

on the morning of the 26th September, 1863, surrounded by his community, and an object of anxiety to the Catholics of London and the whole world, he could look around him in joy to see his mother-church risen from the persecuted creature of his early days, to be a partaker of many of her ancient privileges. With the consolation of having done an extraordinary share to effect this change he calmly and peacefully expired. Summing up his life his biographer Bowden says "To this (the church) he devoted talents, energy, and health, only caring to labor where the will of God had placed him, and thus, when he came to die his history might have been written in the simple words—he served Jesus out of love."

We will not inquire whether, in the little cemetery of St. Mary's Sydenham, there stands a monument over Father Faber's grave. The memory of our hero is perpetuated by something more universal and imperishable than a bronze or marble statue. He was the sculptor of his own monument—consisting of those immortal works which in their diffusion are co-extensive with the spread of Catholicity.

Father Faber's hymns of which some were written for use at St. Wilfrid's, others at the Oratory, are all found in a publication which he issued in 1862. They are one hundred and fifty in number and are in common use in Catholic churches at the present time. Some are sung even in Protestant churches. While excellent as a means of exciting fervor in devotion these hymns have also an underlying power of expounding the dogmas of faith. Each one aims at teaching some principle. Our readers have most likely heard some of the following "Jesus my Lord, my God, my All," "Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go," "O Paradise! O Paradise," "The Pilgrims of the Night." We have mentioned Father Faber's "Lives of the Saints" and the manner in which they were first received. Though Father Faber was not the translator of all the lives, yet the fact that he was the compiler was sufficient to cause them to be widely read. By laying open to the English public the high degree of virtue to which the saints attained, in spite of all obstacles, a desire for imitating them

arose and numerous conversions from Protestantism were effected while Catholics were led to live better lives.

But the world-wide fame of Father Faber rests upon what are called his spiritual works. His "Conferences" are sermons which he preached on different occasions and afterwards collected for publication. Most of his other spiritual writings were composed while Superior of the London Oratory. Their titles show their nature: "All for Jesus," "The Blessed Sacrament," "Bethlehem," "Growth in Holiness," "Creator or Creature," "Foot of the Cross" "The Precious Blood" and "The Holy Ghost." Two others, "Calvary" and the "Immaculate Heart" were unfinished at his death. "Ethel's Book" was a work whose nature is shown in the author's own words; "Suppose we take the angels instead of fairies, and the dead instead of ghosts, and then see how we get on." In 1857 Father Faber published a volume of poems. This comprised his best poem, Sir Launcelot, The Knights of St. John mentioned before, and Prince Amadis with several minor pieces. They commemorate incidents of travel and his early life at Oxford; many also relating to his sojourn near the Lakes. His poetry like that of his model Wordsworth is of the natural and simple kind, profound in thought and rich in lively descriptions of natural scenery. But it is in his "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples" that his powers of description are shown to the best advantage. Through all his works there runs a poetic vein; his poetry is that of a born poet, and his prose works are on the boundary-line that divides poetic from prose composition. In his spiritual writings the charm of an easy, unlaboured, flowing style marks his words as the unimpeded effusions of a truth-conscious, holy soul. No one can read Father Faber's books without being convinced of the reality of virtue and the happiness it inspires. An American priest says of his works; "If the power to conceive and convey to others the most sublime and at the same time the most practical truths that can interest the human mind, be a title to the homage of men, then has