

as my feeble strength would permit, but I am sorry to say that I have always been too superficial. If God gives me His grace and strength, I will do better in the future. It seems to me that I feel in my soul the strong desire to belong to God and to serve Him, but I am afraid of delusion of the senses. Where the holiest is at stake we must use great caution, for the devil interweaves phantoms of exterior beauty and sanctity in order to lead us away from the truth, when we just think it in our reach.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, December 21, 1835.

Strange enough, you are afraid of deception where you can be truly undeceived! Only the Church comes down to us from the Apostles and has the promise that the spirit of truth will remain with her until the end of time. Therefore, the Apostle himself calls her the foundation of truth; according to that, deception is found everywhere away from this Church, and your great fear of deception is in itself the greatest deception. The real centre of difference is that, relying upon the rock of this Church, we are sure of unerring teaching. But take away this rock foundation of the Church, and the whole divine revelation will fall. Perhaps you will say: according to that, one must agree to everything that happens in the Church, every disorder, every abuse? That is far from the truth! Who would not desire to see the Church represented in the greatest purity, and what could please God better than to prevent disorder and abuse? But do not let us confound that, which is only too much exposed to degeneration and may well need reform, namely, the administration of the Divine teachings by sinful men, with that, which can never degenerate, the Divine teaching itself. For the Church has the promise from God himself to be proof against all degeneracy. The Confessors of this teaching can only work out their salvation when they become living members of the great Divine body, whose head is Jesus Christ. If the shepherds and teachers, the bishops and popes have given offence, woe to them, for the higher they were placed in order to give a good example, and guide the others, the greater was their responsibility. We have to remember the words of our Lord: "On the seat of Moses are seated

learned men and Pharisees, what they tell you to do, do it, but be not guided by their works." Let us look then to the sound members of this great body and leave the dead and failures to the just judgment of God. In the fourth century, St. Augustine tells this to the Donatists and, had Luther followed this truly evangelical principle, I need not write this letter to you to-day, for we should be one undivided family. I cannot send this letter without adding a request. If it is your real intention to see clearly in this important matter, please take this letter to a Catholic theologian and have him answer all your questions and doubts. May God give such strength to these lines that you cannot resist my request.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### An Apostrophe to Niagara.

This is Jehovah's fullest organ strain!  
I hear the liquid music rolling, breaking  
From the gigantic pipes—the great refrain  
Bursts on my ravished ear, high thoughts awaking.

The low sub-bass, uprising from the deep,  
Swells the great organ as it rolls eternal—  
Ah, then, I hear, at one majestic sweep  
The diapason of the keys eternal!

Standing beneath Niagara's angry flood—  
The thundering cataract above me bounding—  
I hear the echo, "Man, there is a God!"  
From the great arches of the gorge resounding!

Behold, O man! nor shrink aghast in fear!  
Survey the vortex boiling deep before thee!  
The hand that opened the liquid gateway here  
Hath set the beauteous flow of promise over thee!

Here, in the hollow of that Mighty Hand,  
Which holds the basin of the tidal ocean,  
Let not the jarring of the spray-washed strand  
Disturb the crises of pure devotion.

Roll on, Niagara! great River King!  
Beneath thy sceptre all earth's rulers, mortal,  
Bow reverently; and birds shall ever sing  
The matchless grandeur of thy peerless portal!

I hear, Niagara, in this grand strain,  
His voice, who speaks in flood, in flame and thunder—  
Forever mayst thou, singing, roll and reign—  
Earth's grand sublime, supreme, eternal wonder.

E. PALMER.

To conquer our own will is the greatest sacrifice we can make to God.—ST. AMADEUS.

There is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can repose.—FATHER FABER.