

peace, and consolation; and glory to a Roman Catholic in that one beloved word. It awakens feeling when all feeling seems exhausted. I remember, among others, one beautiful instance of this. I stood by the dying bed of a lovely little girl, about seven years old, whose exhaustion was so great—she was dying of consumption—that for several days she had taken only a few strawberries. She did not notice me, nor could her mother or father arouse her attention to me; though she had always shown the most lively pleasure at my visits. The Pastor came in, she loved her Pastor, but took no notice of him now. He wished to speak with her once more on her spiritual interests, and anxiously tried several means to engage her to give some token that she was sensible. But none succeeded. At last he took a little crucifix from his pocket, and placing it against her lips: 'Dear Johanne,' he said, 'it is the crucifix—you love Jesus, your sweet Jesus—do you not?' The child immediately turned round, and kissed the crucifix affectionately. She had been sensible of all we had been saying to her, but only when her strongest feelings were addressed could she exert herself to notice any thing. Her strongest feelings were for her Redeemer.

When any one suffers, they immediately refer to the sufferings of Christ, and exhibit a patience which I never before witnessed. 'We must suffer for Christ,' is their constant remark. 'They seem to live with Him as a daily friend.' 'Our Lord would not have it so,' they say when their will is opposed in any thing; 'And he knows better than I what is good for me.' A poor widow, whose infant had just followed her young husband to the grave, said resignedly to me when I went in to comfort her, 'I have cried very much all night, but our Lord knows that I feel He can bring my baby up for himself, better than I could have done it for him.' He is loved as a Friend, and cherished as a Brother; He is adored as a Saviour, and worshipped as God.

Sometimes he is brought before us by our Church as our Prophet, sometimes as our Priest, sometimes as our King, sometimes as our Shepherd, sometimes as our Victim for sin, sometimes as 'Wonderful' in his judgments, sometimes as the 'Prince of Peace' in his mercies. Every invention is in use with the Church to keep him and his dear love for us ever before us. Every circumstance of his earthly life is dwelt upon, and made an occasion for contemplating Him, and preparing ourselves to dwell forever with Him. But it would be impossible for me to make you comprehend the great and glorious thoughts a Roman Catholic has of the adorable Redeemer unless I introduce you to the Mass. Your curiosity as to what the Mass is, is very natural; and as seems to me to be with a real desire for truth, and

are prepared by your conversations with your Catholic; to respect, at least, many Roman Catholic customs, I think I may venture to open to you our sacred treasure. Had you answered in another manner to my first letter, I should have waited and hesitated before I approached this great mystery. For Roman Catholics must generally hide beneath their own bosom, their feelings and awful love of this their Holy of Holies, lest, by manifesting their own affection they expose to contempt the object of their most sacred veneration. Even amongst each other they maintain a reserve in speaking of this hidden treasure; and this gives so much occasion for strangers to suppose they have greater feeling, and more devotion towards created beings, even towards things inanimate, than they have towards God. Because towards those they are free to manifest towards their feelings, and have no sacred awe them to keep them in check. Whereas towards the solemn Sacred Mass every awful, venerable, deep, holy feeling, is in exercise. And such are too sacred to be exposed, even to those who can feel with them, much less to those who could not understand them. For your sake, and for the sake of those who are around you, and in whom I have a dear interest, I will approach this most Holy subject; only asking you, that if you cannot believe what I, by the grace of God, have been mercifully guided to believe, you will for Christ's sake, and for your own soul's sake, abstain from ridiculing and speaking against it. Let me ask you, at least, to be reverent towards God's mysteries. I also ask you not to read this letter to any one who is not well disposed towards Roman Catholics, as it would be exposing them to add sin to sin. We are accused of raising created beings into the place of God, but those who thus believe of us, do not know that it is they, and not we, who cause the distortion. We have not raised any thing, God forbid, into His unapproachable place, but others have lowered Him to their cold notions of His Mercy. They have hidden, or cast aside, his grandest manifestation of this His darling attribute; and this has thrown every thing out of its place. 'God manifested in the flesh,' for three and thirty years, they hold as part of their creed. But God remaining in the same flesh, they have cast aside. This is the grand truth which separates the Roman Catholic from the rest of the world, and will ever separate him from every other communion. He has God so near in the Blessed Eucharist, that every other belief is a blank, a place of banishment to his soul. This is the key-stone of the arch which holds every other in its proper and subordinate place—the glorious Sun of the system, around which every planet turns, and from which each derives its light and warmth. But England has turned herself away from her life-giving Centre,