

supreme moment, and show us how the Church fits the soul for the last great change. Great change we must call it, for it means the passing from mortality to immortality. Even the unbeliever at that last supreme moment has frequently given away to what came to him as an overwhelming conviction that there was in him a life that could not die. "Soul, what art thou? Flame that devourest me, wilt thou live after me? Must thou suffer still? Mysterious guest, what wilt thou become? Seekest thou to reunite thyself to the great flame of day? Perhaps from this fire thou art only a spark, only a wandering ray which that star recalls. Perhaps ceasing to exist when man dies, thou art only a moisture more pure than the animated dust the earth has produced." Many an unbeliever in the last moment has thus soliloquized with his soul, and through this medium has been led on to conviction of immortality.

We Catholics, of all others, should have the least fear of death. We hope to have the blessing of dying in the arms of our Holy Mother the Church, fortified by her sacraments, and sustained by her spirit. The French historian Anquetil, in giving an account of the death of Montmorenci, says: "It is instructive for persons in all conditions of life to witness the death of a great man who unites noble sentiments with Christian humility." It is true Dr. Johnson says, "It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives;" but a holy death is generally the crown of a good life, though "there are dark, dark deaths which even the saints have died," says Father Faber, "the aspect of whose brightness was all turned heavenward, so we could not see it."

Father Faber says again, in his own inimitable way: "Some deaths are so beautiful that they can hardly be recognized for punishments. Such was the death of St. Joseph, with his head pillowed on the lap of Jesus. The twilight bosom of Abraham was but a dull place compared with the house of Nazareth, which the eyes of Jesus lighted. Such was Mary's death, the penalty of which was rather in its delay. It was a soft extinction, through the noiseless flooding of her heart with divine love. As nightingales are said to have sung themselves to death, so Simeon died, not of the sweet weariness of