

A Dream.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Oh, it was but a dream I had
While the musician played—
And here the sky, and here the glad
Old ocean kissed the glad,
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Drooped in the breathless breeze;
And o'er a field of marigolds
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;
While here the eddies lapped and curled
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underworld
We saw the merman swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver sounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June—
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled o'er his realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About his diadem.

The sea gull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast;
We heard the songs the sirens sing
As we went sailing past;
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hands
The echoes of their songs.

A PROTESTANT'S MUNIFICENT GIFT.

The munificent new ecclesiastical seminary which the Archdiocese of St. Paul, Minn., owes to the munificence of Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Archbishop Ireland said in the course of his eloquent address:—

St. Paul's Seminary proclaims to-night its solemn pledge that the education given within its walls shall be at all times the best and the highest. Nothing short of the best and the highest is worthy of the priesthood, worthy of the cause the priesthood represents, and of the interest which it is to serve. Should St. Paul's Seminary ever in days to come fall below this evening's ideal, be it publicly anathematized as faithless to its baptismal promises—faithless to the just demands of its founder, faithless to the inspirations and orders of its sponsor and first Archbishop.

Christ yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. The Saviour of the past is the Saviour of the present, and will be the Saviour of the future. His doctrines and His moral enactments, not reduced by one jot or tittle, as understood and interpreted by the traditional Church, the Church of ages and of nations, the Catholic Church—there is the great subject matter of seminary teaching. Whatever else the priest takes with him into the world, if he carries not in his soul and in hand the Gospel of Christ, he is not a minister of Christ, and will not be with Christ an builder of humanity.

Side by side with theology in seminary halls would I enthroned the sciences in their fullest modern stature. They relate the wisdom and power of God in nature, as revelation tells of His extraordinary mercies in the supernatural order. The sciences covet the aid of faith, which is a voice from the far-beyond, whereof nature is silent. Faith appeals to the sciences for confirmations of its credibility. Nature and grace intermingle, and unite in chanting to the Author of both a hymn of adoration and thanks giving. A conflict between the sciences and religion! It exists in the fancies of men who mistake their own dreams for the principles either of the sciences or religion. Listen to the teachings of faith or God, the creation, the human soul, hard by the workshops of the biologist and the geologist; read the Bible amid the exhumed bricks of Assyria and Babylonia, and the hieroglyphic tablets of Egypt; the sciences will exult that impassable gulfs are filled out and the pages of the Bible will have received new light from the stories of the peoples among whom it was first written.

Political economy and sociology are so akin to moral theology that I should bring them into the closest quarters with it. Man is born for earth and heaven, and while the latter is the more important, the former cannot be overlooked. The ethical duties of men are more clearly told when the world is well known in which we live and move, and the world itself will work more surely toward its own welfare when its activities will have been leavened by the eternal principles of justice and charity, which religion brings down to it as peace offerings from heaven.

Literature should be called upon to unfold in seminary halls the treasury of its graces and elegance of form. Religion will teach it the lesson that beauty is the splendid reflection of truth and purity, and religion in its turn will confess that in respect for its author it is willing to robe itself in worthiest garb, when presenting itself to the children of men. Culture, refinement, scholarship are and must ever be the characteristics of Christ's priesthood.

The country has no greater need than that of men who by correct thought and courageous heart are pillars of the social order, who know rights in duties and duties in rights, who sway neither to one side nor to the other, holding themselves sternly on the lines of law and principle. Be it the special mission of St. Paul's seminary to enrich with such men our America.

The principles of republican government permeate Catholic theology; the teaching of those principles in the seminary will be the natural flowering of its Catholicity. Allegiance shall be plenary to Church and to country, to each one in its own sphere; to Church

in matters of supernatural belief and of ethical precepts—to country in all that appertains to the temporal interests of society. There is no room for divided allegiance. Aye, may rich blessings come to the North-West from St. Paul's Seminary!

The influences radiating from the seminary will reach more immediately the people of its own religious faith. They are a large part of the general population of the North-West. Beyond them, however, will its influences go. Its spirit will be to work for the whole people, offering its thought to uphold every noble cause, and willing to cooperate with all men who labor to serve God, humanity and country. No narrowing lines, holding back from doing good wherever, for whomsoever and with whomsoever, will ever be drawn around St. Paul's Seminary. Allies will ever be here for those who heal the wounds of suffering humanity, or strengthen the social bonds and the institutions of the country. Allies will ever be here who extend the hand in welfare for the living God of the universe, and Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men.

And now I pronounce the name of the founder, the father of St. Paul's Seminary, that you may praise and bless him—James J. Hill. Before a word had passed between him and me, James J. Hill had meditated in his own mind upon the singular advantages to come from well-educated clergy, and had formed the resolution of which this day witnesses the glorious consummation. The merit of the whole project, from the first to the present moment, is all his own. The fruits which are to come from it will be the fruits of his thoughts and his munificence.

To the carrying out of his project he has donated the princely sum of \$500,000. The highest use of wealth is in the service of humanity, and the owner is never so worthy of his possession as when by dedicating it to a noble cause he proves himself superior to all his fascinations save that of disengaging himself of it for the sake of a high purpose. Wealth, under the control of a noble soul, is a great social blessing.

Mr. James J. Hill, I shall not speak words of gratitude as from myself. Such words from me were superfluous. You know how grateful I am. In the name of the hundreds of thousands, whose spokesman I cannot refuse to be, I thank thee with all the warmth of which hearts are capable. They thank thee; their children and their children's children will thank thee. Above all, the seminary itself by its works ending during long cycles of years will thank thee.

I must be permitted, though I may offend thereby, for high born soul, so timid of the public eye, to name one whose heart so oft rejoiced in the work of St. Paul's Seminary, Mrs. Mary J. Hill. May God bless and reward, as He in His liberal justice alone may do, the founders and benefactors of St. Paul's Seminary!

WHY JAMES J. HILL BUILT A CATHOLIC SEMINARY.

Said Mr. Hill, after the applause which greeted his rising to respond to the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop had subsided:

Some of you may wonder why I, who am not a member of your Church, should have undertaken the building and endowment of a Roman Catholic theological seminary, and you will pardon me if I will tell you plainly why. For nearly thirty years I have lived in a Roman Catholic household and daily have had before me and around me the earnest devotion, watchful care and Christian example of a Roman Catholic wife, and of whom it may be said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and on whose behalf to-night I desire to present and turn over to the illustrious Archbishop of this Diocese, the seminary and its endowment as provided in the deeds and articles of trust covering the same.

Almost all other denominations have in their various flocks those who are able to help their Church work in every material way, but the Catholic Church, with its large number of workmen and women, coming from almost every nation and clime, have little else than their faith in God and the aid of those earnest, pious and devoted men who have been placed in charge of their spiritual welfare. They have to provide places of worship, and while the State provides schools for all their children, the Church provides for their spiritual training, thus making for them an additional burden.

Having seen the efforts of Archbishop Ireland in behalf of the Church, of which he is so distinguished a prelate, to spread throughout this country the light of religious truth, and show to all men that there was no conflict between scientific or physical truth and divine revelation, I felt called upon to devote a portion of this world's goods with which I had been blessed, to the work of educating for the priesthood men who would be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven.

May the work which has been commenced here, and has to-day received the blessing of your Church, continue to send out men who will bear witness to all the world that no nation of people can long prosper, or even continue, without the aid and direction of living and active Christianity!

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A BICYCLE SCORCHER.

Arthur Clark believed himself the victim of gross injustice. His bicycle had brought him into disgrace. He had come home flushed with victory, ready to be hailed as the uncrowned king of scorches, and here he was virtually a prisoner in his room, whither he had been sent directly after a wretched supper of oatmeal porridge.

"I wouldn't mind it if I had been ordered not to go into the road race," he said to himself for the fiftieth time, as he rolled impatiently in his bed; "but just because I promised my father I wouldn't do any riding that would exhaust me, he has packed me off to bed as if I were a mere child. That's pretty rough on a fellow of fourteen. Anyhow, I beat all the scorches in our school and that's something."

Arthur could not go to sleep. He twisted and squirmed from one side of the bed to the other, listening to the shrill chirping of the crickets. That industrious prompter, Conscience, began to annoy him shamelessly. Now that the first flush of his resentment had died away he thought that perhaps his father was right, after all. True, he had beaten all the other fellows easily; but then what if it had been a hard struggle? Wouldn't it have exhausted him? It occurred to him that he had broken his word.

Arthur fell asleep very late. He usually slept so fast and so hard that from bedtime until the rising bell seemed like one minute. But now he tossed restlessly. His sleep was light. Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt-upright in bed. He saw a streak of pale whitish light on the floor and across his bed and caught a glimpse of the moon. Oh, yes, it was the moon that had awakened him! Queer that had never happened before! He would go to sleep again. Then a rough, rather hoarse voice startled him. It came from his father's room.

"You're comin' right down ter de bank, dat's wat you're goin' ter do," the voice said, "an' if ye don't open de safe ye'll be learned how—see?"

"I shall not go one step. You may do your worst."

It was his father's voice now.

"Hurrah for you, father!" Arthur could hardly keep from shouting.

Then there was silence for a moment.

He heard two sharp clicks that told of the cocking of a revolver, then his mother's voice pleading with his father to remember the children. Now there was the sound of a struggle.

The burglar won, although he feared to use his revolver lest the noise might summon help. Arthur understood it all.

His father was the cashier of the Traders' Bank. The burglar probably had an accomplice outside who would help take his father to the bank and force him to open the safe.

Help must be got. The bank was in Plainfield, three miles away. If only there were some way of telephoning to the police station! He knew that a sergeant sat there all night. Men slept up stairs. But there was no telephone. Now a thought came to him that almost made him shout for joy. In ten seconds he had jumped into his sweater and knickerbockers and was lacing on his rubber-soled bicycling shoes. He did not wait for a hat or stockings. He peered anxiously over the edge of the porch roof into the back yard. No, there was no one watching there. Noiseless as the night he slipped over the edge and climbed down the honeysuckle vine as he went. He found his bicycle leaning against the house, where he had left it that afternoon after the race.

He picked up the wheel and walked on tiptoe across the grass at the rear of the house. He threaded his way between the rows of corn stalks in the kitchen garden. He made a long circuit and at last came out in the road. Then he mounted his bicycle and wheeled away at a pace that would have astonished his friends. Going down hill he was very cautious. He backed pedaled. There must be no falling, therefore no coasting. Again on the level he rode like a champion.

He knew that if the burglar got his father into the bank they would try to make him open the safe, in which \$70,000 had been deposited that day. His father would resist, he knew. He remembered what had happened to other bank cashiers who resisted. The thought choked him. He bent over his handle bar and the wheels seemed to fly. The pale, sinking moon, the silent road that stretched its white length before him, the tall trees, mysterious in their own dark shadows, the grass shining with dew, all made a picture that he never forgot. Above all, a scene stood out that he could not shut from his mind, try as he might—his father in the hands of the two ruffians, resolutely defying them in face of awful danger.

The sergeant nodding in his chair in the police station at 1 o'clock in the morning was startled by the vision of a bareheaded, white faced boy.

"Hurry!" the boy exclaimed.

"The Traders' Bank! Robbers!"

In less than a minute the sergeant and two of his men were on their way to the bank. Arthur followed them closely. He hid with them in the dark vestibule of the bank. It seemed to the boy as if years passed before he at last heard footsteps in the silent street. Then the minutes hurried hours long. At last the two robbers and their victim arrived at the outer door. They pushed him in and told him to be lively about unlocking that door. At that instant the policemen jumped forward and presented their pistols at the heads

of the burglars. They made no resistance. They were too surprised. Arthur and his father walked home side by side, Arthur pushing his bicycle by the handle bar. For a long time they had nothing to say to each other, for each was busy with his thoughts.

"Arthur," said his father at length, "I'm glad there is a scorch in the family, but I—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the boy, eagerly, "but I want to tell you I'm sorry I went into the road race to-day."

"Perhaps I was too hasty," said Mr. Clark. "But the bicycle has done one good thing. It has shown me that my son is as quick-witted as he is brave."

—Harper's Round Table.

THE ROMAN SEE.

Rev. Father Ryan Lectures on the Prerogatives of the Pope.

Rev. Father Ryan delivered a lecture at St. Michael's cathedral last evening before a large congregation, on "The Prerogatives of the Roman See." The rev. gentleman having explained that this address was introductory to a course of lectures on the Papacy went on to enumerate supremacy, infallibility and temporal power as three prerogatives belonging to the See of St. Peter. The supremacy was the fulness of the power of jurisdiction, he said, given by Christ to St. Peter and his successors to rule the entire Church of God. It was not merely the supremacy of honor, or dignity, or authority, but essentially the supremacy of a three-fold power—legislative, judicial, and executive. The power and the supremacy were given by God to the Pope, as it was given to St. Peter. The Pope therefore ruled by direct Divine. The Papal power was essentially a spiritual power, because the Pope ruled a religious and spiritual society. Therefore in itself it carried with it no civil authority, but as the supreme power of a spiritual society to save men's souls it essentially included infallibility, for the supreme pastor had not only to rule the flock, but to feed them. He had to tell them with certainty and security what they were to believe, and what they were to do in order to be saved, and so from the necessity of the case and from his position he should be infallible in his teaching. Proofs of the infallibility of the Pope did not, however, rest on the necessity of the case, but on the distinct promise of Christ and the perpetual assistance of the Holy Spirit. The Papal infallibility means that the Pope, when speaking as universal teacher of the entire Church of God in matters of faith or morals, was preserved by the Holy Spirit from the possibility of teaching error. Most of the difficulties confronting the infallibility of the Pope arose from misconceptions of this prerogative. The supremacy of the Pope and his infallibility were gifts from God, and were universal in their range and extent. The temporal power of the Pope, or his right and title to certain possessions, were gifts from men, and were limited in their nature and extent, but they were rightly given, legitimately acquired, and justly possessed, while not absolutely necessary to the Pope as supreme ruler and infallible teacher of the Church. All Catholics were bound to hold that the temporal power was not only legitimate, but that it was beneficial and practically necessary to the well-being of the Church and the untrammelled action of the Supreme Pontiff. Rev. Father Ryan will deal further with the subject of the Pope's temporal power in his next lecture. —Toronto Mail and Empire, Sept. 16.

Don't Beat Him.

After a boy is fifteen years old he should not be whipped. If by that time he is not trained to do right without flogging, the parents should be whipped. They have not brought him up properly. The fault is theirs. They ought to suffer for it, not he.

Of course, there are exceptional boys, and exceptional offences, and exceptional parents. But the rule is—no beating after the age of fifteen. Indeed, corporal chastisement should seldom be used after the tenth to the twelfth year and then rarely be severe. It should be inflicted only as a last argument or, rather, as a resort to force after all appeals to reason and affection have been vain.

The youth of fifteen needs instruction to form his conscience and to persuade his will. He should find in his father a friend. He is developing into manhood and he needs information, sympathy, strength, help. A talk will do more with him than a beating. Blows are apt to make him bitter, obstinate, vindictive, setative and deceitful. They will never enlighten him. They will never convince him. They usually make him hate the parent who inflicts them on him, and generally confirm him in evil ways.

No; the way to keep a boy good or to bring him back from the bad, is not by putting him in pain. It is to offer explanations to his mind, to touch his heart, to move his will. When you have made his reason perceive why he should do as you tell him and when his will is aroused to act on the motives that he have laid before it as worthy to be obeyed—then you have him. Then you have the whole boy. Then he will co-operate with you of his own accord, willingly, because his understanding and his will are on your side.

If, however, after you have tried to reason with him, he continues wayward, be patient with him

until you have prayed and talked to him again. Possibly in your first conversation with him you were not clear enough or sufficiently considerate. His mind may not be so quick as yours to understand, or you may not have the ability to make a conclusion evident. Or you may have been cross with him and spoken to him in a manner apt to hurt his feelings. You cannot benefit him by making him mad. If you cannot control yourself to talk to him gently, you would better call on some one who can. And if, after all your pleading, he remains perverse, you will still be more likely to rescue him by kindness than by cuffs.

The rod should not be altogether spared in early childhood, but in youth it spoils the boy. —Catholic Columbian.

TO CONVERT PROTESTANTS.

Letter From Rome Giving Sanction to a Mission in Cleveland.

Cleveland, September 8.—Under the auspices of the Bronson Club, an organization of Cleveland Catholics, a mission for the conversion of Protestants will be established in Tibley street this week. It is in charge of the Paulist Fathers, and Father Kress, one of the order, will be the missionary. The mission will be in a public hall. There will be no altar and the priest will preach in his street clothes. The permission of Bishop Ignatius F. Horstmann, of the Diocese of Northern Ohio, was asked, and while he approved the plan he first wrote to Rome for sanction. The following letter arrived to-day:

"Illustrations and Right Rev. Sir: With the greatest pleasure I read what Your Lordship wrote in your letter of the 5th inst. concerning the missions given to Protestants in your diocese. Undoubtedly holy is this work under any circumstances, and the plan adopted by you in order to obtain more abundant fruits merits all praise. The salutary effects of the apostolate from the very first inception of the project show that God is blessing the work, and this ought to be for Your Lordship and the missionaries a strong incentive to persevere in the good cause with zeal and with undiminished fervor. The Holy Father sends his apostolic benediction and grants the indulgence requested."

"M. CARD. LEDOCOWSKI, Prefect Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith."

Wrecked by Christian Science.

At the door of Christian science, Lehmann Picard, a prominent Chicago merchant, lays a wrecked home. In answer to his wife's bill for divorce, he says that six months ago she became a believer in the doctrine of Christian science. She refused to have a physician in the house when the children were ill, and declared that illness existed only in the imagination. Their eldest daughter became ill, and it is said that the wife tried to cure her by prayer and laying on of hands. When a physician was called he said it was too late, and the child died. Another child was taken ill, and died after much praying. Picard said that his wife declared that she could cure any disease by prayer, and devoted her life to circulating books and Christian Science literature.

He does not object to a divorce, but asks the court to give him the children.

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