

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY. BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XXV.

The time between 1688 and 1714 was in England a time of surging and fro between the old disposition to persecute the Dissenters and a recognition of the fruitlessness of this, and of the necessity of rewarding them for their cooperation in overthrowing James. In 1689 the permission which James himself had given them to build meeting houses, though without steeples or bells, was confirmed by William and Mary. The new King and Queen would gladly have removed their political disabilities also, but could not. Indeed, under Anne these disabilities were for a while made more rigorous than ever. Had this intense High Churchman reigned a few years longer, the Non-conformists would probably have been thrown back again into the furnace. With the accession of George the First, however, in 1714, this particular stream of persecution was permanently checked. The Dissenters were still despised and reviled, and harassed in a hundred petty ways, and mostly shut out of office, but they were never again forbidden to worship in public, provided they did not build their chapels within a certain distance of the parish churches. Their ministers, moreover, like the State clergy, were exempted from military and jury duty. Curiously enough, indeed, the dissenting ministers now enjoy an advantage from which the clergy of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and the Church of Rome, are debarred. In remembrance of the time when it was the Conventions which alone taxed the priesthood, those ministers who can not sit in the House of Commons, which dissenting ministers can, and sometimes do.

With the coming in, then, of the Guelphs, both sides of English Protestantism, vigorously assisted by Scottish Presbyterianism, giving up, for the most part, their mutual persecutions, found themselves ready to take up again the persecution of the Roman Catholics, which had paused for a moment in view of the possibility that the younger James might succeed his sister.

Every one has some notion, more or less detailed, of the state of things in Ireland under the Orange and earlier Brunswick rule. Few, however, have an adequate conception of the intense legal oppression under which the Catholics of the larger island lived. I own to having had until lately a vague apprehension of this until I read Wilfrid Ward's life of Cardinal Wiseman. Provisions of law that we are accustomed to think of as confined to Ireland and Scotland; besides that the Roman Catholic worship, which was permitted in Ireland, was strictly forbidden in Great Britain. "It was," says Mr. Ward, "made criminal in a Papist to possess arms, or to own a horse worth more than £5. To say Mass or to keep a school subjected the Papist to perpetual imprisonment. The informer who should lead to the apprehension of a priest for saying Mass received £100. Papists were incapable of inheriting any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, and could be called upon to give evidence in favor of their next-of-kin. Nor could a Papist purchase land after April 10, 1700. Any one informing against a Papist who educated his children beyond the seas—as at Douay or St. Omer—received the whole penalty of £100 which had been inflicted by James I. for the offence. The Acts of Elizabeth making it death for a priest to be in England remained, it should be added, unpealed; but as the Act of William offered a reward, convictions were naturally made under that Act rather than under its predecessor."

This policy, as Mr. Ward remarks, was better calculated to wear out the Catholics of Great Britain than the fiercer statutes of the Tudors. These roused the heroic spirit of resistance, which often reached the sublimities of martyrdom. Accordingly, the policy instituted under the Stuarts, but still mixed with much of the earlier savagery, was, after the Revolution, finally disengaged from the shedding of blood and confined to such a hopeless and degrading restriction of every prospect and activity and interest of life as we have seen. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," but here the martyrdom, being carefully detached from the actual taking of life, ceased to be martyrdom in the recognized sense. It did not draw the eye or rouse the enthusiasm of beholders. It was an endless treadmill of automatic discouragement. Even now, it is true, the harsher features of the legislation were mostly kept in abeyance, yet there was a large residue which was independent of the dispositions of authority and acted by the force of a law which there was no discretion to remit; besides that the worst enactments might at any time be revived by private malice or cupidity. The monotonous and depressing prospect stretched out from generation to generation. Had pagans from Rome for her occasional fierce outbursts of persecution substituted the system of William and Mary, it might be questioned whether, humanly speaking, the Christian Church could have survived. It is no wonder, then, that in England the defections from Catholicism were almost continuous, and that, when a lively remnant emerged, as Mr. Ward expresses it. Average human nature has its limits of endurance, between the hopes of eternity and the interests of time, and the legislation of the Revolution, and still more of the Revolution, for large masses passed these limits. In Ireland every Catholic was buoyed up to resistance by the consciousness that a whole nation was smothered under the consciousness that a whole nation was against him.

Few know the writer for one did not, until informed by Ward) how heavy a blow the Civil War gave to English Roman Catholicism. Of five hundred gentlemen who lost their lives in this, it is estimated that nearly two hundred were Catholics. Many leading families thus became extinct. Their Catholic tenantry and retainers, deprived of their rallying points, largely conformed. After the Stuarts came back, their unpatriotic intrigues against France (although the bulk of the Catholics were wholly innocent of these) so roused public feeling that more than one hundred and fifty years shut English Catholics out of every office, high and low. Thenceforth every man of rank had to choose between his religion and everything that gave animation and dignity to life. Many chose the nobler part, but many, the more immediately alluring. Those that were faithful to their faith were largely thrown back into a rudeness and illiterateness of living which deprived them of almost all remaining influence. Save that the repeated executions of ministers which were seen in France at this time were not seen in England, the decay of English Catholicism and the decay of French Protestantism were in almost precisely the same conditions.

Wilfrid Ward, whose Life of Wiseman is pervaded by the most eminent candor, is far from pretending that the horror of "Popery" felt at this time in England was mere ignorance and barbarity. In England, as elsewhere throughout Europe, the struggle between the two religions had long been a fearful war, and, as in warfare generally, everything bearing against the enemy was remembered, and everything making in his favor was forgotten. It was remembered that Pius V. had declared Elizabeth detestable. It was forgotten that the great mass of English Catholics refused to receive the Bull, and that Rome, seeing it useless to contend with them, expressly gave permission, "rebus stantibus," to bear allegiance to the Queen, after as before. It was remembered that the Jesuits refused to allow that the Popes had always been transgressing Scripture in their depictions of kings, which would have been to declare the whole medieval Church at least materially heretical. It was forgotten that English Jesuits, as well as seculars, had led the illustrious Campion leading them—had, even after the deposing Bull, expressly acknowledged Elizabeth for their native and lawful Queen, and on the scaffolds to which she had sent them, to die a death of lingering torture, had often prayed that God would grant her a long and prosperous reign.

Next after the Marian persecutions, the event of the great struggle which has sunk most deeply into the mind of Anglo-Saxon Protestantism is, of course, the defeat of the Invincible Armada, sent out by the Catholic King and blessed by the Pope. It was forgotten, and seems but little noted yet, that the English Catholics (a little knot of denationalized fanatics excepted) were as zealous as their neighbors in defending the throne of Elizabeth and the independence of England. "The loyalty of the Catholics," says Mr. Green, "decided the fate of Philip's scheme." Frode himself, to his great honor, emphasizes this fact very strongly.

In like manner, it was remembered against the Catholics that many, though far from all, even of the priest hood, had scrupled to take the oath of allegiance in a form which they judged entangling to their faith. It was forgotten, or never noted, that the secular clergy had sent to the Pope a declaration that if his Holiness came as a missionary they would support him at the cost of their lives. In this they were only applying Ballarmino's doctrine, that a Pope who should invade a country to the prejudice of civil rights must be opposed as an enemy, and that if he should fall in the conflict he would have no one but himself to blame. Self-defence, declares the great Jesuit Cardinal, is an indefeasible right of every man as against every man. The facts of fifty years were enough in England to kindle an intolerant hatred of the Roman Catholics. Three hundred years have only imperfectly given weight to the facts which should mitigate this hatred, convincing as they are. Indeed, for a while, motion continued after the first impulse had ceased. The depth of grovelling and cruel fanaticism was not reached until 1678, seventy five years after the death of Elizabeth. Nothing corresponding in atrocious atrocity and idiotic bigotry to the twenty-four murders instigated by Titus Oates had been seen in England before. The Gordon riots of 1780 were the nearest parallel, but though during them

"Blazing London seemed a second Troy," they at least were not the fruit of conscious and murderous imposture.

Not sanguinary but penetrating was the same spirit of fatuous malignity, was the inscription put upon the monument raised to commemorate the great fire of 1666. This fire, as it broke out in a part of the city full of combustibles, and spread before the wind until it had laid 13,000 buildings in ashes. It was the purest accident, and the Catholics had no more to do

with it than with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Yet the English, who, as a level-headed people are only surpassed by the Scotch, and are only surpassed by them in the liability to sudden panics of absolute unreason, would not be content without engraving on the monument the outrageous declaration that the fire had been owing "to the treachery and malice of the Popish faction," and to their "horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and introducing Popery and slavery." When Alexander Pope, himself a Catholic, wrote, say in 1725, the couplet: "Where London's column, towering to the skies, Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies," all men of sense had long been ashamed of this, but the multitude would almost have raised a rebellion had the inscription been erased. Like Hogarth's pious soldier, they would have been ready to declare, with an oath between every two words, that it was all up with religion if that was not kept, that it was only that which saved the Archbishop of Canterbury from being immediately burned in Smithfield by a detachment of Cardinals. The scandalous thing actually remained down to about 1806.

There are three things which next deserve attention in connection with the fortunes of English Catholicism during the eighteenth century. These are: the growth of Rationalism; the rise of Methodism, and the French Revolution.

Charles C. Starbuck.
Andover, Mass.

DOES PRAYER AVAIL?

Providence Visitor.

One of the prize questions of doubters, since doubt became a fashion, has been as to the efficacy of prayers. It is a very ancient question and one that is expected to "stun" a believer into silence. In its most effective form it is expressed as not a ready doubter with feigned perplexity now express it when they put their insidious inquiry in this fashion:

There is a poor fainting seamstress working in a sewing shop. From an infant she has never omitted supplicating the Father in heaven for her daily bread, and, oh, how little she has got for her prayers, and that scale and mouldy. There is her employer, a bold blasphemer, who never breathes God's name except in cursing, who defies heaven and sneers at piety, and, lo! the wretch gets not only his own bread, but the bread, perhaps, of a nation also. What, then, becomes of the seamstress's prayer?

Take another instance. A wayward son is breaking his mother's heart. She has built her hopes on him, she worships him, and he is scornful, he regards neither her entreaties nor her pleadings, but goes his way, fearing neither God nor the devil. She prays, but apparently to no effect; she is impatient in prayer; she secures the cooperation of others and lays siege to heaven. But he only becomes wilder and wilder, loses the power of his manhood and becomes sullen in sin. Now, there is nothing selfish in her prayer, or the selfishness is purified away by the superior motive of concern for her child's spiritual well-being which actuates her. Moreover, she prays for something that is clearly good, a desirable thing, whether considered from the individual's or society's point of view. But her hair whitens and her face becomes careworn and her spirit broken and the proud young debauchee still turns his back on her and lets her fade and sink to the grave. Perhaps death touches him and he becomes a changed man. Perhaps it merely relieves him and he goes on to worse and worse lengths when there is no mother's heart breaking for him, no mother's lips breathing Hall Marys, no sad, reproaching eyes burning through tears for his waywardness and sin. What, then, becomes of that mother's prayers? Are they not ineffectual?

And so you could go on forever asking questions which seem to make against the efficacy of prayer and bringing forth instances which clearly show that much asking has resulted in not receiving the boon asked for, and that repeated rappings at the gates of mercy have made no effect upon the imperturbable janitor, and much searching has not been crowned with the success of finding. So, then, after all, God does not hear prayers.

Now if the heavenly bounty which we supplicate in prayer were like one of those slot machines into which you drop a penny and draw a stick of chewing gum, then we might say that once we had formulated our request, we should have a right to look for the receipt of the good thing we desired, and to grumble because it did not "work" after getting our penny. But in the first place there is no "insurance" on prayer in the sense that we must get what we pray for. The divine word means no more than that God hears us and answers us always when we pray. God answers often times as the parent answers his child, by bidding him to be quiet—and yet he infallibly answers. The child cries for candy, tugs and tugs away at its mother's dress, screams and rubs its eyes red and grows angry "for candy." Its happiness is centered on candy. Its lusty petition is for candy. Does its mother not hear it, think you? Does she not "answer" her child's pleadings? Certainly she does. She may give it a piece of bread, which it flings on the ground in disgust, she may pet it a little or leave it to get over its ugly mood as best it may. Now God is our Father and sometimes we pray as the

unruly child prayed, and sometimes God treats us as that wise mother treated her child.

The doctrine of prayer is mixed up with those two fundamental questions, the providence of God and free will. The Almighty is not ruling the world as some incompetent general might direct a campaign, shifting and changing and modifying forever in this detail and that, and always being surprised by the next event. Far from it. God foresees the future and has made His plans. History is working out God's design, which men may suspect in part, but short of revelation, may never know. The universe is God's creature, set forth for a purpose, and the filling of that purpose we call God's providence.

Moreover, men are free agents. They act on their own initiative, and God does not compel them either towards good or evil. Our prayers will never alter God's providence or destroy man's freedom.

Now, it is a memorable fact that even our Lord prayed for an impossible thing when He asked that the chalice pass away, if it were possible. It did not pass away, however, and He drained it to the bitter dregs, but here, surely, was a case for the seifer to point out the impotency of prayer. It would be, perhaps, if the Lord had not really prayed for God's will to be done, which, of course, in this case, was most beautifully accomplished. Indeed, the major proposition of every rightly directed prayer is, "Thy will be done." Our minor may express our wish that our will may coincide with God's, but it is God's will that we desire to fulfill, and, only in a secondary sense, our own. This is at least the theory upon which the prayer is based, and as resulting in putting us in touch with God's will, however different from our own, prayer is never without its effect.

Until we are able to comprehend the hidden things of darkness we shall never know how prayer avails, though it that it avails we have Christ's clear declaration. How can we with our limited focus of vision understand the complexity of life or the ubiquity of God's presence for the conversion of a people or a nation. Here is a poor needle woman asking God to help her find a spool of cotton. Is the one presumption in his petition? The other trivial? No, there is neither small nor great in God's sight. The need of the seamstress is not beneath His notice; the desire of the Pontiff is not beyond His power. We often forget that it is our Lord who has told us that God feeds the birds of the air and clothes the grass of the field; yea, even numbers the hairs of our heads. Details make our heads swim, but God does not like us, nor does He suffer our limitations in power or knowledge.

One result of prayer and a result that is a grace, is its moral effect upon ourselves. It soothes our minds; it quiets our restless spirits; it lays the fever of passion, and in the speaking silence of communion with God we gain that pause which acts like balm upon our souls and stills the rebellion of disappointment. Prayer leads us into conformity with God's will and gains for us that desirable estate if we have not possessed it before.

Those who talk with such confidence of the discoveries of science and the inferrance of nature's laws, maintain that there is no such thing as miracle, and that what we call a miraculous supposes the existence of a miracle. We know what we have to think of such a position which makes God the subject of His creatures, powerless to modify the laws He was powerful enough to impose. But does prayer necessarily imply a miracle? Indeed, it does not. We have no right to expect that God should work a miracle for us, but we have a right to expect that He should hear us. His intervention in our behalf is part of the mystery of His Providence, of which our prayers are a part—one of those wonderful means of causes of which the effects are the favorable responses to our pleadings. St. Peter says that we are the coadjutors of God, and God certainly knows, and knew what our needs are and shall be, and is therefore not surprised by us when we supplicate Him.

It is easy to heap ridicule on prayer; it is not so easy to explain the plain effects of its employment. It is not one, nor two, nor a hundred, who believe, or rather who have tested it, that if you ask you shall receive. They have asked, they have received, and in the joy of possession it would take more than smart wit to make them think otherwise than that prayer is a celestial weapon without which they would have long since had to capitulate to the powers of darkness.

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity those old foes scrofula and consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since." It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

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ECONOMY.

There is a lesson in economy which it would be well for us all to consider, for many of us will, I fear, have to answer to God for the wilful waste not only of spiritual goods, but also of temporal blessings.

There is a false economy, better called stinginess, and which comes from a miserable spirit, and this is certainly very displeasing to God. There are some—and thank God they are few—who are foolish enough to starve themselves and live in meanness and wretchedness while their money is stored away in bank. But the uncommon fault which we have to meet, and which with all the energy of our soul we deplore, is the wasteful, negligent, unthrifty spirit found among many people. People, indeed, not lazy while the sun shines, and then are unwise enough not to gather it in and lay it aside for a rainy day.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," says the man who lives like a prince, eats the best and drinks the worst—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I have money now, and to-day I will eat, drink, and be merry." It is to such as these that our Blessed Lord would say: "Take care, be saving, gather up the fragments. Be more economical when the sun shines; lay aside a dollar now and then, and save the fragments; save those fragments you waste in gambling; save those fragments you waste in useless and needless amusements; gather them all up lest they be lost and in the day of need you be found penniless."

And for those upon whom God has bestowed an abundance of temporal favors the lesson is as grave and important. For among such there is a wastefulness, an extravagance that is often disfiguring to the worthy poor, and deplorable in its results to their own spiritual good. People of means may smile or turn up their noses at the suggestion of being prudent and economical about the fragments they are warned to gather up; they say they are lost. On! how many such fragments are lost! In dress, that wilful and useless expense, those fragments of every whim and every selfish desire gratified, which might not be lost if properly gathered up and given to God's own, the poor.

The lesson is the same for us all, whether we are rich or poor; all the blessings, we receive come from God, they are His and we are only His stewards. In the day of our prosperity, whether that be great or small, we should avoid all wilful, criminal waste, or should learn to gather up the fragments that remain after our ordinary and necessary wants are supplied; gather them up carefully lest they be lost. Then, if we have lived honestly, and demands on our generosity are made, we shall be able to meet them out of the fragments we have gathered up; and if poverty through hard times overtake us, we shall have the consolation to know in our distress that we have not

wasted or squandered the blessings God gave us in the day of our prosperity.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from treating the husband with the newly washed floor or with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient with the children as well as instructs them; wiles as well as governs; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes every hour like the eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on "the sinfulness of sin," but on the sinfulness of lying and stealing.

The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.—EX.

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would not have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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The best medicine money can buy for impure blood, nervousness, and all stomach and kidney troubles is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FIVE MINUTES' SERMON.

Palm Sunday.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Hosanna to the Son of David." (Matt. 21, 9.) St. Matthew informs us in the gospel of today that when Jesus made His entrance into the royal city, the enthusiastic multitude of the Jewish people raised the glorious triumphal hymn of "Hosanna to the Son of David." This joyful acclamation ought to fill us with sadness when we reflect that our divine Saviour who re-enters from the same people on the Friday following the terrible cry of "Crucify Him," "Hosanna," and "Crucify Him." What contradictory sentiments! Who would imagine such inconsistency possible! But, alas! this occurred not only then, it takes place every day, and perhaps there are many of us hearers who have frequently been guilty of malice so great against our dear Lord that it died to Heaven for vengeance. For, my dear Christians, what have you done, as often as, you rejected Jesus, and crucified Him anew? Have you not also faithfully revoked the glorious Hosanna which arose in your heart at the reception of Holy Communion, and by your sinful deeds exchanged it for the fearful "Away with Him, crucify Him?"

Al! you have indeed done this, and not like the Jews, through blindness, but with the full knowledge that Jesus is the Son of God, your Saviour, your future Judge. You have been shamefully inconsistent to Him, who has never injured you, who loved you, shed His blood for you, who has promised you a Heaven of infinite happiness, as a reward for your fidelity. O! should not the greatest sorrow penetrate your hearts? Should you not, with your whole hearts, renew your resolution to remain loyal to your Saviour, and never more to prove unfaithful in His service?

What will it avail us to begin in the grace of God, if we do not persevere in it? Not the beginning but the end of life decides our fate. Judas began well—as a highly favored disciple of the Lord—but how did he end? As a thief, liar, sacrilegious, traitor, suicide and reprobate of hell. On the other hand, St. Mary Magdalene, the good thief on the cross, millions of holy penitents, all these began as reprobate sinners, but they ended well, as elect children of God, and as glorious heirs of Heaven. And thus, my dear Christians, your former virtuous life, with all its eminent good works, will be as naught if you do not persevere and die in the grace and love of God. Though you lived four score years in sanctity and innocence as great as that of St. Aloysius, or even of Mary, the Queen of all saints, yet, if one moment before your death you would lose sanctifying grace by committing a grievous sin, were it only in thought, then woe to you! all your virtues, all your good works, would be useless, the crown of Heaven would be lost—irrevocably lost—and the fiery chains of hell would be your eternal portion. Of this our Saviour assures us in the gospel: "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9, 62), and St. John admonishes us in the Apocalypse: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." (Apoc. 2, 10.)

The way, therefore, to perseverance, and what means? All else is vain and useless: to no purpose were your struggles for virtue; to no purpose all your good works of piety, mortification and mercy; to no purpose so many sufferings endured. The heavenly inheritance is lost, eternal perdition alone remains.

O Perseverance! I may justly exclaim, you are the crown of all good; for without you, nothing can lead me to that which alone is good and desirable. O Perseverance! you are the narrow portal of life, which I must force myself, at whatever cost, to pass through; you are the pearl of all graces, since those who obtained you now dwell in the land of peace and happiness; they have crossed the threshold to our eternal home, in happy security; they now rest from all struggles and sufferings; they have nothing more to fear from human frailty and weakness.

But, courage, my dearly beloved Christians! Let us not be disheartened. What our glorified brethren and sisters have done, we also, with good will, can accomplish. Let us cooperate faithfully with the grace which our Lord will abundantly grant us for our salvation. Let us fight the good fight, scrupulously avoid the danger; and occasions of sin, be diligent in prayer, in the reception of the sacraments, and mindful of our last end. Then, certainly, our merciful Lord, who has begun the good work in us, will also perfect it by means of all-availing grace. Then the God who in life was our helper in the struggles for virtue, will also in death, be our Saviour and Preserver. Then the just Rewarder, for whom, during life, we suffered and fought, will also in death give us the glorious, unfading crown of victory, which He has promised to those who love Him. Amen.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, BLOWER INCLUDED, 25c., acts magically and cures quickly. One application always cures, clears the passage, reduces inflammation and gives comfort. Cures cold in the head, Hay Fever, Rose Ever, Catarrhal Deafness and all such throat affections which if not taken in time will lead to Chronic Catarrh and later consumption. It is sure, pure and harmless, easily applied.

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