

HARD FACTS.

DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM.

An English Explanation—Wonderful Growth of Catholicism—The Causes.

The following statements of a London correspondent of The New York World are well worthy of attention. His remarks in regard to the decline of Protestantism and the increase of Catholics both in England and the United States are confirmed by facts that are of daily occurrence. He says:

"A good deal of alarm is expressed in England just now concerning the rapid progress made by Roman Catholicism. Nor is this alarm groundless. Comparatively a few years ago there was scarcely a monastery or a convent to be seen in England. Now the country is dotted with them. Catholic schools and churches were comparatively few. They now abound all over the land."

He then expresses the opinion that the Episcopal church in England "has never recovered from the secession of John Henry Newman," and that the influence which his example exercised over young men of all classes is still felt. He also regards "the loss" of Manning as another severe blow, and says that the ablest upholders of "the cause of Papacy in England are seceders from the Protestant Episcopal Church. Their proselytes are to be numbered by thousands."

By way of arresting this current to wards Rome, he says many members of the English Church adopt "certain forms and ceremonies peculiar to the Papal religion." He then comments as follows: "The ministers of the Established church will scarcely check the progress of the Papacy by borrowing its clothes. They have themselves largely to thank for any loss which they may recognize in their own power. But it would be wrong to throw the blame entirely upon them. The whole body of Protestants ought to share it. They do not work together. The way in which Catholics hold to each other for the benefit of their religion ought to teach many a Protestant a lesson."

Protestants do occasionally learn the lesson, but they are unable to practice it. Catholics hold together, not by natural bonds, but by their relation to the Catholic Church, whose unity is a divine unity, growing out of her abiding, constant union with Peter, who lives in his successors, the Sovereign Pontiffs of the Holy Roman See, and who by divine appointment constantly strengthens his brethren in faith and charity. Protestantism, not possessing this unity, but being pervaded by the spirit of division and self-contradiction, cannot give any power to its adherents to unite together, but causes them, in proportion as it animates them with its own spirit, to fall asunder and contend with each other, in spite of their own efforts to the contrary. The writer continues:

"Then, too, the religion of Catholics is made a living reality to them. The doors of their churches are not closed during the summer. Our Protestant ministers cannot stand summer work. Catholic priests can. They never run away from their posts. It may be said that if Protestant churches were open just now, very few would attend service in them. But is there not a promise made in the Bible even to 'two or three' who 'meet together' in the name of the Author of our religion? Modern Protestantism seems to require large and fashionable audiences, without which it refuses to perform its services. The system is killing the Protestant religion."

"It is a curious feature in the case that Roman Catholicism is making no progress in lands where it is said to be indigenous. In Italy it has for years been on the wane. In Spain, its old ascendancy is entirely a thing of the past. In most other parts of Europe, it is on the decline—in Germany, for instance, it has received fatal blows within the past few years."

This last remark expresses the popular notion, but it is a great mistake, says the Catholic Standard. In Italy the Catholic Church appears to be decidedly on the increase in activity, energy and devotion. The number of nominal Catholics may not be on the increase, but the number of 'd you', earnest, practical Catholics is certainly increasing. Their attendance upon the Church devotions, the pious works among the laity, the deputations and addresses to the Holy Father, all

show this. It is true that the government is in the hands of infidel revolutionists, but that proves nothing as to the Italian people.

The same remark holds good, to some extent, of Spain, and to a still greater degree of Germany. The Catholic religion, instead of declining, is vigorously growing in Germany. Never were people, priests and bishops more full of faith, of heroic courage and devotion; never more firmly fixed upon the unmovable and immovable rock than now. And in no Catholic country is Protestantism making any progress. In Spain and Italy it has not even a foothold.

What is commonly regarded as Protestantism in those countries is really rationalism, pantheism, or atheism. In Germany the same remark holds good. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with the extent to which German Protestantism has "developed," theoretically and practically, into materialism and other forms of infidelity, can do so by reading published letters of the late Dr. Bellows—a distinguished New York Unitarian preacher—who travelled extensively in Germany, visited the universities and chief centres of thought and who was evidently a close and accurate observer. The World's correspondent continues as follows:

"Its increase of strength (that of the Catholic Church) is chiefly in England and the United States—communities in which the doctrines of the reformation ought to be most powerful. Catholics are willing to make greater sacrifices for their religion than Protestants ordinarily make for theirs. Look at the cathedrals and churches now growing up on servant girls' pennies. Have Protestants any like it to show? It is, moreover, tolerably certain that the outward observances of the Church are pretty faithfully adhered to. Most of us are brought into contact with this fact some time or other—if only on Sunday, when Bridget goes to early church through all sorts of weather. Protestants are seldom so scrupulous on that point. At confession, also, the attendance of our Catholic fellow-citizens is said to be very regular. It cannot, therefore, be said that Roman Catholicism is declining in this country. We are satisfied that it is yearly gaining ground."

The correspondent of the World might have added that not only does "Bridget" "build" churches and cathedrals which "she attends in all kinds of weather," and goes regularly to confession, but by her virtue and chastity she sets an example of womanly purity, which thinking, pure-minded persons observe and appreciate, and which commends the Catholic religion to their judgment; and, we doubt not, also exerts a powerful influence in directing attention to the Catholic religion as the only barrier against the growing demoralization and corruption of the times.—*Catholic Citizen.*

Above Everything Else

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be guaranteed. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

These diseases are many. They're different in form, but they're like in treatment. Rouse up the torpid liver into healthful action, thoroughly purify and enrich the blood, and there's a positive cure. The "Discovery" does this, as nothing else can. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases are completely cured by it.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.

Paterfamilias (facetiously): "Wife sent me to get a good cook. Have you an angel in your establishment?" Head of intelligence office: "No; but many who may become angels any day. They light the fire with kerosene."

HIGHLY PRAISED.

"Gentlemen,—I have used your Hagar's Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, sores, rheumatism, cramp and colds. I have recommended it to many friends and they also speak highly of it. Mrs. Hight, Montreal, Que."

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Living for Show.

The solution of this problem of excessive housekeeping is perfectly obvious, writes Edward W. Bok in a thoughtful article discussing the problem of "Modern Housekeeping" and its effects upon our women in the August Ladies' Home Journal. What we want in our homes is a much simpler style of housekeeping, and we shall have it when we learn the great lesson—which is the only remedy for this matter—to live more for comfort than for ostentation; to live less for show and more for substance. There is where the evil lies. We live too much for others; too much for the world. We fix up our homes altogether too much with the idea of either what the outside world will say of them or to outdo our neighbors. When we reach that point where we shall dismiss a little of that ostentation that is now so prevalent in many of our homes, we shall not only reach a happier state for ourselves, but we will remove one-half of the nervous ailments from which our women are now suffering. It is all well enough to have a pretty home, with rooms filled with dainty bric-a-brac, mirrors, cushions and ornaments of every sort. But some one must take care of these things, and generally it is not the help we may employ. So far as the ornamentation of our homes is concerned we are overdoing it in the majority of cases anyway. A room tasteful in its rich simplicity is the exception rather than the rule. The greater part of our drawing-rooms resemble museums more than anything else, and a man is never so comfortable as when he is out of them. Between kicking something over or knocking something off, the average man's mind is anything but a tranquil one in the typical modern drawing-room.

What Our Homes Want.

They want the sober father, who does not squander his little earnings in the grogshop. They want the kind mother, who has some other aim in life than to be the devotee of fashion—the will-o-the-wisp of bargain counters, scattering the means foolishly and needlessly of the hard working husband. They want the daughters, who are not merely parlor ornaments, but the willing domestic helps of the tired mother, smoothing away her troubles and lightening a father's care. They want the son who thinks his sister as good as other girls, and finds his home his most pleasant resort, when the day's work is done. Our homes want all the time from father, mother, brother, sister, constant love, high esteem, each in their place occupying the most honored position.

On the Joys of Matrimony.

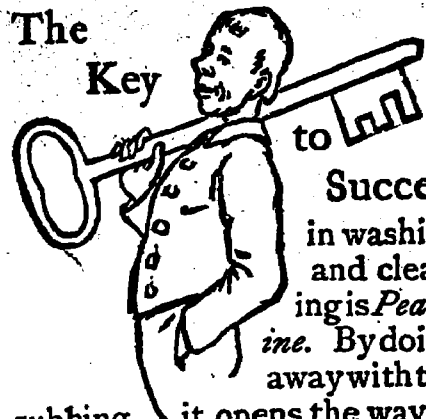
An exchange commenting upon the fact that insanity in every country is more prevalent among bachelors than married men, remarks that marriage brings people to their senses. How true that is!

There is nothing like marriage for dispelling the vapors that obscure the intellect. It transforms the silly youth into a man of sense and substitutes optimism for pessimism in the mind of the most idiotic. It instantly and effectually gives the reckless, devil-may-care young person a proper view of this life, which he has accustomed himself to regard as a jest or a bore. It forces him to recognize the responsibilities that rest upon us all alike, however well he has schooled himself to ignore and despise them. It sobers the flippant, refines the coarse, and compels the thoughtless to take thought. It banishes the false and wicked images of pleasure which riot on the imagination of the bachelor. It somewhat reduces his opinion of his own importance. It lops off a portion of his vanity, increases his charity and, if not too late in life, transmutes his selfishness into consideration. It softens his temper, teaches him forbearance, instructs him in his duties as a member of the community and makes him a good citizen of the Republic. Above all it affords him the peace that passeth all understanding in the mutual love which gives us a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hagar's Pectoral Elix., that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all pulmonary troubles.

Three billion cigarettes were smoked in this country during the fiscal year just ended.



The Key to Success.
in washing and cleaning is *Pearline*. By doing away with the rubbing it opens the way to easy work; with *Pearline*, a weekly wash can be done by a weakly woman. It shuts out possible harm and danger; all things washed with *Pearline* last longer than if washed with soap. Everything is done better with it. These form but a small part of the—Why women use millions upon millions of packages of *Pearline* every year. Let *Pearline* do its best and there is no fear of "dirt doing its worst."

Beware of imitations. 236 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Taught Him a Lesson.

It was just a little lesson, that was all, but it went right to the spot. He stopped a moment on his way home to look in a florist's window, and the florist, who saw him, asked him inside to see something extra fine.

"You don't buy any more flowers now?" said the florist.

"No," was the response, given good-naturedly, though it was brief.

"And it used to be, a year ago or more, that roses and violets and carnations and all sorts were a great attraction to you?"

"Yes; I had a sweetheart then," and the man blushed and laughed.

"You used to take her a flower every time you went to see her, didn't you?" pursued the inquisitive, kindly old florist.

"Yes."

"And they didn't cost very much as a rule, did they?"

"Oh, no; but that didn't make any difference to her. If I brought them fresh and fragrant, that was enough."

"Why don't you take them to her now? Did she choose another in your stead?" and the florist's voice was sympathetic.

"Oh, no; I married her a year ago."

The florist waited a moment as if thinking.

"And you don't love her now?" he asked cautiously, as if treading on thin ice.

"Of course. We are very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more."

"Did she ever say so?" asked the florist.

"Well—um—er—no, I can't say that she ever did."

"Have you ever asked her about it?"

"No. I never happened to think of it. Busy, you know, with all sorts of things, so much more practical."

The florist didn't answer. He went to a pot of roses and violets, and taking a handful, he handed them over to his late customer.

"There," he said, "I give them to you in remembrance of old times. You might take them to your wife, and if she doesn't like them you can bring them back to me."

But they never came back.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ex-President Harrison will visit Murfreesboro', Tenn., in October, to be present at the marriage of his niece, Miss Lizzie Harrison, to Wm. P. Buckner, of Cincinnati. The bride is the daughter of United States Marshal Carter B. Harrison.

It is computed that 20,000 women and children in the English mine regions are on the verge of starvation as a result of the long strike.

VERY VALUABLE.

Having used B.B.B. for biliousness and torpid liver with the very best results, I would recommend it to all thus troubled. The medicine is worth its weight in gold. Tillie White, Manitowaning, Ont.