

Churches, seminaries and other educational institutions multiplied throughout the various dioceses, homes of every work of mercy rose with the generosity and chivalry of traditional France to take care of the poor, the sick and the aged. Foreign missions found their benefactors and protectors in this land of the crusaders. No statement can be imagined having so little foundation as that the French people were disgusted with their Church and that their priests were hollow. It is the Toronto Bell which is hollow.

A TIMELY TOPIC.

We would ask our readers, more especially the younger portion, to read carefully the contribution entitled "My Literary Friends," by Mr. J. O. Trainor, which appears in this issue. For the rising generation there will be found in it much food for thought. One of the most degrading conditions of our present day life is the desire for putting in a listless and aimless existence. Sport, card playing, drinking of intoxicants, puffing cigarettes, excursions, holidays, etc., when abused, as they too often are, will give us but a generation of nobodies. Literary culture of a high order is one of these things that sweetens and ennobles our lives. Poring over the average Sunday paper, sucking the average magazine, and devouring the trashy novel—trifling of horrible recitals which wound and offend the finer impulses of human nature—is a bad business, and the young person who indulges in these things will always be given a position at the lower end of the class.

TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION FROM A NON-CATHOLIC SOURCE.

Let's be more reverent in church, and if we can't be reverent, let's be decorous. This does not apply to our Catholic brethren. They have been setting us Protestants an example along this line that has put us to shame all these years. Where they go into the house of God it is a serious matter. They kneel as they enter and kneel as they leave, evidently feeling that it is a solemn thing to be in the presence of God. This is in mighty contrast to the social gatherings too frequently seen in Protestant churches where the tone of neighborhood gossip is handed around, where jokes are swapped, where each newcomer is the target for all eyes and where often are admired and criticised. It often happens that the preacher is forced to call the congregation to order, like a teacher at school or chairman at a ward convention. Where such improprieties are tolerated, there is little wonder the spirit of worship is on the wane. It might help some if a large banner inscribed with Christ's promises, "Where two or three are gathered in my name I will be there in the midst of them," were prominently displayed in each church. If two or three are gathered in His name this promise will be realized. If a hundred or two are gathered for social converse or intellectual entertainment, converting the house of worship into a sort of club room, no divine influence may be expected. Take the hint, preachers and deacons; inaugurate a crusade for a revival of reverence for the house of God.—Paris (Mo.) Appeal.

MY LITERARY FRIENDS.

BY J. O. TRAINOR.

"I love my books! they are companions dear, stirring in work, in friendship, most sincere. Books bring me friends, when on earth I am alone, of solitude, bonds of society."

As I sit alone this quiet afternoon, and look at my books, with their gilded titles glistening in the sunlight, I am, for the moment, forgetful of my surroundings, and I fancy that I am in the company of well remembered characters of history, poetry, and romance.

"God be praised for books," said a well known writer, "they are the voices of the distant and the dead." So they are; they hold within them the immortal sentiments of the living, as well as those who have passed away for all time.

Books are true friends—I mean good books. When you read a book on an interesting subject, the author's ideas, unconsciously, become your own. The characters whom you meet seem to take human form; you live with them, in spirit, for the time being, and your sympathies naturally respond to every emotion of their own.

I have said that books are friends; and, if we should be careful in choosing our friends, so should we be equally careful in the selection of our books. Bad books, filled with misleading doctrines about the world, about society, and about religion, may do irreparable injury to the youthful mind. The boy or girl who reads much of this kind of literature is filling his or her mind with ideas that are unreal, and, eventually, he or she will get a distaste for actual life and its necessary duties.

On the contrary, good books have a soothing and elevating tendency, softening the heart, and nourishing the mind. They are usually written with some definite moral purpose in view, and are founded, generally, upon some local or historical fact. The leading characters in them are, to a great extent, realities; at least they can be associated with people met in every day life. Fortunate is the boy or girl who has access to good literature. They may be otherwise poor in the so-called riches of the world, but in good books, they have the accumulated treasures of the past and present within their reach—treasures which the incidents of life shall never take away. Such books may, indeed, be called friends; and youthful friendships, when once firmly established, scarcely ever grow cold with succeeding years.

As I look again at my literary friends, the name of "Moore" stands



MOST REVEREND FERGUS PATRICK McEVAY, D.D.,
Archbishop of Toronto.

out in bold relief. Thomas Moore! What delightful memories arise at the mention of that magic name! "The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own," he has been fondly called. Moore was one of the many gifted sons of that dear Motherland, where the star and the smile so often have blended, and, by reason of his birth and environment, was in a position to fully understand the varied emotions of the human heart.

His "Irish melodies" and, in fact, all his poems, are founded upon the affections and the traditions of his race—its sorrows, joys and aspirations—a hopeful strain running through all.

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young. The sun is but rising, when others are set; And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hangs hung, The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

But it is in "Lalla Rookh" that his delicate fancy is given unfettered range, and his singular gift of harmonious word painting may be most clearly seen. This splendid poem, one of the grandest in our language, is based ostensibly upon epochs in oriental history, but it is, in reality, a vivid picture of many incidents in the history of his own unhappy land. Indeed the Arab's daughter—that lovely character—would seem to be the very personification of Erin herself, when, in the fullness of grief, she exclaims:

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour I've seen my fondest hopes decay: I never loved a tree or flower, But I was the first to fade away: I never nursed a dead bird's nest, To build me with its soft dark eye. But when it came to know me well, And love me, it was sure to die."

Longfellow is another poet whom I love to number among my friends. He may be called the Moore of American poetry. He, too, sang of the affections; he, too, loved to immortalize the traditions of his country.

"Evangeline," perhaps, is his best work. It is a perfect description of simple domestic happiness, and subsequent affliction:

"Ye who believe in affection That hopes, and endures, and is patient Ye who believe in the beauty And strength of woman's devotion, List to the mournful tradition Still sung by the pines of the forest— List to the Tale of Love. In Acadia, home of the happy."

The beautiful legendary poem "Hiawatha" is another of Longfellow's best productions. It portrays, very truthfully, no doubt, some of the quaint traditions of the once powerful Indian race, as well as the fineness of sentiment, and the nobility of character, which these people possessed:

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, Who have faith in God and Nature, Who believe that in all ages, Every human heart is human, That in even savage bosoms, There are longings, yearnings, strivings, For the good they comprehend not— Listen to this simple story, To this Song of Hiawatha."

In the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" the poet strikes a happier vein, in keeping with the open-hearted customs of the period to which he refers, when—

"Around the fire, at their ease, There sat a group of friends entranced With the delicious melodies; Who from the far off noisy town Had to the wayside inn come down To rest beneath the old oak trees. Their shadows on the wainscot danced; And though of different lands, and speech, Each had his tale to tell and each Was anxious to be pleased and please."

Longfellow's poetry is full of music—fresh, pure, and sparkling as the rill which gushes from the hillside.

A person's literary taste is often greatly strengthened by the reading of some particular book. This, at least, was the case with myself. I well remember when a mere boy to read "Tales of the Five Senses" by Gerald Griffin, and I believe that my taste for a certain kind of good literature was formed at that time.

Griffin was another child of genius who contributed many splendid works to what is best in English literature. His novel "The Collegians" is, perhaps, one of the truest tales of

Irish life ever written. The author describes the peasantry and the middle classes of his country exactly as they were, without any attempt at caricature or misrepresentation. The plot of the story is one of rare interest, and the characters are all nicely blended.

He was also a poet who sang with much sweetness of expression, but with a strong under-current of sadness at all times. In one epistle to a very dear friend of his youth, he wrote:

"Remember me, M.—when I am departed, Live over these moments, when they, too, are gone. Be still to your minister the soft and kind hearted, And drop o'er the marble where he lies alone. And oh! in that moment, when over him sighs, Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy brain. Remember, the heart that beneath thee is lying."

Can never awake to offend thee again."

A book is generally the reflection of the author's own life and tastes. Griffin's life was one of an unblemished nature. His tastes were simple and refined; his heart was sympathetic; and his mind was pure and highly cultivated. The heroes and heroines whom he described, or created, as the case may be, were men and women with lofty ideals—men and women whom we might safely class as friends, and with whom we would benefit by intimate association.

The gifted James Jeffrey Roche, whose unexpected death took place a short time ago, has given lovers of good, healthy and stimulating literature a genuine feast in "The Life, Poems, and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly."

The biography of this extraordinary man reads like a romance—truth taking the place of fiction. He was born in Ireland in 1814. He was, with several of his countrymen, sentenced to penal servitude in Australia in 1863. Three years later he escaped to America, and it may be said that, from this starting point his real life work began.

Although he came a fugitive from the law, without personal friends, and with out money, by the force of his character, by his gracious personality, and, above all, by his nobleness and sincerity of purpose, he became one of the most respected and influential men of his race in the new world.

Neither time nor distance, however, faded, or even dimmed the delightful memories which he cherished of his early home beyond the sea; it was first, last, and always the dearest spot on earth to him:

"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief: My land that has no peer in all the sea. For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf, If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me. Now loves me with its dunes, but the first is deepest yet—the mother's breast and smile. Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed."

Is my poor land, the Nibbs of Isles." He loved his motherland with an almost filial devotion; although, when the force of circumstances compelled him to seek a home elsewhere, he adapted himself quite readily, cheerfully and loyally, to the new conditions. Indeed, some of his most spirited poems and speeches were in defence and praise of America and her institutions. He was always on the side of liberty and justice, whether on the platform or in the editorial chair—always an open enemy of injustice and oppression in any form.

The death of John Boyle O'Reilly in 1890 was a national loss, bringing sorrow even to those who never saw him, or whom he had never seen. "The country of his adoption," said Cardinal Gibbons, "vies with the land of his birth in testifying to the uprightness of his life, the usefulness of his career, and his example, the gentleness of his character, the nobleness of his soul." All these virtues I blend my own, and, in their name, I say that the world is brighter for having possessed him, and mankind will be the better for this treasury of pure, generous and noble thoughts which he has left us in his works.

I have thus, dear reader, given you

a passing introduction to a few of my literary friends. May you cultivate a deeper acquaintance, and enjoy with myself the pleasure of their friendship.

Older friends I have, too, with whom I love to spend a leisure hour—Scott, Goldsmith, Mrs. Sadler, Rosa Macdonald, Mrs. A. H. Dorsey, the Rev. Dr. Sheehan, and many others, to whom, perhaps, I shall introduce you on some other occasion.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

One of the first things that strikes the convert to the Catholic faith—and it is a condition of affairs which as a rule he did not observe, or at any rate fully grasp, before he obtained the gift of divine faith, is the quiet, but nevertheless very real, undercurrent of unfriendliness to the Church which pervades by far the greater part of the daily press. This covert opposition is cloaked under many disguises so that the great mass of non-Catholic readers are blinded to its presence. Let an unprejudiced and fair-minded public speaker say something appreciative of the Church, or its doctrine, or its history; in next day's press report of the address it generally happens that the enterprising reporter, or else his editor, has "cut it out." Let a different sort of public speaker indulge in some remarks disparaging the Church and her influence, and they are given prominence. But this grievance, though difficult, if not impossible to redress, is only a minor one. Another favorite plan is to give widespread publicity to the rare cases of the abandonment of the Catholic faith by Miss Butterfly or Mr. Highly in order to contract a mixed marriage, but to hide under the veil of silence the astonishing number of prominent and influential personages from the nobility and all the higher walks of life now pouring into the Church in Great Britain and the United States. Within the last fifteen years some three hundred non-Catholic clergymen in Britain and over one hundred in the United States (no less than thirteen in the last two months) have become Catholics. Think of the intense sensation in the secular press had a tenth of this flight of clergy been out from, instead of into, the Ancient Church. The imagination boggles at the thought. But though we can see and pity the narrowness of the motive, we can afford to smile and let it pass.

"They laugh who win." But, cries our convert, (who has not yet had time to get case-hardened to this childish and unavailing policy of the secular press) this is not the worst; scarcely a week passes that I do not read in my daily paper some ridiculous

"Associated Press Despatch" telling how, for example, some traveller witnessed a terrible scene in a certain part of Argentina—Mexico and Argentina, being very remote, appear to be the favorite locations of these yarn-spinners—where, in a "certain village" a "certain priest" (nothing could be more uncertain, for names and places are always interchanged) chased a Bible agent out of the place, thrashed all his flock on their bare backs, and ended the interesting proceedings by getting drunk at a bull-fight! What am I to think, or say, or do in a case like that? My dear friend, you must not even think unutterable things, and say anything to the editor, or tell your friends, or the regular Associated Press news sent to his paper, and printed by him "in good faith" (heaven save the mark!) and presumably it is true. THE CATHOLIC RECORD, or some other sturdy Catholic paper sets inquiries on foot, challenges investigation, and demands a place of peace and quiet. No answer. Or possibly the inquiry is pushed until the name of the accused is ascertained. When cornered he blandly admits that possibly the story is "exaggerated." Now, do the papers that published the original story retract, on request, and give out the truth? Not one! The convert, they say, is a state matter now. Let the incident drop. You Catholics are too touchy by half! So there you are, my dear convert, but do not be downcast about it. Rather rejoice, for these things are one more proof, if any were needed, that you are in the one true Church. "Blessed are ye, said our Lord, when they shall revile you, and speak all that is evil against you truly for my sake." The Catholic Church is the only one thus maligned.

Occasionally, there is a newspaper which is quite open and pronounced in its animosity towards your holy faith, and you are not called upon to exceed the reasonable bounds of meekness by contributing to its support as an advertiser or advertiser. It is quite proper, and even your duty, to refuse to pay an editor for insulting you and your family through your religion. Hit his pocket, and hit it hard, and if his representative approaches you on the subject, tell him quietly, but firmly, your good reasons. An excellent medicine for what ails him.

And speaking of newspapers, beware of getting into controversies. No doubt, in certain cases they are timely and even necessary, but one should be well armed and equipped with much knowledge, a good education, and a placid temper. With these you can win for "he is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just." But very few men are fitted for the task, and opponents versed in subtleties of argument like no better sport than to tackle a Catholic who is only half equipped generally end in nothing but ill feeling. Not everyone can, like the late Cardinal Newman, win the admiration, and almost the love of opponents at the same time that he impales them with the lance of his logic. If, however, you should ever feel called upon to take up your pen in defence of your faith you should make it a fixed rule to submit all to your pastor before going to press; it is his right. Stick strictly to the one point under discussion,

and under no circumstances allow your antagonist to wander away from the original subject of debate. You should be courteous, lucid, and very brief. A short amiable letter full of strong proofs will be more powerful than a wordy one covering the same ground, and it will be read by all. Lastly, avoid odious comparisons and sarcasm; don't deride your opponent's religion, or his appearance, or past history, and if he abuses you, ignore it; the public will thus be half won by your patience and forbearance.

The most effective method of defence I have ever witnessed is that pursued by a prominent priest of this diocese. He carefully refrains at all times from attacking anybody's religion; but if his own is misrepresented by any local person he pays a visit to the offender, and in a friendly and becoming manner explains the Catholic teaching and position. This done, he earnestly requests that a correcting letter be sent to the press. Should this request be declined, he announces through the papers that he will reply to the charges in next Sunday evening's sermon. This infallibly ensures the attendance of a large number of those who heard the original charges and whose curiosity is whetted to listen to some of the "thunders of Rome." But there isn't any thunder storm. Only a "gentle dew from heaven" containing a temperately worded, but extremely lucid and logical explanation of the Catholic belief and position. The Catholics present are edified and instructed. The non-Catholics present are also edified and instructed. They are assured that the Church has nothing to hide; that she only desires a fair hearing; that if non-Catholics desire to learn more of her, to ascertain what her teachings are, they have only to hold forth their hands as they pass out the door, and a copy of "Faith of our Fathers" or "The Question Box" will be handed them gratis. The plan works well, and the good priest in question has thus flooded his town with these instructive and kindly-written books. The results are easily seen. Good will prevails. Non-Catholics have a kind word for, and respect, the priest. There are always converts applying for admission to the True Fold and the probabilities are that the only unhappy persons are the much surprised original offenders, who doubtless little dreamed that their efforts to sow prejudice and distrust would be the very means of placing hundreds of explanations of Catholic doctrines in the hands of their followers!

Never forget, my dear convert, that there are very many non-Catholics who are sincere and in good faith, just as you and I were. And, by good faith, I mean that they have no suspicion that the Catholic Church is the one and only true City of God, harmonious, complete and infallible. They are in invincible ignorance of her claims on their allegiance, and if they were cognizant of the genuineness of that claim, they would at once, at all hazards, gladly abandon as we did, the great City of confusion in which they, through no fault of their own, find themselves, and permit her to enfold them to her bosom.

With these in particular and indeed with all non-Catholics, you must be without reproach, and great responsibilities now fall upon you as a convert. Your non-Catholic acquaintances, while naturally deploring your defection from their midst, and holding in light esteem the spiritual vim and influence of the Catholic faith, will, by a paradoxical and perverse sort of reasoning, now expect you to walk very circumspectly indeed. And they will unwittingly feel a certain disappointment if you do not. The doings of all Catholics are closely watched, and commented upon by non-Catholics much more than is realized; but you, being a convert, will be even more keenly observed, and your human faults and frailties will be laid at the Church's door. This, it will be said, and that, results from his becoming a Catholic! Therefore, in order to walk warily,

Children who exhibit a taste for music should have their talents encouraged by allowing them to practice on the Gurlay piano. While the mind is in the formative state and during the first teaching period it is highly important that none but the very best piano should be used. The pleasing tone and responsive touch of the Gurlay piano appeals alike to young and old.

Perhaps the heart may be so dull that even these simple acts can not be made without turmoil and disturbance of mind. In that case, remain quietly before God in perfect calmness, submitting yourself to His will in this. Occupy yourself simply in keeping peace.

How near I am in Holy Communion, how closely united indeed I am, to the source of all good. I cross my hands upon my breast and know that folded there is all good.

Faith in God may be manifested by good feeling for men.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" CURED HIM

Christopher D. Graham is a well known citizen of Ottawa—formerly in the City Hall and largely instrumental in forming the Ottawa Hunt Club. Mr. Graham's voluntary testimonial as to the great benefit he received from taking "Fruit-a-lives" will carry conviction.



Ottawa, Ont. Nov. 26th, 1907.

Dear Sirs:—

I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for a long time—pains in my shoulder and joints practically all the time. I tried various treatments without benefit and then I was recommended by a friend to try "Fruit-a-lives." I took several boxes of the tablets and now, for a long time, I have been entirely free from all rheumatism and rheumatic pains.

I wish to state, also, that I suffered from haemorrhoids, or piles, for years. I used all kinds of ointments and treatment and nothing did me any good, but after taking "Fruit-a-lives" for my rheumatism I am entirely cured of these dreadful piles. (Sgd) C. D. GRAHAM.

"Fruit-a-lives"—or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50—or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

pray hard for grace to live well, and be a frequenter of the holy sacraments. And if, my dear convert, you desire as you should, to "instruct others unto justice" and so "cover a multitude of your own sins," you will find your most zealous efforts unfruitful and unavailing unless you command, and what is more to the point, truly deserve, "a good testimony of them who are without."

POLYCARPUS.

CONCLUDED.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

Reliable authorities state that the cost of production of a gallon of whiskey is 15 cents. The manufacturer then pays the revenue and calls it \$2 worth. The jobber calls it \$4 worth, the retailer calls it \$8 worth. But by the time the gallon is ready for the customer, it has by the addition of water, tannic acid, acetic acid, oil of crocus, oil of vitriol and other cheap and poisonous ingredients to enhance the profits and make it scotch when it goes down—it has become two gallons, and is sold out in small amounts. It will yield the complacent saloon keeper about \$15. What originally cost about 15 cents, yields when hauled over the saloon counter \$15. This is why, I am told, the whiskey drinker smacks his lips after he has gulped down a ten-cent dram; he is trying to get his money's worth.—C. P. Baron.

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Safety and Good Interest in Mortgage Investment

If you want to invest your money in something that is safe, the value of which is practically a fixed quantity, and that will yield you a good rate of interest—we advise you to put your money in mortgages.

Banks pay but little interest on deposits—they are safe of course, but surely not any safer than a GOOD mortgage that pays you so much more.

We would like to hear from either large or small investors who like to know what their money would earn for them invested in a good mortgage.

Our firm has been doing business as Investment agents for nearly forty years.

Our accumulated knowledge and experience is at your disposal.

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