

NON-CATHOLIC MISSION.

Father Ryan Answers Questions About the Church.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 15, at 3:30, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Brooklyn, a large audience...

1. A dispensation is a relaxation of the law in a particular case. It is a principle in jurisdiction, that the law...

2. Why do not people who make this complaint read a moiety of the literature published explanatory of the Mass? There is no excuse for ignorance...

3. In the last lecture this was fully answered. Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the Holy Eucharist, or an epitome of them which can be had for a few cents...

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4. It could not be proved. Priests claim no such power. He and his successors, to whom Christ said: 'I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom...

5. In your sermon of Wednesday night you said that the justice of God required atonement for sin, and that Christ atoned for ours. I can understand how my sin would require atonement...

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REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Editor. REV. THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

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London, Saturday, Dec. 12, 1896.

ADVENT.

The holy season of Advent, which the Church is now celebrating, has been instituted for the purpose of inducing the faithful to make a proper preparation for the great feast of Christmas.

There is no more important work in which we can engage than that of saving our souls, and it is for this purpose the sacraments have been instituted by Christ.

It is for the attainment of this end, and in obedience to this command of Our Blessed Lord's precursor that the Church has appointed Advent as a time of preparatory penance.

The season of Advent comprises the four Sundays before Christmas, together with all the other days included between them and the great festival itself.

Some of the Oriental Schismatical Churches have an Advent also, though the period appointed for it differs in some cases from that of Catholics.

CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

The statement is now made that arrangements are to be begun immediately to put an end to the deplorable and barbarous war in Cuba.

The Spanish rule in Cuba has certainly not been a success. The island has been in a state of insurrection during the greater part of the century.

ards have lost probably nearly 100,000 men in maintaining their rule there during this period, beside the paralyzing of the industries of the island.

The Cubans place great reliance on the new President, Major McKinley, as likely to follow a course favorable to them; but it is to be hoped that the whole Cuban question will be settled before the new president enters on his duties.

THE FUTURE QUEEN OF ITALY.

It will be remembered that on the marriage of the Princess Helena of Montenegro to the Prince of Naples, the heir to the Italian throne, the princess became a Catholic.

This supremacy certainly cannot reasonably be regarded by Protestants as the essential difference which keeps them out of the Catholic Church.

Before applying this consideration to throw light upon the case of the young future Queen of Italy, it may be well to elucidate somewhat the principle we have thus laid down.

The negotiations are said to have been conducted by Secretary Olney, Senor de Lome, the Spanish Minister, and the British Minister, with the consent of their respective Governments.

they are believed in by a Russian potentate, and on Russian soil. We believe it may be safely asserted that the noble ladies who embraced outwardly the Greek religion did not do so through conviction.

There is another view to be taken of her case. She might have believed conscientiously that while she was in her own country, her father was entitled to rule the Church as its head.

So far, we have argued this matter rather from a Protestant, or a Greek, than from a Catholic point of view; still we believe our reasoning to be irrefragable.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

It is certainly not a sufficient ground for the rejection of the proposed settlement of the Manitoba school question, that the enemies of Catholic education profess themselves to be delighted with it.

She, and all the members of her family, are profoundly Christian, and when she shall have learned the Catholic devotions, I am convinced she will be a true example of Christian virtues.

There is no fairness, therefore, in that section of the Protestant press, which, without reason, imputes dishonorable motives to the royal convert.

AN INCIDENT IN TURKEY.

A curious incident is reported from Alexandretta, in Turkey, from which we may infer that the Government of that Empire has become less confident that it may defy the European powers with impunity.

It is recorded in before his execution January 1650, King Bishop Juxon, who object of value which him. This object of a gold engraved piece was the only one of its kind that was sold for £770 at the sale of the library.

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A VERY OLD FRAUD.

The last issue of the Antigonish Casinet prints an official letter from His Lordship Bishop Cameron, concerning a so-called prayer which has been printed and offered for sale amongst the people of his diocese.

It is a wicked fraud, begotten in falsehood, and replete with blasphemy against our Blessed Lord. The copy of it above referred to is in print, and bears the tell-tale legend, 'price 10 cents.'

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR London contemporary, the Catholic Record, despite its sympathy for the Liberal party, has come out strongly in defence of our outraged rights.

We desire to say to our esteemed contemporary, the North West Review, that the CATHOLIC RECORD has no sympathy for any particular political party as such.

It is a frightful thing to see an editor in a rage. Our friend of the Antigonish Casinet has an execrably bad temper, as every reference we make to his political friends puts him into a terrible tantrum.

You see, friend of the Casinet, we are perfectly independent of both political parties.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

The Betrothal of Isabella. He health of broken heart.—(Ps. cxvii. 3.) I. Near Guadavera, where the river Isellina winds through wood-bound vales and verdant meadows...

It happened in this wise. The Count Luis Graziano di Luzman had an only daughter and three sons. Isabella, the girl, was the most beautiful being that had ever been born in Spain.

Among the frequent visitors to the castle was a noble Englishman, the Lord Lynton, of Lyncourt, who lived in Spain on account of his only son's health, for the climate of England was no better than that it is now.

As they grew up Hugh became stronger, but never lost his love of study and retirement, and always when at the castle he stayed by Isabella's side, reading to her while she worked, walking about the garden with her while she attended to her flowers.

When Isabella was fifteen years old her father decided to take her to court, and in spite of her tears and entreaties he ordered her to be ready to start on her sixteenth birthday.

"What is it all these, my Hugh?" asked the young girl gently and anxiously. "Oh, Isabella, my own, my dear one," he cried, "thou art going to start next week for Madrid."

He fairly broke down, and laying his head on the grass, sobbed as if his heart would break. The child, for she was no more in innocence and simplicity, sat down beside him, and taking his hand covered it with kisses and tears.

"Is it true, indeed?" exclaimed Hugh, starting up, and clasping the young girl to his breast. "Is it true that thou speakest mine own? Oh, promise me that, come what may, thou wilt be ever true to me, that thou wilt never plight thy troth to another than poor Hugh Lynton."

"I promise," whispered the girl tenderly. "Oh, Hugh, thou wilt sooner forget me? thou so clever and wise and good, how canst thou love a poor, simple, ignorant girl like me?"

"My darling, thou art good as an angel, and altogether sweet and beautiful, mine own Isabella. We will never be faithless to each other, will we?"

"They spent a happy afternoon together, talking over the future, each trying to console the other and persuade themselves that a year was not so very long after all."

"I will write thee a letter when I have occasion," said Hugh, "or perhaps I shall persuade my father to come to Madrid when the winter is over and we return from the warm coast of Italy."

"I know what thou art after," she hissed in the girl's ear. "That young Hugh Lynton, the hairless boy—I tell thee that thou shalt never see him again, hypocrite that thou art. Often and often have I watched thee, and when thou pretendedst to go and pray at the chapel thou hast been with him sauntering about in the garden, instead of sitting with thy aunt and endeavoring to cheer her solitude."

"I never pretended to be in chapel when I was with him," sobbed Isabella. "And I never thought that thou wouldst be pleased for me to sit with thee, or I should have stayed by thy side with pleasure."

"Ah," retorted the aunt, "don't think to delude me. Anyhow, I tell thee thou art parted from Hugh Lynton forever—yea, forever." She locked the door and put the key in her pocket, in spite of Isabella's tears and entreaties.

SHAKESPEARE ON PURGATORY.

A Critical Review of the Bard's Belief in the Catholic Doctrine.

In his interesting and charmingly-written book, "Jewels of the Mass," the indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has this passage: "Our own great poet, who has touched all things, and the Catholic mysteries above all, with an unerring knowledge that is almost inspired, has left the best and most piteous image of the poor purgatorial soul and its sufferings."

And then he gives an extract from the speech of the ghost in "Hamlet." Frequently have I heard this passage adduced as a proof that Shakespeare held the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, and that he meant to exhibit the "poor ghost" as coming thence for awhile, and at cock crow, returning thither.

But though this is consistent with a part of the true doctrine of purgatorial suffering, yet the ghost himself is rather a "goblin damned" than a "spirit of health," for the souls in purgatory are joyfully suffering, as being sure of heaven in the end; and most certainly no soul in purgatory, even if permitted to revisit "the glimpses of the moon"—and some souls (as I remember reading in the saint's life, though I cannot just now give chapter and verse for my authority) suffer a portion of their purgatory after death in a particular spot on earth—no soul in purgatory could positively cherish a thought of revenge, nor be permitted to return to earth in order to incite anyone to commit murder.

It is always a great advantage, even when it is not a great pleasure, "to see oneself as it is." A friendly Protestant critic, writing to our highly esteemed contemporary the "Catholic Universe," dismisses the new Know-Nothingism contemptuously, but holds that a real obstacle to the progress of the Church in this country is the evil example of bad Catholics.

Friends thought that the Span of Her Life Would be Short—At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She Is Now Cured.

This world is full of change. There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual, changes that come, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence.

There are changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue.

you have stained yourself with crime and despatched your uncle to—well to another place! But had he been from purgatory, an expiring, sorrowfully loving, Catholic ghost, he would have said: "Pray for me, my son, remember me before the altar, have Masses said for the repose of my soul. Let me taste the consolation of a place of refreshment, light and peace. Warn your mother and uncle of the awful peril they stand in. Implore her, and him through her, to repent before it is too late." Had Shakespeare clearly comprehended the true doctrine of purgatory he could not have given us the ghost of a Catholic coming back to earth on a devilish errand.—Catholic Columbian.

The Dedication of Churches.

Bishop Browlow, of Clifton, England, preaching at Bristol on the anniversary of the dedication of Saint Nicholas' church, spoke as follows about the consecration of churches: "You will not find in the Acts of the Apostles any mention of any sort of the consecration of churches. In fact there were no churches solemnly dedicated to God for the first three hundred years of the Christian religion."

The Reason Why.

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A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

Friends thought that the Span of Her Life Would be Short—At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She Is Now Cured.

More Curative Power is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the purveyor more, and it is worth more to the consumer.

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While there she resided with her uncle and attended school, being then only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies.

She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and rosy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science.

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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Third Sunday of Advent.

JOY IN GOD'S BLESSINGS.

Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, rejoice. Epistle of the day.

Brethren: It seems to me like a reproach from God that we should have to be reminded to rejoice. It is as if a friend made you a handsome present, and, observing your ingratitude, requested and urged you again to be thankful.

Blessed is the man who remembers—the man who is thankful for favors received. For there is much in that remembrance to make the heart thoughtful, cheerful, hopeful.

New Catholic men and women, living in a Catholic atmosphere, you have much to remember, much to be thankful for and much to rejoice over.

With the Prophet Isaiah, you have good reason to say to yourselves: "I will remember the tender mercies of the Lord," and, remembering them, the command to rejoice and again rejoice will come home to you with profitable results.

I say it is like a reproach that God should have to call upon us, as He does in the first words of the holy Mass to day, to rejoice. And why? Because, as a matter of fact, we do not rejoice half enough over the blessings God is continually bestowing on us.

I take it for granted that these words are spoken to Catholics who have the great and inestimable privilege of living in a Catholic atmosphere, of living where they have ample opportunities of attending Mass, of hearing the Word of God, of having every desire of their Catholic hearts fulfilled—and to such Catholics, I maintain, it is a reproach that God should be obliged to command them to rejoice.

And, brethren, is it not true that we do not rejoice as we should over these advantages and blessings God bestows upon us? Who are we? What are we better than our fellow-men that we should enjoy the many blessings of which they are in part or wholly deprived? We think it a great sacrifice to walk a few blocks to attend Mass at any hour we please, while there are thousands of Christians who rejoice to hear Mass even though they have to travel miles to enjoy this blessed privilege.

They who really make the sacrifice rejoice, while we sluggards fancy we are doing great things if we fulfil the ordinary and easy duties of religion.

No wonder, then, that God would be obliged to command us to rejoice. We are fools and ingrates if we do not, because of the advantages that are at our very doors. We seldom realize them until we are deprived of them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A CHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

BY LOTTIE SHIPMAN.

I would like to have a nice talk about Christmas—now that holy and beautiful season is once more so close at hand—with some dear little boys and girls. With most children, I think that Christmas is only symbolic of pleasure, the thought of Santa Claus' wonderful visit being quite enough to fill each little body with an excitement as they can possibly stand.

This is only natural, and I certainly would not seek to deprive you of a pleasure which is one of the happiest recollections of my own childhood. I have often lain awake on Christmas Eve listening for the tinkle, tinkle, of Santa Claus' bells. Yes, and must confess that I have also peeped between my window curtains for a glimpse of dear old Santa wrapped in his snow-covered cloak, and seated in his snug little sleigh, with the bags of candies and dainty toys piled high before him.

This last reflection would make my little heart thump fast, and hurry me back to my warm bed, for fear the good saint would see me when passing the window—for I knew the penalty for being found wide awake after bed hours meant the loss of the pretty cassock (intended for good children's stockings), and a potato or carrot replaced in its stead.

I am sure that I need not recount the many pleasures of the Holy, and Mistletoe season, for God grant that all my young readers will have golden stores of Yule tide pictures treasured in their memory. Yes, Santa Claus is more than kind to travel such a distance, and spend so much time in selecting your pretty toys, before tumbling down your chimney; but yet, he should not be your first and only thought at this holy season.

It is certainly not St. Nicholas whom you should first thank for the many loving gifts, for you all know that if the dear Christ Jesus had not wished you to receive such kind presents, even Santa Claus, with all his power, could never brighten your Christmas morning.

Then first go to the Holy Crib at Bethlehem, kneel with the adoring shepherds, and thank the Divine Child, your young hearts filled with love and gratitude. Then present Him with your little gifts, for surely you would not think of going to that lovely manger with empty hands, when the Holy Child lying there has filled your souls so bountifully.

But perhaps your little readers will ask here "What have I got that is worthy of the dear Christ Jesus?" Many, many, precious gifts, children—good resolutions, unselfish duties cheerfully performed, little acts of kindness towards your playmates, the angry word carefully restrained, and a gentle one spoken instead. All this done for the sake of the dear Christ Child, and woven into a garland to bring to the crib upon Christmas morn. Yes, with such a gift you may indeed be happy to the waiting Child, and be assured that no necklet of pearls or glittering diamonds could shine so pure and bright.

But it is before this happy season that you must commence your precious garland, adding link by link each day—rabies of loving actions towards your parents, pangs of pity and aid to the poor and homeless orphan, sapphires of thoughtful acts for the many friends around you, and priceless diamonds of resolve to keep free from sin for the true love of Jesus!

Happy children with such a garland! Well may you welcome the glorious morning of your Saviour's birth! His place low at His feet your loving gift, and beg of your dear Mother Mary to present it for you to her divine Son. Oh, how gladly and sweetly she will do so, and Jesus will return it to you transformed into a crown of priceless value—for all such gifts given to the Heavenly Child, return unto the loving giver a thousandfold. Having done this, dear children, you cannot fail to enjoy Christmas morning, and your young heart can freely beat with joyous pleasure at the tempting glimpse of fairy-looking treasures peeping from the many colored stockings. But yet I am quite certain that the recollection of your first Christmas offering will draw you far more than cassean, please you far more than cassean, ornament—yes, and more also than even the most costly, or longed for toy hanging from the dark green branches of the pretty and glittering decked tree.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

The press prints more volumes a year than a man could read if he did nothing else than read during sixteen hours out of every twenty-four. And the old libraries are still rich in masterpieces. A wise choice, therefore, is needed to get the best and to waste no time on the less than best.

But every young man should read books, should give a half hour to an hour a day not to daily papers, but to books, not to trashy novels, but to histories, biographies, essays, travels, poems, and scientific works. He should love books, fine books, standard books, make them his chosen set of mental treasures. It takes years for Hamlet to search out the wonders of the Andes Mountains, and other years for Livingston to tread his way through the jungles of Africa. But a book, during two or three evenings by the fireside, enables man to journey through the dark continent without the dangers of fever, without experiencing the pain from the lion leading out of the thicket to mutilate the arm of Livingston.

With a book we tramp over the mountains of two continents without once suffering the heavy fall over the precipice that weakened Hamlet. Books enable us to visit cities, cities, ancient civilizations and modern, that without them could never be seen during man's years, so few, and by man's strength, so insufficient. Great men and rich increase their influence by surrounding themselves by servants who fulfill their commands.

Each president and prime minister strengthens himself by a cabinet. But what if the peasant or workman could surround himself with a group of counselors or advisers that included one hundred of the greatest intellects of his generation? What if some Herasch should approach the youth to say: "Hm, need your night's rest to sleep; but for you I will give the years for studying the stars and their movements?" What if some Dana should say: "For you I will decipher the handwriting upon the rocks, trace the movement of the ice-poles, search out the influence of the flames as they turn rocks into soil for vineyards?"

What if some Audubon should say: "For you I will go through all the forests to find out the life and history of all the winged creatures. From the humming bird to the eagle and albatross?" But this is precisely what books do for us. Saving man's time and strength, books also increase his manhood and multiply his brain forces. With them, a man of four-score years ends his career wiser than, without them, he could have been though he had lived and wrought through ten thousand summers and winters. This is what Emerson means when he says: "Give me a book, health and a June day, and I will make the pomp of kings ridiculous against his foes, they go on to change his enemies into friends; they free him from superstition; they clothe him with gratitude. Thank God for books, cheering our solitude, soothing our sickness, refining our passions, out of defeat leading us to victory! That youth can scarcely fail of character, happiness and success, who day by day, goes to school to sages and seers; who by night hears Dante and Milton discourse upon Paradise; who has for his mentors some Newman or Wiseman. Experience, supplemented by books, teaches youth more in one year than experience alone in twenty.

Books also preserve for us the spirit of earth's great ones, "the gold made fine in the fires of his genius." Seldom comes the best of his best as the bush burned only once during Moses' many years in the desert. Not many Platos are one, and then all men become better thinkers. Not many Shakespeares are one, and then each young poet rises to a higher level.

Thinking of these great ones, Milton said: "The book is the life blood of the master spirit." Through his "Excursion," when Wordsworth says, "I go to the fields to day," the youth may whisper, "and I go with thee." He may also accompany Layard, going forth to study the old tablets and the monuments; with Scott he may ride with Ivanhoe to tournament and castle; with Virgil and Dante he may shiver at the brink of the Styx river of exult over the first glimpses of Paradise.

Well did Charles Lamb suggest that men should say grace—not only over the Christmas festival, but also over the table spread with good books. For man has no truer friends. Earth offers no richer banquet.

But in a large, deep sense, books are the galleries in which spirits are caught and fastened upon the pages.

Best for Wash Day. For quick and easy work. For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes. Surprise is best. Best for Every Day. For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL

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