

pagoda. The door, which was of a magnificent architecture, but unlike any thing in Europe, led to an interior court, in which around a deep pond, there was an enclosure of porticos and colonnades. On one side, under a Turkish pavilion, there was a black altar, often moistened with sacrilegious libations. At the end of the court, whither I had the boldness to advance, I perceived a place under ground, black and smoking, in which, in the midst of a frightful darkness, some gloomy lamps were burning. A fetid odour exhaled from this cavern of death, and it was performed before a monstrous idol, that barbarous music, which had drawn my attention. It was, I believe, the hour of sacrifice. A Brahmin came to me, and invited me, with signs, to advance further; but what I saw, and what I heard, were far from inspiring me with confidence—an involuntary fear made me retrace my steps. I retired silent and thoughtful, praying for the poor blind creatures who come to this place of horror to adore the demon.

“ Having arrived at Trichinopololy, we assisted at the solemn benediction of the church which Father Garnier has built for this congregation. This church has been raised, like so many others, with the funds granted to the Mission, by the Society for the propagation of the Faith. You expect, no doubt, some details on the ceremony of consecration. Well, on St. Peter's day the toll of a tolerably sized bell announced, early in the morning, the feast which we were going to celebrate. An immense concourse had gathered from all parts of India; ten foreign or native Priests had assembled about the Vicar Apostolic. When the church was thrown open to the public, near four thousand persons found room in

it, whilst a much greater number were obliged to remain under tents erected at the porch of the temple. Idolaters and heretics showed the greatest anxiety to be present at a sight so novel for them, and consoling for us. The next day a solemn mass was celebrated for all the living members of the Propagation of the Faith Society; and, on the first of July, we had a funeral service for all the deceased members of the Association. Is it not just that it should be so, in a mission supported by the aid of this admirable Association, in the sanctuary which its alms had just raised as an asylum and fortress for the Catholic Faith? The moral impression produced by this ceremony, has been such as we asked of God it might be; and never, never, shall our Christians cease to remember it. Those who came from a distance to witness it, went away, carrying into their own country the admiration with which they were filled. From Krichan to Cape Comorin, they speak with enthusiasm of the church of Trichinopoly. This congregation, which lately threatened falling into schism, and drawing after it all the people between Dindigul and Tanjaour, is now full of life and Catholicity, and will be henceforth their model and support. Let us then thank the Lord, that he has been pleased to permit that we should raise to him, in this idolatrous country, in the midst of the thousand pagodas which surround us, a temple so fine as to excite the admiration of the Indians, and in which which we can celebrate those feasts whose grandeur renders still more venerable the mysteries of the true religion.

“ I am, &c.

“ LOUIS SAINT-CYR, S.J.”