



Always the Desired Effect.
 Baxter Springs, Kan., Nov. 1892.
 I have suffered a great deal from sleeplessness for three or four years, so that I was compelled to give up my position as teacher. Since using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I sleep sound every night, my system is strengthened, I thank God that He let me find such a medicine so that I can teach again.
 HELEN SHORT.

Baraga, Mich., Jan. 8, 1892.
 I have recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to many and they all unanimously praise it. Herber's Cough Balm is excellent. In our schools and Asylum, with about 120 inmates, this remedy is of great importance, and I never had anything better.
 Rev. G. Terborch.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.
 This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Since 1870, and is now made in this direction by
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
 49 S. Franklin Street.
 Sold by Druggists at 50c per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence street, and by LAVIOLLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame street.

A TALK ON READING.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE PAPER.

READ BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF BRANCH VILLEMARIE, C. M. B. A., BY MR. RICHARD E. DELANEY.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

In appearing before you this evening I certainly feel very grateful to my friend Mr. Scullion for introducing me to some of the leading citizens of Montreal. I do not appear before you, however, without knowing that there are many among you talented enough to speak on the subject of reading in a more-entertaining manner than I can. But I feel that I am only doing my duty as a Catholic and a student. If I succeed in starting the ball rolling, with the hope that you will keep it rolling, I shall feel that I have not spoken in vain.

An after-dinner speaker once remarked that it was far better for a man to receive so much truth while living than so much "epitaphy" after he was dead. And so, gentlemen, let me congratulate you on the manner in which you have decided to conduct your bi-monthly meetings hereafter. Here is a splendid opportunity for you, gentlemen, if you will only make good use of it. This half hour might well be spent in something very important indeed, and, at the same time, in an entertaining manner.

"Necessity," it is said, "is the mother of invention," and while this is beautifully true, the necessity into which I am placed to earn my college expenses has given me an opportunity of finding out for myself the kind of reading so much in vogue now a days.

If there ever was a time when uneducated young men and women needed protection from the danger of cheap and loose reading it is the present day. "To the making of books there is no end," and the same may well be said with regard to the making of sensational novels published merely for the sake of money. Just as we hear and read of murders and suicides being the effects of sensational reading, so we hear of weak Catholics abandoning their faith through the reading of such books.

If a little more time were spent in literary preaching, I believe there would be less necessity for so called "temperance lecturing." Intemperance can do no more harm than bad books have done. And the tendency towards immoral publications is stronger than ever; the circulation of cheap reading is fast increasing, and just so long as people are not interested in useful reading just so long will they continue patronizing something "to while away the time."

As cheap restaurants are often advertised with an elaborate display of gilt letters and bric-a-brac about their entrances, so are cheap books presented in showy covers. But just as soon as the average youth is forbidden to read a certain book, just as soon will he go, on the sly, and ask in the library for that very book. Curiosity is an evil that often leads one to a worse evil. So it is not for us to mention what are the bad and immoral books. Moreover, some people are apt to learn good and bad reading through fear of reading a bad book.

And we notice the result of this on various occasions. It is on public occasions and large gatherings that we realize this lack of good breeding and moral culture in reading on the part of many. And these same people are among those who seem to act most courteously in the presence of a few. In fact there is too much courtesy at one time, and not enough of common sense at another. But this is not surprising; this is always the case with people of little morals; they are never well balanced.

I have now spoken to you about immoral reading and some of its results. As there is a purgatory between heaven and hell, so there is a sort of purgatory between good and bad books. There is a certain class of reading, while not strictly immoral, which, nevertheless, detains its readers till some one helps him out of it.

Till now, I have used the word reading quite frequently, simply because there is a vast difference between the kind of reading I have spoken to you about, and that which is known as pure literature, or the contents of the average newspaper, so often written in a hurry, can never be classed as literature in the real meaning of the word. Time will not allow me to mention, on this occasion, the books that should not be perused. The best I can do is to give you some of the means by which one may become interested in something better and higher than most newspaper reading.

A ready answer often made use of by many upon being asked to subscribe for

a good and useful publication is this: "I have no time for reading." That is I have no time for reading anything but the daily newspapers, which contain little more than accounts of scandals and the like, satisfying the taste of the large majority of the people. But were you to give these same people free tickets to a comic opera, or to a five act show, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they would find time for such amusements.

So, gentlemen, if there are so many of our best books left on our library shelves, do not blame the want of time, but the lack of interest for good reading on the part of the many.

Societies formed to cultivate a taste for good reading are being organized in various American cities, and there is no reason why the same should not be done in Montreal and other Canadian cities for the benefit of the working class.

If Protestant Young Men's Christian Associations are not institutions for our Catholic young men, it is about time for Montreal to have such an institution that would improve the literary taste of her Catholic citizens.

I venture to say that there is no city on the continent that affords better reading advantages than does the city of Montreal; but for some reason or other, our Catholic libraries, while being intellectual light-houses for the information and guidance of the people, are not as much frequented as they might be. The result is that Montreal, compared to other cities in Canada, or in the United States, is not, and cannot be called a literary city. As for this statement I have no better authority than one of Montreal's honored citizens and one of the world's greatest and most celebrated Catholic writers.

Compare Montreal to the city of New York, and you will find that Montreal has not one library that is free to the public, while New York has not one library that can properly be called free.

From an able article on "The Public Library" of New York, published in Harper's Weekly, for March 23rd, 1893, I will quote the following paragraph, which may interest us as well as surprise you:

"New York, the metropolitan city of the American seaboard, has long labored under the disgrace of having no public library, from which her citizens could take books without price or without restrictions. The library founded by John Jacob Astor consists mainly of books of reference. It is open to the public during certain hours of the day, but never at night, and never on holidays; and no volume of any sort can be removed from the building under any consideration. The same rule governs the books in the free reading room of Cooper Institute. The Apprentice's Library is free only to the members of the Mechanics Society, and to their families. The mercantile and the society libraries are nothing but great book clubs, which permit their subscribing members, for a certain sum per annum, to carry books to their homes. The Lenox library, the collection of James Lenox, was handed over to the city of New York in 1870, with an act of incorporation transferring all his treasures to the public. Hitherto it has been open to all who care to enter it, but for inspection only, and, like the Astor, only by daylight. The Tilden library bequeathed to the citizens of New York, has never been opened to the world at all. Of these metropolitan institutions, therefore, but three may be called public libraries, the Astor, the Lenox, and the Tilden, and not one of them, up to the present time, could properly be called free." (Page 273 vol. XXXIX, Harper's Weekly.)

So you see gentlemen, that Montreal with her many free public libraries, is far ahead of New York city, in affording advantages for good reading.

Now, the question may be asked what should be done to stimulate a taste for good reading? I can only answer this by saying that the more one knows about a character and a good writer the more interested he is likely to become in his works. To illustrate: A child writes a simple letter. It is published. You know the child well. You pick up a journal (THE TRUE WITNESS for instance, for good things are always found in this bright and prosperous publication,) and you read this simple letter of that child. All at once you become interested in your reading, and you would read page after page of that child's letter, simply because you know that child well. Now, then, how much more important are the works of our best authors? How important, therefore, it is to know something about our great men and women writers. Since our best journals and magazines must find a circulation let us make the best use of them. It should be the duty of every father and mother, who cannot afford giving their children a course of instruction in literature, to provide them with scrapbooks, and accustom them to preserve therein such newspaper and magazine articles as are written on the lives and works of our best authors. Moreover, I say to parents, take or continue the good practice of reading to your families at home. In this way young people cannot fail to become interested in better reading than that of daily papers, and light novels.

A child's education should begin at home, but it should not end when leaving college. Much of this oratory we hear in June annually, in most colleges and high schools, is somewhat like the stone thrown into a river from a distant height: it drops to make a noise for a moment, and disappears never to be heard again. And so our less fortunate, who go out into the world to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, are left to take care of themselves, mentally, in the best way they can, often resulting in bringing misery upon themselves and others.

I may add here that while some of our newspapers deserve a perusal and are the means of giving some "liberal education," nevertheless, experience teaches that it is impossible for one desiring to improve himself, and of acquiring culture, in the real meaning of the word, to spend much time reading the average newspaper. That some newspapers afford a liberal education may be upheld by those who are educated by newspaper reading, but it is a rare case when one meets a person liberally educated by such means.

Dr. Egan, a celebrated Catholic writer, and a well known educator, at the University of Notre-Dame, Indiana, has said that "transient periodical literature is a bane to civilization." ("Lectures on

English Literature," page 14) And just as "people who read only the lower books acquire false ideas of life," so do they who read only the newspapers.

We might speak of moderation in newspaper reading to give time for something better, but we might as well speak of building another tower of Babel for the purpose of reaching Heaven. And it is for this simple reason that our Catholic Seminaries do not allow newspaper or periodical reading among their students in Theology. It proves a waste of time, since one has to run over an ocean of space in most newspapers to find something worth preserving for future use.

But to quote Dr. Egan again, "our best authors have written trash, and the world is full of bad books," and so, gentlemen, to select our reading is a matter of as much importance as to become interested in classic literature. However, for the present, as a key to good reading, I can recommend you no better works than Maurice Francis Egan's "Lectures on English Literature," published by William H. Sadler, 11 Barclay street, New York; Walter Lecky's new book on "Modern Catholic Authors," John Murphy, Baltimore, being the publisher.

The temptation of too many is to read a book for the sake of having read it, to know something about it because Gladstone reviewed it in "The Nineteenth Century," or again, because Aunt Margaret, or my friend Mary Ann, has read it. To read a book simply because another has read it is much like young women wearing bloomers for bicycle riding nowadays. It is a fashion from which one reaps very little benefit.

AN ABLE REVIEW.

"THE PLEASURES OF LIFE."

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P., F.R.S.

The following criticism appeared in the columns of the Seminary:

To any intelligent reader, "The Pleasures of Life" will be a source of genuine delight. To those who, like the writer, have the pleasure to know the distinguished author, and are thus able to compare the writer's practice with his theory, there is much more than appears upon the surface, much to read between the lines, that only masters like Sir John can furnish within such very narrow limits as constraint, of at least limit, the author in this tiny volume of less than two hundred pages.

When we remember that ten chapters treat of the most striking sources of the pleasures of life, from "The Duty of Happiness" to "The Blessing of Friends," and from "The Value of Time" to "The Worth of Education," we can form some idea of the powers of condensation that Mr. Lubbock possesses, for we must admit in all sincerity that the condensing has not been effected at the expense of clearness. On the contrary, it is a case in which the reduction of bulk has in no manner taken from the strength of treatment. If anything has been changed, we can safely say that it has been in favor of the treatment which enables Dr. Lubbock to put the most precious articles into the smallest parcels.

It is impossible to treat each chapter separately without making the comment more lengthy than the chapter treated. "The Duty of Happiness" may be taken as typical of the entire book. The author takes a thoroughly conservative attitude in asserting that, "We may not have many pleasures in life, but must let them have rule over us, or they will soon hand us over to sorrow." We almost imagine Dr. Lubbock, one of the "D. you't Brethren," without cap or gown going about teaching their fellows, and proving that the "spirit dwelleth where it will." His words recall vividly the lines of a Kempis, himself a D. you't Brother: "For a scanty living men run a great way; for eternal life many will scarce move a single foot from the ground. . . . I am thy salvation, thy peace, and thy life; abide in Me and thou shalt find peace."

Perhaps we may be allowed to take exception to Prof. Lubbock's selection from Shelley. In fact, Shelley should not be mentioned when honest pleasures are discussed. He says:

"We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest happiness
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those
 That tell of saddest thought."

Though we are far from criticizing Sir John Lubbock's literary taste, we are sure he could have sought in Spenser, Faber, Wordsworth, Bunsen, Newman, and Kibbe, thoughts far more striking, truer for more piercing, convictions far more earnest, than what that sordid pleasure-phased fiend, Shelley, could have dreamt of, much less expressed. Shelley and his ilk could not for a moment realize the correct notion of true pleasure—"Life is real," to Shelley it was a supposition. "Life is earnest," to him it was a dream. "The grave is not its goal," but to Shelley, life had no beginning, it did not come from God; it had no ending, it did not lead to Him. Life to Longfellow required one to be "up and doing, with a heart for any fate." Shelley dreamt of life as a circle in which no winter of discontent, no spring of promise, no autumn of gathering fruits appeared. Life was to be one long summer, its odd showers tempering the noontday heats; its evening glimmer being in strange contrast with the lightning forks that prolonged the deep-tooled sky. Shelley was a poor, puny, though brilliant winged insect. He spent life trying vainly to escape death. A way with such teachers! In their flutter is the vibration of death; in their bright coloring, the sheen of a pall that is to be their winding-sheet. How much pleasanter Newman's

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 Thou canst not read: this earth He trod
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In Faber's "God of Our Childhood," also, there is true life with its variances, true resignation with its manly independence.

There is neither time nor need, in a Christian appreciation of life, to dream with the sage of India. We prefer to join Mr. Lubbock in his citation from St. Bernard. It is one of the consoling signs of the times to see that the Middle-Age writers are often cited—that their works are being brought to light again.

Who that has visited the lovely home where Bernard was born, now changed into a chapel, where the great abbot's statue is almost as life-like as he was in his liveliest hours—who that has knelt at the altar where the silent marble, or rather, the all-but-living plaster, appeals to the worshipper, can fail to acknowledge that there truly is the God of the Christians, that truly God's arm is not shortened there, and God still continues to be honored in His Saints!

Yes, Bernard knew the meaning of life; he knew that "life is worth living," as he was told by his younger brother, to whom he was deeding his share of the parental property: "Bernard, the exchange is not fair. You give me a small share of the earth, and in exchange you take all Heaven."

Though not a Catholic, and in many respects a materialist, Prof. Lubbock is a logical reasoner, in this address. How beautiful, because so truthful, the assertion of these lines, which Lubbock so earnestly repeats:

"More servants wait on man
 Than he'll take notice of. In every path
 He treads down that which both defend
 him,
 Who slowness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh, mighty love! Man is one word, and bath
 Another to attend him!"

Nor is this true only in the sense in which Dr. Lubbock has cited the lines; we need but recall the words of the Divine Master Himself to remember those who wait upon each child; these guardian spirits who ever minister before the throne, while the child, unmindful of its dignity, goes on its way rejoicing in its bodily strength and mental vigor.

There is a distinction with a difference drawn, made in his first talk on "the duty of happiness," which should be more keenly marked and more closely

felt. "Holy men," he (Ruskin) complains, "in the recommending of the love of God to us, refer but seldom to those things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown, though they insist much on His giving of bread, and raiment, and health (which He gives to all inferior creatures); they require us not to thank Him for that glory of His works which He has permitted us alone to perceive; they tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not, like Isaac, into the fields at even; they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight," and yet, as he justly says elsewhere, "each of us, as we travel the way of life, has the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing, or of withdrawing and quenching her sympathy into a fearful and dumb silence of condemnation, into a crying-out of her stones, and a shaking of her dust against us."

Here, Prof. Lubbock's (or Mr. Ruskin's) half acquaintance with the way of the saints (partially excusable, if we remember now fully he has become acquainted with the virtues of the lower creation) leads him into error. Surely, St. Francis of Assisi fondly wooed Dame Nature, and won her heart! And his namesake, De Sales, could not write five lines without studding each thought with gem-cull'd from the depths of running waters or the heights of mountain climb. This withdrawal from the contemplation of earth's beauties, this blindness to her charms, are but seeming.

"Dead problems on whose solving we would fain have light," may not, in solving, true light give. Dr. Lubbock says: "To this we can only say, as the result of experience, that 'obedience is the price of peace,' that 'good will' means 'the bending head, the reverent knee,' the worship of the One in Three."

And so we might proceed, but with Prof. Lubbock we shall stay our steps, and

"Staying, live of faith the life,
 And living, shall thus cease the strife,
 And ending, shall prolong the day
 That light for others be made ways."

Would you of life the pleasures know?
 On us awhile your ken bestow—
 In minutes few, we lesson teach;
 Whoso would joy unyielding reach
 Must to our views quick yielding pay.
 And yielding this, of life receive
 The pleasures rare, and rare receive
 Of life all that is best and rare;
 Of life—the truest—fully share."

Mr. Lubbock next quotes Mr. Arnold, and cites lines of rare beauty, yet far from fitting the cup of the pleasures of life, as not only possible, but frequent, in the usual experience of earnest Christians.

We must be allowed to say, in all sincerity, that Mr. Arnold has too much "Light of Asia" in his Christian groupings to suit our ideas of religious photography. He says:

"A man is his own star;
 Our acts our angels are,
 For good or ill,"

True; but we must not forget that while the man is the framer of his own fortune, his acts are in many ways the result of circumstances, never relieving him from the responsibility of such acts, but withal, so changing the character of his responsibility as to make us look with comparative calm at the judgment to which each man is to be subject according to his works. Ancient history is called upon in its best pages, and in its most favored characters, to show now "the duty of happiness" becomes incumbent upon every ruler, and those who are ruled. We are sure that Prof. Lubbock would endorse our citation, in the sense in which we adopt it, and in endorsing, would ask to have it made part of the method by which "the duty of happiness" may be accomplished. Equally sure are we that Cardinal Newman would have tuned his violin, and played in his sweetest tones, to the times that we borrow, as the way in which the lesson is to be borne:

"Man goeth forth with reckless trust
 For in his weariness of mind,
 As it is self, a thing of dust,
 Creative skill might find;
 He scintillates and toils; stone, wood and ore,
 Subject or weapon of his power."

There is a spirit ranging through
 Ten thousand streams, that e'er new,
 In color, scent, and taste and sound,
 The energy of life is found.

A soul prepared His will to meet
 Full his work to do;
 Not inward but to outward heat
 But only burn anew
 So living Nature, not dull Art,
 Shall plan my ways and rule my heart."

We are all delighted to find that Mr. Lubbock's closing lines on "the duty of happiness" are fully in harmony with Newman's measure of true living. Our author says: "We can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour; and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom He loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here." The fact that Mr. Lubbock is citing from Mr. Greig's "Enigmas of Life" makes the declaration the more significant.

It would be a real treat for us to review the other addresses in "The Pleasures of Life," but we must allow our readers to examine and decide for themselves.
 BROTHER NOAH.

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 For good or ill,"

True; but we must not forget that while the man is the framer of his own fortune, his acts are in many ways the result of circumstances, never relieving him from the responsibility of such acts, but withal, so changing the character of his responsibility as to make us look with comparative calm at the judgment to which each man is to be subject according to his works. Ancient history is called upon in its best pages, and in its most favored characters, to show now "the duty of happiness" becomes incumbent upon every ruler, and those who are ruled. We are sure that Prof. Lubbock would endorse our citation, in the sense in which we adopt it, and in endorsing, would ask to have it made part of the method by which "the duty of happiness" may be accomplished. Equally sure are we that Cardinal Newman would have tuned his violin, and played in his sweetest tones, to the times that we borrow, as the way in which the lesson is to be borne:

"Man goeth forth with reckless trust
 For in his weariness of mind,
 As it is self, a thing of dust,
 Creative skill might find;
 He scintillates and toils; stone, wood and ore,
 Subject or weapon of his power."

There is a spirit ranging through
 Ten thousand streams, that e'er new,
 In color, scent, and taste and sound,
 The energy of life is found.

A soul prepared His will to meet
 Full his work to do;
 Not in inward but to outward heat
 But only burn anew
 So living Nature, not dull Art,
 Shall plan my ways and rule my heart."

We are all delighted to find that Mr. Lubbock's closing lines on "the duty of happiness" are fully in harmony with Newman's measure of true living. Our author says: "We can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour; and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom He loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here." The fact that Mr. Lubbock is citing from Mr. Greig's "Enigmas of Life" makes the declaration the more significant.

It would be a real treat for us to review the other addresses in "The Pleasures of Life," but we must allow our readers to examine and decide for themselves.
 BROTHER NOAH.

"Staying, live of faith the life,
 And living, shall thus cease the strife,
 And ending, shall prolong the day
 That light for others be made ways."

Would you of life the pleasures know?
 On us awhile your ken bestow—
 In minutes few, we lesson teach;
 Whoso would joy unyielding reach
 Must to our views quick yielding pay.
 And yielding this, of life receive
 The pleasures rare, and rare receive
 Of life all that is best and rare;
 Of life—the truest—fully share."

Mr. Lubbock next quotes Mr. Arnold, and cites lines of rare beauty, yet far from fitting the cup of the pleasures of life, as not only possible, but frequent, in the usual experience of earnest Christians.

We must be allowed to say, in all sincerity, that Mr. Arnold has too much "Light of Asia" in his Christian groupings to suit our ideas of religious photography. He says:

"A man is his own star;
 Our acts our angels are,
 For good or ill,"

True