

with a wild gleam. At last, Father Mathew put his glass to his lips, but at once placed it on the table, saying—'John, what a strange taste and smell the water has! What's the matter with it? You must have had spirits in the jug.' 'Oh, yes, sir, I had to polish the tins, and whisky is very good for brightening them. Unfortunately, I put it into this jug.' The younger guests audibly chuckled at the excuse; but Father Mathew only remarked that it was 'all right,' and that he would not then trouble his butler by requiring a more elaborate explanation of the 'accident.'

Father Mathew honestly believed that his plum-puddings were made without the slightest admixture of whisky or wine; and he was frequently heard to say, 'Now there are some people, and sensible people too, who assert that plum-puddings cannot be made without alcohol; but that is as fine a pudding as I ever tasted, and there is not a drop of whisky in it. Is there, John?' 'Oh, no, sir; not a drop,' was the invariable reply. But had there been a mirror in the room, by which the little man's face could be reflected, as he turned to the sideboard, a grin might be seen upon those puckered features, which would have cast some doubt upon the boastful assertion of his unsuspecting master.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Key to the Father's Heart—The greatest Miracles of all—Red Denis—The Meeting in the Theatre Royal—The Man and the Cause—O'Connell's Speech—A monster Tea-Party—He pays for it—Death of his Brother Tom.

THE greater the success and the wider the triumph of the temperance leader, the more earnest he became in endeavouring to obtain new converts. The spectacle of the happiness of the family of the sober man was as much an incentive to increased exertion, in spreading the cause of happiness, as was that of the misery suffered by the family of the drunken man an incentive to try, if possible, to banish that source of misery from the land. His belief that there was a key to every man's heart, if one could only find it, was one day touchingly exemplified. A Cork workman of the better class had fallen to a deplorable condition, in consequence of his drunken habits, and every day he seemed to sink deeper and deeper in the Slough of Despond. To render the calamity greater, he had a wife and a family of young children; and the madness of the father stripped the clothes from the back of his poor wife, and starved his wretched infants. The wife did all that a good and virtuous woman could do to reclaim the man she had not ceased to love; but a kind of devil had taken possession of him, and he became a savage as well as a confirmed drunkard. Twice, at her urgent entreaty, Father Mathew called at their miserable place, and used every effort to subdue the ferocity of the husband; but all in vain. He did not, however, despair, but

came a third time, and used every argument and tried every mode of persuasion; but the man was sullen and dogged, and even insolent. Nothing daunted, Father Mathew persevered—pointing out to him his sad degradation, the desolation by which he was surrounded, the misery of his wife, the spectral appearance of his innocent children. But to no purpose, save to inflame his anger. ‘Father Mathew,’ said he, ‘you have no right to come to me. I am a Protestant, and you are not my clergyman. Do not dare interfere in my affairs—I do not want your advice—I can do without you or it—and the sooner you leave this, the better.’ The wife was pale with apprehension, as the last plank of hope seemed to fail her; and the half-frozen and starving children cowered in a scared group, out of the way of their father. Seeing that further attempt would do no good at that moment, Father Mathew turned to leave; but as he was passing the children, he took one of them in his arms and kissed it, and patted its little head, and spoke kindly to it; and when he placed it on the floor again, he slipped a piece of money into its hand. This was done quietly, but the gleam of the silver caught the eye of the hardened man, who was looking wickedly in that direction; and no sooner did he behold what had been done, than a miracle was worked in him—his whole being was changed in an instant; and flinging himself on his knees, he cried out, amidst convulsive sobs, ‘Oh, my God, pardon me! Here is this good man, who has acted more like a father to my children than I have ever done: he would feed them, and I have starved them. God forgive me! God in His mercy forgive me!’ He then humbly besought Father Mathew to give him the pledge, the words of which he repeated with fervour. That man was saved, and his family were rescued from the work-house; for the key had been found to the father’s heart.

A gentleman, speaking of Father Mathew, and referring to the popular belief in his power of working cures—a power

which he took every means of repudiating—said, ‘If there ever was a saint from heaven, he was one. But as to his miracles, the most striking were the marvellous reforms he accomplished in people’s lives. Men who took their twenty, and even their thirty glasses of whisky in the day, giving it up at his request—these were miracles. And their keeping the pledge was a greater miracle still.’

Miracles of this kind were worked every day, and in every part of the country, to the amazement of those who had made up their minds that such cases were hopelessly incurable. One week, for instance, a tattered, dissolute-looking, and dirty fellow might be seen reeling through the street, growling out curses at everyone he met, or venting his brutal wrath on some poor child, or miserable dog, that crossed his path; and the next week, a decent, well-dressed man might be seen passing the same street, his manner quiet, and his bearing to those he met kindly and considerate. This was but the exterior aspect of the transformation; but that worked within doors was yet more marvellous. There, the furious brute, more devilish than human, was changed into a lamb of gentleness—the desperate spendthrift, whose only object in life appeared to be the indulgence of the one passion, became cautious, frugal, saving—the terror and curse of the neighbourhood was not recognised in the kindly and obliging man who was now ready to do everyone a good turn. And the children—what a transformation in them! From sprawling in the gutter in their scanty rags, and learning all manner of evil in that worst of academies, the street, they might be seen comfortably dressed for their station in life, and going to and returning from school with unfailing punctuality; for if their father were gentle instead of savage, and affectionate instead of cruel, he was also resolute and vigilant, and not to be deceived or ‘come round,’ as of old. Now these were the miracles which Father Mathew was working every day of his temperance mission; and much did the world marvel thereat.

There was a porter in the service of a merchant of Cork, and the porter was both faithful and intelligent, but a drunkard of the first water. His entire thought was how to get money for whisky, and his sole enjoyment in life was in drinking whisky. Morning, noon, and night he was at his ruinous work. He was most necessary to his master, for no dealing with the country people could be managed without the aid of 'Red Denis,' as he was called, from the colour of his hair. Twice he was dismissed from his employment, and he was about being sent away a third time; but his master reasoned with him, and asked him to go and see Father Mathew. Matters were looking so serious with Red Denis, that he at last made up his mind to try what the Priest could do for him, and 'what bargain he could strike with him;' for total abstinence was altogether out of the question—an indignity to which Red Denis was determined never to submit. Father Mathew was delighted to see Red Denis, on whom he had often cast a longing eye. 'Thank God, you are come to me, Denis, and of your own free will too. A voluntary sacrifice is most acceptable to the good God. Kneel down, my dear child,' continued Father Mathew to the giant, who was scratching his red poll in great perplexity. 'Well, sir, the truth of it is, you must make a bargain with me,' said Denis. 'Bargain, my dear!—what bargain?' 'I'm thinking, your reverence, of giving up the sperrets, but—' 'God will bless you for doing so, my dear. It never did any one good, and it has slain thousands and thousands of immortal souls, too.' 'What you say, your reverence, is thrue enough, and I'm going to give it up—but I must have a darby.' 'A darby, my dear!' 'Yes, your reverence, one darby a day. I'll take the pledge if your reverence will only give me one darby a day.' 'No, no; you must give it up entirely, or I can't let you take the pledge.' 'Why thin, Father Mathew, your reverence, I tell you 'tis n't in the power of God Almighty to make me do

without whisky entirely.' 'Shame, sir, shame! to use such language! You should not dare say what you have done. The power of God is omnipotent, and He can do much more than change the heart of a miserable drunkard,' said Father Mathew, with a severity not usual to him. 'Well, your reverence, I beg God's pardon and your pardon; but 'tis what I thought; for I never *can* do without the darby.' 'Go now, my dear, and come back to me in a week, and you may then be in a better state of mind.' When the week had elapsed, Red Denis was again in the parlour at Cove Street. 'Tis no good, your reverence, without you allow me the darby of whisky—I'm afeard of myself entirely.' 'Denis,' said Father Mathew, in his most impressive manner, 'kneel down this moment, and repeat the words of the pledge after me, and I tell you that God *will* give you strength to resist temptation for the future—I promise you that He will give you strength and grace to do so—I promise it to you in His name.' Denis was overpowered by the solemnity of the priest's voice and manner, and he knelt and took the pledge with great earnestness. He rose from his knees a confirmed teetotaller, as, from that moment to the last hour of his life, he never afterwards tasted whisky, or strong drink of any kind. To use his own words, 'a darby would choke him.'

The world had been long convinced of the fact that the Apostle of Temperance had gathered to himself the love and veneration of the great mass of the Irish people of his own faith; but it was now to be made aware of the no less important fact, that he commanded the respect and admiration of those who were not of his Church, and who belonged to and represented the very highest classes in the country. In every movement, whether to compliment an individual, to found an association, to promote a county ball, to get up a regatta, or to organise a political party, there is some one who takes the initiative, and is, in reality, the prime mover. In this case,

it was Mr. Peter Purcell, the mail contractor, who had on more than one occasion exhibited a kindly feeling to Father Mathew, for whose worth and whose character he entertained the greatest admiration. Mr. Purcell's motive and object are best explained in his own words. Writing to the public press on the 4th of November, 1842, he says:—

Having frequent occasion myself to witness the vast and beneficial change which Mr. Mathew's exhortation and example have produced among those employed throughout my own establishments, and deeply alive to the importance of rendering that change progressive and permanent among the people, I have, in conjunction with other gentlemen who entertain the same opinion as myself on this interesting question, thought it most desirable to ascertain the feelings and views of influential people connected with Ireland, as to the propriety and expediency of affording to the country an opportunity of testifying to the merits of the Rev. Father Mathew, in such a manner as would be at once complimentary to that most estimable benefactor of mankind, and, by supplying an evidence of the deep sympathy in which his exertions are held by the wise and the good, strengthen this noble cause to which his life is devoted.

When the letter was published, Mr. Purcell was authorised to mention the names, among others, of sixteen noblemen, who approved of and concurred in his project. A requisition was shortly after published, convening a public meeting in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 26th of January, 1843. The requisition was signed by two Dukes, four Marquises, nineteen Earls, ten Viscounts and Barons, four Catholic Bishops, upwards of forty Baronets, thirty Members of Parliament, and an immense array of Clergymen of all persuasions, Deputy-Lieutenants, Magistrates, and gentlemen from all parts of the country. The meeting was in keeping with the requisition, the fine theatre presenting a splendid appearance, filled as it was with the rank and fashion of the Irish metropolis.

The chair was taken by the Duke of Leinster, who, in a few words, expressed the great pleasure he felt in presiding on the occasion, and the desire he had 'in every way in his

power to show the respect and esteem which he entertained for the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew.'

Mr. Purcell was appointed secretary to the meeting, and, in an interesting speech, explained its object. In the course of his address he read a number of letters, and among others, the following from Surgeon Carmichael, which is of itself a testimonial to Father Mathew:—

Rutland Square: Jan. 22, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you a brief memorandum of the facts I accidentally mentioned to you the other day, respecting the cases of admission into the Richmond Surgical Hospital, before Father Mathew's happy influence converted the poor of this city from drunkenness to sobriety.

The hospital contains 130 beds, chiefly appropriated to surgical cases; and before the pledge was so generally taken by the poor of the city, we were never without cases of wounds, and broken heads and arms of women, the cruel inflictions of their drunken husbands; when, at the same time, it usually contained cases of infants and children half burned, or scalded to death, through the negligence of their drunken mothers. The hospital, I may safely say, was never without cases of delirium tremens, many of which ended fatally. Indeed, I know of no instance of any individual affected with this malady, arising from the abuse of ardent spirits, that did not ultimately die of the disease.

Now, if we contrast these facts with the records of the hospital, since Father Mathew has made us a sober people, we do not find a SINGLE INSTANCE of wounds, burns, or scalds *attributable to drunkenness*; and seldom or never is any case of delirium tremens admitted into the hospital.

The records of the hospital also prove that, since the great mass of the population of this city have become sober, the rate of mortality amongst all descriptions of patients is *considerably reduced*, a proof of the increased strength and powers of the lower orders in this mode, effectually resisting the influence of diseases, &c. &c.

My dear Sir, truly yours,

RICHARD CARMICHAEL.

It may be well to afford the reader an opportunity of learning in what manner the Apostle and the Cause were spoken of on this gratifying occasion by the foremost men in the land.

The Marquis of Headfort, who took the lead, and gave the tone to the meeting, thus spoke :—

My lord duke, I have attended many public meetings to promote the honour, the liberties, and the interests of Ireland; but I know of none which is more calculated to promote those interests than that which I have now the honour to address. Were it possible for me, or had I language at my command, sufficient to pronounce an eulogium, most willingly and gladly should I do so: but, my lord, his merits are beyond all praise, and the result of his labours beyond any reward which the world can bestow. It is impossible not to look with pride and gratification to the present moral, social, and political state of Ireland. Twenty years ago, would the rev. gentleman have attempted what he has now succeeded in effecting, when the energies of the country were paralysed, and the people sunk in degradation? But these days have passed away, never to return. None of us can appreciate, my lord, the present state of amelioration in the condition of our country; but for my own part, I look forward to future generations with exultation, when those who shall come after us will require no pledge to persevere in the path of sobriety and industry, which alone lead to happiness. My lord, I shall not detain you further, but propose, with the greatest pleasure and gratification, the following resolution :—

Resolved,—That the benefits resulting to society from the labours of the Rev. Theobald Mathew entitle him, beyond all living men, to the immeasurable gratitude and ardent admiration of all ranks and persuasions in the British Empire.

The Marquis of Clanricarde concluded his speech, proposing the second resolution, in these words :—

No testimony of this meeting could discharge the debt of gratitude which Ireland owes to Father Mathew; but I hope I may say, that such a meeting as assembled here this day will evince a due sense of our gratitude, although we know that no praise or homage of ours can discharge that obligation. I know, and we all know, that the pure and high motives of that great man cannot be affected by any tribute of praise which his fellow creatures can bestow upon him; at the same time, I think I may say, it is impossible for any man not to feel some degree of self-satisfaction and consolation for the labours he has undergone, when he knows that these labours are understood and appreciated as they should be by the people of Ireland.

Resolved,—That the friends and admirers of the Rev. Mr. Mathew will best evince their sense of the utility of his labours, by a public and enduring testimonial;

which, while serving to perpetuate the memory of the man, would not only conduce to the continued triumph of the cause to which he has so usefully and energetically devoted himself, but also aim at confirming the people in those habits of temperance, and, consequently, of industry and order, which have already made such amazing progress in Ireland; and which, if rigidly adhered to, cannot fail to render the population happy, prosperous, and contented.

Mr. Wise, member for the city of Waterford, bore testimony to the wonderful reformation worked by Father Mathew :—

Here is a reformation not of words, but of deeds, through the regenerating influence of the Rev. Mr. Mathew. I speak not merely from the experience of those who hear me, but I can cite you from the eulogium of strangers who have visited this country from Germany and France. They have viewed with astonishment the alteration in the habits of the people, as compared with the accounts of former travellers. I have myself known one gentleman who visited Ireland ten years ago, and so great was the change he witnessed, so improved was the condition of the peasantry, that he could hardly recognise the same country as that he had been formerly in. I have also known cases where gentlemen came to Ireland, with the full conviction that the people were degraded; but who, on going home to their own country, were astonished at the general improvement which had taken place by one of the greatest moral revolutions ever witnessed in any part of the world. My lord, I came here to-day to express my sympathy, my full desire, my most zealous wish to co-operate in the objects of this great meeting, and to place this important movement in that point of view where it not only may be an incentive to persevere as we began, but may be an example to England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, and every part of the world.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, M.P., said he came as the representative of the county which had been benefited more than any other by the labours of Father Mathew, and thus referred to the intended testimonial :—

Endeavour to ascertain what the amount of the funds may be; and then proceed to determine whether it shall be a work of art, to speak to all posterity, in the metropolis of Ireland, or some institution founded for the benefit of the afflicted and distressed. Whatever it shall be, will be best determined by the committee; but of this he was quite sure, that they could not erect any testimonial so acceptable

to him, or so glorious in its results, as an inviolate fidelity to the solemn engagement entered into, by the great mass of the nation, to that good man.

Daniel O'Connell, who was then at the very height of his popularity, came to bear his testimony to the merits and services of the man who divided with him the affections of the Irish people. If previous speakers were authorised to speak in the name of a class or a locality, no one was more entitled to speak in the name of the country than the greatest political leader of the age. To hear O'Connell address a popular assembly, was at any time an object of interest; but to hear the 'Liberator' with the 'Apostle' for his theme, was a matter not only of interest, but of some anxiety to the friends of the latter. A few passages from the speech of the most remarkable man of the day, on an occasion so remarkable in itself, could not properly be omitted from these pages. O'Connell's vindication of the character of the Irish people anterior to the advent of Father Mathew, exactly represented the feeling of a very large class of the community, who were offended by the natural and pardonable exaggeration occasionally indulged in by speakers at temperance meetings, when glorifying the achievements of their beloved leader, or describing the temperance reformation from their own point of view. After some preliminary observations, O'Connell thus proceeded:—

Now, though I am rather accustomed to public speaking, I have yet not come here to make what is called a speech, nor have I the presumptuous vanity to suppose that I am capable of making any speech that could compensate you one moment for delaying the expression of veneration and approbation which you entertain for that excellent man whose name has called us together here to-day. I would be ashamed of myself if I were capable of thinking that I could make any speech that would enhance his merits, or place his virtues or his utility in a more striking point of view than the simple enunciation of his name alone must command. The name of the Rev. Theobald Mathew is, in fact, a spell-word. It proclaims in itself the progress of temperance, morality, prudence, and every

social virtue throughout the land. I have, as I already said, come here not to make a speech, but to bear my testimony to his indescribable merits. I could not stay away from such an assemblage as this; for though I felt how little importance my attendance here could be, still I owed it to myself to share in the testimony of the mighty moral miracle that has been performed, and to raise my humble voice in the declaration of my sentiments of admiration at his utility as a man, and his virtues as a clergyman, by joining in this demonstration of the gratitude of his country towards him.

Having said so much, I ought now to retire, for I feel this—that it is not in language to describe, and that there is not rapidity in human speech to follow, the brilliancy of his career. There can be no wings given to words, to enable them to rise to his moral exaltation. You might as well think of looking the noon-day sun in face, without injuring the vision, as to place the merits of Father Mathew in a clearer point of view than they at present exist. No; and if witnesses are wanting of his utility, I call on four millions of teetotallers to come forward with their testimony.

I have heard a great deal to-day—and I did not hear it for the first time—of the intensity of the useful work he has performed. I have heard of families reformed—of mothers and children redeemed from ruin—of youth brought up in virtue, and rising into manhood with honour, whose career would have been blighted, and their hopes blasted for ever, if the temperance pledge had not come to their rescue, and saved the individual from destruction, and society from a curse. I have heard much of eulogium on the Irish people as they at present exist, and I only felt some cause of regret that, in forming a contrast with their present state and that from which they had been rescued, there was some appearance of showing that they had been previously in a state of degradation, and that, in praising what has been done, there was too heavy a censure passed on the former condition of the country. Perhaps I am wrong, and that my anxiety arises from the jealousy with which I regard everything reflecting on the character of my country. It would appear as if, prior to the temperance movement, the Irish were a depraved people—emphatically a drunken population—and that it required some mighty Apostle of the Living God to rescue them from their depravity. Take notice that, in saying this, I do not mean in the slightest degree to detract from the great merits of what has been done by the Rev. Mr. Mathew. I admit that he has performed a mighty moral miracle; but at the same time utterly deny that the people of Ireland were at any time inferior to their neighbours, or to

the people of any foreign country, in any part of the globe. While I have been speaking, a thought has just flashed across my mind, to which I must give utterance—it is, that the parliamentary papers furnish evidence on what I have been referring to. Do they show that Ireland was a drunken country? Quite the contrary. Taking the population of Scotland, with relation to the population of Ireland, what do we find? Now, Scotland is a country that everybody praises. You do not blame Scotchmen for praising Scotland as they always do; and it happens that Scotchmen always contrive to take care of each other, wherever they meet. But the parliamentary papers show that, after all, the Scotchmen are not really so good as they are represented. What is the evidence? I take up the parliamentary papers, and they show me the consumption of ardent spirits in Scotland and Ireland, before Father Mathew's mighty movement commenced. Now, I hope you do not think that the Irish drank more than the Scotch. But even that would be enough to rescue them from the charge of depravity, as they are not worse than a people who are so praised. But the fact is, they did not drink half so much. I have it from the parliamentary document, that for every pint Scotch that the Irish drank, the Scotchmen drank two pints, and what is called a 'tilla' into the bargain. And that occurred, too, during a period when there was very little illicit distillation in Ireland, and a great deal of it in Scotland; and if the illicit whisky was taken into account, it would make the balance one-third more against Scotland. I then say, that Father Mathew did not redeem a drunken people; but he did redeem a people who were predisposed to his mission. . . . Whatever our politics may be—whatever our creeds may be—whatever our condition or avocation in life may be, we are all here of one mind, and that is how Ireland should express her sense of the merits and the virtues of Father Mathew. We are come here to pledge all Ireland to the working out of that measure, and to show that we are worthy of sharing in such a plan by the enthusiasm which you have shown in listening to his praises, and by the anxiety exhibited of trying who can praise him most.

I thank you, my friends, I need not tell you, for the kindness with which you have listened to me. I feel how inadequate I have been to the subject, for words are nothing when such a topic comes before the mind. There is no painting the rainbow, the ray that comes from the sun, or the angelic plumes that flutter round the throne of the Deity; and there is no angel more pure or worthy than the angel of public morality, dignified in the person of Father Mathew.

At a meeting held in Cork on the 23rd of March following, under the presidency of Sir William Wrixon Becher, Bart., for the purpose of promoting the same object, Mr. Fagan, M.P., referred to the fact of Father Mathew's embarrassments, the necessary consequence of his position, and gave expression to the general common sense feeling as to what form the testimonial ought to assume:—

At the commencement, great talk had been made about the Apostle's making money by the sale of medals, and I felt it necessary to speak to him about the matter; but I can assert that, instead of making money, he is at the present moment embarrassed to some extent by his too liberal donations of 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and 40*l.* to different branches of the society. With regard to the testimonial, I am not for erecting hospitals, or laying out the money collected in any brick and mortar work. I am of opinion that it ought to be funded, or placed in the hands of trustees, to enable the Apostle to carry out to the fullest the object of the movement, and bear him free of expense; for I know that he is at this moment a poor and embarrassed man, by reason of the temperance movement.

Perhaps the most imposing and useful demonstration made by the followers of Father Mathew was that in Cork, on the 16th of February of this year, when he was publicly entertained in the Corn Market. At this monster tea-party over 1,700 persons, including many of the first citizens, sat down to tables well furnished with every requisite for an evening 'banquet,' as it was termed by its promoters. All classes, parties, and creeds were harmoniously blended on that occasion, which was one of unalloyed gratification to the good man himself; for he then saw, as he fondly believed, the cause gathering round its standard the worth of the middle and the influence of the higher classes of the community. His blended feelings of exultation and anxiety were expressed in his address, from which one or two passages are given:—

Cold and unsusceptible must he be who would not catch a spark of the etherial fire. I pity the man who could sit here without feeling an attachment to our cause, and who would leave us with a hostile heart. 'Hostile heart!' I think I hear some person say, 'who can

have a heart hostile to a cause whose object is the general good of society at large?' But with sorrow I confess that our cause has enemies, that there are many who would rejoice in the fall of our society, and who would hail the return of intemperance. Prejudice, interest, appetite, and drinking customs, and, in a few cases, political motives and sectarian feelings, are arrayed against us; but strong in the strength of the Almighty God, the cause is pursuing a right forward career, and every difficulty is yielding before it. Five millions of persons are enrolled under the banner! the mighty vice of intoxication is yielding, and, with the blessing of God, we will cast the 'pale horse and his rider' into the sea. With heart-felt exultation we can survey the present condition of the country, we can witness the happiness of the people in the smiling faces that surround us; but let us not forget that there are those amongst our fellow-citizens, thousands of whom are suffering from the evil consequences of intoxicating drink. Oh! if we could take in at one view the ravages occasioned by intemperance in this city, we would see the dissipated husband, the bereaved father, the disconsolate mother, the pining orphan, and the youth of high hope and fervent aspirations sinking into a shameful and premature grave. It is to oppose the progress of this great evil, to arrest this abomination, that the temperance movement has been established.

He concluded with the following earnest appeal to the representatives of the wealthier and more influential classes, for aid in his work:—

I call on the virtuous and temperate to assist us in this great work. By saying this, I mean no censure; and if the labours of the present humble workers of the cause have been so blessed by the Almighty God as to be the means of conferring happiness and blessings on thousands, a richer, greater, and better harvest may be expected when those persons who possess wealth, influence, and rank will cooperate with us for the benefit of the holy cause of total abstinence. I call upon all who love their species, their God, and their religion, to assist us in the accomplishment of this glorious work. It is true we are not commanded by any precept, human or divine, to abstain; but if the great springs of human action, hope and fear, have not lost their influence on our hearts, you will all obey the call, and assist us in reviving the era of Christian charity and love, and in making the world a glorious habitation, in which every man may sit down in peace, and in the enjoyment of the blessings secured through Christ; temperance binding all together in the strictest and sweetest bonds of Christian charity and brotherly love.

The expense incurred in getting up this monster tea-party was considerable, leaving a balance of little short of 100*l.* against the committee, who were about paying it out of their own pockets, when Father Mathew heard of the fact. He appeared amongst them one evening as they were settling their accounts, and placing a bag full of silver on the table, insisted that he alone should make good the deficiency. Remonstrance, and even refusal, were altogether unavailing; for he was a man who, when he had made up his mind upon any matter, would have things his own way.

In May 1843, his brother Frank died, and for a short time after Father Mathew was unable to prosecute his mission; but a sense of duty soon triumphed over the natural tenderness of his heart, and saved him from indulging without restraint in grief which, if given way to, would have impaired his usefulness, and prevented him from fulfilling engagements to which he was pledged. He could not, nor did he attempt, to stifle the sorrow which every recollection of that beloved brother inspired; but he resolutely kept it locked up within his breast, and pursued his mission with unabated energy. Frequently, however, he would steal an hour from his triumphant mission to weep and pray at that tomb; and when the same sepulchre held the remains of his brother Tom, who died shortly after, his visits were still more frequent. The act soothed his feelings as a man, and gratified his piety as a priest.