

## Saint John.

BY BROTHER REMIGIUS, C. S. C.

The first adoration of the Sacred Heart. Methinks, was he, whose head lay pillowed there.

Thou gavest Thy gift without compare. How large the soul that could endure that dart of love and life! And yet, I ween, the smart of that sweet wound of love nerved him to bear the long, long years on Patmos' Isle. How the morn, whose eve gave meeting ne'er to part.

Oh happy saint, who faithful was't alway To that first whispered call of love divine, Some pity take on one who failed to greet The Divine Heart that called him day by day: And beg of thy sweet Master to assign A place if only near His sacred feet.

—St. Joseph's College, Cin., Ohio. Sept. 23, 1897.

## THE LAMBETH ENCYCLICAL.

Was ever in the world's long history such a farce heard of as the Lambeth Conference? One hundred and ninety-four apostrophized Bishops, from the ends of the earth, went to the trouble of leaving their episcopal duties, and divorcing themselves for a while from their spouses—we mean their Sees, not their wives, of course—to gather themselves together in solemn conclave to "consider various questions affecting the welfare of God's people," that is, the Protestants, and the "condition of the Church in divers parts of the world." Men were quite touched when they learned of the paternal solicitude of these ecclesiastical notabilities for their spiritual well-being. And they were even overawed when they heard that, so momentous and so sacred were their deliberations to be, it was found advisable to hold the conciliar meetings with closed doors. The whole body of English and Colonial and American Churchmen have been standing on the tip toe of expectation for weeks, anxiously waiting to hear the result of the secret councilings of their State-appointed leaders. After journeys from so far, and secrets so jealously guarded, it seemed almost sacrilege to think that the conclusions to be arrived at could be other than overwhelmingly decisive for the destinies of the Anglican Establishment. And now that the conclusions have been published, a wild burst of laughter, and a rude scream of derision, have greeted their appearance. When mountains go into labor you rightly expect they will produce a few hills, but there is not even a knoll or a mound or a mole heap to show for this episcopal travelling. There is not even a handful of earth lifted up from the level it occupied before. The Encyclical does indeed speak of "the conclusions to which we have arrived," and it naively "commends them to the faithful." But the conclusions are inconclusive, and if it were not that the Bishops are so dignified, we should be inclined to believe that their deliberations had been principally turned in the direction of trying to slip upon both sides of the fence. But perhaps it is sacrilegious to think of one hundred and ninety-four Bishops on either or both sides of any fence.

Still it is really impossible to take the conference seriously. Why tell us that temperance societies need steady and resolute perseverance; that the Purity Question is beset with difficulties; that the marriage vow is too lightly taken and too lightly broken; that a greater spirit of brotherhood between rich and poor may help to alleviate industrial hardships; that war is a horrible evil, and that arbitration would be advantageous; that it would be well to secure greater union in the Anglican Church, and that—but they make no binding law—Bishops should be united among themselves with their Archbishops; that men should not join the community life unless they think they have a vocation from God; that the bible deserves more investigation, and the tenets of the Common Prayer Book would be all the better for a judicious widening; that babies should be baptized, even among shifting Christian populations; that the study of theology should be encouraged; that funds are wanted for the Protestant Colonial Church; that on the question of Church Unity they cannot propose any resolutions which would bind them to immediate further action; that they sympathize with men who have left the See of Rome, "though they are well aware that such movements may sometimes end in quitting not merely the Roman obedience but the Catholic Church itself, and surrendering the doctrine of the sacraments, or even some of the great verities of the creeds"; that the Establishment was for long slack in missionary work; that now a days missionaries should be well-instructed; that two Bishops should avoid the unseemliness of exercising jurisdiction in the same place; that, finally, we have now said what we had to say? If this is the net result of the deliberations of one hundred and ninety-four consecrated and richly endowed Bishops, some of whom had brought their stores of wisdom from the farthest limits of our empire, then it will be just as useful, and much less expensive, for the bulk of them to take their holidays nearer their homes when the next decennial Conference draws nigh. Or let them send their chaplains to represent them; or elect one hundred and ninety-four curates, who would make twice as much noise, and come to conclusions just as decisive and as important as the combined episcopal sapience of England and America and the Colonies has arrived at after weary weeks of toil.

In truth, it is impossible for Protestants to come to any conclusion. It has no fixed belief. It has no fixed religion. It has no concordant aim. It is an afternoon tea-table religion, a noxiously monthly magazine creed, and where you have no fixity of doctrine, and no firmness of jurisdiction, meeting together in council may be enter-

taining, but can never be useful. The whole lesson of the conference is that Protestants are so split up that the only issue of any deliberations, however wisely planned, must of necessity end in discord or in compromise, which is a proof of discord. They are so divided that they can find no common basis of discussion. Surely, if any example were wanted to show that the only unity in the Establishment is the unity of drawing a comfortable salary, that example is given in the ridiculous result of the Lambeth conference. How the Bishops can depart home and not betray their sense of the silliness of the task which they essayed to perform is the most wonderful of modern miracles. The Roman soothsayers were quite theologically respectable compared to these dwarfish conciliators, whose only work has been to draw up a list of conclusions so worded as to be either trivial or tricky. No contempt can be too great to heap on councils such as this. No epithet can be too strong. It is a farce from beginning to end, and while nobody has gained one jot or tittle of instruction or of guidance, the world, owing to the secrecy of the proceedings, has been robbed of the spectacle of one hundred and ninety-four Bishops adjusting the expression of their religious views with such finesse that neither they nor anyone else can exactly see what is the real mind or the real teaching of the leaders of the Anglican Church. We do not know whether the registrar or the two episcopal secretaries have kept their shorthand notes. But, if so, we would suggest that, for the benefit of a sad world that should be deprived of no opportunity of innocent mirth, they might empower Dr. Pennefather to send the stenographic report of the secret deliberations to the genial editor of *Punch*, who would be enabled thereby to enrich the public with an ecclesiastical volume of "Happy Thoughts."—Catholic Times, Liverpool, Eng.

## AN EX-NUN ON CONVENTS.

Statements in Which There is Not Much That is Objectionable.

An "escaped" nun has been telling the readers of the *Rock* how to convert Catholics, and, considering her history, she is not so very unfair as her class generally are. She says: "One thing which, I fear, is often overlooked is the necessity in all controversy with Rome of having an intelligent knowledge of the subject. We look at things from our own standpoint. If we are to reach Romanists—and I do not think it is at all so impracticable as is often supposed—we must understand what they are and what they think. And what is more difficult, we must have a sincere consideration for their deep-seated convictions. We should remember that they believe that they are right, and that they believe in their religion to a degree which leads them to make the greatest sacrifice for its advancement without a thought of its suffering to themselves. For example, if the good people who are so anxious for convent inspection only know what every Romanist knows, that nuns go into convents with the express desire of suffering, and that the greatest difficulty of a superior often is to prevent them from practicing austerities, they would ask for convent inspection on the bare ground that all public institutions should be inspected, and not on the supposed idea that nuns wish to escape sufferings which are inflicted on them against their will."

There is not much here to which we can object. People who want to convert us ought to have an intelligent knowledge of the matters in discussion and ought not to look at them from their own standpoint merely. And she is quite right when she says that we really believe in our religion and that for it we make the greatest sacrifices. But we are shocked when she goes on to admit that "nuns go into convents with the express desire of suffering." Perhaps they leave convents, too, when they no longer have an "express desire of suffering." She should not have made so damaging an admission. She will never succeed if she throws over the old tactics. Going into convents for mortification! This is not nearly as effective on a platform as the good old Protestant idea that nuns went into convents for quite other purposes. And we are surprised that the *Rock* should allow such a statement in its columns. But of late we have noticed several things which lead to a suspicion that the *Rock* is being used for the propagation of Catholic ideas. Very likely there is some disguised Jesuit on its staff! One never knows what they are up to or where they are!—Liverpool Catholic Times.

## THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

"But the young, young children, O my brothers! They are weeping bitterly! They are weeping in the play-time of the others. In the country of the free!" That beautiful and passionate poem of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, pregnant with the supreme agony of the subject, and brilliant with the stirring eloquence of her highly strung poetic nature, floated as an unbidden but welcome guest, through the chambers of our memory as we mused upon the children of to-day, in this country of the free. They are not weeping as were the little ones for whom the poet pleaded, and who shall tell of the silent mystic tears shed by their angel-guardians?

Household flowers, however luxuriant their growth, however rich their perfumes, however dazzlingly brilliant their varied hues, do not seem to possess the simple but ineffable beauty of their less aristocratic kinsfolk, the

flowers of the garden, the blooms by the open wayside, the buds that blow among the mountain heather. Brightest and best is "the sea change into something rich and strange," wrought by nature unaided by artificial interference. Children are like flowers in very many ways, especially in the fact that their growth in intellectual beauty is rendered disproportionate, lush, and rank, beneath the forcing glass. They, too, are "sensitive plants," and like the one immortalized by the wayward genius of Percy Bysshe Shelley, suffer when the angel visitant is absent, droop their heads and fade and die, at least a spiritual death.

Where is the innocence, the grace, the infantine purity, the timid bashfulness, the holy humility, the trustfulness and faith of childhood? They have become old-fashioned—we must look for them among the canvases of Holbein, Vandyck or Reynolds. The chief charm of childhood is being gradually but ruthlessly crushed out of it by nineteenth century deformers. We cannot too much deplore the fact, and over it we are sure the angels weep.

Peradventure this deforming process will never extend to the homes of Christ's poor, we fervently trust it may not. There are certain flowers "that smell sweet and blossom in the dust," these may remain untouched, and over them we may rejoice. The rich and fashionable and would-be cultured people, are transforming their children into miniature men and women before their time. A child that says rude and impertinent things is considered smart and cute. We run the risk of being considered berish and cynical if we refuse to admire and praise an abominable little prig that plagues us with intolerably precocious questions, and makes us long to give it a sound box on the ears.

We were formally introduced to a dignified little miss of some eleven summers, who had all the society manners of one twice her age: she wore rings on her fingers, jewels in her ears, and we verily believe that had it been practicable, her doting mother would have added "bells to her toes" like the old lady in the nursery fable. We were informed that this young lady received visits from a youth of her own age, who was styled her beau; he paid her the same attentions as would be offered to a full blown belle, and was in the habit of calling in his father's carriage to take her for a drive in the park. We were also told in a burst of confidence, that she had appeared in public on a concert stage; and we were favored with a sight of the newspaper criticisms, clipped from those obliging organs and duly pasted in an album: she was described as "too cunning for anything," and, thoroughly disgusted as we were, we heartily endorsed that statement, though our interpretation of the word "cunning" would have been considered quite as archæological and impolite as our ideal of childhood. What would Father Faber, whose sweet and noble face always beamed with delight upon children, whose favorite feast was that of the Holy Innocents, whose best-loved meditation was that on the Sacred Infancy, have said to this little pig? He would have sighed that in the dark night, some diabolical agent had sacrilegiously stolen into God's garden and watered His plants with the stagnant impurities of the dank ditches of hell!—Catholic Union and Times.

## Badly Mixed.

The foreman on a daily paper mixed an article on Roman Catholic advances in Africa with receipt for making tomato catsup, and the combination read as follows: "The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances; they have as many as 185,000 adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the last few years they have obtained a firm footing in the interior of the continent, and have sent forth several missionaries into the equatorial regions. They are accustomed to begin their work by securing heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel; then place them in dripping pans and bake them until they are tender, when you will have no difficulty in rubbing through your sieve, and will save time by not being obliged to cut them in slices and cook for several hours."—Sacred Heart Review.

To remove the constipated habit, the only safe treatment is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as a family physic.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

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## Permanent Reform.

A Yankee was occupying part of a seat in a railway car when another traveler, a clerical-looking gentleman, came aboard and took the vacant place beside him, at the same time depositing on the floor a hand-bag, one end of which was marked:

A. YOUNG. NEW YORK.

Y. M. C. A.  
The familiar alphabetical combination and the Yankee's curiosity induced him to address the newcomer.

"I reckon you've seen a great deal of the world, stranger?" said he.  
"My dear sir," was the reply, "thousands of homes owe their salvation to us, and the good work is still going on."

"Do you have any trouble in interesting young men?"  
"Not in the least, sir. They see new lives and occupations before them. It is the rising of the sun of prosperity for all those who take hold of it in the right spirit and have the ability to point out its benefits."

"They become missionaries—is that the idea?"  
"We simply call them agents, but 'missionaries' is a good word and well describes them."

"And the victims that you find in our byways—do they give up all their bad habits? Do they never return?"  
"Do they give up their bad habits? My good man, they give up everything and they never return to trouble anybody again. The first dose kills them."

"Kills them! What do you mean?"  
"I mean that one application is all that is needed. It lays them out dead every time."

"Say, stranger, what are you talking about? Ain't you an officer of the Young Men's Christian Association? I see 'Y. M. C. A.' on your box there."

"Young Men's Christian Association be hanged, sir! No, sir. That 'Y. M. C. A.' on my hand-bag stands for Young's Miraculous Cough-cure Annihilator! Let me sell you a box."—New York Journal.

## Sad Inconsistency.

How often has the Church to bear reproach for her children! How often it is said—"Yes; he is a Catholic, he goes to Mass every Sunday, we have seen him at the confessional and the altar rail." But he drives a hard bargain, he grinds the faces of the poor, his tyranny, harshness and suspicious spirit make his home a hell. Or, she is a gossip, a tale-bearer, a disturber of family peace, an idler or a slattern—too busy with others' affairs to mind her own. Yet she never misses her monthly Communion, she is an active member of the Arch-Confraternity, the Altar Society, and heaven only knows how many religious and benevolent associations beside. These Catholics, for all their high claims, are no better than their neighbors; indeed, not nearly so magnanimous, charitable in speech, industrious, honorable or kind in their family relations, as many who make no professions of religion at all.

Those who hate the faith have not seldom a secret satisfaction in thus pointing out what they believe to be shining examples of its ineffectiveness on the lives of its followers; forgetting that the objects of their animadversion are what they are, not because of Catholic teaching, but in direct despite of it.

The error does not excuse inconsistent Catholics. Of him to whom much has been given, much will be demanded. Honors and privileges imply proportionate responsibilities. We are before a sensual, slanderous, unbelieving world as ambassadors of that "kingdom not of this world," whose laws are purity of life and universal charity as well as invincible faith. Dare we discredit the authority which has missioned us hither; or hinder, by our bad example, the enlightenment of those who, so far as the true faith is concerned, are still "in darkness and the shadow of death?"

If Catholics—practical Catholics—would but realize in how great measure the honor of the faith is in their keeping, we should have fewer of these reproachful incongruities of profession and practice—Catholic Union and Times.

Pure, rich blood feeds the nerves. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures nervousness.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

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## Wrapper Competition.

JULY, 1897.

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Master Roy Armitage, 438 Church street, Toronto.

## Winners of Gold Watches.

Mr. Frank Brennan, 174 Wilton avenue, Toronto.  
Mr. Harry D. Cantlon, Mitchell.  
Mr. Arthur Donahue, 300 Dufferin street, Toronto.  
Mr. D. J. McClarty, Box 734, Owen Sound.  
Mr. John M. Speers, 169 Gladstone avenue, Toronto.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

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Jesus—that name before which every knee was to bow; which was to be set above the powers of magic, the mighty rites of sorcerers, the secrets of Memphis, the drugs of Thessaly, the silent mysterious murmurs of the wise Chaldees and the spells of Zoroaster:—that name which we should engrave on our hearts and pronounce with most reverent accent, and rest our faith in; and love with the overflowing of charity, joy, and adoration.—Bishop Taylor.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood-purifier is unnecessary. There is but one best Sarsaparilla, and that is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being the only blood purifier admitted to be placed on exhibition.

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I suffered from Catarrh for ten years and was treated by some of the best physicians in Canada. I was recommended by Mr. C. Thompson, druggist, Tilsonburg, to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and can state positively it cured my Catarrh and Catarrhal Sore Throat.

Yours respectfully, J. D. Phillips, J. P. ANNA A. HOVEY, Winesport, Eden, Ont.

## A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thos. Dawson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in trouble of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

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