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CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENCE.

BY J. C. H.

Some years ago business of a legal nature called me to B-.It was a good ten hours ride by rail from the city where I lived, and the prospect of so long and thresome a journey was not pleasant. However, with an air of "grin and bear it," I boarded the train, making a bee line for the smoker, pulled out a good cigar from a supply I had secured to while away dull time; bought a morning paper; and sat back in my seat determined to make the best of it. After an hour's reading I put down my paper and looked around me for some friendly face. All strangers. "Just my luck," thought I. "Here I'll have to hump along this

way for the rest of the day without so much as a 'How' d'ye do' from anyone."

My wandering look was suddenly directed towards my opposite neighbor, for while I was soliloquizing thus I could not but notice the extremely painful expression on the countenance of the man directly across the aisle from me. He seemed to be suffering greatly. Thinking the man was sick I was about to tender my services. when he apparently recovered himself and appeared perfectly calm again. Moved by idle curiosity I concluded to watch him and find out if possible what caused his agitation.

I hope it will never be my lot to see a fellow man suffer as he did. He now appeared unconscious of his surroundings; once or twice he turned his face directly towards me, but there was such a vacancy of expression that it was quite evident he did not notice me, nor the attention I was giving him Lost in thought, now his face darkers, his lips quiver, and that pained ex pression I noted before flitted across his features; the muscles of his face twitched convulsively and his whole frame seemed to shake as in mortal agony ; gradually the emotion passed away and he looked stealthily about to see if any one had noticed him. Naturally my sympathy as well as my cur-iosity was aroused. I tried to imagine what could cause such excitement, and concluded that the cause was some thing internal, hardly sickness, and most probably grief or remorse. I de cided to try and draw him out of his painful reveries. His gentlemanly bearing, neat dress, clear cut and delicate features bespoke a man of means and education ; his innocent looking. large, blue eyes would inspire anyon with confidence. I judged him to be a man of about forty summers, though his hair was slightly tinged with gray He held in his hand a cigar which had gone out and now he appeared to be in search of a match. Rummaging all his pockets, he found his match-safe empty "Here is a chance," thought I, and

as he turned his face in my direction I handed him my lighted cigar, saying at the same time : "Can I furnish you with a light?

I noticed you looking for a match." "Thank you," was the response, as he took my profered cigar. "I was about to ask you for a light." " I was

He lit his cigar and handed mine back remarking, "If I mistake not that is a good cigar you have there, one with the pure Havana flavor. I

admire your taste." "Well, yes, it is a good brand : it ought to be for I pay enough for it. However, I am willing to give a fair price if I can get the right article. I find it difficult to procure a good staple brand of cigars unless I pay an extra vagant price and even then run the chance of being fooled."

took us to the hotel and after taking supper, we went to our respective rooms, which were directly opposite on the same floor. For the first few days I was quite busy, and Mr. Norman made a tour of " seeing the sights," as he rethe city, marked to me. We spent our eve-nings together, in either his or my room, reading or talking on various

subjects. Mr. Norman was a bright, intelligent talker, well posted on the topics of the day as well as in legal matters. I enjoyed his conversation very much, especially after a harassing day in court. In our evenings thus spent he seemed also to take pleasure and we soon became fast friends.

I could not but notice sometimes while he was engaged in reading some paper or magazine, and I similiarly employed, that he would put aside the paper and appear lost in thought. Then he underwent that peculiar emo-tion I had witnessed on the train.

One evening when he saw I poticed his agitation, I walked over to him and said gently, "My friend you seem to be suffering. Can I do anything for you?" The answer I got was a despairing shake of the head.

"Trust me, John," I continued. "If there is aught I can do for you, only name it." He slowly raised his head and said, "This is too much, that you should be so friendly to me, and I believe you mean it ; but if you do not wish to increase my suffering, I beg of you never mention this subject again. You will lessen my grief by appearing not to notice my strange actions ; then we shall be friends. Oh, God ! how long must I suffer ?"

He rose from his chair and staggered from the room leaving me puzzled and sad. "Poor fellow," thought I, "I would that I could help him."

I had my doubts as to the soundness of my friend's nightly rest, for, some mornings he would appear at break fast haggard and careworn, like a man to whom " nature's soft nurse ' had been a stranger. On entering his room one evening, I found him stretched on a sofa, his face buried in him the pillow, his hands clenched in his hair, the very picture of abject misery and despair.

It was some time before I could soothe him or persuade him to arise. I felt deeply moved at the sight of this man, who a few days previous was but a stranger to me. He seemed as a brother in trouble, who needed a brother's consolation.

I thought a walk in the city along the busy streets might be some dis traction for him, so I gently prevailed upon him to accompany me for a stroll The streets were still thronged with people but my friend appeared not to notice anything ; he suffered himself to be led wheresoever I willed. We had been walking about thirty minutes, and during the whole time he did not speak a single word. I considered in my mind what I could do for him or bells were ringing and people were en-tering the edifice. Directly the thought flashed across my mind to go into church, where the singing and sermon might arouse him from his lethargic despondency. We entered, and I selected a seat in a dark corner in the rear of the church.

in the rear of the church. Not until the preacher ascended the pulpit did it occur to me that I might Not until the preacher ascended the he expects you." have made a mistake acting in this way, for I had not learned what religion "Why, I experience the same trouble, and I can't understand why it knew I was a Catholic. Would he death already upon his placid face.

We got a cab at the depot, which sinner doing penance more than over ninety-nine just." I was so interested that I forgot the

presence of my companion, but when I turned I saw him leaning forward with his face buried in his hands; he looked up for a moment and I perceived the signs of anguish on his face During the Benediction of had left. the Blessed Sherament which followed the sermon, he knelt with the rest, but not raising his head.

The people were leaving except those who remained near the confes-sional boxes. I touched my friend on the arm and asked him if he was ready to return to the hotel. Without look ing up he answered in a steady voice. "Leave me here. I will return later." The tone of his voice told me it would be better for me to go. Upon my arrival at the hotel I was presented with a telegram that called me home immediately. My father was very sick. I just had time to leave a few lines of explanation with the clerk for Mr. Norman, pack my valise and get to the depot in time for the 10:50 p. m. express. In the note I left for my friend I gave the reason for my hurried departure, and as my business in - was about finished and consequently as I would not return again for some time, I invited Mr. Norman to you. pay me a visit at his earliest convenience. *

About a week or ten days after I arrived home I received a letter from Mr. Norman. It ran thus:

Dear Friend: I am now on deathbed in St. Vincent's hospital, B----- and if I am not asking too much of you, I would like very much to see you again. Once you told me you would do anything in your power to help me; now you can do something by coming to me before I leave this world of sorrow. "J. T. NORMAN."

I took the first train for B---- and I took the first train for B— and on arrival there a cab soon brought me to the hospital. When the Sister who came to the door learned whom I wished to see she said, "I am so glad you have come, as Mr. Norman has been calling for you incessantly, and we feaved you would be too late." we feared you would be too late.

'Is there no hope then ?" I asked. "No, it would be useless to say therwise. Internal hemorrhage has otherwise. set in and the doctor says he won't last the day out.'

"This is indeed sad. I left him about a week ago apparently in very good health. How could he become so sick in so short a time? Ican't understand it.

"Oh, have you not heard how he was hurt? I thought you knew all about it. One night last week, return-ing from the cathedral, he was think ing of the sermon he heard and unconsciously stepped before an electric car, which struck him and then crushed him in a frightful manner. He was taken up for dead and brought here in the ambulence. For several days he hovered between life and death, until my mind what I could do for fifth of where I could take him to draw his thoughts from himself. I could think of no expedient. Just then the lighted cathedral loomed up before us, the content of the solution a few days ago he regained conscioushere. Since then he has been continu ally asking if you have come. Will you go to him now ?"

I was taken to one of the best rooms and the Sister went in first to prepare my friend for the interview. She came out soon, and with her a priest, and

fortably furnished room. On the bed, with his eyes fastened eagerly upon tion.'

where I am now known. I was suc-"Now, this supernatural order is a thing whose very existence is absc-lutely bidden from the natural knowl-edge of man. By his natural faculcessful as a lawyer, but never had I a minute's peace. I was on my way to Europe to seek distraction there when I met you on the train. Your face reties alone he never could even come to know that there is such a thing, much called more vividly that of your brother, but I could not fly from you; some-thing seemed to hold me, and I re-mained with the intention of asking less to know anything about its details And yet this knowledge is of supreme importance to him. Whence, then, is it to come? Only from the author of you about your murdered brother. But my courage failed me. You both the supernatural and the natural. Oaly the voice of God speaking directly to man could make known those things which are of first and highest concern to him. The secrets thus manifested constitute the deposit You treated me with the affection of a brother and did not pry into my sorrows. Finally you took me to the cathedral; and God, in His merey, softened my heart and gave me grace to make my confession. I was raised a Catholic, but from the day of my horrible deed I never entered a Cathof revealed truth, and the knowledge and understanding of them are the most necessary things in the life olic church. On leaving the cathedral man. To communicate this knowledge late that night my heart relieved from and to perfect this understanding is the work of religion and of the teach the burden of my sins, I felt for the first time in many years a little peace. ers of religion." Suddenly as I was crossing the busy

most cases that is false in fact.

of those who are genuine Protestants

that is, who go regularly to a Protest

It is a monstrous fallacy, therefore

That fact carries along

tain Sunday-schools to train up the

street, I heard the clanging sound of the street car bell. I felt a shock, and when I came too, I found myself here. This morning I received Holy Communion and now I am ready to die my life has been a burden to me. But I was rash when I asked so much from you. I did not consider the wound I inflicted on your heart ; I don't blame

ant church and partake of the sacra ments there, are destitute of any real This was too much for me. I grasped his hand and said, "John, you are forgiven long ago, by all of us; and animosity against the Catholic Church The strength of the A. P. A. and all similar anti-Catholic movements is now I assure you that as I one day made up mostly of Infidels and of nonhope for pardon, when I meet my God, church-going Protestants. There is, on the other hand, among many devout so do I now forgive you. From my heart I pity you. You have suffered Protestants an admiration, almost an affection, for the Catholic religion. most

Never will I forget the smile that lit of course they prefer their own form of religion. It is largely a mater of habit with them what seet they belong up his wan face. He pressed my hand to his lips and tried to speak, but he could not articulate a word. His dim eyes spoke volumes. He made a sign to. They are Christians by baptish and desire, but they naturally follow for me to come closer. I put my head that sect in 'which they have been down to his and he murmured slowly, trained by their parents, or have be as though already entering the portals come best acquainted with, or accus of eternity.

tomed to, through the circumstances " God has been good to me, in sending you into my life. You will never regret your kindness to me. May God bless you ! Pray for me." He sank back exhausted, his hand was already in which they have lived. to pretend that Protestants are Protest ants because of a deliberate purpose to protest against the Catholic Church cold and clammy, and now the ashen The better sort of intelligent and virtu pallor of his countenance betraved death's relentless hand, "Jesus have mercy-Mary help me," his hand clenched in mine then softly relaxed, and looking more closely at his face I ous American Protestants would them selves strenuously protest against any such definition. Most Baptists are such definition. Most Baptists are Baptists because their parents, or other associates, were of that sect, and so of the other denominations gen saw his sour new . its flight to its Maker. my brother's death saw his soul had left his body to take

erally. That fact carries along with it the refutation of the ancient Thus was my brother's death avenged and a life of sorrow ended pious theory that Protestants hav-ing the "open Bible" read it through until they get from it the inspiration what form of religion to cheose. The and ended only, 1 trust, for a life of everlasting joy.

DR. ROOKER AMONG THE MINISfact that all the Protestant sects main TERS.

children in the same way of thinking The third day of the Union College as their parents is to the some effect centennial commencement was entirely In other words, the maintenance of sectarianism by our separated breth-ren is, as the Holy Father says, the devoted to religious exercises. The services were held in the First Reformed Church, the history of which is closely linked with the record of "Old result rather of inheritance than of any serious desire to be cut off from Union

the unity of the Catholic faith.-Phil adelphia Standard. The speakers were the Rev. A. C. Wall, D. D., of Schneetady ; Rev. B. B. Loomis, D. D., of Canajoharie, class of '63, Methodist ; Rev. W. Scott, class of '68, Principal of the Connecticut Literary Institute, Baptist; Thomas E. Bliss, Denver, Col., class of '48, Presbyterian; William D. Maxon, D. D, Pittsburg, Pa., class of '78, Epis-copal, and Rev. Fred. Z. Rooker, D. class of '84, secretary to Archbishop tolli, Catholic. Father Rooker spoke

s follows : "You have asked me to give the iew which the Catholic Church takes of the subject of 'Religion and Educa-tion.' It is not a difficult thing to do,

adelphia Standard. Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure —one box of Parmelee's Veretable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills. Thousands Like Her. — Tena McLeed, Severa Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. ThOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for curing me of a sovere cold that troubled me nearly all hast winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it neces-sary. the position of the Catholic Church in that matter is definitely and clearly

Why Protestants are Protestants. The common definition of a Protest ant is that of one who "protests against the Catholic Church, but i It is really remarkable how large a number



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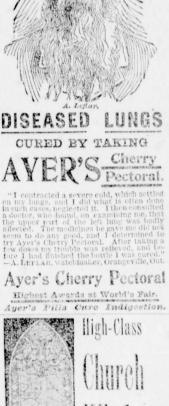
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so. I don't see why we can't get a good cigar for less money."

Thus commenced a conversation which soon drifted into other channels until we became quite friendly. As the car began to fill up with new-comers, my friend, at my invitation, came over and sat with me, where we could converse without interruption.

There was something in this man that attracted me and I felt as though I were performing a charitable act in thus keeping his attention from the thoughts that caused the agitation I had witnessed. Almost before either of us knew it, we were near our jour-ney's end and the genial faced brake-man sang out the next station as

As I made some preparation to leave, my friend handed me his card saying, "I am delighted to have met saying, "I am delighted to have met you. We have spent, at least for me, a very pleasant afternoon. I am more thankful to you than you are, perhaps, aware of. My nan e, as you can see on my card is John T. Norman.

"Why," said I, as I read "Chicago, Ill., attorney at-law," "that's good. We are both in the same boat on the stormy sea of life. I am also a disciple of Blackstone."

'So saying I handed him my card. "In fact it is legal business that is now taking me to B----.

"Are you getting off here, too ?" Not receiving a ready answer I looked up and saw Mr. Norman closely exam ining my card. He stammered some thing rather confusedly and said he had not heard my last remark. I asked him again if he intended to get

asked min gent in the said, "I will stop "Oh, yes," he said, "I will stop here a few days, but to tell the truth I am not on business, simply—a—well a sort of pleasure trip. Where do you stop?" you the feet of the sort of pleasure trip. Where do you stop?" you the feet of the sort of pleasure trip. Where do you stop?"

stop ?" "At the Genesce ; a real first-class house and not very far from the de-

pot." " If you have no objections, we shall your good will. go there together, for I think I will stay there also, since you recommend it."

leave when he realized where he was? Would he be displeased?

While these thoughts were rushing through my mind the priest began his sermon. It was Wednesday of Passion Week and the subject of the sermon was the sacrament of penance, its foundation and the unlimited power of the sacred tribunal. The preacher was a man of medium height though was a man of medium height though slightly stooped, his hair showing the silvery signs of age. The force and junction he put into his every word transformed him into another St. John Chrysostom. Never will I forget that sermon; it penetrated my soul and made me thank God that I belonged to the ficture in the Church of

the Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, alone authorized to administer the consoling sacraments instituted by our Divine Lord. "The Sacrament by our Divine Lord. "The Sacrament of Penance," said the preacher, "is like the precious blood of Christ Him-self: It is powerful and omnipotent. There is no sin of any kind, however deep, dark, black as midnight and often committed, nothing so inveter-ate, nothing which in the sight of God is co beteful or in the soul of man so is so hateful, or in the soul of man so deadly, that there cannot be absolution for it in this sacrament of the merciful love of God. And what is asked of the sinner? Sorrow for having offended God, self-accusation in the way pointed

out, and steadfast resolution to sin no more." Thus the zealous priest impassionately showed to the sinner the way of redemption. "Come as you are, though your sins are as black as night, and as numerous as the sands

As I approached the bed a smile lit up his features and he said in a voice low

and weak. "You have come. I knew you would. I felt it; yet I feared. I am dying, but death has no terrors for me now. I have a last request to make of you and if you grant it I shall die happy. He gasped a moment and then asked for a little brandy to strengthen him. Holding my hand he end beding at me with an avarassien said, looking at me, with an expression in his eyes so full of pleading that it

amounted almost to anguish. "Can you forgive me for a great injury I have done you. Do not an-swer too soor, as I may ask too much." "Oh, John, it gridves me to see you thus. I have done to be by you

thus. I know of nothing in which you have ever offended me, but rest assured, whatever you ask is already granted. Do not tire yourself by talking too much." "You had a brother named Mark.

I knew him well and often heard him speak of you. He was shot ; he was speak of you. He was shot; he was murdered and I am the murderer. Ah, I thought I would ask too much!" as I involuntarily started up. "My punishment is to die without your " My pardon, but I can't blame you."

The memory of my brother rushed back to me like a dream. I saw him again, the pride of his mother's heart, the hope of the family, and here was the man who cut him off in the prime of life, and for no cause but a perty one. At the moment of his creation jealousy. I wept like a child. But the recollection of my surroundings and the man lying there pleading for and to that state he was restored by the work of the redemption. The one on the sea-shore. Come ! do not put it off, and ob ! what joy and peace will is lifted from you? You will receive that peace which the world cannot "if you knew how I suffered for my crime you would have pity on me. Since that day my life has been a dreary, wretched existence. The face He will be only a just Judge. He of your brother haunted me day and natural means, there is nothing for hundred for and by memory of that deed. I wandered how all important it is for him to get into this supernatural order and work

formulated, and within her fold there is no chance for a diversity of opinion about it. Her teaching in this regard is the logical outcome of the great fundamental principles which per-meate by their influence her whole system — principles about which or about the evident and necessary deductions from which she admits no discussion.

"Let me then briefly expose to you these principles, and I am sure that you will agree with me that the stand taken by the Church regarding the relation of religion to education is but a necessary conclusion. In the first lace, the Church recognizes two distinct orders in creation-the natural order and the supernatural order-the order of nature and the order of grace. To her the supernatural order is just as real, and, for rational creatures, far more important than the natural. In her doctrine there is no place for the theory that man was created to work out as best he may a natural destiny, or by the use and perfection of his natural faculties to progress through grades of evolution to a better and fuller knowledge of himself and the universe, and, consequently, to a better and fuller existence as a more perfected and highly developed ele-ment of that universe.

"No, the Catholic Church sees in man a creature made for one end only, and that end a supernatural At the moment of his creation and only perfection to which he can attain is a perfection in and of the supernatural order. If he does not attain that he must forever remain unperfected. Do what he will with his natural faculties, develop them as he may in the natural order and by

or oftener if the cough spens remarks sary. You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no cccasion for you running the risk of contracting influmma-tion of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrap. This medicine cures coughs, colds, influmma-tion of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy ex-pectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

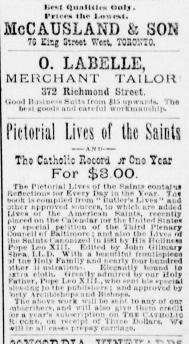


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