

Friday nights, week after week, at the end of the Stations of the Cross, before the unlighted altar, priest and people chant its mournful verses. It is indeed a wondrous dirge for the sufferings of God and the sins of men, and the eyes of many are wet as they slowly leave the house of God, where for a little while they have been trying to realize with what a heavy price our redemption was bought. This hymn appears in various forms in most collections of hymns used in Protestant congregations, showing plainly, in spite of many and deep differences of creed and belief, that Father Faber expresses the longing and desires of all who truly yearn after their Saviour and God.

*O Paradise! O Paradise! and Hark, Hark, My Soul!* are without doubt the most popular and most widely known of all that Father Faber has ever written, but, though very beautiful, we cannot fail to dissent from what seems a universal opinion. *Jesus is God* surely ranks far higher than either, both from a devotional and metrical point of view.

There is hardly another writer who is so much in touch with the trials

and aspirations of the people. Father Faber knew the human heart as few understand it, and in that lay his success. He has been called by his more ardent admirers the "Apostle of London," and though hesitating to give such an august title to him, lest we should seem to detract from the great merits and labors of his fellow-workers in the fruitful field of the modern Babylon, nevertheless, it is not too much to say that it was chiefly through his instrumentality that English Catholics had the courage to worship once more with the full pomp and ritual of the Church, to set up again the holy statues for the veneration of the faithful, and to inaugurate processions both of the Blessed Sacrament and our Lady; supported by cardinal Wiseman, he boldly revived stations, *soutane* and congregational singing, and as hymns were almost wanting in the vernacular, he set himself the task of giving the English world, especially the Congregation of his own Oratory, words of prayer and praise at once deep and heart-stirring.

JOSHUA HEPWORTH.

## THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

IN THE "Apocryphal Gospels," notably the "*Evangelium Infantiae Salvatoris*" and the "*Prot-evangelium of St. James*," are related many marvellous tales of the first years of our Saviour's earthly life; tales which erstwhile were told in the harvest field, when the reapers rested during the noontide heat, at the camp-fires of the caravans, in the tent, and in the bazaar, and, in later days, at the bivouacs of the soldiers of the cross.

These legends the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, in her divinely-directed wisdom, has re-

fused to sanction, but they are nevertheless of great value, inasmuch as that they exhibit to us the boundless, unquestioning faith of the children of the primitive Church in the divinity of the Founder, and that they witness as well the devotion of the early Christians for the Mother of God, as their appreciation of the incalculable value of her intercession, prerogatives which have never been denied her, until the revolt of the sixteenth century against both the Church of God and the divinely appointed Shepherd of nations, his office and person. A few, perhaps the most inter-