

What took place to-day in the life of Naim with the dead youth, sooner or later also happen to each of us. A day and an hour will when this frail body will decay and as we fulfilled the Creator's sentence: "Dust thou art, and dust shalt thou return" (Gen. 3, 19). "Thy carcass is fallen down, and thou shalt be covered." (Job 14, 11). And when the bell is to toll for you and the stiffened body is to be laid in the gloomy vault to be the prey of worms, the prey of corruption, in the meantime will have become your soul? It has already passed through the dreared portal of eternity, has seen the countenance of the Judge, has heard the sentence: "Irrevocable decision for Heaven or Hell, eternal salvation or eternal damnation."

Oh, most sacred, most dreadful of life! Oh, hour in which you are decided for all eternity! You would not always tremble in this great hour of decision! You would not prepare for it in all earnestness of soul, that you may not be a hour? And yet, how many Christians are there not, who never think of hour, nay, who even drive from their minds all remembrance of it, so that if they would with equal earnestness banish every temptation they would most assuredly become greatest sinners! Are these wise men, or are they not rather fools? Do they value the salvation of souls above everything, or do they purpose only perdition?

Truly, were we to know of revelation, which that critical would strike for us, it would need less be inexcusable folly not to prepare for it: for according to God's every day of our life should be with merits for Heaven. Still, case, we might, even in our moments, repair by a worthy passion that which we neglected, alas! death's where and how, the circumstances of dying, are a closed book with seven seals, as unknown to us as the weather of the future. When shall I die? St. Francis de Sales. Will it be many years, or only a few months, or perhaps this very day? It is known to God alone, I know that, any moment may be my last. And where shall I die? He abroad? At home or on the way? In church, or where? God alone tell me. I know only that in an accident I secure against death. Ah, shall I die? Will sickness, accident bring me dissolution, my departure shall I have the assistance of a priest, or will it be said of me: "He died without sacraments?" Oh, fearful question, yet I cannot answer it, God alone solve the mystery.

But if, on the condition of n the hour of death, depends the or woe of a whole eternity, a with an ocean of bliss and happiness provided I die adorned with a grace, a hell with its never ending misery and woe, if I depart an of the Most High, in the state of sin—what an important and affair must be the preparation happy death! Not without reason our Lord admonish us on occasions in the gospel, and in on our mind as life's highest always to watch and be prepared without reason does He call a thief, who comes in the night hour when he is least expected, without reason does He compare to a master of the house, and night keeps his dwelling so that thieves may not take away. Not without reason place before us the warning of the five foolish virgins, who of filling their lamps with oil then when the spouse was at hand in consequence thereof, were from the Heavenly Banquet.

The saints understood this grace of the merciful Redeemer took it deeply to heart, and kings among them deposited crowns, and exchanged their for a lonely cell in the cloister and princes have left the world, to live in holy solitude. God and Heaven: gone scientists renounced the glory and have become humble solely to prepare for a happy Oh! may we, at least, in the of our hearts, be their limits even if we must remain in it with its cares and afflictions, always and everywhere have eyes the remembrance of the tain, and yet so uncertain death, and prepare for it with earnestness of our soul. We make death fearful and awful on our innumerable sins, for must give an account before ment-seat of God? Well, then in the future, not only glory mercy by our filial confidence also by our true repentance sincere confession of our sin, holy penitential zeal, where pair the past and cancel our ian debts. What will fill up with happy consolation and it not a rich treasure of virtue practiced, of good works accomplished? Well, then gather a rich treasure by a nence and fidelity to God angel of death will be for messenger of horror, but

POPULAR PROTESTANT VERSUS.

XVIII.

For brevity's sake I will call the Spanish-American Protestant paper of which I have been speaking the Champion and the country in which it is published Eldorado, not caring to give the actual name of either. As I have said, it represents a very numerous and influential American denomination, distinguished—excepting an important minority of its more eminent ministers—by its implacable animosity against the Roman Catholics.

We have seen how the Champion has declared that, without the consent of the State, no conjugal union whatever can be a chaste one. In the articles in which it has treated of this it makes no exception or reservation whatever. According to it a man and woman may be perfectly competent to contract marriage, may be free of all impediments, natural, ecclesiastical or civil, may enter with full consent into an irrevocable Christian union, and may celebrate this with all the solemnities of religion. Yet if they do not obtain the consent of the state, their marriage is null, they are living in "filthy concubinage." Their neglect to obtain civil sanction may be the result of poverty, fearing burdensome fees, or of simplicity, bewildered by complicated formalities of haughty civil officers, and feeling no concern about questions of succession and inheritance, belonging to a higher social range. On the other hand, it may proceed from scruples of conscience, well or ill advised. No matter what, if they do not obtain the consent of the State, they are told that they are living in scandalous immorality.

Does this view represent the principle of Protestantism? It certainly does not represent the instinct of unpurged human nature. Natural good sense inquires whether there is a true conjugal consent, as understood by Christians, ratified by all those guarantees which make it evident that this consent has been really given. Conditions imposed by external authority can only affect the purity of such a contract so far as they affect the genuineness of such a consent. Where the neglect of any such conditions has not been wanton, even where these may turn out to have been objectively necessary, it is evident that it casts no reflection on the essential chastity of the contracting parties. The canon law implies this by holding the *bona fides parentum*, even in the case of marriages found null, a sufficient ground of legitimacy.

Natural morality and Catholic morality thus agree in refusing to pronounce a sentence of moral condemnation on a conjugal contract observing all the conditions recognized by a careful conscience. How is it with Protestant morality? Does it agree or disagree?

The difficulty is that there is no authority to speak for it. Protestantism is not an organism, but an agglomeration of denominations, some more, some less, entitled to the Protestant name. Each of these has to speak for itself. However, such a publication as Herzog's encyclopedia is doubtless an important representative of general Protestant opinion. This, as I understand it, explicitly denies that a marriage can be valid which is not accredited by the State. It does not, however, like the Champion, declare that such a connection necessarily implies personal unworthiness in the parties. Nor could it carry through even its more moderate demands. It is not to be imagined that these Protestant divines really regard as null Protestant marriages contracted in Peru or Ecuador outside of the Lex Claustralitatis, where the Government insists on this; or the marriages of the English Quakers from Charles I. to William IV.; or of the French Protestants from Lewis XIV. to Lewis XVI. inclusive.

The Champion, in the blindness of sectarian fury, and of its own narrow ignorance, may well afford to rail at the Indians and half-breeds of Eldorado that follow the instruction of their Catholic pastors, who teach them that it may be expedient, and often even obligatory, to comply with civil requirements as to marriage, but that these are not intrinsically necessary for a valid Christian union. I imagine these editors would observe a very different manner of speech if they had to deal with patricians. Take, for instance, various marriages within the blood royal of England. I have repeatedly seen the statement that when English princes marry contrary to the Royal Marriage Act, their children are shut out of the succession, but the marriages are legally good. This is an entire mistake. The words of the Act are express: "No descendant of his late Majesty George the III, except the issue of princesses married into foreign families, shall be capable of contracting matrimony," without royal permission, unless, being more than twenty-five, they give public notice of intention, and are not forbidden by Parliament within a year. Explicit decisions of the courts and of the House of Lords confirm the unmistakable tenor of these words. To the civil authority these marriages are simply non-existent. Yet, as these marriages according to Roman Catholic doctrine, have been valid, so according to universal English estimation, they have been morally, socially and religiously valid, though legally null. Would the editors of the Champion use such language towards these princely personages as they use towards the Spanish-American half-breeds? Unless I entirely misconceive this style of people, these editors would have almost gone out of their

wits to be admitted to the intimacy of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the true wife of George IV., although a Roman Catholic; or of Lady Augusta Murray, the first wife of the Duke of Sussex, the Queen's uncle, although she was a Catholic too; or of Lady Cecilia Underwood, his second wife; or of Mrs. Fitz-George (if that was the name), the wife of the present Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin. They would probably be the last men to tell Sir Augustus D'Ester and his sister, the children of Lady Augusta, or the Messrs. Fitz-George, that they were the offspring of scandalous immorality. The awe of rank (peculiarly strong with these ignoble minds) and the lack of any motive of religious rivalry, would subdue their prancing spirits, and bring them into accord with the settled judgment of English and of general society, that these marriages have been true marriages, morally good, though legally void.

The Jesuit Sylvester J. Hunter has expressed the matter very soundly. "In some countries it is possible for persons to contract true Christian marriage, which is perfectly good in conscience and ordinary estimation, but which the law of the country declines to recognize as having any civil effects touching succession to property and dignities, or the like. Such marriages are called marriages of conscience or morganatic marriages; the origin of this last name must be sought in the usages of German princely houses, among whose members alliances of this nature are not uncommon."

Father Hunter is not quite accurate in describing these as morganatic marriages. Morganatic marriages, in Germany, are acknowledged by the courts, and give to the children the inheritance of the mother's rank and estate, though not of the father's. However, saving the extension of the term "morganatic" (and even this is lately sanctioned by the Almanach de Gotha), Hunter's statement is perfectly sound, both in fact and morals. Yet it is sound for these high personages, it is equally sound for the poor peons of Eldorado. However, let the Champion blackguard them as much as it likes. They will never know the difference.

I have noticed, by the way, that there has lately been a newspaper discussion concerning the relation of the Catholic Church to morganatic marriage. The Catholic Church has no relation whatever to morganatic marriage. She knows no distinction between morganatic marriage and ordinary marriage. This distinction lies wholly in the civil sphere. It is sound for these high personages, it is equally sound for the poor peons of Eldorado. However, let the Champion blackguard them as much as it likes. They will never know the difference.

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Thackeray is in a measure responsible for this misapprehension, which had led to some wholly unwarranted reflections on the Catholic Church, although not by any thought of his. Indeed, none of the parties mentioned by him were Catholics. In his lecture on George I. he makes repeated reference to his "left-handed wives." Yet he means simply mistresses, living with the King, a divorced man, and at that time a widower, in mere concubinage. There was no thought or talk of left-handed, or morganatic, marriage, with any one of them. Yet the great writer, by his misapprehension of "left-handed wife"—in itself a perfectly reputable term—has helped the confusion which gives to this a dishonorable meaning, and then, as the Catholic Church does not refuse her benediction to a morganatic marriage, blunderingly imagines her as in some way sanctioning the polygamous concubinage of the great. This monstrous misapprehension goes so far that in a recent cyclopedia I find it stated that Dom Pedro, a former crown prince of Portugal, having married a Donna Constantia, and falling in love with her cousin, Inez de Castro, "contracted a morganatic union" with her,

and on Constantia's death married her, as if a Christian and Catholic man could possibly have two wives at once! Even Luther and Melancthon only tried a single experiment of this kind, in favor of the Landgrave Philip. Dom Pedro simply lived in adulterous concubinage with Inez, and when Constantia died, made his former mistress his sacramentally wedded wife. The former union was criminal; the second was not morganatic. The Church gave no benediction to his crime, but to his reparation of his crime.

In brief, Rome teaches, and so far all ought to agree with her, that there may be true, sacramental and indissoluble unions which the State refuses to confirm. She teaches also, and soundly, that the religious obligation of a marriage does not rest on the question with which hand the union is celebrated, in token of varying civil consequences.

Let us next consider the teaching given by a convert of the Champion concerning marriage. We shall see that the disciple improves greatly upon the masters, in the way of dishonoring this holy relation.

CHARLES C. STARBURCK.
Andover, Mass.

THE MISSION OF SCIENCE

Is not to be the Superior or Equal of Religion, But to be Its Hand-Maid.

Catholic Witness.
Of all the modern literary giants none is more conspicuous than Count Tolstoy, the great Russian author. Whatever may be thought about this man's methods—and for many of them there can be only condemnation—there is no doubt that the aged writer is honest and sincere in his convictions. He has lived now many years, he has observed around him in all stages of society many crying evils, and against these, to eradicate them, he has used his mighty genius.

In the twilight of his life, as a conviction that comes to him after years of observation and study, the count has come to the conclusion that science is of very little practical good. It teaches men many things, but of what use? "The strong, sensible laborer," to quote Tolstoy, "supposes that men who study, and are supported by his labor, shall be able to tell him where to find happiness. Science should teach him how to live, how to act towards friends and relatives, how to control instincts and desires that arise within him, how and what to believe. Instead of telling him these things, science talks about distances in the heavens, microcosms, vibrations of ether, X-ray. The laborer is dissatisfied. He insists on knowing how to live. The essential thing is the total view of life, its meanings and its aims. Science cannot rise to that view, religion alone can do so."

In this arraignment of science Count Tolstoy is correct. And he has struck a blow at some of the foppery of the nineteenth century. Science was never able to teach man the essential things pertaining to his happiness. The real true scientist—the level-headed one recognizes this fact. But owing to the success with which science has met in its own fields during this age a number of its votaries have become so enamored of it that they can see nothing else and appreciate nothing else. They have held up science as the only thing lovable and the panacea for all evils. They have discarded religion as a worn-out garment, they have trampled it under their feet and dragged it in the dust. They have laughed and scoffed at the men who believed that they saw something good in religion. They have cried out to the masses, "Come to us and we will give you to drink of the fountain of life." Many from the masses have gone, allured by the material benefits of this spring, but they are now beginning to find that its waters are insufficient and that there are some things that science cannot do for them.

But this has never been the position taken by the true scientist. He realizes that science can do much to ameliorate the physical condition of man, and perhaps in this way act indirectly upon his soul. With this end in view he pursues it. He does not make a little god of it, nor does he, with a foolish superstition, give it powers and faculties that it does not possess. He recognizes the necessity of religion and sees in it the greatest power for the happiness of man. He will not destroy it, for he would have nothing to give in its place.

The place of science, then, is a secondary one. It is the handmaid of religion, helping and assisting. It can never aspire to be the superior or the equal. When it does it assumes a false position, one that it cannot maintain, and one from which sooner or later it will be forced in disgrace to retire.

It is in the Nature of Things that, as age advances with its concomitants of wear and tear, some parts of the delicate machinery of the body, upon which health and vigor depend, should suffer derangement. Feelings of weariness, listlessness or dequency are the signals that Nature throws out to warn, and woe to him who neglects these warnings, for severe are the penalties she exacts. To quicken into new vigor the falling energies; to impart, with certainty, tone to the nervous system; to renew its one-time force; these are the special tendencies of the wondrous tonic and nutrient Maltine with Coca Wine. It gives strength to the nervous system and is thus a "nerve restorer"; it increases nutrition, and is therefore a "body builder." Maltine with Coca Wine, by its power to add to nerve force and to increase weight, will be found by the debilitated and weak a veritable "life giver." Maltine with Coca Wine is not a patent medicine. Its composition may be known to you, as it has long been known and subscribed to by the medical profession. Maltine with Coca Wine gives strength, vigor and health. Sold by all druggists.

WHAT THE LAITY CAN DO.

The Missionary.

Their part is so essential that, whatever any one else may do, the layman begins and ends the work of conversion. He plants the good thought in his neighbor's mind: "If that Catholic is so honest a man, his religion cannot be wholly false." That is what good example does. "The seed is the word of God," and the exemplary layman is the living word of the true faith.

And when a non-Catholic has finally grown so uneasy that he must see a priest, it is a Catholic friend who brings him and introduces him. Frequently the priest finds that the layman has partly, even wholly, given the instruction necessary for baptism.

Many think that it is hard to start a Protestant towards Catholicity. As a matter of fact nothing is easier. Is anything easier than to say to a friend, "With due respect to you and your associates, I must tell you that the Catholic religion is the true religion of Christ. I know it: I feel it. I have got the books to prove it." Now, to a doubtful mind—and what Protestant is not doubtful?—the very spectacle of absolute certitude is an argument. Every reasonable man wants to be right, and to be totally right, about religion. The Protestant university professor longs for the calm rest of the Catholic ploughman's faith.

The mere assertion of Catholic faith, even if nothing immediately follows, helps men to the truth. Half the world is led by the authority of earnest men simply asserting they are right. The truth stands right. Its adherents, if any way worthy of it, look right and talk right, and so are men's persuaders. No Catholic layman is without some non-Catholic friends who will listen to reason, discuss Scripture, study over religious differences. Now, without for the moment, attacking error, let a Catholic choose a favorable time for talking religion with some particular friend. Let him do it in good taste, and in no hurry for results, and the Holy Spirit will do the rest.

Convert-making is done by pleasant exchange of views on religion; by quiet explanation of ceremonies; by gentle, earnest interest in a friend's spiritual condition; by the loan of a book; by bringing men and women to personal acquaintance with priests and sisters: all essentially laymen's work.

There is one part of convert-making in which we depend almost entirely on the laity, and that is the supply of money to pay the expenses of mission aries in the South and the far West, as well as to cheapen the price of missionary publications.

Do you want to make converts? Subscribe for the Missionary, and get your fellow Catholics to do the same. Rich Catholics can give much, and will do so. All can give something. Five hundred dollars makes a Catholic missionary priest your proxy for a whole year. At no very distant day we shall have very many missionaries at work, supported by the subscribers to this journal. But that will be because many Catholic men and women will set to work to obtain names and dollars for us; and I will begin at once.

The chief interest in this question centres about our laity's spirit. Have they got the missionary spirit? Do they want to help make converts? All they want to help make converts? All are glad to see conversions; but not all are ready to lend a hand in making them. But, thank God! we find multitudes of the laity in every part of the country not only passively zealous—just glad of some one else's zeal but actively zealous. Try them with a non-Catholic mission, and you will find the whole Catholic community eager to help. Some distribute the hand-bills, some gladly act as ushers, all invite Protestant friends to attend the lectures, all contribute to pay the expenses. Try them with this journal; they subscribe at once, and they will work to get others to subscribe.

In fact, I do not know whether or not we priests are quite even with our laity in this divine work of saving the lost sheep.

But what about prayer? Is not that the laity's part? Most emphatically it is. Cloistered nuns are heroes of prayer, but they cannot out-pray the uncliostered souls of God's beloved people in the sanctuary of their Christian households. Let us organize prayer among our Catholic people for the conversion of America.

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THE PRIEST THEIR ONLY FRIEND.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.
In the course of a recent speech in London, in which honest John Morley defended the Irish people from the charge of ingratitude to the Liberal party, he incidentally rebuked Irish politicians of the John Redmond stamp who would ostracize the Irish priest from taking any part in the affairs of his country. Referring to the Irish members of Parliament, who supported the Tory bill which offered some measure of justice to Catholic parochial schools, Mr. Morley observed:

"Then they (the Irish) vex people because they do not take the same view about education that we do. But have they not a right to take their own view? I will go further. Would they not be rather false to those clergy who were the friends of the miserable Irish, who stood between them and their oppressors when they had no other friends? I should think none the better, but somewhat the worse of the Irish if they deserted the claim of their own church."

Yes, the priest was long the only friend the Irish people had. Through all the dread years of bloody persecu-

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