Among the Books.

There is an atmosphere of culture about the man or woman who has lived for years in close companionship with good books for culture doer not consist in dainty manner or apercilious airs. Society which is a conspiracy of fools fashions and refined hardness of heart has not the gift of true culture and refinement within it. True refinement and culture consist in a straightforward and unaffected deportment that is ever the same to all persons high and low. It will never degrade itself in contact with wickedness nor will it be exalted with the thought of superior virtues or intelli-

Next to the sacraments of God's Holy Church specially instituted as gifts of divine grace and the manna of prayer nothing will so ennoble the soul as the spiritual companionship of good books. They will not take the place of religion as Matthew Arnold would have us believe when he placed literature above dogma and creed. No person would go for consolation to the dramatic character in Shakespers—to Othello or Hamlet or Brutus, or the gods in Homer when wounded to the heart with the poignant arrows of grief. Yet assuredly there is a certain balm for sorrow within the pages of a good book-an ocean where we may lose sight and sound of the uproar and upbraiding of the worldly shore and wrap our wearied spirits in the depths and hues of the infinite deep. How rich then is the man who has good books for daily companions! The whole world may turn from his door yet has he a society stable and true which no breath of envy or scandal can break up.

"God be thanked for books!" says Channing. "They are the voices of the distant and the dead and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obecure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise and Shakespere to open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

Speaking of society and class distinction reminds me of a paragraph which appears in Hamerton's "Aristoeracy and Democracy." "Class-spirit," says Hamerton, "is odious in the narrow-minded, pompous, selfish, pitiless aristocrat who thinks that the sons of the people were made by Almighty God to be his lackeys and their daughters to be his mistresses; it is odious also to the full as odious in the narrow-minded, envious democrat who cannot bear to see any elegance of living or grace of manner or culture of mind above the range of his own capacity or his own purse.'

Democracy, when it does not run mad...when the poison in its blood does not become too strong-is a good thing. It means the reign of the people; but when the people forget that all power and authority proceed primarily from God, then it becomes the reign of the devil. I once heard a man strike off extreme democracy in this fashion: "A little vulgar thing which puts its feet on your centre table and drinks your wine."

To return from my depression I regard a taste for good reading and a constant indulgence in it as the means of avoiding many a dangerous temptation in life.

Besides, a man whose life slopes intellectualwards has no time for the petty things of life. His mind is too regal for vulgar subjects. He has no time to nose around in the back kitchen or pantry of his neighbor's character to look for soiled or unwashed spots. His daily compan-ionship with good books has been so noble that he cannot descend to the level of proletarian minds and share in their vulgar and debasing bill of fare. He chooses to six at the banquet of great mines and eat of the honey and bread of truth. Conversation is the truest key to a man's character-truer than the soul's composition character upon the face or the brain's rioting and ridging upon the head. Whatever holds the soul in thrall will be uppermost in conversation. Little minds give out little conversation. Men's actions are shaped by their soul thought. No man acts nobly who does not think nobly. When I meet a mind great and generous and kindly and charitable I know that an eternal banquet of truth and beauty has been its dower and that it holds the key to every chamber in that divinely-appointed and glorious mansion, the Soul.

Do souls grow strong through reading? Some do but very many do not. Unless the spiritual element in a book be assimilated, all reading is well nigh useless, Do Quincey says there are two kinds of literature—literature of knowledge and literature of power.

But few, a chosen few, have literature of power. Nearly all the literature studied in our schools and uni versities is a literature of knowledgeso that a wise student of literature will pay no attention to examinations, honors or medals. You will sometimes hear it said "so and so is very clever. He won a medal in English." It often happens that the medal is the death of that student. He began by travelling the intellectual plane alone and now that he had trodden it for four or five years he sees no other world around him. To him poetry has no higher meaning than the thought which articulates it. He takes his place and rank among intellectual scholars and measures every thing by their common tape line from a lyric of Burns to an epic of Dante. When you hear men rating poets and poetry like stock in a market be sure too that the contagion of a sad degeneracy in literary culture has set in and is hard by the hem of your garment and if you would save your soul from its benumbing effect seek a quarter more congenial to spiritual power and thought.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Orillia.

The celebration of the Christman festival in the Church of the Angel Guardian was particularly edifying this year. The decorations were both extensive and handsome, a large quantity of the materials used being from the seed house of Steele & Briage, Toronto. The floral tributes were beautiful,

The altar was artistically decorated with furne and chrysanthonums. It was tastefully draped with suitax and evergreens, arranged in the form of ourtains. The windows in the sanctuary were darkened with cardical damask, showing up beautifully the lighted candles and flowers.

The orib was a truly sythetic piece of art. The Virgin Mother, St. Jeseph and the star were both very natural and chasts. One

resuld not game on it without being vivilly reminded of the great scene at Bethlehem.

The pastor, Rev. Father Duffy, calebrated three Masses, the secred edifice being well filled on each occasion. His sermon at the last Mass was a masterpiece of pulpit elo quence. Your correspondent has not heard a more iniched discourse for many a day. One could not listen to such burning words without living a better life. The Catholic people of Orilla may well be proud of their telented and devoted pastor.

HE HAS TRIED IT .- Mr. John Ander Kinlem, writes: "I venture to any few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dn. Thomas RCLBOTRIC OIL, then I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all saffer-ers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of source broachitis and incipient consumption."

THE BARBER'S STORY.

LONG HOURS AND CONSTANT STAND-ING BROUGHT OF KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Forced to Quit Work and Feared That Me Would Mave to Brop Mis Trade-Man Mo at Last Found a Cure,

From the Mrutford Bearin

Among the residents of Stratford there is probably none better known or more highly respected than Mr. James E. Smith, the Untario atreet tonsorial artist. Mr. Smith is also well known in Toronto, in which city he worked for several years in a Young street barber shop! To a reporter of the Bracon, who is a customer of his, the affable barber recently told of his recovery from a late very severe illness. He had, he said, for some years been afflicted with a weak back, so much so that at times if he stopped he could not regain an upright position unassisted, and as for lifting anything, that was out of the question. "For years," to use Mr. Smith's own words, "I could not carry a Smith's own words, "I could not carry a scattle-full of coal." He had, so the physicans whom he consulted told him, disease of the kidneys, but they failed to cure him. He grew weak at length and rapidly lost flesh. Quite frequently he would be obliged to give up work for a week and take to his bed. He lost his appetite, was rale and en unserved that he could not was pale and so unnerved that he could not possibly hope to continue longer at his trade. "Customers of the barber shop," he remark-ed, "do not care to be shaved by a man whose hand trembles." He had been in bed for some time undergoing treatment when one moraig his wife said to him, "Jim, I've got a new medicine I want you to try." It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she had. He objected to more medicine, as invalids will do, but at length as secsible men usually are, he was guided by his wife. "But mind you, he said, "I had no faith in the pills; I only took them to please my wife." It was only took them to please my wite. At was fortunate he did so, for he was soon back at work and after taking several boxes of the medicine was stronger than he had been for several years. Within two months after beginning to take think Pills he felt like a new man and he gained over twenty pounds in medicit. There is containly in healthing in weight. There is certainly no healthier locking man in the city to-day than Mr. Smith. Since his restoration to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has recommended the remedy to many of his friends and has yet to hear of a case where the remedy faithfully tried was found waiting. In coses like that of Mr. Smith, Pink Pills furnish a speedy and effective cure, as indeed they do in all cases dependent upon a poor or watery condition of the blood or impaired nervous forces. Dr. Williams' Pink Fills cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-paid at 5) cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine., Brockville, Out, or Schemectady, N. Y. Under no circumstances are the genuine Pink Pills sold in bulk, but only in boxes, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink and bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any other form, no matter what color, are any other form, no matter what color, are worthless imitations,

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ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

To Creditors of John Noonan, late of the City of Toronto, laborer, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to to R. S. O. cap. 110 that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named John Noonan who died on or about the 7th day of November 1994 are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned administrators or their solicitors a statement in writing containing their names, addresses, and full particulars of their clams with vouchers if any, duly verified by atatutory declaration on or before the 1st day of February 1895, after which date the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the and ostate amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not have had notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 20th day of December, A.D., 1894.

The Trusts Corporation of Ontario, Administrators, of the Estate of John Noo deceased. By

Anglin & Mallon, South-West corner of Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto, their solicitors herein.

DUNN'S BAKIN