

"QUESTION BOX."

Father O'Connor in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Much has been written of late regarding the gradual but steady lessening of the number of Friends in the great Quaker City. They are slowly disappearing. They are, however, still sufficiently numerous to furnish a fair representation when their splendid leader and his doctrines are topics of discussion. Thus it was, therefore, that when Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor ascended the altar of St. Teresa's on Sunday evening to discourse upon "William Penn and the Society of Friends" the big audience included quite a number of hearers of that persuasion. The lecture was unusually interesting on account of its local flavor and the felicity of expression permissible on the part of the speaker when treating of the motives and acts of Penn in his dealings with Catholics.

The nature of the "Question Box" contents show that many Catholics are among its patrons. Their questions are, in most cases, of a character that necessitates their submission to confessors, inasmuch as a general reply might not fit particular cases in regard to which the confessor could inquire.

P. S. was in an argumentative mood with an apparent predilection for discussing the primacy and the infallibility of the Pope. His assertions in their order, with the replies given, are as follows:

(1) "If we take the Church as described in the New Testament we find it a collection of congregations, with a very simple organization. No trace of a Pope is discernible. Peter writes an epistle in which he counsels humility and directs the bishops or overseers not to lord it over the clergy. The disciples meet to hear the reading of the Scriptures and to pray."

"There is something rather contradictory in asserting that there is no trace of a Pope discernible when the statement is made that 'Peter directs the bishops or overseers.' The Catholic Church to day has the same simple organization. It is composed of head and members, united in the same faith, though divided into congregations. St. Peter did not assert primacy, because it was not necessary. It was unquestioned until schism and heresy rendered an excuse for separation from the See of Peter necessary."

(2) "If there was a Pope at Rome ready to settle disputes, why does Paul at Miletus warn the faithful against the dangers of a false doctrine?"

"There is a Pope now, one acknowledged as infallible, yet Bishops and priests frequently warn their flocks against false doctrines."

(3) "A council denounced Pope Honorius as a heretic for teaching the Monothelite doctrine?"

Even admitting that Pope Honorius wrote a private letter which was deemed heretical it would prove nothing.

The Pope is only infallible when speaking *ex cathedra* and not as a private theologian. The Pope did not, as stated, teach the false doctrine, and at the most his neglect to condemn it was the subject of the council's action, as approved by Pope Leo II. In the letters referred to, which some historians claim have been falsified, the Pope deprecates the discussion of the question, and in doing so uses expressions which cannot be construed in any but the orthodox manner.

(4) "Catholic writers admit that the decretals of Isidore on which the Papal pretensions rest are forgeries."

The "Papal pretensions" do not rest on the false decretals of Isidore, which appeared late in the nineteenth century, when the primacy had been acknowledged for ages. Most of the decretals were authentic and certain interpolations were known to be such. A garbled edition of the United States Constitution would in a great measure prove the existence of an authentic one, just as counterfeit money presupposes the genuine. The primacy of Peter rests on Scriptural, traditional and historical testimony. Even Luther, in a letter to Pope Leo X., said: "Your voice is that of Christ, who presides and speaks in you."

(5) "The Council of Constance deposed three Popes and elected a fourth to put a stop to schism. Here was the council above the Pope."

No; it was not a council above the Pope, but deciding as to who was Pope. Two were induced to resign, and the third was removed, when Martin V. was elected. The act of the council only shows that the Church has a remedy for every evil. The United States Electoral Commission of 1877 was an extraordinary tribunal called to settle a dispute as to who was President. Its legality was accepted by the country.

(6) "The infallibility of the Pope changed the constitution of the Church. It then ceased to be what it had been; in other words, it changed essentially and so lost the note of unity."

The primacy and infallibility of the Pope have always existed as an essential part of the Church's constitution. The explicit definition of the faith of the Church did not make a new element, but proclaimed its perpetual existence, just as the definition of the Council of Nice did not for the first time assert the doctrine of the divinity of Christ.

(7) "You cannot prove the claim of Rome to be the exclusive Church of Christ. Why not humbly admit with the Church of England that the Roman Church, like the Church of Antioch and of Jerusalem, has erred in faith, but that Providence has preserved for us the Scriptures and all truths necessary to salvation?"

With St. Augustine we say that we would not believe the Scriptures unless

on the authority of the Catholic Church. Without an infallible teacher and guide we could not have absolute certitude of any revealed truth. Infallibility is necessary to the certainty of faith.

"D. F. L.," a Catholic, would like to join the Odd Fellows, and asked if a member of that order, when dying, could receive the last rites of the Church; also, are the Knights of Columbus recognized by the Church, and, being secret, why?

The Church condemns some organizations by name, among these are the Odd Fellows. In case of a Catholic dying, he must renounce it before receiving the sacraments. Societies not formally condemned are tolerated. When in doubt, consult your confessor.

"Gerald" asked: "Is it not natural that departed souls could make themselves visible sometimes to their friends?"

The Lord has permitted apparitions of the dead for providential purposes or for some great end. The Prophet Jeremiah was seen after death praying for Israel and Samuel appeared to Saul. The freedom of the spirit is entirely conditioned on the will of God.

G. H. asked: "Is it right for a Catholic girl to act as bridesmaid for a Protestant couple?"

This is one of the general questions which might be answered yes or no. Generally speaking, in this country, as Protestants do not consider a marriage a sacrament, but rather a contract and social function combined, your presence as a bridesmaid, friend or witness would be an act of courtesy.

"Clara" asked: "Suppose your father forbids you to go to a Catholic Church should you obey him?"

Parental rights are subservient to the divine law. "It is better to obey God than men." If your father's principle is sound, a Turk or an idolator could prevent the conversion of his children to Christianity.

"Joe" asks for information in regard to a man asking a lady for her company. "Is he in duty bound to follow it by marriage?"

No man has a right to monopolize a lady's company or to pay her marked attention from frivolous motives, as it may injure the lady's chances of marriage.

"A Catholic" wishes to know what the sects mean by quoting "search the Scriptures."

This text is cited by Protestants to justify private judgment, but erroneously. The words were spoken by Christ not to the Apostles or to His followers, but to the Pharisees and referred to the Old Testament, with which, notwithstanding all their reading of it, they failed to know the Messiah. The words may also be grammatically translated thus, "Ye search the Scriptures."

J. S., who, suffering from an affliction, made a vow to perform certain religious works if, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, he obtained relief, stated that he had found improvement, but failed to keep his promise and has suffered a relapse and asked what should now be done.

If you made a proper vow you are bound in conscience to fulfill it. Consult your confessor.

THE DRUNKARD'S SERMON.

An Unexpected Response to a Request That He Pay for His Drink With a Speech.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared unobscured in the corners, the street cars passed at further intervals; now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the stillness. In front of a saloon whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement stood a tramp—unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men who passed in and out through the swinging doors, and then he turned his eyes toward two young fellows in evening dress who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirst like that and not the price of an extingisher in your pocket! Beats old Tanhals all to pieces, eh? Liquor, liquor every where and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed.

"Say," he said, "let's do the Samaritan and set Hobo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two gilded youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men, drunkenly, "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once

walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard's father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

The Queen Saint.

Six hundred and six years ago a woman died in Hungary who was solemnly canonized four years later by Pope Gregory IX, after long and mature discussion. The process of canonization has rarely in the history of the Church been so short, but it is probable that had Elizabeth of Hungary died in the nineteenth instead of that century the Catholic world would have been no slower to recognize her claims to heroic sanctity.

Elizabeth came of a race glorious in the history of Hungary, and was the daughter of Alexander II. Born in 1207, her short life of twenty-one years was divided into three stages of maidhood, widowhood and widowhood. In each of which she was a saint; but she is best known to posterity for her charity and humility.

On her marriage at the age of fourteen to young Landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, the young princess was even then an object of veneration rather than of mere admiration to the whole court. She was happy in finding a husband of kindred feeling, who allowed her to consecrate all her time to the poor and sick of her dominions. In 1225, Germany being severely visited by famine, she exhausted the treasury and distributed her whole crop of corn among the most afflicted. She built a hospital near her castle, where she received the sick and infirm, tended them with her own hands, dressed their sores, made their beds, and remained with them even in the heat of summer.

Elizabeth was the founder of another hospital also; she fed nine hundred daily at her own gate, besides an incredible number in the different parts of the dominions, so that the revenue in her hands was truly the patrimony of the distressed. Her charity was admirably tempered with discretion, and instead of encouraging in idleness such as were able to work, she employed them in a way suitable to their strength and capacity.

Seven years after her marriage, on Sept. 11, 1217, her husband died at Oranien under the standard of the Crusaders, and with his death envy, jealousy, and rancor broke loose against the virtuous landgrave. It was alleged against her that she had squandered away the public revenue upon the poor, and the mob, seduced by her example, invited her brother-in-law to assume the principality. Elizabeth was turned out of the castle without even the necessities of life. All persons in the town were forbidden to let her lodgings. She stayed the whole day in the church of the Franciscan Friars, where her three children joined her in the evening. After this she was for a while practically obliged to beg bread for her little ones and herself. Her patience through all these trials was as great as her charity when in power.

The usurper, Henry, softened by the remonstrances of the chief barons of the principality, finally consented to restore her to her rights and gave her the government of the dominion into her hands. This she relinquished, and by a vow made in the Church of the Friars Minor she renounced the pomp of the world, associated herself with the Third Order of St. Francis and devoted the rest of her life to the needy and the suffering. By the advice of her confessor she remained in the world, but not of the world. The King of Hungary, her father, earnestly invited her to his court, but she preferred a state of humiliation and suffering. She chose instead to do every kind of service in attending the most loathsome lepers among the poor. The last three years of her life were thus spent, and when she died, in 1231, the fame of her sanctity had spread all over Hungary.

Many sick persons were restored to health at her tomb; Gregory IX. canonized her on the Whit Sunday of 1235, and in 1236 the ceremony of the translation of her relics took place at Marbourg.

The following beautiful passage from the great writer Montaigne will be read with interest:

"On Nov. 19, 1533, a traveller arrived at Marbourg, a city of Electoral Hesse, situated on the pleasant banks of the Lahn. He stopped there in order to study the Gothic church which it contains, celebrated not only for its rare and perfect beauty, but also because it was the first in Germany

wherein the ogee prevailed over the full arch in the great revival of art in the thirteenth century. The basilica bears the name of St. Elizabeth, and it happened that the traveller in question arrived on the very day of her feast.

In the church—now Lutheran, like all the country around—there was seen no mark of solemnity; only, in honor of the day, it was open, contrary to the practice of Protestants, and children were amusing themselves by jumping on the tombstones. The stranger passed along its vast nave, all deserted and dismantled, yet still young in their lightness and elegance. He saw resting against a pillar the statue of a young woman in widow's weeds, her face calm and resigned, one hand holding the model of a church and the other giving alms and to an unhappy cripple; further on, on a bare and naked altar, from which no priestly hand ever wiped the dust, he carefully examined some ancient painting on wood, half effaced, and sculptures in relief, sadly mutilated, yet all profoundly impressed with the simple and tender charm of Christian art.

"In these representations he distinguished a young woman in great tribulation, showing to a crowned warrior the skirt of her cloak filled with roses; in another place that same knight angrily drew the covering from his bed, and behold Christ stretched on a cross; a little further the knight and the lady were reluctantly tearing them selves apart after a fond embrace; then again was seen the young woman, fairer than ever, extended on her bed of death, surrounded by priests and weeping nuns; in the last place Bishops were taking up from a vault a coffin on which an emperor was placing his crown."

"The traveller was told that these were incidents in the history of St. Elizabeth, one of the sovereigns of that country who died just six hundred years ago in the same city of Marbourg and was buried in that same church. In the corner of an obscure sacristy he was shown the silver shrine, richly sculptured, which had contained the relics of the saint down to the time when one of her descendants having become a Protestant, tore them out and flung them to the winds. Under the stone canopy which formerly overhung the shrine he saw that every step was deeply hollowed, and he was told that these were the traces of the innumerable pilgrims who came of old to pray at the shrine, but none within the last three hundred years."

"He knew that there were in that city some few of the faithful and a Catholic priest; but neither Mass nor any other visible commemoration of the saint to whom the day was consecrated. The stranger kissed the stone hollowed by the knees of faithful generations and resumed his solitary course; but he was ever after haunted by a sad yet sweet remembrance of that forsaken shrine, whose forgotten festival he had unwittingly come to celebrate. He set about studying her life; he successively ransacked those rich repositories of ancient literature which abound in Germany. Charmed more and more every day by what he learned of her, that thought gradually became the guiding star of his wanderings."

"At last having drawn all he could from books and chronicles and consulted the manuscripts the most neglected, he wisely, after the example of the first historians of the saint to examine places and popular traditions. He went, then, from city to city, from castle to castle, from church to church, seeking everywhere traces of her who had always been known in Catholic Germany as dear St. Elizabeth. He tried in vain to visit her birthplace, Presburg, in farther Hungary; but he was at least able to make some stay at that famous castle of Wartburg whither she came a child, where her girlish days were spent and where she married a husband as pious and as loving as herself."

"He could climb the rough paths by which she went on her errand of charity to her beloved friends the poor; he followed her to Creuzburg, where she first became a mother; to the monastery of Reinhartsbrunn, where at twenty years of age she had to part with her beloved husband, who went to die for the Holy Sepulchre; to Bamberg, where she found an asylum from the most cruel persecutions; to the holy mountain of Andechs, the cradle of her family, where she made an offering of her wedding robe when the cherished wife had become a homeless and exiled widow."

"At Erfurt he touched with his lips the glass which she left the humble nun as a memento of her visit. Finally, he returned to Marbourg, where she consecrated the last days of her life to the most heroic works of charity, and where she died at twenty-four to pray at her desecrated tomb and to gather with difficulty some few traditions among a people, who with the faith of their fathers, have lost their devotion to their sweet patroness."

Cleveland Universe.

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"My whole system was run down. I was so weak I could scarcely get around to do my work. I finally began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after using five bottles I found that my strength had returned and my appetite was better. I now feel as strong as ever."

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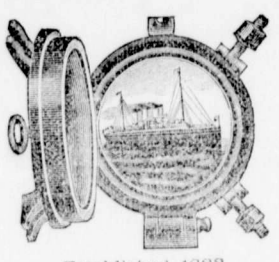
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Symbols of Our Lady.

Beneath her feet is the crescent moon, the emblem of perpetual virginity; over her head, the rays of the sun, betokening light or wisdom.

The star is often embroidered upon her veil or mantle.—Star of the Sea being one interpretation of her Jewish name, Miriam. When she is crowned with twelve stars, the allusion is to the text of the Apocalypse: "A Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

The lily is the general emblem of purity; this is why the Florentines have chosen it for their municipal flower,—the Blessed Virgin being their patroness.

The rose is the symbol of love and beauty, hence especially Mary's flower. Herself a rose, who bore the Rose—She bore the Rose and felt its thorn; All loveliness new born. And slept and woke there night and morn So sings Christina Rossetti.

The Well always full, the Fountain forever sealed, the Tower of David, the Temple of Solomon, these are symbols borrowed from the Canticles.

The globe, as an emblem of sovereignty, was often placed in the hands of the Christ Child. The serpent under His Mother's feet was because of the words, "She shall crush thy head." The apple in her hand designated her as the second Eve. The pomegranate, if she held it, signified hope. One dove symbolized the Holy Spirit; seven, His Seven Gifts—Ave Maria.

It Don't Pay

To buy drinks for the boys—it don't pay to buy drinks for yourself. It will pay to quit, but the trouble has been to do this. The Dixon Vegetable Cure will absolutely remove all desire for liquor in a couple of days, so you can quit without any self denial, and no body need know you are taking the medicine, which is perfectly harmless, pleasant to taste, and produces good appetite, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, and does not interfere with business duties. You'll save money and gain in health and self-respect from the start.—Fall particulars sealed. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue near Milton Street, Montreal.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache, Paralysis of the Vegetables Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Paramelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Boy Choirs.

No sweeter music ever impressed our soul than the voices of the boy choir. Particularly so this true on Christmas.

The grandest choir pales before the sweetest voices of children singing the Adestes Fideles. No music could be sweeter. No harmony more soul stirring. For the time we feel transported to the heavenly realms. The sweet notes reach our ear and our spiritual nature is thrilled. It is as if the angels were again on earth. The air is filled with heavenly voices—we are compelled to adore. The sensual gives way to the spiritual. We are held in divine thrall. The voices float on the air now made heavenly. Joy fills our soul and tears of happiest emotion bedim our eyes. We long for its continuance, but as the angelic choir reaches the sanctuary it ceases. Then the solemn service of the holy Mass begins. Truly it can be said that never were our better prepared to assist at the Divine Sacrifice.

You Must have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would BE WELL.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many.

Even when the disease is farther advanced, some remarkable cures are effected. In the most advanced stages it prolongs life, and makes the days far more comfortable. Everyone suffering from consumption needs this food tonic.

See, and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Through the Sh

Nearer, oh, nearer, dear Christ Nearer, oh, nearer the light of those hanging the forest ways, the weary and stumbling we shiver. Deep are the rivers—oh, I'm a moth! How are we, helpless, to ford?

Only the starlight, Thy messengers gleam in the dark on each soul's path in the midnight thy hope of hopes for the morrow and cling.

Almost Thine arms in care, Almost the touch that all save

Deep in the woodlands, bewitched, Haunted the boles on our path. But for Thy compass that guides, Heavy the cross—but it's hope Nearer, oh, nearer, dear Christ Nearer, oh, nearer, dear Christ Almost in sight of Thy welcome.

Lead us full softly, O Lord, Thy shining perils, golden air, Surer than last guides, Thy heavy the cross—but it's hope Nearer, oh, nearer, dear Christ Nearer, oh, nearer, dear Christ Almost in sight of Thy welcome.

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