

**The Consecrated Will.**

(The Pilot reprints the following verse, with the question, "Who wrote this beautiful poem?")

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my gift this day for Jesus' sake,
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;

But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small;

But only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand,
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I am or love, or fain would be—
Deep love, fond hope, or longings infinite.

It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Cleaved in my grasp till beauty it hath none.

Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascended, "May Thy will be done."

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that even
In some desperate hour my crisis prove,
And Thou giv'st back my gift, it may have been.

So changed, so purified—so fair have grown,
I may not know nor feel it as my own,
So one with Thine, so filled with peace divine,

That gaining back my will, I find it thus.

Death my Death!

By REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.
"Oh, death, my death, that sometime waits for me!" * What sort of death I wonder will it be, Sudden or slow? A moment's shock—all over!

Or shall Death knock discreetly at my door, As if but for passing visit come; Then, entering, make himself so much at home

That one grows used to him—forgets 'tis Death!

How, when and where shall stop this vital breath? Which comes and goes for me unnoticed now?

But, when death's daw lies thick upon my brow,
Each frightened gape may be a pang, a strife.

For some few moments more of dying life,
So hard an agony that kindest friend will pray God's pity for a speedy end.

Or else life lingers on, a faint dull spark,
Whose fading keenest watcher cannot mark—

The flickering taper wastes so slowly out,
That those who pray there are a while in doubt

Whether to pray for dying or for dead,
Or if the struggling soul had fled.

Slow deaths and sudden deaths occur each day;

Which shall be mine no man on earth can say,

And even in heaven perhaps God only knows—

A secret which he never will disclose Till those around my death say, "Tis o'er!"

If quiet deathbed be for me a store,
The death that shall be mine I now embrace.

Accepting all—the time, the kind, the place

Pleading alone for God's all-pardoning grace.

Almighty God, before Thy will I bow,
And wish to do and be in all things now And homeward all that I shall wish for then.

All men must die, but Thou hast died for me.

To Thee for mercy till the end I'll cry; May "Jesus! Jesus!" be my parting sigh.

O God, have mercy on me when I die!

* This is the first line of an impressive sonnet by Father Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as superior of the oratory at Birmingham.

—Irish Monthly.

The Peace of God.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

We stood together in the cloistered way,
The sun and I—from out another world—

Looking abroad upon the waning day,
Its flaunting banners by the night slow furled.

Cold was the sky and bleak the winter wind;

The sudden field stretched chilly, wide and low;

Far in the west the sighing woods defined Their tangled branchings 'gainst the sunset glow.

"In yonder corner," said the nun's low voice.

"We'll make our graves—already one is here.

She left us all too soon, Yet we rejoice So soon to have Paradise our share.

"She was so fervent; she so yearned to give Her all to our dear Lord ere she depart;

He waited, when we found she could not live,

The blessed day which sealed her His spirit.

"Her glad profession made, she passed away,

In perfect faith and hope without alloy.

Now, while we labor, watching as we pray,

She prays for us in the courts of Joy.

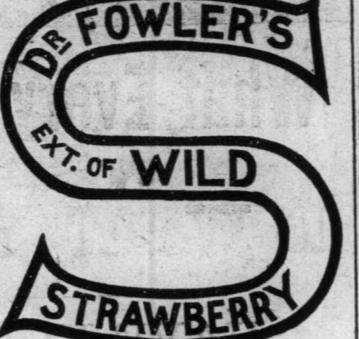
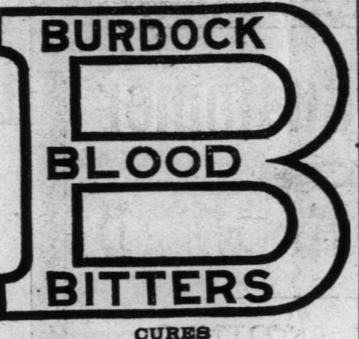
I marked her words: I marked her lovely face.

Stillness and sweetness, steadfast strength and power,

A deeper knowledge and a fuller grace,

Parted her from me in that twilight hour.

Ah, yes! I felt it as an arrow keen Piercing my soul, a fiery shaft of Truth, Hers is the better part, and I have seen, Clear-eyed, the beauty of eternal Youth.



soon as this hole is reached, for should he proceed any further, he will discover that the short section of this tunnel, which remains between this exit and the fire-gut, is the sink. Creeping along in the dark slippery tunnel is not a graceful proceeding, and this bobbing up from the hole is decidedly an abrupt manner of making one's appearance in society. The departure is fully a ludicrous. The soft boots and fur clothing make no rustling, and you behold the inmates disappear instantly and silently through the floor, after the fashion of imps in a pantomime. The interior of the casino is always gloomy, the sides and roof are blackened with smoke and covered thickly with soot. The mode of illuminating these residence is primitive. The lamps used are little clay saucers; in these a lump of blubber is placed, or some oil is poured, and the wick, which consists of a fibre of moss, is stuck against the edge. The lamps afford a poor light, but an immense amount of foul smell; still they have one advantage, they are non-explosive. The smoke blackens the faces of the inmates, so that they appear like a minstrel troupe, just ready to go on the stage. Oil obtained from the seals taken in the spring does not smell badly, while that which is got in the autumn has the most abominable odor.

(To be Continued.)

The villages all through this portion of Alaska are not places of permanent residence, for the vicissitudes of Arctic life force the natives to adopt a nomadic existence. Food and water are the essentials; a house which afforded these three things would afford also a permanent home; and such a place is exactly what these poor creatures have always been looking for. A place may prove well adapted to winter residence, but entirely unsuitable for summer and vice versa. There are villages along the coast conveniently situated on the tracks followed by the salmon, herring, seals, and other food animals, in their annual passage, but it is generally the case, that at these identical points, no drift-wood is ever found, or there is no fresh water. So, as soon as the supply of fish is obtained, the families have to move away. Again it happens, that new sand-bars, or some other cause will make the fish desert an accustomed track, and thus depopulate a number of villages. Furthermore, a village may be situated at a place where fish are plentiful and wood abundant, yet during summer it has to be deserted on account of inundations. This is the case with many winter villages, which become impenetrable quagmires during the warm season. Finally, the mosquito plague renders many villages uninhabitable during a portion of the year; this is common in the delta of the Yukon. When all these circumstances are fully taken into consideration, it will be clearly seen that it is stern necessity, and not caprice, that forces our poor Eskimos to wander from place to place. The villages are organized on a very convenient socialistic plan. The main edifice of every settlement is called the Casino. Around this the private residences of Barabaras are grouped without any regard to regularity. Near each barbara is its storehouse called a cache or Laskaf.

DESCRIPTION OF A CASINO.

The Casino or Kashga is the great institution of Alaska. It is common property, and serves as the exchange, club-house, restaurant, workshop, bath-house, hospital and theatre for the residents of the village, and also as the hotel for any stranger, and, I may add, the chapel of the missionary. According to Eskimo etiquette, the casino is reserved solely for men; women and children rarely invade its precincts. The Concordant is a mill stone around the neck of the Church of France. It enables the State to "regulaire" religion. It makes the people look upon the faith, on one side, as something under the control of the Government, and, on the other, as something opposed to the republic. And the atheist Freemasons, who are in power, to make use of it against Christ. The Pope, anxious possibly, to avoid the evils of a State overtly hostile to Christianity, has repeatedly advised French Catholics to sustain the Concordat, but its provisions are more and more turned into means of oppression, so that Monsignor d'Hulst lately cried out: "The majority [in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate] have such a way of interpreting the Concordat that they will compel us soon to join our worst enemies in asking for its abrogation."

For all the rest of us, the Pope is sternly told: "If the Church was not bound to the State, obliged to keep silent under pain of persecution, he will blow after blow, in the secularization of education, in the military service exacted of seminaries, etc., etc., it could exert its influence unfettered and stand up boldly and strongly for God and the right."

—CATHOLIC REVIEW.

THE CASINO OR KASHGA.

The territory which Father Tosi has allotted to the care of the Coast Missions is of no small extent, for it gave generously. It embraces the whole of the region alluded to already in designating the situation of our establishment at Kalaopeo, that is to say, the delta of the Yukon, and thence along to the Kuskokwim, as well as the slightly known island of Nunivak. Father Muste explored the southern portion and Father Treca visited the northern portion of the upper part. The Moravians have their station of the Kuskokwim, while the Russian stronghold is at the head of the Yukon delta, so Father Muste borders on heresy and Father Treca on schism, and I am plunged in infidelity. All the upper region of Alaska extending along the shore of Behring Sea, presents the same general features. This vast desolate area is entirely devoid of trees and is intersected by innumerable rivers. The soil deposited by these rivers has rendered the sea shallow by four miles from the shore to about a row-boat. The whole is a flat, low, impossible, except during the winter season. Throughout all this region the scenery is not only most monotonous, but inexplicably dreary. All that presents itself to the eye, is the cold grey sea, with a cold grey stretch of country, covered by a cold grey sky. I am aware of what has been written concerning the grandeur and the marvels of Alaska's scenery, its glaciers, volcanoes, and natural wonders; but really all these brilliant descriptions refer to some-where else. Alaska, which is, in every respect, an entirely distinct region. A trip to Alaska, as understood by most people, means a visit to Sitka, the Capital, situated in a bay, one tier above the other, like books in a library. On the fourth side of the casino the main divan extends only a short distance from the corners, leaving free the middle portion where the entrance is situated. In the centre of the floor is a large square pit covered with lgs. In this pit, during the time of the bath, a fire is built. At other times it is used as the presence of a number of persons in an air-tight apartment suffices to keep the temperature a little above the freezing point, which is considered comfortable enough in a country where wool is so precious. The casino has a door in our sense of the word; the entrance is closed by a screen which serves as a vestibule. This has a large hole in the floor, and from the bottom of this hole or shaft extends a tunnel which terminates in the fire-pit of the casino. A person desiring to enter a casino goes into the vestibule, jumps down into the hole, and then crawls along the tunnel until he reaches a corresponding hole in the floor of the casino. Woe to the luckless stranger who fails to emerge as

the exit of the fire-pit.

—H. T. LE PAGE'S OLD STAND.

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