

hardened heart of the sinner and prepared it for repentance, is worthless to a race of mortals superior to the weakness of religion. Let the blasphemies and obscene songs of the soldiery, therefore, replace the prayers of the penitent sinner and the hymns of the consecrated Virgin, to show to the world that men have arisen from their bondage and are marching triumphantly on the highroad of progress! But all noble minds will feel and understand that modern institutions, however admirable they may be, are not the only things in the world deserving of our respect; and they will furthermore agree, that the world is wide enough for their development, without violating those sacred reserves around which the history of faith, hope, and love has raised a wall too holy for man to profane. They bear up to us the thoughts and records of a venerable past, and, at the same time, carry us back to the companionship of brethren who know nothing, it is true, of steam engines and electric lights, but who were familiar with the mechanism of a nobler art—the art of living well, and who walked in the light of a brighter lamp—the lamp of faith, which illumined a more arduous, though more noble way than modern scoffers have courage to tread. Whoever loves and reverences the lives of those far-back Christians, will certainly respect the monuments that have survived the ravishes of time to tell their history, amongst which few can hold an equal place with the Catacombs of Rome.