

stomach, so much so that alarm was felt for his life. In the evening, however, feeling better, he took his supper and appeared contented. From January 29th until February 17th he preached four times, received once the communion from the priest at the altar, communicated another time, received absolution and ordained two priests. Every evening he retired at eight o'clock or earlier, and said his evening prayers at the window. On the evening of February 17th he complained of a feeling of oppression in his chest. At nine o'clock he went to bed, saying: "If I could sleep for half an hour, I hope, all would be better." He then slept until ten o'clock, while Jonas, Coelius, his servant Ambrose, and his two little sons, Martin and Paul, remained with him. On his awaking he asked them if they would not retire. He arose, walked through the room, and said: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, Thou hast redeemed me, Lord, God of Truth." Having returned to bed, he spoke: "Doctor Jonas and Master Coelius and the others, pray for our Lord God and His gospel, that they may fare well, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are very angry with them." He then slept until after midnight. After this he began to suffer much. About the same time Coelius

ran quickly out of the sick room, followed by Anisfaber, to call the inn-keeper, Johann Albrecht, the town clerk and his wife, and two physicians. All these arrived within a quarter of an hour. Count Albrecht and the countess also hastened to the bed of the dying man. Meanwhile Luther exchanged a few words more with Jonas and Coelius. He prayed for a short while, and pronounced several texts of scripture. He then said: "Into Thy hands, Father, I commend my spirit; Thou has redeemed me, God of Truth." He soon became still. They tried to arouse him; the countess applied various restoratives, but his eyes were closed; he spoke not. Finally Coelius and Jonas cried out forcibly to him: "Reverend Father, will you persevere and die in Christ and the doctrines you have preached?" "Yes," he answered. This was Luther's last word, a confirmation of the work begun on All Saints Day at Wittenberg. He shortly after drew a deep breath and expired. Not willing to believe that he was dead, his friends employed all means to restore him, but it was too late. This is the account of Luther's death given us by his friends, who were said to be eye-witnesses of the closing scenes of his life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1896.

There are many things we wait to learn in heaven, because out of heaven they are so poorly taught. Mary is one of these.—FR. FABER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Many people are especially fond of looking for shadows as they walk through life. Nothing pleases them better than hunting for them, and making them—the longer and darker the better. 'Tis fun, of course,

to see one's own shadow, never a beautiful one at best, but something to laugh at even if it is one's other self. Now the delightful month of May has come, and if ever there were a time to forget all things gloomy and sad, to get out of the shadow and look only for the glorious sunlight, it is now.

Dear Father Faber, that most charming of men, the apostle of geniality and the very soul of winning good nature, says: "There is much in the world to make us sad, the sorrows of the Church and our own little love of God, Yet can