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ADVENT.

Advent is the season in which we are taught to look forward to the coming of our Lord into the world at Christmas, and also to His second coming at the end of time, to judge the living and the dead. His first coming was to seek and to save that which was lost; the second will be to gather in the fruits of His labors, the souls that are saved. The sacred time of Advent is therefore a preparation for Christmas, established by the Church, and at the same time it leads us to look for the coming of Christ at the end, and to conform our lives to the life of Christ, so that when we meet Him on the Last Day it will not be in fear and trembling, but with joy, because we have been selected to return with Him to Heaven. We will, then, with alacrity enter into this employment during this month, knowing that if we have prepared well for His first coming, we shall be in a fit state to receive Him at His second advent. The time of Advent, according to the Church, is a time of penance, not so great as Lent, but the spirit should be the same. Every morning, if possible, attend Mass in honor of the coming of Christ, and on Fridays impose a slight penance on yourself.—[V. Rev. A. Lings.

OUR NEW PREMIUM.

We have secured for our premium for the Jubilee year, 1900, a religious article that should be used daily by every man, woman and child of the Catholic faith. It is a handsome garnet rosary with a white metal chain, and one that must be seen to be appreciated. Each and every subscriber paying for a full year in advance will be entitled to one free of charge. Now is the time to secure a pair of these beautiful beads.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The Christmas number of the CATHOLIC JOURNAL will be profusely illustrated pictorially and filled with literature appropriate to the season, and will be issued about a week in advance of that greatest of all holidays. A special cover design in colors, "Coming from Mass," by Favour, the artist, will adorn our first page, and altogether the issue will be one that will be worth keeping. Advertisers wishing to place advertisements in this issue should send in their copy early.

AN APPEAL.

ST. MICHAEL'S ORPHANAGE,
Duck Lake, Saskat, N. W. C.,
(Canada,) Nov. 23d, 1899.

The Editor of CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I beg your pardon for venturing thus to appeal to your charity and kindness, but, stranger though I am, I would not dare to do so if I did not feel that my appeal would touch a kind and fatherly heart. I am a missionary in the Saskatchewan district, a very poor part of the country, very cold and unprovided with help. We have an humble Orphanage, which, though in its infancy, already shelters over one hundred Indian children, who would otherwise perish in soul and body. Our misery is very great, the late storms having destroyed our garden produce and all hopes of a plentiful harvest. Depending entirely on the kind providence of God for help, my poor little orphans will suffer terribly, and the coming long and severe winter will not lessen their trials. I am aware, dear sir, you have your own poor always with you, but I doubt if any could be found so wretched as the poor little Indians of this locality. This year I have admitted some little ones who were almost naked and starving, and their misery brings much sickness and death. Scrofula and consumption are the two great evils which are fought against without much success, but where are we to obtain the necessary relief when we ourselves are almost poor. Good food and warm clothing we have not, and often death comes before help can be given. You therefore understand, dear sir, how grateful I am for every assistance. Assuring you of the prayers of God's poor

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very sincerely in J. C.,
EDWARD M. COURBIS, O. M. T.

The above letter speaks for itself, and any words that we would add could not more fully explain the suffering of these little orphan children who need assistance. Let our readers hunt up some of their cast off clothing and send it to this office, and we will see that it is forwarded to these unfortunate children who are crying for help. We wish to make up a box at once, so don't wait for your neighbor, but send any little article that you can, and God will reward you for it.

TAKES ISSUE WITH "LEX."

Nov. 27th, '99.

EDITOR CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

SIR: In your issue of Nov. 4th, '99, appeared a communication signed "Lex." You no doubt know who the author is, and I take the liberty to address a letter in reply now that the heat of political battle is over and I will not be accused of trying to make capital for any candidate. I consider that communication a bare faced libel, and its sentiments should be rebuked by every fair-minded Catholic in Rochester. It seems strange that such villainous documents must show themselves just before every election. That article was an insult to Catholics; it was malicious, and the man, whoever he is, that wrote it, is a disgrace to Catholics—a sneak who dare not attach his name to such a vile slander, a hypocrite, and a dangerous man to the community. Small wonder is it that A. P. A. organizations exist; such articles should make them thrive, and my condemnation of such nefarious business can hardly be expressed in writing. I loathe the man whose hand penned those miserable utterances. I may not be thoroughly in love with Mayor Warner in many things political, but when people try to stab him in the back by raising such a religious question he will not have a stronger champion than myself, and I will be one of the first to rebuke such unchristianlike utterances and insinuations.

Mayor Warner is one of the last men in public life in this city who would lend himself to any such contemptible business as expressed by "Lex." Fitzhugh hall is a private hall, and "Lex" knows it. Mayor Warner could no more stop a lecturer there than could President McKinley. Why did not "Lex," if he was so solicitous about his religion, make a complaint and see what he could do? I trust you will give this the same amount of publicity that you accorded "Lex," so that people will know what one individual in Rochester thinks of him.

JAMES M. NOLAN.

HOLY MEDALLIONS.

There is on exhibition at our office a sample of a new idea in portrait minature, which is so close an imitation to the original French porcelain minature costing from $25 to $100 that they baffle the skilled expert. The Holy Medallion that we are handling is the handsome one of St. Cecelia, and they are in four finishes viz.: plain silk, plain gloss, colored silk, colored gloss. These medallions are copyrighted and have never before been offered on the market and are something absolutely new. They will be furnished to subscribers only at 75c for the plain and $1.00 for the colored finish. Each medallion is fitted with an easel so you have no framing to do. It is ready for the center table, piano or other place the minute you receive it. If a picture of a relative or friend is desired instead of the one we offer, all you have to do is to furnish us with a cabinet photograph. Now that the holidays are coming this new idea would be just the thing to give a friend. If you are not a subscriber send in your subscription right away and secure one of these beautiful French water color pictures.

If you do not see any news from your parish in THE JOURNAL write us. We desire an agent and correspondent in every parish in the diocese.

BISHOP HOPKINS, S. J.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "Bishop Hopkins of British Honduras, who was consecrated the other day at St. Louis, is a most simple-minded and lovable man," said a visitor from Belize. "The Catholic Church is chiefly represented in the colony by the Society of Jesus, and Father Hopkins, as everybody calls him, went there three years ago as a member of the order. H was a frail man physically, and under medium height, but he had the courage of a lion and fairly bubbled over with kindliness and good will. In a short time he had won the confidence and affection of everybody in the diocese, from the governor-general to the humblest banana cutter.

His ministration among the natives was one long story of self-sacrifice and devotion, and wherever there was sickness or trouble, there you were certain to find Father Hopkins, cheery, patient and indefatigable. Everything he could get hold of he gave to the poor, and begrudged himself so much as a new cassock.

It is the custom at the mission for the priests to return North at the end of three years' service to get rid of the malaria they have absorbed, but Father Hopkins positively refused to go. "What! Leave my people!" he said indignantly. "If they can stand the malaria I can stand it, too!"

When the news came, not long ago, that he was to be made Bishop he was greatly astonished and embarrassed and tried strenuously to evade the honor. "I am not fit to be a Bishop," he declared with a comical twinkle in his eye, looking down at his meager figure. "Why, I'm not big enough!" To tell the truth, it is somewhat difficult to imagine him in the canonicals of office, and I venture the prediction he will be exactly another such a Bishop as Monsignor Welcome in 'Les Miserables.'

In fact, the character pictured in Hugo's great romance fits Bishop Hopkins to a nicety. All the dignities in the world will not remove him a jot from the intimate affections of his flock."

CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

This interesting little glimpse into Catholic society in Washington was written by Emma Luke Perley in a letter to the New World of Chicago. It may be as great a revelation to many others as it was to her.

I had the impression, when I came to America, she writes, that there was no society in America except that of the nouveaux riches. I must confess that my first experience at Newport confirmed this impression. When I speak of society I mean a society where one meets clever people whether they are rich or not. I never expected to meet Catholics in society, except millionaire Catholics. But a winter in Washington has taught me the lesson that the best society in America is Catholic society. I was fortunate enough to be invited to the salon of Miss Olive Risley Seward and Miss Sara Carr Upton. They occupy Charles Seward's old house. I found there a society which is intellectual and individual. It is not like the Snale society of New York, which spells itself with a big S, a third rate imitation of society in England, but a delightful thing of itself. There, as in other best circles of Washington, I found simplicity and good breeding and an absence of that display that makes one sick at heart, for it is so heartless and vulgar.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Misses Riggs, types of the true grande dame; kind, clever and distinguished without effort. And I had the honor of meeting Mrs. Alice Worthington Winthrop at Mrs. Maurice Francis Egan's. Mrs. Winthrop's leadership of Washington society will cease for a time this winter owing to the death of her husband, the colonel. Mrs. Winthrop is an accomplished political economist and her article in the Month, which she was not allowed to sign owing to the prejudice of the Jesuits against having women's names in their publications, made a great sensation in England. The Eagans have a comfortable house on Capitol Hill, with a big drawing-room and a beautiful view of the Capitol grounds.

At one of Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey's Sundays I met all that was best in the Catholic society of Washington. There was Mrs. Dahlgren's handsome daughter, the Baroness von Overbeck, and the equally beautiful Mrs. McKenna, and Mrs. Senator Vance, the brightest and most popular of entertainers. Justice Maurice gives a splendid entertainment twice a year, where half the guests appear to be Catholics of the highest culture. Justice and Mrs. White are more formal in their method of receiving, and Senator Mallory, seldom go out. The lay professors of the Catholic University seldom go out, except in their own circle. "The only thing I envy in America," Gertrude Atherton said to me last winter, "is Miss Dorsey's power of attracting charming people." Miss McCarthy, Miss Wade and Mrs. Downing are Catholics and journalists of the highest reputation.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPELS.—First Sunday of Advent—St. Luke, xxi. 25-33. At that time, Jesus said to His disciples: "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the roaring of the sea and of the waves; men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world. For the powers of heaven shall be moved and they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with great power and majesty. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up and lift up your heads: because your redemption is at hand. And He spoke to them a similitude: See the fig tree and all the trees; when they now shoot forth their fruit you know that summer is nigh. So you also, when you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand. Amen, I say to you, this generation shall not pass away until all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but My words shall not pass away."

What should we do in this holy season of Advent?

We should meditate on the coming of Christ, the Judge, in order to prepare ourselves to commemorate the day when He came as the Savior. We should often pray to the Child Jesus to be reborn and grow in our hearts with His holy grace. We should prepare in our hearts the way for Him by works of penance and piety, and above all by the use of the holy sacraments.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, Dec. 3—First Sunday of Advent. Gospel, St. Luke, xxi. 25-33. St. Francis Xavier, confessor.
Monday, 4—St. Barbara, virgin and martyr.
Tuesday, 5—St. Sabas, abbot.
Wednesday, 6—St. Nicholas, bishop and confessor.
Thursday, 7—St. Ambrose, bishop, confessor and doctor.
Friday, 8—Immaculate Conception.
Saturday, 9—St. Leocadia, virgin and martyr.

[For THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL.]

AN IDEAL.

The sun was setting in the west,
The way he always sat,
With golden rays around him cast,
You've heard before of that

In summer we don't mind it much,
When everything looks swell,
But, in November, dark and drear
A little sunshine tells.

I meant to tell you how it came
That I met my ideal;
You used to meet her at the lane,
And later—out awheel.

Most poets tell you that her eyes
Were like the violet blue,
But when I speak about her eyes
I'll tell you something new.

Her hair is sometimes golden,
She has a form divine,
She's altogether different
From this ideal of mine.

My, but she was a dandy,
I had seen her before;
She wasn't tall and slender,
But she was plump, and more.

But this last time I met her,
There's where the story lies—
I saw that she had lost her head,
(I couldn't see her eyes.)

But then, I didn't mind that much,
I thought 'twas better so;
I met her at the table,
(The family there, you know.)

And as they left their places,
All looking glad and bright,
The verdict was unanimous
That she was "just all right."

But, I forgot to tell you
To make the story real—
'Twas our Thanksgiving turkey,
And she was an "ideal."

AGNES.