selling their labor at whatever price they wish, and if he does so he sins against the laws of the land and the laws of

Pity and Grief.

That day our little one lay dead,
And we were sad and sore of heart.
And all the joys of life seemed fled,
Our neighbors sought to ease the smart.
Oh! strange, sweet power of sympathy!
That grief should find assuagement thus!
Our sorrow seemed the less to be,
The more we thought: She pities us!

And then she said, how blest was she; Since God had still denied her prayer, Since God had still denied ner praye Nor ast a baby on her knee; For such a gift meant such a care; For such a gift meant such a care; Our pain was still by sad aurprise; New feelings in our hearts did str, We looked into our neighbor's eyes And pitted her—and pitted her.

THE ENEMIES OF THE PRIEST.

ERRORS AND FALLACIES REFUTED -IMPORT-

ANCE OF THE POWERS OF DARKNESS. Pere Monsabre. On Sunday last Pere Monsabre, O. Pedelivered his sixth and last Conference on delivered his sixth and last Conterence of the Sacrament of Holy Orders, the sub-ject being "The Enemies of the Priest." The priesthood, he said, raised so high above the powers of the earth, so neces-sary to the religious life of the nations, so beneficient to humanity, so evidently Divine in its origin, its character and its functions might reasonably have been exfunctions, might reasonably have been exfunctions, might reasonably have been expected to gather round it nothing but admiration, respect, and gratitude. But it seemed as though God had designed that, lest the priest should continually rise up before him—"Ecce positus est hiv in signum cui contraducetur." The Saviour had said to him that because He had separated him from the world, the world would hate him: he would be the object of hatred him; he would be the object of hatred because of His Name; and since He himself had been persecuted, the priest also would be persecuted: Who were the enemies of the priest? What were the enemies of the priest? What were the charges which they brought against him? What was the object they had in view? "We are the multitude," they cried. "Superstition has had its day; and the people, more enlightened, have cast off people, more enlightened, have cast off the idiotic reverence which they formerly had for the minister of a religion which is dying out. Free thought has won their suffrages; and we only need the continued help of that power to enable us to put an end to a worn out institution which obstinately resists the march of progress." That declaration was bold, and could not be justified even were those who made it able to collect statistics as to the state of the conscience and the religious necessities and feelings of the masses of the people. In proclaiming themselves the multitude, those impious men forget to reckon the number of children whose innocent souls turned instinctively towards the priest for his smiles and his blessings; of youths who when the tempest of the passions burst upon them, looked around for a holy guide, a Divine protector; of women hearts were naturally religious, and affection and an enduring devotion only in the mysteries of grace of which the priest was the administrator; of the men of good will who were convinced of the necessity of leading Christian lives; and of even the vast number of ind firernists, men of pleasure, of business, of science, who still retained the unquenchable spark of Faith deep down in their hearts, and or rattn deep down in their nearts, and who when the solemn hour of death approached besought the priest to accord them the as istance and the grace necesary to fit them to enter the other world. If they substracted this immense number where was their multitude? But even what had they to show after all their efforts? Was it not the multitude. Priest when he was about to consummate His Sacrifice? The synagogue, the civil power, hatred cowardice, treachery, imbecility,—all conspired against Him. The multitude accused Him, the multitude condemned Him, the multitude crucified Him. But thinking they were triumphing over him, they were simply helping the Victim in accomplishment of His grandsacerdotal act, and provoking Divine omnipotence to perform the miracle which established the priesthood for all time. The multitude animated by the worst passion, and armed with every weapon of assault, vented their wrath upon the twelve men to whom Christ had confided His Divine powers. And yet that small, that insignificant band of men combated the whole world; and if they had fallen in the gigantic struggle their consecrated bands had begotten a race of priests who, always persecuted but fecund, had gone on multiplying until they had created a Christian multitude as great and as numerous as were the multitude of their adversaries. Never for a moment had they lost heart; for it was a God who had said to them: "Be ye confident; I have overcome the world"—"Confidite eyo vici mundum." A generation of priests might be slain by the multitude; but the priesthood was immortal. The multitude could never prevail against God and against right. The secret of the hatred of these enemies of the priest was that he was the living centure of the passions, the vices, the crimes, of their corrupt lives, and was like a perpetual menace suspended over their heads. They hated him because he kept aloof from their immortai ways, be cause he preached humility in greatness, justice in power, submission in authority, respect for the rights of all, moderation in desire, contempt for honors, detachment from riches, privation of pleasures, mortification of the senses; because he enlightened the people whom they duped, and defended the souls of the little ones whom they sought to corrupt. They hated him because he was the guardian of the law of God, because he unmasked their hypocrisies and tore the veil from their sinister conspiracies. In reality the enemies of the priest were neither the multitude, nor the reasonable, nor the virtuous; they were a powerful sect, an iniquitous sect, who had sworn to destroy iniquitous sect, who had sworn to destroy
the Catholic Church by destroying its
ministers. Discussing the charges brought
against the priest by his enemies, the
preacher summed them up thus: "The
priest is behind the age; his ideas are
retrogade. Rivited to inflexible principles, to immutable dogmas, he despises
avery progressive movement, every intellectual evolution which had for its end

the enlargement of the sphere of human the enlargement of the sphere of human knowledge. He is the systematic enemy of science and prignes; he does not understand modern assorations. And he aspired to dominate his followmen."

Pere Monsabre confund these wilful errors and wicked fallacies at great length. Most of those who brought forward these

impudent accusations were ignorant of the very terms of the sciences against which they said the priest was opposed; and they knew just as little about the progress of which they spoke so gibly as they did about the needs and the aspirations of modern intellectual life. The most intelligent and the most deeply learned amongst the enemies of the priest know better than to believe for a moment in these charges; but it pleased them to ponder to the prejudices of the masses. That the priest was the guardian of the great principles which touching closely on the first and final causes of all things; that he had received divine traths in which he had to believe, although reason by its own impudent accusations were ignorant of the had to believe, although reason by its own powers could not discover nor compre-hend them; that these principles were in-flexible, these truths immutable; all this was incontestible. But as he had stated was incontestible. But as he had stated from that pulpit sixteen years before, on the occasion of the holding of a grand in-tellectual council by the church, the in-flexible and the immutable were necessary to every science, to every progress. They did not cripple the activity of the human mind. They comprised the activity; they tempted it; they preserved it from the rollies and the mis carriages to which unregulated evolution would inevitably lead the Without the inflatibility of grand Without the inflexibility of principles, without the immutability of the divine truths philosophy would be nothing but an interminable clashing of systems, history would be nothing but a collection of events awkwardly complied on account of the narrow conception which sought only the play of human ideas, human passions; moral science would be nothing but series of changeable prescriptions which would end by making the materially advantageous and the agreeable prevail over the just, the honest, and the holy; natural science would be nothing but a revel of experiences which confined the human mind in an alject materiprinciples, without the immutability fined the human mind in an alliect materialism; progress in every department would be nothing but a disorderly movement obedient ra her to the passions than to the reason. The inflexible and immut-able never hindred great souls from pushtimes along the list of disc ing their times along the list of discoveries which did honor to the human mind, how few we saw which were not the emanation of the brains of monks and priests, or were not due to the powerful is fluence and the high protection of the Church. At the present day did not the names of priests figure largely in the science of philosophy, history, physics, and mathe-matics? Could they not plainly observe the unceasing efforts, and the successful efforts of priests to show how Divine truths harmonized with human science If they (his hearers) were eager to pene-trate the secrets of nature, the priest said to them, "Dominamini, subijcite"—had not God made them kings over all His works? Only, let them not forget the notability of their nature in their contact with matter; let them not make an eterwith matter; let them not make an eternal station of a place of passage, a paradise of the earth; let them not sacrifice to little fleeting comforts the everlasting felicity which God had promited them in a better world. They loved freedom; let them take as much of it as they liked, to do what was just, right, and holy. Here there were no limits. But to wish to satisfy themselves in everything to the prejudice of duty, and in defiance of prejudice of duty, and in defiance of conscience and the police—that would not be liberty; it would be license. Let them set about it right heartily, provided their ideas were right and sound. But they should avoid everything that offended God, reason, truth, good manners, public order. They wished that individual conscience should be respected. Let them respect it. A great doctor had said that man could not believe except he was fully man could not believe except ne was fully willing to do so; a Pope had jast told them that "no one should be constrained to embrace the Faith in spite of his free-dem." But let them not allow religious indifference to cloud the conscience; let them not give anyone the absolute right to treat God as if He had never taken an interest in the affairs of the world. They interest in the affairs of the world. They wanted to spread education among the people. There was nothing new in that. Long ago the priesthood had anticipated them in that great work. But let them take care that the people learned, before everything else, their Divine origin, their eternal destinies, their duty towards God, towards the family towards conjets. towards the family, towards society, towards themselves. Equality pleased them. That was well. They could never have such beautiful and touching equalities at the country of the country ity as the priests had in the early days of the Church. But let them bear in mind that no one could demand that society should be in a state of perfection, that to suppress, in order to equalize, what na-ture, talent, labor, virtue, merit, had made great, to debase what was justly noble in order to elevate what was wilfully vile, was criminal folly and contemptibly bar-barous. They demanded that the people should participate in the government of affairs. There was nothing reprehensible in that. The priesthood, in the monastic institutions, had worked very long under hat system. But let them not say that that system. But let them not say that the principles of all powers resided radi-cully and fundamentally in the multitude; let them not say that the people are the king, in order to veil the blasphemy that the people please God. Such was the language and teaching of the priesthool language and teaching elevated and broad.
As to suppose tendency to domination; the charge came very well, indeed, from a sect, who, habituated to political and social conspiracies, grasp political power social conspiracies, grasp political almost in every land, and impos almost in every land, and impose their sovereign wills upon the people; it came very well indeed at a time when "freethought" was stifling the most sacred liberties, when in the face of the most legitimate and the most solemn protest, the rights of fathers of families were conficiented children was forced to attend confiscated, children were forced to attend godless schools, the priest was robbed of the morsels of bread which even the brigandage of the Revolutions had left him! What Cynicism! What impu-dence! And what was the object that

these enemies of the priest had in view? They openly pruclaim their design. They want to create a society without religion. Some of them did not go so far. They condescended to take account of the reli-

gious instincts of humanity; and they granted that certain souls require exterior practices for which the intervention of the priest was indispensible, and that they could not, all of a sudden, abolish are ligion and a priesthood that had been rooted for nineteen hundred years in the customs of the people. But that religion and that priesthood should remounce every privilege and every influence in the every privilege and every influence in the modern world, and should not embarrass with their beliefs, laws, and practices, the government of civil society, essentially laid and absolutely mistress of public life and its destines. Having shown the de-plorable results which would accrue for such a system of social and political life, Pere Monabre concluded by assuring his hearers that the enemies of the priest could never triumph. Who was to watch over the interests of priests to help him in his misery, to share his misfortune The faithful people of God—of that God who had counted the hours of the powers of darkness? Who had said to his priest, Eu es Sacerdos in æternum.

The Habit of Treating.

There is no one thing that does more There is no one thing that does more to demoralize not only boys but grown men, as the habit of treating and being treated. A man goes into a saloon, thinking he will take a glass of beer, which of itself will hurt no one particularly. Tom and Dick and Harry and Jack have just sat down to a table, and they ask you to join them. You drink with Tom, and then you want to go, but Dick says, 'Fill 'em up again," and you don't want to offend Dick, so you drink another. Now you have taken twice as another. Now you have taken twice as much as you intended to, and you feel mad at yourself. You would give any. thing to go, but Harry says the boys have got to drink with him, and you worry down another, and you feel as though you were a beer wagon. Then Jack wants to show that there is nothing mean about him, and he pounds on the table and the waiter brings more beer. table and the watter brings more beer. You only drink half of your's and you feel as though you were the biggest fool of the century; but they all have treated except you, and to go away now would look small and mean. You would rather give a dollar than put another slug of give a dollar than put another slug of beer down under your vest, so you say, "Let's have some cigars boys." The cigars are brought, you light one and feel as though every puff was going to raise those two quarts of beer slopping around in a three pint stomach, and you finally go out of the saloon with tangled lears discusted mind sick atomach and legs, disgusted mind, sick stomach and feel as if you wanted to maul yourself. You went into the saloon to spend a You went into the saloon to spend a nickle, and you spent from fifty cents to a dollar, and instead of enjoying yourself, as you thought you would wnen you went in, you made a fool of yourself. If, when you went in, and were invited to sit down, you had said, "No boys, I am in a hurry," and take but one glass, they would have said it was all right, and may be they would have been glad that you be they would have been glad that you did not stop. Perhaps they invited you simply from force of habit, or were "sizing you up."

The best way for a young man is to

make a rule and stick to it, never to make a rule and stick to it, never to treat or be treated. If you want a glass of beer, go and buy it and pay for it, and go about your business. If you want a cigar buy it and smoke it. Do not get in a habit of smoking cigars unless you can afford it, and do not take a cigar with every fellow who asks you to join him. If you do you have to return the him. If you do, you have to return the compliment some other time; but if you stop receiving such courtesies, you you stop receiving such courtess, you can easily stop granting them. At first the boys will think you are economizing, and they will laugh at you; in a year they will respect you, and in two years they will admire you, and will ask you how you manage to pull through so nicely on so small a salary. A firm, "No, thank you," when asked to accept a treat thank you," when asked to accept a treat will do it all, and instead of outsiders saying of you, "He is going to the bad pretty fast," they will be very glad to meet you and talk with you and say. "There is a fellow that will some day fill his place in the world." And when the spend-thrifts have lost their money, these same fellows that have thought you small pota-toes because you would not join in a round of drinks and cigars will ask you for a loan, and say they always knew you had a good heart in you, and when you refuse unless they can show up collateral, they will be offended, but they will respect your business habits all the more. To sum up: You have got to have some nerve, decide that you will not treat or be treated, and will only drink or smoke when you feel like it, and then pay for it yourself. Thus you will save money, respect yourself, and will not lose the respect of any person you have reason to care about.—The Sodalist.

Problems for Atheists. If you meet with an atheist do not le

him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises, you must learn to make the Rabbi's answer, "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions.

1. Ask him, where did matter come from. Can a dead thing create itself? 2. Ask him where did motion come

3. Ask him, where life came from save from the finger tip of Omnipotence 4. Ask him whence came the exquisite order and design in nature? If one told you that millions of printer's type's should fortuitously shape themselves in to the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?

5. Ask him whence came conscious

6. Ask him, who gave you free will 7. Ask him, whence came conscience He who says there is no God, in the face of these questions, talks simply stupendous nonsense. This, then, is one of the foundations, one of the things that cannot be shaken and will remain From this belief in God's providence the belief that we are His people and the sheep of His pasture.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. VALUABLE MEDICINE

Dr. W. H. Parmelee, Teledo, O., says:
"I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large
variety of diseases, and have been amply
satisfied that it is a valuable addition to
our list of medicinal agents."

DEATH OF THE REV. P. Mc. CRAINOR.

Mechanicsville, (N. Y.) Mercury, May 21. Rev. Arthur P. McCrainor, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic church, in this village, died at the parish residence last Saturday evening, after an illness of four week The funeral services were held Wednesday in St. Paul's church, where the remains were lying in state from morning until about one o'clock in the afternoon. The services were conducted after impressive and imposing ceremonial of the Catholic church, and were participated in by forty-three priests. The church was crowded with people. The address was delivered by Rev. Father McGowan of Philadelphia, a former classmate of Father McCainor. It was eloquent and appropriate. The flowers were most beautiful. The floral designs consisted of gates ajar, a crown, a broken column and four pillows, all of elaborate workmanship and very large. About two o'clock the remains were borne to the depot, and sent under escort to Lawrence, Mass. A large funeral procession accompanied the remains to the depot. Father McCrainor's early death is greatly nourned here, where he was known as an eloquent and affectionate pastor, genial

riend and worthy citizen.

In Lawrence, Mass., where he was born; in Villanova, Pa., where he was educated and afterwards professor of rhetoric and elocution; in Cohoes, Troy, Albany, Lansingburgh, Waterford, Hoosac Falls, and the scores of other cities and towns where he preached and lectured, it will be mournful news to learn that he is no more. In his native home or in the college hall, the sorrow is not greater or the loss more keenly felt than where the last years of his life were passed as pastor of Mechanicville and Stillwater. He was cut down in the meridian of manhood, but not of his fame. That was to come. Ah, how sad! Oh, too soon! Few beyond the precincts of the rectory were aware of the serious turn his illness had Then was realized the possibility of los-ing the noblest and brightest pastor of the Catholic church that Mechanicville had seen in fifty years. When the solemn toil of the bell was heard the sighing breeze seemed to respond to the with the requiem eternum. All knew that their beloved pastor had gone to his rest. His brilliant address on Decoration day two years ago in Stillwater academy will not be forgotten for many a year. His oratorical powers and ready flow of language were of the first order, and reminded one of the great domin ican, Father Burke. His noble, command-ing presence added strength and force to the glowing words rushing at times from his lips like the torrent down the steer and at others steady calm, msj.stic, like some mighty river. Generous to a fault, he was child like. The sole aim of his life was to inculcate the precepts and follow the steps of his Master. In the lecture field and in the pulpit, he rendered giant services to his courch and to Christianity in general, and in the far off years, hi memory will be cherished with love and reverence by the people of these villages, to whose service he devoted the last years

of his younglife, and in the midst of whom he laid his burden down. His age was 29 years, 11 months and 8 days.

Deceased was youngest brother of W. J. McRener, E.q., of Chatham, Ont.

THE LAST SAD RITES. awrence (Mass.) Daily American, May 20 Funeral services over the remains of Rev. Arthur McCrainor were held at St. Mary's church, at 10 o'clock this fore-Mary's church, at 10 o'clock this forenoon. The remains arrived in this city
at 12.15 o'clock this morning, from
Mechanicsville, N. Y., where a solemn
high mass was celebrated Wednesday forenoon, Rev. Father McEvoy of this city
being celebrant, Rev. Nicholas Murphy
of Philadelphia, deacon, and Rev.
Father Rowan of this city, subdeacen. All this forenoon the re lay in state in St. Mary' mains lay in state in St. Mary' church, and were incased in a casket covered with black broad cloth. At the head of the casket was a large floral crown, and at the foot an elegant gates sjar, the whole surmounted by a snow white dove. These were the offerings of the parishoners of the deceased, and in addition, the follow-ing floral tributes; pillow of roses in-scribed our "Our Pastor"; broken column; pillow of white carnations inscribed "At rest" and a crown of roses and pinks, all from the church of the dead pastor. and a large pillow of tea roses and pinks, inscribed "Our Arthur" from the family of the deceased.

At the solemn high mass, Rev. Frank

At the solemn high mars, Rev. Frank A. McCrainor of Cambridge, N. Y., a brother of the deceased, was celebrant; Rev. Jas. Keegan of South Boston, deacon, and Rev. J. J. O'Brien of this city, subdeacon. D. F. Keleher, of Boston, acted as master of ceremonics. At the conclusion of the funeral services, Rev. F. X. McGowan of Villanova college, pronounced the funeral eulogy, taking his text from the second book of Machabes, sixth chapter, thirty-first verse: "Thus then did this man die, leaving not only to young men but to the whole nation the memory of his death." We are here this morning to say the words of farewell. The Angel of Death has been in our midst, dealing out his destrucbeen in our midst, dealing out his destruc-tion, and leaving behind traces of his sad and desolate visit. Death will claim us all as his victims. We must all die, and pass from the vanities of this existence to account before God, for the actions of our lives. 'Tis only when death comes that the sad and gloomy picture rises before us. Death, than which nothing is more certain, is a legacy left us by our first parents, and go where we will, do what we may, the sentence of death is ever hanging over us, to sever, like a sword, the thread of our existence, and the sentence of death is open up for us the realms beyond. Day day and year by year, we see me smitten down; where prospects are the greatest, where hopes are the brightest, we see the hand of death carrying along ts way, defeat and desolation. It seems that every step we take is but one nearer the tomb. Death is most uncertain as to its time and circumstances; it comes when least expected, selecting its victim without respect to rank, and meeting out its punishment, irrespective of condition. We must irrespective of condition. We must die; how and when we know not. Be ready then, for we know not how soon we may meet man's destroyer. Death always

carries sorrow, but a double sorrow when we lose the pastor of a flock, a priest of the people. Human though he is, yet when we lose him, we are losing not only a triend and an adviser, but God's repre-

sentative on earth.

Atthur McCrainor was born in this city June 7, 1856, and at an early age, manifested a desire for holy things; at the age of 14 he entered upon his college course, and soon held his position in the highest rank of his class. After his graduation he applied for admittance into our order, and in January 1873, he was received into and in January 1873, he was received into and in January 18,5, he was received into Villanova, and in August, four years later, made the solemn profession of vows. He afterwards filled a professional chair in his Alma Mater, and was subsequently vice president of the college. He quently vice president of the college. He could be firm, yet gentle and natural, and in these two offices won the confidence of his superiors. He was soon transferred to Mechanicsville, N. Y., where his kind ways and gentle disposition, endeared him to the hearts of all, Protestant and Catholic alike. You who have heard him from this very spot, will never forget his matchless words, which poured forth from a heart as pure as God ever placed on earth. He admonished his people on on earth. The administed his people on their sines, spoke kindly in their sorrows and sufferings. The father has plucked from this garden a sweet, pure and holy flower, and now in the name of his school-mates and friends, in the name of his sor-

here, let us say a long and sad farewell. Time will go on with its vicissitudes and changes, but the name of Arthur Mc Crainor will never be forgotten. solution was given by Rev. Fr. McEvoy, after which the remains were taken to St. Mary's cemetery, and interred in the priests' lot. The pall bearers, all of whom come from Mechanicsville, were Daniel Donnelly, P. McCall, James Flyan, Thos. Madigan, P. T. Doyle, Wm. Irving, Augustus Short, and Bernard Dugan. James O'Reilly of Schaghtiocke, N. Y., had

rowing relatives, in the name of his religious brethren, in the name of all of you

charge of the funeral arrangements. Services were held at Villanova Col-lege chapel, Tuesday morning. The office of the dead was recited by the priests and novices, after which a solemn requiem mas was celebrated, with Rev. Fr. Chas. Driswas celebrated, with Rev. Fr. Chas, Dris-coll, O. S. A., celebrant, Rev. Fr. T. F. Herlihey, O. S. A., deacon, and Rev. Fr. Wm. Carr, O. S. A., sub deacon. The two first named clergymen belong in this city.

From Philadelphia Catholic Standard. Kev. A. P. McCranor, O. S. A, died at Mechanicsville, N. Y., on Saturday, May 15th. He was pastor at St. Paul's Church of that place. The death of this young Priest and Religious affords young Priest another proof of Young's off quoted line "Death Loves a shining mark, a signal

Brilliant in natural parts and affectionate in social circles, Father McCranor endeared himself to countless riends and acquaintances. a grace, a beauty in his character that caught the affections of old and young. There was a nameless charm, that emanated from his priestly manhood, which appealed to the sympathies of all

A profound student, he was accomplished in every department of intellectual culture. He was well-versed in Caristian philosophy, and loved to pon-der, by the foot of the crucifix, on the mysteries of the world beyond. He was, also, adept in the secular science. An excellent mathematician, he had early mastered the intricacies of Euclid and Newton. A finished classicist, he had drawn inspiration from the well-springs of ancient and modern knowledge. A well read historian, he had groped with searching hands into the remains of olden days, and had scrutinized with eager eye the events of modern times. He had a great and rich soul that was ever open to the oracles of truth and virtue.
Father McCranor was, likewise, a
model Pastor, and Adviser of souls. God had given him a powerful gitt of elo quence. As he had poured forth from the pulpit unceasing streams of golden instruction, one would have thought of an Isaias, or a St. John or a Chrysostom Every sentence was the product consideration, and every word tinged with the fine discrimination of the scholar. He had

"A tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity." To him the society and conversation was best within, the heart had a greater was best within, the heart had a greater share than the head. The speedy affec-tion which grew out of the intercourse between the Pastor and his flock was manifest in the general grief attested on his funeral day. To the little ones, committed to his care, "large was his bounty and his soul sincere," and it was

bounty and his soul sincere," and it was
the prayer of all that Heaven would send
as largely a recompense for good and
meritorious deeds.

Father McCranor would have finished
the 30th year of his life, had God so
willed it, on June 7th, and in this we see
but another evidence of the old monumental inscription. "Those whom God
loves die young." But "the Reaper
whose name is Death" reaped early the
grain, and he passed from the troubles grain, and he passed from the troubles of this lower world while yet the bloom of youth was present. His many friend will pray for him, and often breathe a Requiescat for his eternal repose.

"All that's bright must fade,

In every respect and attested by the testi-mony of thousards that Putnam's Pain-less Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only "Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

Mr. T. Berchard, public school teacher Norland, writes: "During the all of 188 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight." Sold by Harkness & Co., Drug-gists, Dundas St.

THE POET-PRIEST.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV ABRAM J. RYAN.

I believe it was in 1867, writes a corres pondent of the Cincinnati Catholic Tele-graph, two years after the close of the war, an appointed that the close of the war, an announcement was made from St. Xavier's one Sunday that there would be a lecture delivered on the following Sunday evening by the Rev. A. J. Ryan of Knoxville, Tenn, the proceeds of which were to be given to the orphans. I did not pay particular attention to the pub-lication, as lectures then in aid of charitlication, as lectures then in aid of charitable of jects were somewhat of common occurrence, and the name of this particular lecturer did not seem to attract any special interest. The next Sunday at 10 o'clock mass after the gospel, and while the choir was engaged in rendering the "Veni Creator," the preacher stepped forth from the vestry preceded by two altar boys with lighted candles. As he knelt at the foot of the altar we could notice that he was tall and thio, and that he wore long, dark hair which fell down in wavy folds over his showners. When the hymn ended he arose and faced the people on his way to the pulpit. His people on his way to the pulpit. His was a pale, womanly face, with high intellectual forehead and Grecian-cut mouth and nose. His voice in reading the gospel was soft and musical—a voice that made the occupation of listening very pleasant. The text chosen for the sermon was descriptive of the passion; and with a depth of tenderness and pathos which reached the heart he recounted the ever old and ever new story of divine love. The usual dryness attendant on 10 o'clock sermons was not felt in this one. It was bright and sparkling and overflowing with

THE POETRY OF RELIGION. When preacher was the lecturer of the evening, hundreds determined to attend who would otherwise, perhaps, have remained away. Mozart Hall was comfortably filled in the evening by an intelligent audience. The lecturer stepped to the footlights, not now in the robes of a priest, but in the full dress garb of a southern gentleman, and his wealth of long hair before noted formed a distinguishing feature. He began by saying that he had just that that he had just got to the city that morning. It had taken two days travelling to get from Knoxville, but this is not ndered at, he remarked, "as our railways, like ourselves, need reconstruc tion. I have not prepared an address," he continued. "I have not had time but I never prepare my speeches any way. I always like to speak extempora-neously—not in sentences cooned over and studied by note yesterday and coldly uttered to day." His easy flow of lan-guage, graceful attitudes and gestures and frequent bursts of eloquence proved him an orator of no ordinary type thoughts he gave expression to were fraught with poetic imagery, and he gave free scope to his conceptions of the beauties of religion. His pale face glowed with enthusiasm as he described a religious life, and while listening one could well imagine himself engrossed in a volume of Chateabriand, or with Fabiola and Pancratius treading.

THE LABYRINTIS OF THE CATACOMBS.

He fairly revelled in the poets, especially those who, like Adelaide Proctor and Gerald Griffin, made the flowers of religion their burden of song, and his readings from them sounded like sweet nusic in the souls of his audience. hours and more we sat without taking note of time, and when at last he called attention to the lateness of the hour there arose a universal shout to have him continue. Many who were there that night, when this refreshes their recollections, will agree with me that a grander intellectual treat than that afforded by the poet priest on his first visit here is seldom afforded us to enjoy. I did not see him again for eight years. In that time he had earned the title of the "Cypress Crowned Poet of the South." Had the South been victorious he might not have won renown. Throughout his temperament there was ever a tinge of melancholy, and it suited his tastes betmeiancholy, and it suited his taxes better to sing a dirge than a pean, or, as he often expressed it: "To others give the task of intoning Te Deums; be mine to chant the Miserere." "The Songs of the Lost Cause," "The Conquered Banner," "The Sword of Lee," were in themselves

TO MAKE THE AUTHOR FAMOUS.

He wrote nothing but true poetry, and many of his poems were of a high order. With remarkable pertinacity he adhered to the cause of the Confederacy. He preferred the old, crumbled, dismantled in the preferred that now are that daysed on the nin to the new era that dawned on the South, bringing new life, prosperity and freedom to the enslaved. He was weary of the present, ever seeking to penetrate the realms of the great unknown and sighing for peace and rest. Nearly all his verses convey this feering. One poem on death illustrates this longing:

"Out of a life of commo' ion.
Tempest tossed off, as the oceaa,
Dark with the wreck drifting o'er,
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm come is night,
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the world of the walling, Filled with the anguish and alling, Into the jovs of the blessed; Out of to-day's sin and sorrow, Into a bijskul to-morrow, Into the rapture of rest.

When singing of the heroism and martial glory of the Southland he gives full scope to his sympathy and feelings. In his ode to the sword of Lee he breaks forth in rapturous admiration and equals Tennyson's festival odes in dash and Witness, for instance, in the enthusiasm. second last verse :

Forth from its scabbard never hand Wavid sword from stain as free. Nor brighter nied for braver land. Nor braver land had cause as grand, Nor cause a chief like Lee."

Like all poets he was eccentric, caring but little for the busy, bustling world about him. He lived in an ideal world such as his fancy painted. Had his mind been better balanced and had he devoted himself assiduously to literature he would have probably risen to the standard of our best American poets; but like Shelly he lacked that steadiness of purpose, that knowledge of self and mental discipline without which success is impossible, notwithstarding the greatest natural endowment.

NATIONAL PILLS will not gripe of icken, yet are a thorough cattactic.