THE STORY OF A BRAVE MOUN-TAIN PRIEST.

Abbe Morice any myself were returning from a visit to the ruins of Gerville. We chatted as we climbed an interville. we chatted as we climbed up the steep path which zigzagged along between rocks and brambles up to the old church and parsonage perched alone on the top

of the cliff.

"You are very solitary up there," I remarked. "But as a compensation you are quiet. I suppose that your parishioners, innocent souls that they are, are model neighbors."

"Hum! hum!" coughed the priest. This was partly an expression of doubt as to the fervor and saintliness of his as to the fervor and saintliness.

people and partly a result of his breath-lessness caused by our ascent, although

we had progressed very slowly.

I wondered at both, for I had always believed seagoing folks to be very devout, and I also would have thought devout, and I also would have thought that Abbe Morice, who was barely thirty-three and large and strong be-sides, could have mounted the steep ascent even more easily than I could. He halted to take breath and turned

his rather pale, handsome face toward me. Then, with a smile on his fresh lips and in his blue eyes that had taken tints from the sea at which he

looked so often, he replied:
"Inneent souls! Model neighbors! "Innocent souls! They are far from it! I can assure you that I have trouble enough to save their souls for the Lord. My two enemies are liquor and superstition. They expose me to rough assaults. Then, too, on nights of shipwreck I cannot prevent men, women and chil-dren from rushing to the reefs to look A sound from an alarm for plunder. A sound from an alarm gun on a foggy afternoon, a distress signal on a snowy night, and the heredi-tary instinct of the pirate springs to life in an instant in the breasts of these

The Abbe was silent for a moment, and his expression became thoughtful, at the remembrance of cruel and bar barous scenes doubtless; then he con-

"Ah, yes, I have much to contend with, but I do not complain. I am not one of those who become a priest to accept easy places. If, after five years in Tonquin and six in China, I took this charge, which no one else wanted, it was because I felt myself to be a true soldier of the faith and because I love the fight. Here, as there, I consider myself a missionary, as the performance of my duties is not without a real

We now resumed our ascent. A few yards further on the Abbe was obliged to halt again to get his breath. When could speak his voice was weak and whistling.

But primitive and rough as my people are," he said, "the worst among them are many times better than the them are many times settle. I have rogues from your large cities. I have occasion to know something about them. There is a State prison a few miles from here, and it is a sorry lot of fellows that come and go from it. their terms have expired the authorities turn these beasts of prey loose on the highway, and the first houses they come to are my church and home. They stop to tell me their troubles and to rail at the injustice of justice. Ilisten, for I am here for that purpose, and I try to sift out a grain of truth from the try to sift out a grain of truth from the chaff of falsehood. Finally they ask me for charity, and I give it, for giving is my profession. Certain of them note the solitude of the place with their practiced eyes, and while their left hands are stretched out for alms, their wight clutch their stick. Those are right clutch their stick. Those are dangerous moments, and one has need of a solid foot, a firm fist and a watch-

ful eye."
"Have you no beadle, gardener or

"My beadle is a cartman who comes

"Three times only in two years.
That isn't so bad. The first one tried to kill me with a club. He did not know that I am an expert in boxing and know that I am an expert in boxing and fencing. My ten years of military service were not for nothing. I used to noor the inspecting colonel; I floored my rogue now. I wrenched his club from him and turned him out-of-doors.

"The second was a one-eyed fel-low, short and thick-set under his blue blouse. He whined and sobbed and feigned repentance so well that, profiting by the absence of Toinon, who had gone to the village, I gave him nad gone to the village, I gave him something to eat and emptied my purse into his pocket. He left the house at nightfall. When I was about to retire at 10 o'clock, for some reason or another the fellow came into my mind. I had not liked his sullen, have. mind. I had not liked his sullen, hangdog expression, and I thought at once of my mite-box in the church. I took my dgel, tiptoed out so as not to waken Toinon and crossed the cemetery to go to the church. The front door was fastened. went around to the side door; this I went around to the side door; this I found open, and my rogue was just about to cut into the money box. If I had not had my stick I should have been lost. As it was, I used the cudgel, the called the cudgel, and the called the cudgel and the called the cudgel. the alms box and my shoes as well, I believe. I forced the thief towards the door so as not to wound him inside my church. He saw that he had the worst of it, so he ran out across the cem-When he was at a safe distance, knowing that he could run if I chased him he turned and howled out threats of vengenance, coupled with oaths enough to make the saints tremble."

"And the third: I asked, more disturbed by what I had just heard than the

Abbe himself seemed to be.
"I had not told my old servant of the "I had not told my old servan.

"I had not told my old servan.

"I had not told my old servan.

take every beggar for a thief. I was take every beggar for a thief. I was one a fear of God s judgment after but it was not a fear of God s judgment after was it a fear of God s judgment after death. They were haunted by a fear of autumn had now come. One rainy after noon in the first week of December the twilight fell so early on our deserted twill be a fear of God s judgment after our twint was not a fear of God s judgment after our twint was not a fear of God s judgment after our twint was not a fear of God s judgment after our twint was not a fear of God s judgment after our twint was not a fear of God s judgment after our twint was not a fear of God noon in the first week of December the twilight fell so early on our deserted cliff that Toinon went to lock the church at 3 o'clock. She came running back in the maxim that most fittingly applies is t

priest would not come to listen to the confession of a poor tormented soul. He said that he was even tempted to commit suicide in his despair of receivcommit suicide in his despair of Feediving the forgiveness. I at once rose to go. 'From his words he must be very repentant, added Toinon. "I didn't see his face, or he kept in the shadow, the Little was a covery of "At that but I think to was one-eyed." At that word I shive ed.

You certainly did not go after that," I exclaimed.

I will confess that I had a moment of hesitation," replied the Abbe, quietly. "Then I reasoned rapidly. There might be more than one man of that sort. What reason was there to think that a rogue would, through pure ven-geance, risk facing a man who know him? And what man could be so perhim? And what man could be so perverted as to seek revenge in the house of God? I finally persuaded myself that my first impulse of fear was only the result of the depressing atmosphere of the day. A soul in distress needed my aid; it was my duty to give it, cost what it might. The least delay might provoke suicide. Then, too, even if it are read to be my one eyed enemy, who proved to be my one-eyed enemy, who could tell but that he was truly and

sincerely repentant?"
"You at least had Toinon accompany

"To a confession? What are you thinking of? Besides, if there were any danger to be run, would it be right to expose a poor old woman to it? I am in the habit of going alone, and I am in the nabit of going alone, such went alone this time. As I entered the church I heard the plaintive voice from under the curtain of confessional. I opened the wicket, and, sure enough it was my man. I had scarcely sat down and leaned over when, without any have in life. *** Death does not warning, I received a knife thrust in my side. That is why I have to stop to more likely to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be an absurd and observed in the stop to be a stop to st; since that time I get out of breath

The Abbe was now silent, as if the est of the story was without special importance.
"Wasn't the rascal arrested?" I in-

'No ; he escaped, but I did not die,

as you see."

He laughed as he spoke, then, pointing out to the sea he added: "Look over there at that point of land emerging from the mist. Isn't it superb?"

Before I could reply a noise above us attracted our attention. Looking up we saw a cowherd on the top of the cliff. Making a trumpet of his hands, he

" Monsieur Abbe, there is a man in a blue blouse up here, and he wants to confess to you."

The priest then pressed my hand in a farewell and at once began to clamber up the steep ascent, calling out in short, breathless accents:
"I'm coming! I'm coming! Here I am !'

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

The growth of religious indifference on the Continent is not confined to France. The Berlin correspondent of on the Continent is not correspondent of the Daily Chronicle draws a sad picture of spiritual life in Prussia. Protestantism would seem to be rapidly losing its hold on large sections of society. Connection with the State exercises a chilling influence. This has been exemplified in the triennial propingial Synods recently held throughvincial Synods recently held through-out the country. The Synods occupied themselves with projects for building churches, with protests against Social Democracy, cremation, promiseuous bathing at seaside resorts, and so on; but vigor and earnestness were alto-gether lacking. In the large cities the gether lacking. In the large cities to clergy are no longer called upon as frequently as formerly to assist at burials and marriages, and the number of confirmations is not increasing with the increase of population. Owing to the exertions of the Empress and other "My beadle is a cartman who comes up on Sundays. I am my own gardener, and my old housekeeper would only embarrass me with her fears and cries if there was any danger. I have maniged to come out of it all pretty well?" where you ever attacked by the "Where you ever attacked by the "I hidde?" In other words, the people of Prussia and the people of France are displayondent declares, are in ing the same lifelessness in the matter of religion. Engrossed in worldly pursuits, and in the gratification of passions, they dislike and reject the restraints of religion.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

It is evident to whosoever has pon-dered over the lives of the saints that for the martyrs and hely people, in all ages, death had no terrors. We have seen good men die, and they died per-fectly contented. Some may be solved feetly contented. Some may be seized with that natural dread of dissolution which is inalienable from man, but the prospect of passing out of life and into another one was always both bright and consoling. It seems to be reserved for consoling. It seems to be reserved in the very men who least believe in the soul, in immortality, in God, to be haunted by a perpetual fear of death. On this subject the Literary Digest On this subject the Interary Digest reproduces a few very striking passages from recent publications. We will take the liberty of quoting a few of them: "The thought of death," observes

Le Journal des Debats, "seems to be as full of terror to our nineteenth cenas full of terror to our nineteenth century free-thinkers as it was to the devout religious souls of past generations. Alphonse Dandet acknowledged that this thought poisoned his life. It haunted Emile Zola; and Lazarus, whom he depicts in 'La Joie de Vivre,' was a vietim of this death horror. The works of Pierre Loti are full of the same works of Pierre Loti are full of the same spirit. Maupassant was constantly pos-

spirit. Maupassant was constantly possessed by it.

The only mistake here is to ascribe to the "devout religious souls of the past generations" a fear of death. It is true that these really pious and holy ones were seized with a constant fear; but it was not a fear of death, rather was it a fear of God's judgment after.

We have

inquiry amongst French celebrities upon this question. In prefacing his

ticle he says:
"Shall we believe with Mohammed
"Shall we believe with or shall we that immortality is certain; or shall we say with Job that 'as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.' This is the eternal problem.
The thinker seeks the truth from
Krishna, from Plato, from Jesus, from Nietzsche, but neitzer the religious teachers nor the philosophers have suc-ceeded in answering the riddle."

Here we have the one who has been seeking the opinions of others placing Our Lord, Plato, Krishna, and Nietzsche on a level of equanty, and then saying that neither these teachers or philoso-phers have answered the riddle. He must be intentionally blind if he cannot and the answer a score of times, and more, in the teachings and words of

It may be interesting, if not calculated to instruct us, to read a few of the replies given to Mr. de France. "Why shall I regret to die," replied

M. Brieux, the poet, when he was approached on this subject; "for so long as I am not dead, I shall hope to live. And when I am dead I shall not know, that I am dead." M. Anatole France quotes a sentiment of Euripides. "We cing this life," he says, "because we know no better. Let us not be vainly agitated by lies." M. Paul Adam,

agitated by lies. M. Faul Adam, critic and novelist, declares:
"I would not regret to die if it were only a question of relinquishing the good things of life. I have no more confidence, however, in death than I have in life. * * * Death does not scure palingenies, of which I am afraid. On earth I realize that I have to expect material trouble, incessant work, the hostility of friends, the calculations of those around me. Will it be worse in death? The scientists answer: "Pro-

M. Jean Berthelot, the chemist, thinks that we feel the pain of death most when it summons us from work unfinished. "What poet, painter, or sculptor," he asks, "would not grieve to die before his work was completed?" Louise Michel the anarchist-commun-

ist, says:
"Under no circumstances would I regret to die, because in the eternal harmony of the universe the being that dies, the leaf that falls, the world that disappears, are obeying a rhythmic law that we do not understand as yet. At and the true, Christian civilization. times I have wished to die, because it is noble to die for our cause, and because death is the great propagator of

Now, all this is simply agnosticism. It is beating the air in the vain hope to find some substitute for a faith in the hereafter. Anything but a belief and that which religion teaches is the principle that underlies all these opinions. They all avoid the real is-sue. Not one of them but would be glad to find some substitute for that which God has taught. They specu-late about the chances of the future, but they deliberately decline to accept the certain and admit the logical. Yet there is one mystery that they cannot avoid, there is one certainty that they cannot ignore; that is the mystery and the certainty of death. Be their faith or their disbelief what it may, one thing is positive that "all may, must die;" this they cannot deny without stultifying themselves. But they seek to escape from the second and equally positively fact that "after death comes judgment." This they imagine can be avoided by a disbelief This they therein. The bird of the desert hides his head in the sand and thinks that no eye can see him: we know the re-

THE GREAT AMERICAN OR THE

states government who was sent as a teacher to the Mohammedans in Sulu and Mindanao of the Philippines. It is a curious document and reveals a is a curious document and reveals a new kind of missionary work among the heathen.

The teacher's name is Henry S. Townsend, and he congratulates him-self on having had the good fortune to self on having had the good fortune to be assigned to a command which gave him the whole Mohammedan problem to deal with. The heading of the article in the Boston Transcript, which publishes the report of Mr. Townsend, will give some idea of the missionary plans and labors of this representative of the American government.

"Unique Public Schools. The American System in Sulu and Mindanao. Children not taught to read and write, but given purely industrial training-Avarice and personal vanity as springs to education. The parents besprings to education. The parents be-coming enrolled in the schools. Pupils just beginning to speak English. Crude beginnings of a great work."

We are at once struck with the fact that this is not a Christian mission but a mission of the great "American civilization." Thefriars, against whom such a flood of prejudice and ill-feeling has been let lease and has been let loose-our own govern ment, at first, favoring their being expelled from the Islands-had introduced Christian civilization among a large portion of the population, including some of the Mohammedans, and they were a quiet, orderly, peaceful, intelli gent and moral people until infidelity and hatred of all religion was intro until infidelity duced by the Masonic, Katipunan and other infidel secret societies who determined to drive the friars out, as being the only effective obstacle to their wicked designs, and who introduced rebellion, disorder and every

We have waited to see whether our Protestant friends, who rushed to the Islands with so much apparent zeal,

result of M. Frederic de France's calculus amongst French celebrities faith and producing skepticism and confusion worse confounded.

But the great American civilization article he says:

must be introduced at least among the Mohammedans, and so Professor Townsend proceed to establish a scaool in the very midst of the Mohammedan population. In this school the children are not taught to read, they have no books—they simply receive an indus-trial training. They are taught cer-iain trades and handicrafts, they make such things as meet with a ready sale, and they are allowed to enjoy the product of their labor.

"Think," says Mr. Townsend," of paying children for coming to school! Butwhy not? In what other way could they be taught the value of industry in the concrete? Worst of all, children were not required to come to school with clean hands, or to wash them after coming, except as they learned that dirty hands meant soiled and unsalable work. Right here," continues this candid missionary of American civilization," let me say that acquisitiveness, the love of money, avarice if you will, has been the mainstay of our

Alluding to the fact that some advance had been made in inducing the girls to bring their clothes with them when they

came to school, he adds:
"With two such forces in alliance with
us as the virtue of avarice and the grace of personal vanity, what may we

grace of personal vanity, what may we not expect to accomplish?"

Some of our readers may perhaps be stumbled by the "virtue of avarice" and the "grace of personal vanity," thus boldly put forth by Professor Townsend as the governing motives of his mission to the Mohammedans. But it should be recollected that this is the gospel of the great American civilization.

should be recollected that this is the gospel of the great American civilization, not the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The friars who were careful, from the very beginning of their mission to the Filipinos, to teach them various trades,—agriculture, farming and gardening—and encouraged them to work. dening-and encouraged them to work, to be thrifty, economical and, as time went on, to build houses and establish a happy family life. And the Sisters taught the girls and women the mysteries of housewifery, sewing, embroidery and all things suitable to their sex. But all this in connection with the great truths of Christianity—the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. That is what made the Christianized Filipinos the admirable people that they were, and that constitutes the grand difference between the great American Sacred Heart Review.

A SWEET IRISH POEM.

The following letter and verses ached me just before "mailing time" I am greatly indebted to my correspondent for them. I would ask my good friend where the music may be pro-cured, as I would very much like to

have the full song.

My Dear Kit—As an occasional con My Dear Kit—As an occasional contributor to, and a constant admirer of your weekly budget, I am glad to think that I am this week able to assist you a little in complying with a request of one of your correspondents. My wife, who, by the way, is an enthusiastic admirer of your page, called my attention mirer of your page, called my attention

mirer of your page, called my attention to the fact that you wished the words of that beautiful song "Will my soul pass through old Ireland."

I have the words and music and I assure you the music is almost as pathetic as the words and when united the words and mysic, to an Irishman, or words and music, to an Irishman, or woman, is very touching indeed. The copy I have is a professional copy and I cannot say what style of sheet music the song is printed in if issued at all. The words are as follows:

WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH OLD IRELAND In a lonely little cottage lies a woman old and

IE GREAT AMERICAN OR THE
TRUE CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION-WHICH?

We have been very much interested

The state a priest is praying, for she soon will pass away.

She is dreaming of her native land—it fills her hear with pain to think she'll die and never see her dear old home again.

She remembers how when but a child she stood. We have been very much interested in the report of an agent of the United States government who was sent as a teacher to the Make and the state of t

> Refrain.
>
> Will my soul pass through old Ireland, past my dear old Irish home.
>
> Will I see the winding river by whose banks I used to roam, And the preby little chapel where I gave my heart and hand, Oh, tell me, Father, will my soul pass through old Ireland? Refrain.

Now the good priest kneels beside her and he whispers in her ear.

I will pray your wish be granted," then he brushed away a tear.

A look of peace comes to her and she breaths a heartfelt sigh. brushed away a tear.

A look of poace comes to her and she breaths a neartfell sigh.
And says. If God will hear your prayer contented I will die."

Now she dreams of home once mere and sees her dear old mother's face.
And her brave young lover as he stood at their old meeting place.

Then the hope she holds grows stronger as she sees the heav'nly light. And once again she waispers ere her spirit takes its flight:

Ref. ain.

Will my soul pass through old Ireland, past my dear old Irish home.

Wil I see the winding river by whose banks I used to roam, And the pretty little chapel where I gave my heart and hand.

Oh, tell me, father, will my soul pass through old Ireland I Ref. ain.

Why is it that such verses so affect one, who, like me, was born in Canada, and never saw the green old sod of Ire-land? I am very proud of being a Canadian by birth, but do you think, as the Rev. Mr. Knowles, of Galt, says, we are born of our ancestors? Whatever may be the cause a poem such as the above moves me, as nothing else can do. Yours truly, ERIN.

"Why," asks my friend, "should such verses so affect one, who, like me, was born in Canada, and never saw the green old sod of Ireland?" And he answers his question. "Tell me," said dear big father to me when I made my first visit home in 1892, "tell me, gir-

eyed Daddy: "Twas this eyed Daddy: "Twas this way, tather. One morning early, the ship, stopped running, and I got out and raced up on deck. And then, not 2 hand's throw from us were the green. hills! And then it was the tears came pushing through-and hurting sc !- and all the wish of my soul was that I might get out and lay my body down face to face and breast to the big green hill of home - and, father, I thought that there would be a heart in her, my country, that might beat against my breast in a great welcome, and after that it was all home and Ireland." And indeed that was what I told him, and his blue eyes fired and he laid his two great arms about my shoul-ders and I was his little girleen, his gracheen, his own-neen—and there was no world at all outside of him. And he died that Christmas.—Kit in Toronto

What is prayer for? Not to inform What is prayer for the state of the state of the way of the state of t hearts by conscious need and the true desire and dependence to receive the gift which He is ever willing to give, but we are not always ready to receive.

Alexander Maclaren.

IF BABY COULD TALK.

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What The Children Say.)

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