

THE STORY OF A BRAVE MOUNTAIN PRIEST.

Abbe Morice any myself were returning from a visit to the ruins of Gorville. We chatted as we climbed up the steep path which zigzagged along between the 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 mostly up there."

"Hum! hum!" coughed the priest. "I was partly an expression of doubt as to the fervor and saintliness of his people and partly a result of his breathlessness 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 that Abbe Morice, who was barely thirty-three and large and strong besides, could have mounted the steep ascent even more easily than I could."

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 receiving the forgiveness. At once rose to go. "From his words he must be very repentant, added Toison. 'I didn't see his face, for he kept in the shadow, but I think he was one-eyed.' At that word I shivered."

"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 vengeance, risk facing a man who knew 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 proved to be my one-eyed enemy, who would I be if I failed to help him?"

"The Abbe was now silent, as if the rest of the story was without special importance. "Wasn't the rascal arrested?" I inquired. "No; he escaped, but I did not do, 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 shouted: 'Monsieur Abbe, there is a man in a blue blouse up here, and he wants to confess to you.'"

result of M. Frederic de France's inquiry amongst French celebrities upon this question. In preating his article he says: "Small we believe with Mohammed 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 neither the religious teachers nor the philosophers have succeeded 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 equality, and then saying that neither these teachers or philosophers have answered the riddle. He must be intentionally blind if he cannot find the answer a score of times, and more, in the teachings and words of Christ.

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. Brioux, 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 are all likely to be agitated by lies," said M. Paul 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. I am unconscious; it is a promise not to be an absurd and obscure palatine, 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 that? The scientist answers: 'Probably.'"

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-communist, 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 times I have wished to die, because it is noble to die for our cause, and because death is the great propagator of ideas."

Christian sects, thus destroying their faith and producing skepticism and confusion worse confounded. But the great American civilization must be introduced at least among the Mohammedans, and so Professor Townsend proceeded to establish a school 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 industrial training. They are taught certain 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? But why 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 work."

Aluding 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 not expect to accomplish? I am disturbed by the 'virtue of avarice' and the 'grace of personal vanity' and 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, the very beginning of their mission to the Philippines, to teach them various trades, agriculture, farming and gardening—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 the Sisters taught the boys of housework, 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 and the true, Christian civilization.—Sacred Heart Review.

A SWEET IRISH POEM. The following letter and verses reached 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 procured, as I would very much like to have the full song.

My Dear Kit—As an occasional contributor to, and a constant admirer of your weekly, I am glad to think that I can this week able to assist you a little in complying with a request of one of your correspondents. My wife, by the way, is an enthusiastic admirer 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" to be set to music and music and I have the words and music and I assume you the music is almost as pathetic as the words and when united the 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 young, By her side a priest is praying, for she soon will be away. She is dreaming of her native land—it fills her heart with pain. To this she clings and never sees her dear old home again. She remembers how when a child she stood at mother's knee, Old Ireland's hills and flowery vales in fancy she could see. As a boy of hope lights up her face in trembling tones and low she says: "Father, tell me, tell me this before I go: Refrain. "Will my soul pass through old Ireland, past my dear old Irish home, With 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?"

Now the good priest kneels beside her and whispers in her ear, "I will pray for you with gladness, then he brushed away a tear. A look of hope lighted up her face and she breathes a heartfelt sigh. And says, "If God will, hear your prayer. Now she dreams of home once more 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 heavy light. And once again she whispers ere her spirit takes its flight: Refrain. "Will my soul pass through old Ireland, past my dear old Irish home, With 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?"

Why is it that such verses so affect one, who, like me, was born in Canada, and never saw the green old soil of Ireland? 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, ERIC.

"Why," asks my friend, "should such verses so affect one, who, like me, was born in Canada, and never saw the green old soil of Ireland?" And he answers his question. "Tell me," said my dear father to me when I made my first visit home in 1892. "I tell me, girl, it is true that the home comes to the Old Land feels more strongly the love for it and of it than we do who have never left home? How did you feel when you saw the first of the green hills? They say it chokes a man." And I just told the big blue-eyed Daddy: "Twas this way, father. One morning early, the ship, stopped running, and I got out and raced up on deck. And then, not a hand's throw from us were the green hills! And then it was the tears came pushing through—and hurting so—and all the wish of my soul was that I might get out and lay my body down face to face and breast to breast with the big green hill of home—and father, I thought that there would be a heart laid his two great arms about my shoulders and I was his little girl, his gracie, his own-niece—and there was no world at all outside of him. And he died that Christmas.—Kit in Toronto Mail.

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RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

The growth of religious indifference on the Continent is not confined to France. The Berlin 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 provincial Synods recently held throughout the country. The Synods occupied themselves with projects for building churches, with protests against Social Democracy, against socialism, and so on; but vigor and earnestness were altogether lacking. In the large cities the 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 Emperor and other highly-placed personages, churches are becoming more numerous in Berlin and elsewhere in Prussia, but the gifts which go to build these edifices are to a large extent compulsory. The great masses of the people of all classes, the correspondent declares, are indifferent. In other words, the people of Prussia and the people of France are displaying the same lifelessness in the matter of religion. Engrossed in worldly pursuits, and in the gratification of the passions, they dislike and reject the restraints of religion.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

It is evident to whosever has pondered over the lives of the saints that for the martyrs and holy people, in all ages, death had no terrors. We have seen good men die, and they died perfectly 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 me that the devout religious souls of past generations, Alphonse Daudet acknowledged that this thought poisoned his life. It haunted Emile Zola; and Lazarus, whom he depicts in 'La Joie de Vivre,' was a victim of this death horror. The works of Pierre Loti are full of the same spirit. Manassant 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 judgment after which they were haunted by a fear of death. They were haunted by a fear of sin, in this world, and a terror of its punishments in the next. In their case the maxim that most fittingly applies is the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

As a sample of the free-thinkers' turn to La Revue, which contains the

THE GREAT AMERICAN OR THE TRUE CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION—WHICH?

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 Mohammedans in Sulu and Mindanao of the Philippines. It 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 himself 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 being enrolled in the schools. Pupils beginning 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.' The friars, against whom such a flood of prejudice and ill-feeling has been let loose—our own government, 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, intelligent and moral people until infidelity and hatred of all religion was introduced 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 evil work. We have wanted to see whether our Protestant friends, who rushed to the Islands with so much apparent zeal, would make any attempt at the conversion of the Mohammedans and other heathen of the Islands. Thus far we have failed to discover any effort in that direction. Their mission seems to be simply to convert the Catholic Christians to the conglomeration of so-called

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