

The Cure for Drunkenness.

BY THE REV. JAMES CASEY.

Is there no cure, no saving remedy for drunkenness, a world-wide disease? Has faith divine no weapon strong to fell this Upsa tree, whose odors breathe of hell? Has reason, which exalts the human soul, Above all living things from pole to pole, Not aid to give whilst man is borne along...

Father Jogues and the Dutch Protestants of New Amsterdam.

The possible canonization of Father Jogues, the martyr-missionary of the Mohawks, is a subject of surpassing interest to Catholics. Father Jogues was the first Jesuit missionary who entered within the borders of what is now the State of New York, and the first priest who visited Manhattan Island. He was captured by the Mohawks in 1642, and treated with great cruelty. He was beaten with clubs and stones, and all his finger-nails pulled out, and the fore-finger of each hand gnawed by the savages. They journeyed five weeks to reach central New York, he and the other prisoners being obliged to carry the baggage of their persecutors. Here Father Jogues had the thumb of his right hand cut off by an Indian woman, at her chief's command, although she was a Christian. Here also Rene Goupil, a lay Brother, who accompanied Jogues, was killed by the blow of a hatchet.

In those days religious bigotry and race hatred were strong in the New World. All the more reason then is it pleasant to consider the relations of Father Jogues with the Dutch Protestants who then settled New York, and to dwell upon the Christian kindness of those Dutchmen to a Catholic priest.

The Mohawk Indians were the allies of the Dutch, and Van Curler, a magnanimous Dutchman, learning of the captives in the hands of the savages, called together the chiefs of the different Mohawk tribes. He recalled to their minds the friendship and alliance which had so long existed between them, and demanded the red use of their captives, offering at the same time, for their ransom, presents to the amount of six hundred guilders, which to their honor be recorded, the Dutch settlers of the colony, forgetful of all differences of creed, had generously subscribed to purchase the freedom of their Christian brethren. The savages, however, were not to be moved, either by appeals to ancient friendship, or by the Dutchmen's presents. They were willing to grant to their allies whatever was in their power, but on the point under discussion they would remain silent. In a few months the warriors of the several nations would assemble, and then the matter would be finally disposed of. All Van Curler could effect was to persuade the savages to spare the lives of their prisoners, and to promise to restore them to their country.

Father Jogues continued now to soothe his captivity by spreading the light of Christianity through the benighted region into which Providence has cast his lot. Though his labors were most signally blessed, and numbers of converts were brought into the fold, the hearts of the principal savages continued hardened against him. In one of his visits with some Indians to Fort Orange he learned that intelligence had been received that the Mohawks were defeated by the French at Fort Richelieu, and that he, on his return, would assuredly be burnt. The commander of the fort counselled him, thereupon, to escape. A vessel was about to proceed to Virginia. To go to will be a. For be

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite. To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cure catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

Jogues demanded until the morrow to consider this proposal, "which greatly surprised the Dutch." The offer was finally accepted, but it was not so easy to evade the vigilance of his savage companions. Innumerable difficulties followed. He at length succeeded in secreting himself in the hold of a sloop in the river, whose close air and horrid stench made him almost regret that he had not remained among the cruel Iroquois, who now, enraged at the escape of their victim, demanded, with violent gestures and angry words, the surrender of their prisoner. The Dutch were much embarrassed. They could not consent to deliver over a Christian brother to the tortures and barbarities of the heathen. The States-General had sent out orders that every means should be used to rescue from the savages those Frenchmen who might fall into their power. On the other hand, the colony was too feeble to make any resistance. In this dilemma the offer was again renewed to ransom the fugitive; after considerable wrangling, the Indians accepted this offer, and presents to the amount of about one hundred pieces of gold were accordingly delivered them. Father Jogues was sent to New Amsterdam, where he was most kindly received and clothed by Director Kieft, who gave him a passage to Holland in a vessel which sailed shortly after. But misfortune was not yet weary of persecuting the Christian missionary. The vessel was driven in a storm on the coast of Falmouth, where it was seized by wreckers, who, as merciless as the savages, stripped Father Jogues and his companions of every article of their wearing apparel, and left them bruised and naked to pursue their journey as best they could.

Montalembert's Life of St. Elizabeth.

Hungary was a rather important kingdom among the nations when to its sovereign (Andrew II.) was born, 1207, a daughter who died in 1231, but whose short life of 24 years eclipsed all the other annals of the kingdom, so full of wonder and beauty it was; so full of all that is wise in women and all that is heroic and noble in man or woman. Her death was mourned in all parts of the civilized world; the first of Germany's many great Gothic temples was erected as a monument over

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

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er remind; and her memory is a glory and a living influence to-day in all Christendom, but especially in Germany.

A very poetic story is that of St. Elizabeth, even in its crudest form. Montalembert gives it to us with a fullness of facts, put together with strength and coherency; with a delicacy of touch and a warmth of coloring that stamp it as a great literary work, as well as a valuable and most interesting bit of history.

The Count de Montalembert belongs to our own age (he died in 1876). He came into the French peerage just before it was abolished, and his name in it became at once an apology for it, so honored was he among his compatriots for fearlessness and uprightness—so loved for his obliquity and his gifts of tongue and pen.

Students of history are grateful for the Providence that guided a man like him to write for them a story of a life linked with so much of the beauty and glory of the thirteenth century. With his chivalrous love for the Church, his scholar's sense of the exalted in literature and art, his journeying through the first half of the thirteenth century for a background for St. Elizabeth was a delight that he communicates to his readers.

St. Elizabeth was born in the purple and wore it with the grace of a sweet young woman. She was married in her extreme youth to the ruler of one of the most important principalities of Germany, and was one of the most beautiful and gifted and beloved women of her time. But when the ardent voice of Francis of Assisi reached her, exalting Lady Poverty and her crown of thorns, Elizabeth's pure soul recognized his call as a true note in the music of the sphere, and the gentle woman with the strong will for good, not only joined, but was her country's leader in the grand movement in the thirteenth century and within the Catholic Church for a return to the simplicity of life that characterized the early Christians and was laid down in the gospels.

Young, beautiful, rich, titled, Elizabeth gave up all to join the great Franciscan battle against worldliness and self-gratification and all that the natural man strives for. History holds no more happy example of conjugal love than that of Elizabeth and her young warrior husband, the Duke of Landgrave of Thuringia. Hand in hand they worked for God's honor and the good of their fellow-men.

The ruler at sixteen of one of the richest and most powerful principalities of Germany, surrounded by all the fascination of power and luxury, and of the stirring life of that period; surrounded especially by perfidious counsellors, by flatterers eager to see the ruin of his virtue, he never sullen with the slightest blemish the fidelity which he had promised to God, to himself and to her whom he loved in God.

But his piety and social purity were no more exalted than his prudence as a ruler and his bravery in defence of his crown and the people's rights. We meet him leading his nobles (against their inclination a good deal) to war on neighboring princes when injustice was done some traders of his realm, and again he did not think it beneath his dignity to espouse the cause of a poor peddler whose axe and pack were stolen. With the gentleness one would expect from his piety he was severe in his insistence upon justice.

"He was as severe upon the counts and the greatest lords of the country when they were accused of oppression as upon the humblest accused of pillage."

All historians agree in depicting this singular couple as extraordinarily gifted by nature and grace. The details of these two lives so united, so exalted, so nobly gifted in worldly advantages and supernaturally gifted besides, as given by Montalembert, make interesting reading and justify the Catholic belief that true chivalry is based on piety as justice is on faith, that humility is as adorable in a man as piety is in a woman, and that piety and humility are attributes of the bravest men.

In presenting this picture of a perfect union of husband and wife in St. Elizabeth and the Duke of Thuringia, Montalembert says: "Nor was it, moreover, so rare a spectacle in those days of strong and pure emotions, to see this union of legitimate earthly affections with the most fervent and austere piety. It would be a pleasant as well as a profitable task, and I may some day claim it for myself, to show how, during the Catholic ages, the most tender and impassioned sentiments of the human heart were sanctified and made stronger by faith, and how much dignity and strength even purely human love, bowing always before the cross of Christ, acquired in that constant victory of Christian humility over pride and selfishness."

Sentiments less varied, less extended, perhaps less refined than at the present day, were then far more profound, and once religion had put upon them the seal of her immortality, there where developed in them I know not what intimate and marvelous force and a sort of ineffable transfiguration in which the calmness of age was united with the freshness of innocence, and all the energy of passion with all

the purity and simplicity of religion. All who are familiar with the historical and literary monuments of the Middle Ages appreciate the truth of his assertion.

In this blending of nature and grace "Elizabeth was an admirable and complete personification of her age."

It is in this that St. Elizabeth stands for, as it were, a composite picture of the spirit of the first half of the thirteenth century, that her story is chiefly important to the thoughtful student of to-day who would do justice to that century and profit by its lessons.

One prominence is given to the extraordinary evidence of Heaven's favor shown to this heroic young soul, and here again we get glimpses of the faith and piety common to all classes of those days before the iconoclastic spirit of the "Reformation" introduced the spirit of rebellion to everything beautiful in the service of God. With the change wrought by Lutheranism in the land of St. Elizabeth, Montalembert deals, too, in an introduction which explains also how he came to write the life of "the dear St. Elizabeth" as she is always called in her own land. On her own descendants, leaders in the rebellion against the Churches she scattered, rests the disgrace of having adorned her precious remains and of making themselves notorious for contempt for the sacred oneness of the conjugal tie, of which she was a shining example. The infamous Landgrave or Duke of Hesse was her descendant and her desecrator.

Montalembert's life of St. Elizabeth has long been a delight to the literary world of other tongues. In this new English dress and the good shape Longmans, Green & Co. have given it, we would like to see it in every library in the land—and in every Catholic home. It is at once a vivid and true panorama of an important period in the history of the Church and of Europe—of an age the forerunner of all that we have best in art and science, and still our model.

It gives a graphic picture of a bright, beautiful woman, who was a great and good woman, and how she met trial and disaster and turned them into victory. It is a wonderful unfolding of how real and practical a thing is divide love—a personal, sensible love of Jesus Christ, our Brother as well as our God; how real even in this life are His responses to our poor love and how great His crowning of every effort to please Him.

Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Duchess of Thuringia. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated by Francis Deming Hoyt. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Father Tom Burke and the Orphans.

I had been removed from Ireland and was living in London, and Father Burke had been invited to preach both in the morning and the evening. There were hundreds of Dominican Fathers present from all parts of the world, and the clergy, regular and secular, were also present in great numbers. When I saw Father Tom entering the pulpit I hardly recognized him. His voice was at first so weak that it was scarcely audible, but after a while he revived and continued until the end in somewhat of his old style of eloquence. When the Mass was over we were all requested to go into the yard outside to be photographed. The Dominicans were arranged on one side, and all the other clergy were facing them. The photographer being some time in arranging his machine I crossed the space between the two bodies of the clergy to speak to my old friend. It was for the last time. First of all he said to me, "To think that we should meet here in this great Babylon." I then asked him how he was, and he replied that he was just dying on his feet and he begged me to pray for him. I was not present at his evening discourse, but I was told that his voice seemed a little stronger than it had been at the high Mass in the forenoon. On the following day he returned to Dublin and went straight out to Tallagh, the novitiate of the Dominicans. He retired to his bed and was very ill, suffering intensely from cancer of the stomach. Two days later while he was still in bed a deputation came out from Dublin to see him. A popular preacher had promised to plead the cause of some orphans, but from one cause or another had failed to keep his word. Whom else should they ask but Father Burke? To whom else should they appeal but to him who had so often and so eloquently pleaded for the widow and the orphan? They found him in bed, it is true, but they were not aware how ill he really was. He could not refuse them, so he got up, dressed himself, and returned to Dublin with them. After that he went back to Tallagh and to his bed there. Within a few hours his Master came to call him.—Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., in "Don shoe's."

There is a project on foot in Sioux City, Ia., to honor the memory of the famous missionary, Father de Smet, by erecting a monument to him on the top of Prospect Hill. The movement is meeting with the encouragement of Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

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Dinah.—No, missy, I ain't dun made all de 'rangements. I only got ter buy de ring, nit de furniture, rent de flat, buy me some clothes, get mah husband some things, an' git him a jawb; but dem is only de least important.

Mrs. Thos. Tracy, Byndale, Ont., writes: "We have used Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and find it to be better than any other remedy. It is easy for the children to take and always effectual."

"Is them the senators?" asked the low browed and square jawed individual who surveyed the scene from the gallery at the opening of Congress.

"Yes," answered the friend.

"Well," was the response after some critical examination, "it ain't no wonder every other club in the cage beats 'em."

Distress After Eating.

Mrs. P. Waters, Dirlenton, Ont., writes: "I suffered for five years with pain in the stomach and distress after eating. Doctors failed to cure me, so I tried Laxa Liver Pills and three bottles of them made a complete cure."

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