



I Want My Dream.

The Little Boy smiled in his sleep that night, As he wandered to Twilight Town; And his face lit up with a heavenly light Through the shadows that drifted down; But he woke next morning with tear stained eye In the light of the grey dawn's gleam, And out from the stillness we heard him cry: "I've lost my dream—my dream!"

As he told us then, in his childish way, Of the wonderful dreams he'd known; He had wandered away from the land of play To the distant Land of the Grown; He had won his share of the fame and fight In the struggle and toil of men; And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light: "I want my dream again!"

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew, Till he came to the Land of the Grown; And the dream of his early youth came true— The dream that he thought had flown; Yet once again he smiled in his sleep— Smiled on till the gray dawn's gleam When those near by might have heard him weep: "I want my dream—my dream!"

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth, And the smile of a mother's face; A heart of old-time faith and truth In the light of an old home place; And he won his share of the fame and fight In the struggle and toil of men— Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light: "I want my dream again!"

—Grantland Rice

Why Billy Was Liked.

One day Billy was a stranger, at the end of a week he was as much at home as any boy on the street. "We are glad he came," Teddy Farr said, "we like him." And the other boys said pretty much the same thing.

"Why is this Billy such a favorite?" Mr. Farr asked Mrs. Farr. "I don't know yet," said Mrs. Farr. "I am watching to find out."

When three more weeks had passed she thought she knew. A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say: "Pshaw! What can we play? I wish the snow hadn't all gone into mud."

"We had just finished our fort," said another, "and were ready to begin, but it washed down in the night."

"Anyway, we had fun making it," said Billy. "Let's not waste the whole afternoon. Let's start and play something that doesn't need snow."

When Mrs. Farr looked again they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovered the Mississippi with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go on an errand, and asked the others to keep him company.

"Oh, we can't," objected somebody; "we've got it all planned to walk out in the other direction and see the place where the fire was last night."

"Why shouldn't it do," said Billy, "to go with Teddy first? We needn't come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts, I should think." Well, when they had put their heads together, they remembered that there were.

Then, there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe and Billy were the best in the school in arithmetic. Joe hated to miss any of his lessons.

"Never mind," said Billy. "My book will do for both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage."

When the mud froze hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out their sleds to go coasting, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made one that was ever seen. "It isn't very pretty," he said cheerfully when the others were trying to be polite and look as if they saw nothing different in it, "but it will do. When you go scudding down-hill on it, the feeling is just the same."

"It" said Teddy during a rainy recess. "Will Fritchard had only come to school to-day, we could try that new game he was telling us about."

"Let's try it, anyway," said Billy. "We can play all we remember, and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing."

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the school-yard, Billy broke a collar window. After a crash there was a pause of dismay.

"We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it," said Billy.

"How would it do," suggested Joe, "to be quiet until we are asked about it? Maybe Mr. Nevin will think that the street boys did it. They broke one."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Billy quickly. "It wouldn't be fair."

He told Mr. Nevin, and paid for the pane; and after that he was short of money for some time, for Billy was poor.

After the three weeks Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr: "I think I know why the boys like Billy."

"Why?"

"Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things 'do'—except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself," she said, smiling.

Glad He Stuck.

The boy was twelve years old. All he knew of life was that there were nine months of school, with a lot of play and no school. This vacation was to be a little different, but the boy didn't know it.

"Come on, son, I need your help," said the father one evening after his own day's work was done. "I want this dirt carried up to our flat."

The boy opened his mouth wide. His father wanted him to carry baskets of dirt up three flights of steps. There was a queer feeling of resentment all about inside of him. "I can't carry dirt," he said.

"Never too late to learn," said father good-naturedly. "Here, you take the lighter baskets."

Up the stairs went the boy. The air was close and he got hot and breathless.

Down he came again. The dirt had to be dug and shoveled into the baskets. He grew hotter and the sweat began to trickle down his back.

"The boys are playing ball. I'm going over," he said at last with impatience. "I can't shovel dirt."

"All right, my boy," said father, "but I'm disappointed in you. I had expected to find you able to stick to a thing. I'd counted on your help, too; but it's all right; go ahead and play ball."

The boy washed his hands and went over into the next yard. It was the first time he ever remembered feeling uncomfortable when playing ball. To-night it wasn't much fun.

Pretty soon he left the boys and went up home to his mother. By-and-bye he came down, rolled up his sleeves and went at the shoveling.

His father had planned a little garden for the fire escape corner. It took a lot of dirt.

The boy sweated and puffed. He blustered his hands; but he stuck. At last the work was done. Father and son washed themselves and got ready for supper.

After supper when the father had stretched himself out for a pleasant hour with his newspaper the boy came to him.

"I guess, father," he said, with an air half ashamed, and yet of new manliness, "I guess it was a good thing for me to do something that I didn't want to do."

Father held out his hand. The boy grasped it with a strong grip. "I'm glad I stuck, father," said the boy.

"Good for you," said father.

THE RESULT OF MUCH FAITH.

One Sunday afternoon two little cousins, Mabel and Billy, were walking along a hot and dusty country road, their way home from Sunday-school.

Hearing footsteps behind them, they turned to behold the terror of the neighborhood, "Old Knight's" goat. Billy, as he was called, had a vicious reputation, and his appearance caused a panic in the hearts of the children. They started to run, but it was a long way home and they knew that the goat could easily overtake them.

"Oh, why didn't we wait for Johnny Troxel?" Mabel asked. Johnny was a neighbor boy who lived close by.

There was an upturned root of a large tree by the side of the road just ahead, and upon this they hastily climbed. The goat came leaping up and poked an inquisitive nose close to Mabel's feet. She screamed with fright, but Mabel, practical, stopped her by saying: "See here, Mabel, he can't get up here, 'cause we're here already. And anyhow I'm a good kicker." "Oh, Mabel," cried Mabel, with sudden inspiration, "you kick and I'll

pray!" Whereupon she closed her eyes and began, "Oh, Lord, don't let the goat get us. We are so scared. Kick, Mabel, kick. Oh, I can feel him smelling around my feet. Kick harder, Mabel. Please, Lord, make the goat go away, and send Johnny Troxel. Are you kicking, Mabel?" Mabel was kicking vigorously, although the goat was below them gazing surprisedly at her waving legs. Suddenly she gave a glad shout, for down the road came Johnny Troxel. "There," said Mabel, "I always knew the Lord would answer our prayers if we only just prayed hard enough."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

In thousands of homes throughout Canada there are bright thriving children who have been made well and are kept well by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, makes teething easy, and destroys worms. It is guaranteed absolutely safe and free from poisonous opiates. Mrs. John Laplante, Bon-Conseil, Que., says:—"I consider Baby's Own Tablets worth their weight in gold and advise all mothers of young children to keep them always on hand." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Habitant.

The "habitant" of Quebec may be regarded as the original type of my province in very much the same manner as the people of Ontario may claim the United Empire Loyalist as the original type of theirs. The "habitant" is not without interest to any student of the social conditions and problems of our common country, and perhaps most readers would like to know something of his personal characteristics, his aims and ambitions, from one who has known him from earliest childhood. While he has been the subject of much criticism and misrepresentation from some who should know better, and from many who have spoken and written in ignorance of his true character, it is a pleasure to me to be able to refer to the appreciative efforts of many English speaking writers like the late Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, and Professor George Wrong, of Toronto, who have rendered justice to the "habitant" as they have found and known him.

Let me say at the outset that the very name "habitant," which strangers to the Province of Quebec are sometimes inclined to regard as a term of reproach, is really one of dignity. The original settlers of the soil in Lower Canada, who first assumed the title of "habitants," while holding their land under feudal tenure, would not accept any designation as "censitaires," which carried with it some sense of the servile status of the feudal vassal in Old France. They preferred to be called "habitants" (inhabitants of the country), free men, not vassals. And so the designation obtained official recognition in New France, and has become the characteristic name of the French Canadian farmer among English-speaking people.—Sir Lomer Gouin, in the Canadian Magazine for April.

A Priest Delegate.

Rev. Charles Warren Currier, Ph. D., who has been appointed by President Taft to represent the United States, the Smithsonian Institution and the Catholic University of America at the international Congress of Americanists, which will be held May 16 at Buenos Ayres in connection with the hundredth anniversary celebration of the Argentine Republic, is the secretary of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, whose headquarters are at 1326 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

This Congress is a body of scholars that meets every two years, alternately in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. This year there will be two sessions of the Congress. The second session will be held in Mexico in September, when that Republic will celebrate the anniversary of its independence. Father Currier is well fitted to represent the United States at the coming congress, in the Argentine Republic, as he is regarded as an authority on all matters connected with the Spanish-American countries. In the current American Catholic Quarterly Review Father Currier has a timely article on "Spanish American Independence," in the course of which he prophesies a great future for South America, both from a material and a religious viewpoint.

POET'S CORNER

GOD KNOWS BEST.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forevermore have set, The things which our weak judgment here have spurned, The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet, Will flash before us out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue, And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine, We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink, Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this potion for our lips to drink: And if some friend we love is lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face, Oh! do not blame the loving Father so, But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend, And that sometimes the sable pall of death Conceals the fairest boon His love can send. If we could push ajar the gates of life, And stand within and all God's working see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart: God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold; We must not tear the close shut leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold. And if through patient toil we reach the land Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest, When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that "God knows best" —Selected.

THE BOUNDARY INVISIBLE.

Beautiful world from which I part, Holding the summer in my heart! Thou hast been my friend To the shining end. In the wide arms of space, Stars, sun, or any place, What can I gain or miss As sweet as this?

Breath of wet moss, brown buds and wasting snow, O, thrill me once again before I go! Too subtle April stirring in the veins; The maple light that fires October rains; Half temptress, guardian half, a solemn moon, Watched by two, silent, on a night in June— Fairer than ye, what things may be or are, In those strange lands where I must travel far?

Beautiful world for which I start, Hiding the tremor in my heart! When my last sun shall dim and dip, Behind the long hill's somber slope, Strong be the pean on my lip And, singing to the darkness, tell That she who never passing well Did grasp the hearty hand of hope, Give back to God her failing breath! With trust of Him and joy of death. —Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SPRING.

Spade that shall dig my grave, Outside the door of life art thou waiting? And art thou sharpened now by some knave, While I hear the birds of spring—

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates. You have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble." Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

time mating?

Glad little leaves of Spring, That blaze like wisps of green flame upon the murmurous boughs, Now I behold ye in life, but some day when ye come Ye shall whisper "He sleeps—he sleeps" above my grass clad house.

O cool white rains of spring, I hear ye singing in troops at the green gate of the year, But I know, sometime, sometime, in the great boughs overhead, Like glad young doves ye shall croon, and I—I shall not hear. —Charles J. O'Malley.

LINES TO A VIOLET.

I wandered in bleak garden paths to-day, Nor thought one tiny blossom there to find, But as I walked and thought of sweet bright May A perfume stole upon the icy wind.

It filled my soul with longing for the spring, And that new life which nature ever gives, With hopes for many gifts that it may bring, And joyousness for every thing that lives.

I stooped and found a violet at my feet, So shy it hid its charming blue-eyed face, But for that odor, oh! so wondrous sweet, I had passed on, and missed its lovely grace.

Flowers are God's sweet messengers of love, Speaking a language all may understand, Turning their faces up to Heaven above, As if to see on high His guiding hand.

Then let us learn the lesson they would teach, That even on the saddest, darkest days, The influence of a pure sweet life may reach Some other life, and brighten dreary ways. F. H. J., in Catholic Columbian.

NERVOUS DISEASES
IN THE SPRING
Can Only be Removed by Toning
Up the Blood and Strengthening the Nerves.

Nervous diseases become more common and more serious in the year. This is the opinion of the spring than at any other time of best medical authorities after long observation. Vital changes in the system after long winter months may cause much more than "spring weakness," and the familiar weariness and aching. Official records prove that in April and May neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy and various forms of nervous disturbances are at their worst, especially among those who have not reached middle age.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless, for the system really needs strengthening—purgatives make you weaker. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a special action on the blood and nerves, for they give strength and have cured not only many forms of nervous disorders, but also other spring troubles such as headaches, weakness in the limbs, loss of appetite, trembling of the hands, melancholy and mental and bodily weariness as well as unsightly pimples and skin troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these nervous disorders and spring ailments because they actually make new, rich, red blood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Therapeutic
Influence of Music.

By skillful playing on the harp David often still the frenzied mind of King Saul. Christ and the Apostles quieted and strengthened their minds by the singing of a hymn as they went out to Gethsemane and Calvary. We have all felt the soothing power of song in the sanctuary, and among our first experiences was being sung to sleep in our mothers' arms.

Three elements in music are useful for healing purposes; rhythm, harmony and melody; with these should be mentioned style, as the character and influence of music are altogether altered by the style of its performance.

Rhythm is the way the music beats; its regularity, whether pendulum-like or otherwise, agrees with normal ideas. Even the vibrations of a single note, being absolutely regular, and communicating themselves pleasantly to the human brain, nerves and entire body, carry a very soothing effect if not overdone. Harmony is the agreement of one sound with another. It is this which gives us "chords." The blending of notes that agree is dependent upon mathematical principles, and mathematics are eternal truth. Intuitively the human mind perceives musical truth, and by its own elements are blended into harmony.

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Vapo-Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup can be directly on nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to the sufferers of Asthma.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.

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with one another. Discord disturbs harmony soothes. The resolution of dissonances into harmonies, which is a frequent feature of the best music, especially with Wagner, Tchaikowsky and Strauss, stimulates the resolving of the warring elements of the troubled spirit into perfect harmony.

Melody is the "tune," the "air," the "way the piece goes." Melody alone, played or sung, is often very potent in its influence upon the mind. But, accompanied by appropriate harmony, it is effective, not only because of the combined influence, but because melody always implies harmony as its setting, and is very largely built upon harmonic principles.

To make his music soothing, comforting, strengthening, restoring, one should be a genuine man and a genuine musician. It should go without saying that "lively music" is not the kind to quiet the mind. The music itself should be quiet in its style and the style of its performance—subdued, sweet, slow, regular, smooth, connected, flowing, rising and falling like the summer zephyrs on an Adirondack lake. If it can be rendered in an adjoining room, so as to be "heard from afar," as Edward McDowell says in his *Deserted Farm*, the sufferer will not be distracted by a consciousness of the musician's presence and will be gently wafted into a very exalted state of mind. One of the Westminster patients had dropped to sleep at the time of treatment. Music was used without awakening her, but when she was aroused she said, "I thought I was in heaven and heard the angels."

The suggestive power of certain music is useful, hymn-tunes suggesting to those familiar with them the assuring words of the hymns, and while in a state of peculiar sensitiveness, conveying them to the waiting spirit. It is thus that the skillful and artistic playing of a church tune before it is sung produces an extraordinary calm throughout an entire congregation.

If entire assemblies of nervous sufferers might be gathered amid the suggestive solemnity of the sanctuary, with its "dim religious light," made still dimmer, and all eyes closed, all bodies relaxed and comfortable and all noises subdued, there to listen to the choicest quietest selections of organ or vocal music, feelingly and artistically rendered, the harmonizing influence upon these minds, one and all, and the mutual influence of these minds blending into one, could be only such as to restore the abnormal to the normal; and, in accordance with now well-known law, the restoration of the mind would inevitably involve the restoration of the body.

But these principles are applicable in every home where there is a musical instrument or a musical voice. The greater the skill and the better the judgment, the larger the results. In these days of piano players, music boxes, and even phonographs with all their glaring faults, it would seem as if every nervous sufferer might enjoy the aid of the music; and the human voice—if that be fitted to soothe by speech, how much more by song!—Rev. Frederic Campbell, Sc.D., in Good House-keeping.

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With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief
Until She Tried

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Can Eat Anything Now.
Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I used Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

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PIONEER PRIEST
AMERICA" (vol. 1)
Campbell, S.J., The
New York: 400
able index and
contents; choice
binding; value

The name of Father Campbell, S.J., is one of the most famous of Americans who have spoken words, and favored to read the words of his busy pen, we hear that the second volume of the work, now from all schools, is the same volume of the former volume.

Father Campbell's done seriously and he has studied his ground where there is lustre. He has taken some and has applied the spoils of the olden world thoroughly have their been that their outstend itself even to behave, eudemon social. To quote the author:

"The first volume of the biographies of the priests who have lived the lives of the chief apostles. The period of this narrative is more than the other, but its character, and its beginning to end with the usually heroic life of his associates."

This extract from the introduction while it marks the character of the latter its worthy mate, all glimpse at the author's mind, correct, but face and in its every testimony to the author is handling a mastered in all its aspects. A man's style amount of his knowledge of the man and the story. It is well to note, then Campbell's work conceived and conceived. It is independent of it, no library or no of Canadian history do without either.

author simply deal in phy, on the contrary, ceeds, and in detailing of each of his heroes, the surroundings and that were their lot. The story of Peter Sillary work, one about Acadia to be rare and rich work, story of Father Massé face to face with that have immortalized Sillary.

Jean de Brébeuf's and martyrdom take up pages, amidst an array of presupposed hours and reading, study and rest. Father Campbell's picture is not the half-volume afforded by certain however their pages are praised. Then the three Gabriel, Charles and De Nove, Daniel, Garnier, like the above Jesuits, men trained in Ignatian rule, are true and with all the curiously deliver as he gives heart lavish of his good Enquiry as to sanctity, in the case of Lalemant, though priceless in the information.

The man from Cape Cod, a vacationist in Muskoka as worker, the student, etc., etc.,—all of the store and long Campbell's pages. The bear new—hitherto rather facts concerning his while, if the men who histories for Ontario and provinces happen to author's volume, they understand why many of v own productions, so cheap and inferior.

What strikes one most in these pages, is the debt Canada owes to the Jesuits. The reader grows indignant at the those preaching heretics nounce the very men who our country's welfare, p Gospel in the midst of suffering, and sealing the Christ of the Gospels very well-springs of the Protestants were to sturants would no longer be left; and, if the among them have ceased how, in the days of the new, had been deceived by a life and what seemed slender. Father Campbell will do wonders of good, placed within the reach of the students. Protestants have no history the name; so it is a boon on our part to supply matter that they take the Olden's books.

The Jesuit Relations, chomontel, Morgan, Croft, Garneau, Dismay, Failon, Richard, Ferla