodily by Catholic newspapers which should have known better, and reprinted without a word of acknowledgment of the source from which they were taken.

We have received many kind notices from the press, and many evidences—some of which we printed in our October number—of the good results of our work. For each and every kind of help we are grateful; all the more so, perhaps, because thanks and gratitude are the only payments we can make to our helpers.

December 1885.
There is, however, much to be done before the Magazine can be said to be in a satisfactory position. At present it does not pay its way. We do not propose to enlarge on this point—to show the why and wherefore of this. There are probably many reasons. One of them is certainly the apathy which Catholics in general show, and Catholic teetotallers share, towards Catholic literature in general. Another may be that our pages are not sufficiently varied in their attractions. This we will try to remedy. The power rests with our readers and the League of the Cross. We have not disguised, and shall not disguise, our belief that the League might do a great deal more than it does for the Magazine which, at its own request, is called by its name. The last Crystal Palace Festival resulted in a balance in favour of the League which went into three figures; we had hoped that some small share of this would have been placed at our disposal for the improvement of our Magazine.

If there is one thing, however, which would make us feel that we were steering a wise middle course, it would be the varying and contradictory suggestions we receive. A reference in general terms to the Most Rev. Dr. Croke caused us to be "boycotted" by one subscriber because we were introducing politics; while another assures us we should do much better if we gave a series of anecdotes of Daniel O'Connell. We were urged to discontinue the notices of meetings; we are now assured that we cannot expect to succeed unless we give these. We are told by some that our stories are too long; by others that they should be continued from one number to another; by others that there should be no stories. A leading Catholic paper singles out one of our numbers as of special interest; by the next post comes a letter from a valued subscriber saying, "Your Magazine this month is the worst number you have had—there is nothing in it." Some of our friends say, "You should give us more variety and not so much about drunkenness;" others tell us that clubs and thrift, and even our little instructions on religion, have nothing to do with the League of the Cross.

There is a Latin saying, *Tot homines, quot sententiae*, for which we have an English equivalent, "Many men, many minds." This is certainly true here. And now, what are we to do? Well, we must try and oblige all our friends, but they must be reasonable. If we are expected to insert reports of meetings, they must be sent to us; those who think we want more variety should write something for our pages; those who think our stories could be improved must send us an example of the style of thing they would like; those who consider our Magazine too small should help to increase its sale, by which they will enable us to increase its size. But every one can do something to help us—say, by getting one more subscriber.

And there is one more help which is important. If our subscribers would pay in advance it would be of much assistance.
At the present time many subscriptions for this year are not paid: will our friends forward them at once, with those for 1886?

Christmas time is a time for stories. Here is an old one, the application of which is not difficult.

"A miller and his son were driving their ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls returning from the town, talking and laughing. 'Look there!' cried one of them, 'did you ever see such fools, to be trudging along the road on foot when they might be riding!'
The old man, hearing this, quietly bade his son get on the ass, and walked along merrily by the side of him. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate. 'There!' said one of them, 'it proves what I was a-saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle young rogue riding, while his old father has to walk? Get down, you scapegrace, and let the old man rest his weary limbs.' Upon this, the father made his son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far, when they met a company of women and children. 'Why, you lazy old fellow!' cried several tongues at once, 'how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?' The good-natured miller stood corrected, and immediately took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town. 'Pray, honest friend,' said a townsman, 'is that ass your own?' 'Yes,' says the old man. 'O! one would not have thought so,' said the other, 'by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!' 'Anything to please you,' said the old man; 'we can but try.' So, alighting with his son, they tied the ass's legs together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight that the people ran out in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass, not liking the noise nor his situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him, and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that, by endeavouring to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain."

This is the story, and those who have read our introductory remarks will have no difficulty in applying it to ourselves. We trust, however, that our efforts to please may be more successful than those of the miller, and that our readers will return us the greeting which we wish them:

'A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!'

"It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalised, or made weak."
—St. Paul, Romans xiv.
THE Q.Q.Q.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "P.P.P."

NO. III.

Our third Q, or query, is perhaps the biggest Q, or the "capitalist" Q, of the three: it is, "Why are we not better off than others?"

Well, do you know, I think the reason is, because our people, who can really live cheaper than those by whom they are surrounded, are not so careful as they might be about the time of sickness and old age. The labouring man, however industrious, and however healthy, must expect his share of sickness, and therefore he is bound to provide for the future; for, as he has no fortune on which to fall back, like a private gentleman, and no credit from his position, like a merchant or shopkeeper, he must inevitably come to grief in his first long sickness;* his only chance, humanly speaking, being a safe club, which for a few pence paid weekly will provide him with doctor and medicine free, and ten or twelve shillings a week, whilst he is lying sick and earning no wages. The clubs in existence already are objectionable for many reasons: first, many of them hold their meetings in public-houses; secondly, most of them refuse assistance to the sick when their funds are low, or, as it is called, "the box is closed," perhaps just when a man who has paid for years into the fund falls sick; thirdly, because they have no old-age fund; and lastly, there is no protection against malingering or feigning sickness.

One would think that if a Catholic club could be found which would avoid these evils, and supply these deficiencies, there is no reason why our people might not be better off than their neighbours; and this is just what has been found, and, after many years' trial, found to work well.

"The Guild of Our Lady" is a Catholic club of this kind. Each member regards the funds as a sacred trust, and they hold themselves bound to restitution should they defraud the funds, and it is associated with prayers and religious offices. The members are removed from temptation to drink. The box is never closed. The subscription is about half of most other clubs. The members are on benefit a great deal sooner, and the old-age fund increases always with the number of the sick.

It may seem like promising too much for so small a subscription as 4½d. weekly, doctor and medicine free, 10s. a week when sick, and 7s. a week as long as old age shall last. Why, this last item alone is equal to having 6s. a week in Government 3 per cent funds. Only imagine a man and his wife arriving at old age, and getting 14s. a week between them for the rest of life; and yet many of

* I am aware that it has been suggested to lay by for a rainy day in the penny bank. This is true, and this bank fund will enable you always to pay your club when out of work, and this fund might go to purchase a house through some good building society, and then with 14s. a week rent free you would be pretty comfortable.
our people, rather than spare 4½d. a week, prefer to go to the workhouse when they get old! Let me, then, show you how the thing is done. While other clubs pay 6d., 8d., and even 10d. a week, this Guild only asks 2d. a week for working expenses, and only when any one is really sick asks for each sick member 1d. per week extra, and this, however many sick, must never exceed 7d.; but as there are sometimes in the summer few or no sick, the average weekly payment is only about 4½d. through the year.

For example, suppose there are 180 to 200 members paying a small weekly subscription, when one falls sick each member is expected to pay on the following Sunday 1d. extra, and thus the sum of 15s. or 16s. 8d. is collected, 10s. of which is paid to the sick man, and 5s. is put into the bank for the old-age fund, and whatever else is over goes to the reserve fund, to fall back upon in time of necessity. Or suppose the club number 720 to 800 members, and one falls sick, each member pays only one farthing per week extra, still raising 15s. or 16s. 8d.

Now, according to trustworthy Government tables, each member is liable to eight or ten days' sickness per annum—this is as certain as the rule of three. Making the average number of sick eighteen, that would be eighteen times 10s. would be paid to the sick, and eighteen times 5s., or 4l. 10s., would go into the bank for the old-age fund, equal to 234d. per annum, and this fund the healthy members, who during life have been paying for the sick, will enjoy in their old age.

Now, you will observe that there is little chance or likelihood of malingering, because every member of the Guild knows who is sick, and every week puts his hand into his pocket to pay.

There is one other fault I have to find with the old clubs: they give a sum of money at the death of a member, or his wife, and thus tax themselves unnecessarily. The death club, which I have shown you how to work in the last Q, ought to be worked separately, and for this reason—in so small a number as a guild of one or two hundred the deaths fall unequally, and often render the draw upon the club exceptionally large; but when the death club includes hundreds this is not felt.

I have now, I think, pointed out to you how easily we might rise above our neighbours in ease and comfort, such as working men may lawfully enjoy, and it remains with you to carry it out. The rules for the penny bank, and the Burial Society, and the Guild of Our Lady are all printed and at your service; you can do as you like—go on in the old jog-trot way of pawnimg, getting sick and being attended by the parish doctor, and in your old age going to the workhouse to die, and be buried in a pauper shell; or, rising from all this, become respectable and respected members of society, and die at peace in a good old age, and be carried to the grave beloved and lamented by a large circle of worthy friends. They say that a man in receipt of a pension lives a very long time, probably because of peace of mind; it might be worth
while to secure the 600l. in Government funds mentioned above, and so prolong a useful and edifying life. We shall see which our wise people will prefer.

ADESTE FIDELES.

COME, faithful children of the Eternal Father. Come and see how "God has so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son, that the world might be saved by Him" (St. John iii. 16). Come and see how God the Son has so loved you that, "being rich, He became poor for your sakes, that through His poverty you might become rich" (2 Cor. viii. 9). Come, see how He has emptied Himself of all His glory and majesty, "taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of a man, and in habit found as a man" (Philip. ii. 7). Come and see the Child that is born for us, the Son that is given to us; for "the government is upon His shoulder, and His name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Father of the world to come, Prince of Peace" (Isaiah ix. 6).

This is He who is to come out of Bethlehem, the Captain who is to rule God's people (Micheas v. 2). Come to Bethlehem, come to the crib. See the Saviour of the world become a little Infant, and lying in the manger between the ox and the ass.

Mary His Mother and Joseph are there, His only attendants. Joseph has prepared the crib, and given to it the poor comfort of the bed of straw; Mary has wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in the manger, and both have knelt and worshipped their God who has become their Son. "By Him all things were made," yet He is entirely dependent on that Virgin Mother and her Spouse. He holds up the world by the might of His power, keeps in their places the sun and moon and stars, gives life and food to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field—and He Himself thirsts for a little milk from His Mother's breast. Fast bound in the swathing bands, He is helpless and motionless till the frail Maiden takes the God of all creation in her arms.

And all this out of love of us! He has become a weak Child, to merit for us the grace to become strong; He has become poor, that we may become rich; He has humbled Himself, that we may be exalted; He has loved us, that we may love Him in return, and loving, may be loved by Him again.

Lætitiæ triumphantes venite. Come, Christians, to the crib with joy and gladness; for there are "tidings of great joy." Rejoice, but see that it be with a Christian joy, such as becomes the festival, the birthday of our Holy Redeemer. Far be it from any member of the League and from any reader of these pages to dishonour this holy time by "drunkenness or rioting," or any unholy feasting. The true Leaguer will keep his promise unbroken; let others, for the sake of that dear Infant Lord who came to save sinners, keep at least the Christmas truce, and make that sacrifice an offering for the conversion of sinners.
GEORGE CHESTER’S GHOST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE REV. W. H. COLOGAN.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was fine, with a shining moon and clear star-bespangled sky; fresh and frosty, as a fine Christmas should be, and just a half-inch of recently fallen snow on the streets and pavement. The footsteps of the passers-by had that peculiar ring only heard on a frosty night, though it was somewhat deadened by the snow. A few vehicles were passing by, taking pleasure-seekers home to bed, for it was late, and now and then a cheery greeting and answer rang through the still air.

Inside, at Cheshire Lodge—a small but comfortable-looking house in one of the manufacturing towns of the north—everything was bright and cosy. The curtains were drawn in the dining-room, a bright fire was blazing, and Brian Chester was standing before it, leaning against the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets, his legs stretched out, and his eyes fixed moodily on his toes. However bright it might be outside, however warm and comfortable inside, the master of the house was “out of sorts,” and there was every promise that his Christmas would be the reverse of a happy one.

Brian Chester was some fifty years of age. He was of middle height, square-shouldered, and rather thickset. His dark crisp hair matched well his close round beard just beginning to grizzle, and the black quick eye, which, together with the firm thin lips, bespoke a sharpness of understanding, and a steadiness, almost obstinacy, of purpose. He was a man of some importance at Blissborough, for, by his persevering efforts and straightforward dealing, he had not only won the goodwill of his fellow-citizens, but also had acquired considerable wealth; and he was now a well-to-do merchant, with well-stocked warehouses and a large connection. George, his brother, had died some five years back, leaving his wife and four children—of whom the eldest, also named George, was then in his nineteenth year—partly, though not wholly, dependent on Brian. Brian had acted nobly towards the fatherless children. The younger ones he educated; the eldest was taken into his own business, and on this same Christmas Eve he held a post which many would have considered too high and of too great responsibility for one of his age.

Even now, as he was standing before the fire, Brian Chester’s thoughts went back five years. He was again at his brother’s bedside, holding the thin white hand, listening to the weak low voice as it gasped out its last words before the fast-fleeting breath left the body. Again he caught his brother’s dying request, “You’ll be a father to him, Brian?” and he almost heard his reply, “I will, George; believe me, I will.” But there was apparently little or no affection in his heart to-night; to judge from his looks, he was as
cold and hard as the iron palings outside his window. What had put him out?

Brian had been absent from Blissborough some months on business, and had returned that very afternoon. During his absence affairs had been in charge of a confidential manager, who sent constant and full reports of everything connected with the business; and in reply to his inquiries, Chester received very satisfactory accounts of his nephew’s conduct and attention to his duties. On arriving in London, however, he met with an acquaintance from Blissborough, and from him he learnt that George had fallen into evil ways, that on a certain night he had disgraced himself, and that he had taken up with some wild young fellows, and, likely enough, was by this time as bad as any of them. “It was known all over Blissborough,” the informant said. Then Chester gave way to one of those harsh fitful moods which occasionally came over him, contrary to his usually generous and noble disposition. “The boy shall pay for it,” he said; and he determined to cast him off completely and irrevocably, not only from his care and from the expectations to which he had given him cause to look forward, but even from his place in the office. “He has disgraced himself, and he shall pay for it, though he is my brother’s son. I’ll not have a young drunkard hanging about after me.” So, on arriving at Blissborough, Chester called at his lawyer’s. Mr. Wiles was out, and would not be in till late—very late. “No matter,” said Chester; “let him come to me to-night—however late it may be—and let him bring two witnesses.”

This, then, is the secret of Brian Chester’s ill-humour to-night: his nephew’s dissipation and his lawyer’s delay.

“Plague on him!” said Chester, stamping with impatience; “why doesn’t he come?—close on eleven,” he added, looking at his watch. Then he sat himself at the table, and, taking up one of the sheets of blue foolscap paper lying on it, began to read. These papers were legal documents. One was evidently of some years’ standing, for it had been folded, and was slightly discoloured, and the envelope in which it had been enclosed and sealed was lying by. The other paper was neither creased nor discoloured, and the writing was quite fresh. The first document began: “The will of me, Brian Chester, of Cheshire Lodge, Blissborough, in the county of ——.” Then, after a statement of his property, came the “I will and bequeath,” by which he left several sensible legacies to his parish church, schools, and poor, to some of the charities with which he was connected, to a few of his assistants in the warehouses and office, and to his “faithful servants Bridget and Agnes Ryan;” and finally, “I appoint my dear nephew and godson George Brian Chester, son of my late brother George Chester, to be residuary legatee.” It had been signed and witnessed in due form five years previously. The new will was very different. After “I will and bequeath” came all the hospitals and
charities in Blissborough, not forgetting the Dogs’ Hospital and
the Asylum for Stray Cats, each institution coming in for a driblet;
the “faithful servants” were omitted, while “to my nephew George
Bryan Chester I leave the sum of one shilling, an equivalent
for the value which he has set upon my advice and affection.”

Brian Chester read these words over to himself and was
pleased with them; and “He shall pay for it,” he said, “he shall
surely pay for it.” But still, as he looked through the long list of
legacies, and thought of the many good works to which his money
should go, something whispered to him, “Be just before you are
generous, Brian Chester.”

Just then the door opened, and Bridget the housemaid came in,
smiling and looking her best; for she had determined to lay siege
to “the master’s” goodwill, and get leave for herself and her
sister Agnes, or at all events for one of them, to spend to-morrow
afternoon and evening with their parents at the “Gardens,” a row
of cottages some couple of miles from Cheshire Lodge. But she
soon saw that “the master” was in no mood for granting favours,
so she put off her request to a more seasonable time. As she
entered, Chester looked up, and, forgetting that he had not rung
for her, ordered whisky and hot water. When it came, he poured
himself out a glass and went on with his reading.

After a while the sound of wheels was heard, and a cab drove
up to the door, and then Bridget brought in Mr. Wiles. First
making an apology for being so late, and stating that two clerks of
his who lived close by were in the hall, waiting to act as witnesses,
the lawyer proceeded to business. Chester handed him the new
will, and desired him to look through it and see if all was according
to law. Wiles read it through, and when he had done so he said,
“But surely, Chester, you’ll never sign that will?” “I will sign
it,” replied the other. “But it’s cruel, perhaps unjust! If any-
thing is wrong, give him a chance of mending; consider—” “It’s
no use talking, Wiles; I’ve made up my mind, and there’s an end
of it.” Seeing that it was useless to argue with him, for the law-
ner knew well the man with whom he was dealing, Wiles called
in the two witnesses.

The room was a good-sized one, taking up the whole depth of
the house. Chester was seated at the table facing the window;
the fireplace was on the right, the door in the further corner on
the left. Wiles was sitting at Chester’s right hand, the two clerks
standing near on the other side looking on. All was ready, and
Chester dipped his pen into the ink and prepared to sign his name
to the will. At that moment the clock struck twelve, and the
chimes from St. Mary’s close by set up a merry peal. “Christmas
Day,” said one of the clerks.

This exclamation caused Chester to look up. As he did so, his
eye fell upon the indistinct figure of a man in front of him between
the table and the window. It was his brother George! Indistinct at
first, but as he gazed at it spellbound, it became clearer and clearer,
till he could recognise every feature and distinguish almost every hair and vein. It was George, just as he saw him on the night of his death. The body was a little thrown forward in an attitude of attention; the collar of his shirt loose, as it was that night, showing the protruding collar-bones and the wasted chest. One hand, white and almost transparent, rested on the table, the other hung by his side. The high forehead, from which the brown hair was brushed back, was pale as marble, and so were the hollow cheeks and temples, and the pinched nose. The eyes were staring fixedly, in a ghastly manner, and there was no light in the sunken eyeballs. The mouth was half-open, as though speaking, yet the white lips did not move; but Chester felt rather than heard: "You'll be a father to him, Brian?" Then the figure gradually faded away.

"Mr. Chester, sir?" "Gracious heavens, Chester, what's the matter with you? Are you ill?"

Thus recalled, Chester felt that the colour had left his cheeks, and that a cold sweat was on his forehead. But he roused himself. "It's nothing," he said—"a little faint; I shall be all right presently." Then he added, "I'll not sign it to-night. In a day or two I'll see you. Good-night." So they left; and later on Chester went to bed.

He rose late next morning, after a restless night, much disturbed by what had taken place. But still he had not changed his mind towards his nephew. George was to be disinherited in punishment for his misdeeds. He would put off for a day or two signing the new will, but the scapegrace should be cut off with a shilling, and he would have nothing more to do with any of the family.

As he went along to Mass everything was in contrast with his state of mind. People were greeting each other in the streets, and stopping to wish each other "A happy Christmas;" the bells were ringing joyfully, and the bright sun and blue sky added to the general gladness. At Mass everything spoke of peace. The flowers and candles on the altar, the decorations on the walls, the singing, all had one theme—"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax;" peace on earth. The sermon told of peace—of peace between God and man, through the coming of the Prince of Peace. The Adeste sang of joy through peace.

Mass over, he went to the Crib, and as he knelt there, offering a welcome, unworthy as he felt himself, to the Infant Saviour, and looking upon the face of the Child in the manger, it came to his mind how George, his nephew, was once a little innocent child, with round rosy face and little dimpled arms; how he had delighted in his smile, and how he had welcomed every sign of recognition. He thought, too, how he had once stood at that very font on which his eyes rested—for his brother lived in Blissborough at that time—and had held little George while the waters of baptism were poured over him. Then his heart softened; "I have been too hard," he said, "and too hasty." After a while he got up, went
into the sacristy, and asked to see one of the Fathers; when he came out again he had found peace.

"I shall not dine at home to-day," he said to Bridget, as she opened the door to him on his return.

"Not dine at home, sir?"

"No, I am going to Skipley. You and Agnes can go to the Gardens, and take the dinner with you."

Skipley, where Chester's sister-in-law and her children lived, was five miles from Blissborough, and was reached by train. Chester arrived just as his relatives were sitting down to table. They were much surprised at his coming, for, as George had gone to meet him the previous day and had not seen him, they concluded that he had not yet arrived from abroad. But the welcome given him was hearty, for "Uncle Brian" was naturally a great favourite. As the dinner went on, Eileen, his sister-in-law, was sending the servant for wine, excusing herself for not having provided any; "We have all joined the League," she said. Chester would not allow any wine to be brought, saying that he would be quite satisfied with whatever the others took. As the meal advanced he noticed that there was no reserve about young George; his evident pleasure at his uncle's presence seemed to show that he had nothing to be ashamed of. "How like his father he is getting!" thought Chester, while once or twice as the young man bent forward, listening attentively to something being said, Chester started, for he was painfully reminded of what he had seen on the previous night.

Some neighbours were expected in after dinner, and while the young people were getting everything ready, Chester took the opportunity of having a talk with Eileen about George, and questioning her about his misconduct. She told him that, shortly after Chester had started on his journey abroad, George had joined in some festivities with his college friends, that he had taken too much to drink, and had acted very foolishly in consequence; but the next day, regretting his fault most bitterly, he had resolved that, as far as was in his power, he would never again put himself in the like danger, and he had taken the pledge. The rest of the family soon after joined him, as well to encourage George as fearing lest they themselves might be found weak in time of temptation. "Well done, Eileen," said Chester. "I think I must join you in the good work; I will see Father John about it to-morrow."

With that one exception—and that was perhaps a fault of weakness rather than of malice—George was everything that could be wished, his mother said. "And, Brian," she continued, "you cannot think how thankful I am that you have come. A dread feeling came over me last night, and I have been in fear and trembling that some misfortune was going to happen."

The guests arrived and everything went well. Chester was in good spirits, and made himself exceedingly agreeable to every one. He chatted pleasantly with the elders, romped with the younger
ones, joined heartily in the round games, and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. He contrived to have a little private talk with two or three whom he knew best and for whose opinion he had esteem, and discussed George’s future and the likelihood of his following the steady ways of his father; and he was pleased to find that all spoke highly of his nephew, and gave him an excellent character.

So Chester returned home a happier man than he had been in the morning. Alone in his room, he went to the writing-table, and unlocking a drawer, took out one of the sheets of blue paper, looked at it, folded it, threw it into the fire, and watched it burning. It was the new will. When it was consumed, he took the other sheet of paper and placed it in a large envelope; this he sealed with red wax, and wrote outside in large letters “My will,” and then locked it in the drawer. Then taking out his cheque-book, he wrote out a cheque payable to “George B. Chester,” which, with a short note, he placed in an envelope stamped and directed, ready to go to the post in the morning; and now lighting his candle, went up to bed. As he opened the door to leave the room, his eyes instinctively glanced to where he had seen his brother’s form last night. Nothing was there; but he muttered, as though addressing some one: “I will be a father to him, George; believe me, I will.” And then he went on more gaily, “After all, it has been a happy Christmas.”

FLOATING GROG-SHOPS.

The following statement is by a certificated master, for thirty-one years a fisherman:

“Having been engaged as a fisherman for many years, and being a Temperance man for a considerable time, you will believe me when I say I have watched the ‘coopering’ business, and that I am certain it has been, and still is, the curse of the North Sea fleets. It has always been the custom among fishermen to barter away the small fish to ships that passed through the fleet for tobacco, and sometimes grog; but until twenty-eight years ago we had no ‘coopers.’ Since that time the coopering business has been gradually increasing, until now it is common to see two, and sometimes three, in one fleet. When I was a lad, there was no vessel that followed that calling; but the pilot-boats which came out of the Texel and Terschelling brought out cigars, tobacco, and gin, and they traded with the fishermen for money only. It was quite a harvest for them during the summer months; and then, in the winter, the fisher had again to pay 4s. a pound for his tobacco. So things continued for some years, until an enterprising Englishman named Shirley bought a small vessel at Yarmouth, named the Lady of the Lake, and he followed up the fleets in the winter; but his career was cut short, for, during the second winter, the
vessel, with her cargo and crew, went to the bottom, and it was reported that she was wrecked on the South Haaks, while attempting to run for New Dieppe. After the loss of the Lady of the Lake, another man, a fisherman, took up the business; and although he made a deal of money, I do not hesitate to say that the step he then took has been a curse to himself and to the fleet he worked with, and has been the cause of much drunkenness, sorrow, and death. This man complained to the manufacturer he dealt with that the pilot-boats interfered with his trade in the summer. Thereupon the manufacturer represented to the Dutch Government that the pilots neglected their duty to sell their tobacco and gin; and the consequence was they were forbidden to trade, and this man and the manufacturer had for some time all the trade in their own hands. I had this from the manufacturer himself, whose name I could give if required. This same man also informed me that the gin taken out of bond only cost the cooper at the rate of 4d. a quart, and that the tobacco was weighed up in English pounds, while a Dutch pound was eighteen ounces. If I were to pretend to tell half the evils that have arisen out of this cursed liquor traffic, I could fill many sheets of foolscap; but these things have not been done in a corner. Each master carries with him an influence over his crew, and there is a proverb used among the fishermen which runs thus: 'Like master, like crew;' and I have often remarked, whenever I have seen a master fond of visiting the cooper, the crew soon fall in love with him too; and it is my opinion that there never would have been half the drunkenness ashore, and many fishermen would never have sunk so much as they have done, had it not been for these floating grog-shops. I have reason for saying so, and there are scores still living who know it is the truth, that until this coopering business began, boys were not allowed to smoke or to drink, or to use bad language in the hearing of the men. It was the same on shore as at sea; and I can truthfully say that up to 1852 no lads were allowed to enter a public-house. Even the landlords would refuse to serve them, because they knew full well that no man would use a house where a boy was allowed to go; and a boy remained a boy until he had served his time. But as soon as cooperers made their appearance, and the masters began to drink too freely, they lost their position; and, to keep the facts from the ears of their employers, the boys were allowed at first a dram, and then a pipe, and those boys grew up all the worse for their training. The coopering vessels are chiefly fitted out from Holland and Germany, English vessels not being allowed to trade, as no club will insure a vessel so engaged. As to the remedy for this evil, I say, Let us have our tobacco out of bond, as other seamen do. We are the nursery for the Navy, thousands of our men belong to the Royal Navy Reserve, and we help to support the country at the cost of hundreds of lives every year; and if this privilege were allowed us, it is my belief it would cripple the cooperers, and their
illicit business would not pay. I have known as much as 1500 pounds of tobacco to be sold in two weeks in one fleet.”—Daily Telegraph.

A TOPER’S LAMENT.

Come, listen now, ye topers all,
Who love the flowing can,
And warning take by my downfall—
For I’m a fallen man.

O, I have spent my time and cash
With publicans and sinners;
But they have settled now my hash,
And robbed me of my dinners.

To Horse and Groom I owe a bill—
At Horse Shoes an arrear;
I’ve helped to fill their till, until
I’ve not a shoe to wear.

The Black Horse, being thoroughbred,
Of course I could not shun;
And I have made my face quite red
By sitting in The Sun.

The Fountain clear for me had charms,
But now I taste the dregs;
And when at night I left The Arms,
I could not keep my legs.

I like the beer at the Black Bear,
The brewing of old Bruin;
The Star and Moon both beacons were
To light me to my ruin.

The old White Lion grins at me
So jeering as I pass;
The Golden one is gilt, I see,
With portions of my brass.

The Marquis now on me doth frown,
Since I’m of tin bereft;
I’ve been so loyal to The Crown,
I’ve not a half one left.

They fleeced me like a silly sheep,
To swell the Woolpack’s treasure;
And if I in The Bushel peep,
They strike me with the measure.
Not one of all these jolly ones
Will stand a pint of stout;
I’ve tried so much at The Three Tuns,
At last they turned me out.

I loved the Duke of Wellington,
As all good Britons do;
But now my wellingtons are gone—
Ay, and my bluchers too!

The Wheatsheaf yields me naught but chaff,
Where once my cup was full;
Too late I find I am a calf,
For going to The Bull.

The Lamb for me is too genteel—
A choice expensive dish;
To see the Dolphin makes me feel
As dry as any fish.

I once was noticed by the swells,
Me now they scarcely see;
I fancy when I pass the Bells,
One soon will pass for me!

JAMES R. WITHERS.

TO CATHOLIC TEETOTALLERS.

All Catholic teetotallers—whether members of the League of the Cross or not—and all who are interested in the great Temperance question, should read Father Cologan’s neat little penny book, entitled Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View. The Bishop of Salford has said lately that he “could not conceive any Catholic with a heart larger than a mouse who would not feel that there was a duty resting upon him to do something to promote Temperance; no Catholic who understood the havoc made by the drink traffic in the midst of the population in which he lived could be indifferent to that fearful havoc, or unwilling to take his part in bringing a remedy to the frightful evil.” It is with this feeling that we urge upon all Catholics the importance of being acquainted with the “Catholic point of view” of this great question.

We do not give any extracts from the little work, for its forty pages are so full of matter that it is difficult to select any specially salient passages. And, besides, we hope every one of our readers will buy it for themselves. Any further recommendation it may require will be supplied by the letter which Father Cologan has received from the Cardinal Archbishop. In this his Eminence says: “I
have just read your little tract on total abstinence. It is the best we have got, and I thank you much for it. The evidence of the Fathers is very valuable. May God reward you."

LOCAL OPTION.—Among the series of shilling manuals published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co. is one giving a full and clear statement of the history and principles of Local Option. The work will repay careful reading, not only because Local Option is a subject so closely connected with Temperance that all Catholic teetotallers, following the lead of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, must take great interest in the question; but also because it contains much information on the licensing and drinking laws, and replies to many of the social arguments constantly brought forward against the Temperance movement. There are, moreover, several most useful appendices of statistics on the drink question. We recommend the work to our readers in general, but particularly to our speakers.

IT DOESN'T PAY!—There is nothing more encouraging, says Truth of Toronto, than the growing conviction on the part of the great mass of employers that they can have nothing to do with men who drink intoxicating liquors even in moderation. They don't look at it in many cases from a moral point of view, but simply as a matter of business. They know that those employed in certain occupations must above all things be reliable, with all their wits about them, and their nerves like steel. Drinking even moderately is incompatible with this. One extra glass has often made a man reckless who in the ordinary sense was perfectly sober. Hence, all the great railway corporations are getting to insist upon their employees being not only sober men, but men who do not meddle at all with intoxicating beverages. A man drinking even the smallest quantity of liquor when on duty would, if found out, be instantly dismissed on almost every railway on the continent. Railways can't afford to have men whose indulgence in liquor may cause the loss of life and hundreds of thousands of dollars. It don't pay.

NOTICE.

As various changes are impending in connection with the printing and publishing of this Magazine, it will be a convenience if subscribers will obtain their copies from the Editor, 18 West Square, Southwark, S.E. The LEAGUE MAGAZINE will of course be obtainable through the booksellers as before, but it will be published at the above address.

There are still many outstanding subscriptions for 1885; it will be a help if with these, which we hope will be sent in at once, the subscription for 1886 is also forwarded.
"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS;"

Or how Free Education affects the Working Man.

By THE REV. J. F. SPLAINE, S.J.

"DEAR FATHER SPLAINE,—I have read your Pamphlet with very great pleasure, and hope it will be widely circulated.—Yours faithfully in Christ,

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop."

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