

soul of so-and-so?" Look all over those stones, and *not one* will you find with such a request; but you read everywhere the proof that the body was laid down with a firm belief in the peace of the soul. Anobius sets up a rude memento of his fourth daughter, Golla, and says—

"She rests in peace."

Another says—

"Pompianus...He sleeps in peace."

Again—

"Domitianus, a simple soul, sleeps in peace."

And, once more, the following, showing at once the affection of an ancient Christian home, and the consolation of that home in bereavement, the workings of the heart of an individual believer, and the faith of the early Church:—

"This grief will always weigh upon me: may it be granted me to behold in sleep your revered countenance. My wife Albana, always chaste and modest, I grieve over the loss of your support, for our Divine Author gave you to me as a sacred boon. You, well-deserving one, having left your relations, lie in peace—in sleep; you will arise; a temporary rest is granted you. She lived forty-five years, five months, and thirteen days: buried in peace. Placus, her husband, set up this."

Thus they laid down their dead, knowing that the soul was living in peace, and the body reposing till the day of the resurrection. They did not first bury their dead, and then go to pray for their peace; but the Church of the Catacombs buried her dead in sure and certain hope that, for soul and for body, peace was eternally secured.

But do the epitaphs show that, if the dead were happy in the Lord, it was expected that those happy dead would be intercessors for others in the presence of God? Now, there is but one stone bearing a prayer to the dead; and, according to Dr. Maitland, it probably belongs to the middle of the fifth century, before which period the worship of saints had been introduced; but appeal to all the others of an earlier date, and not on a single one of them is the slightest allusion to be found to benefits derivable from the prayers of the dead. Five tombs are found, bearing plainly the inscription of martyrs, who, above all others, might be supposed to have power to aid by their intercessions. We give the oldest:—

"In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life to Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this in tears and with fear. On the 6th before the Ides of—"

This martyrdom occurred about the year 130, so that we have here the voice of the early Church; but we do not find it uttering, "Holy Marius, pray for us!"

Take one who suffered in 160, and you read—

"Alexander dead is not, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended his life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good: for while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the True God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? When they cannot be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived who has lived in Christian times."

Such is the epitaph of Alexander, written by those who saw him glorious above the stars, waving his victor palm and wearing his martyr crown; but did they say, "Holy Alexander, pray for us?" No, nothing of the kind.

Another martyr's tomb bears no date, but it is probably about the close of the third century:—

"Primitius in peace, after many years a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years more or less. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving."

Here is an inscription dictated by one who claimed the honours of a martyr's widow, but with all her veneration for him to whom she had been united, and who had become a triumphant victor at Christ's right hand, we do not find her writing, "Holy Primitius, pray for us!"

We take, lastly, an epitaph in the time of the latest persecution, that which took place under Julian:—

"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith. With all his family: they rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set up this."

Now, here is a man with the rank of deputy, and his epitaph is written by a servant-maid, sensible, doubtless, of the honour of being connected with such a master, and with a martyr. But does Theophila write, "Holy Gordianus, pray for us?" No, not so.

It is very plain from some of the epitaphs that the clergy were not then "forbidden to marry." There is that of a Bishop Leo, beginning,—

"My wife Laurentia made me this tomb."

Then—

"The place of Basil the presbyter, and his Felicitas." Again,—

"The once happy daughter of the presbyter Gabinus, here lies Susanna, joined with her father in peace."

From which it is plain that the presbyter Basil had a wife, and that the presbyter Gabinus had a daughter.

But do those remains illustrate the *rites* of the Church? Do they disclose anything as to primitive doctrine respecting Baptism and the Lord's Supper?

With regard to the former we find this epitaph:—

"The neophyte Romanus, the well-deserving, who lived eight years and fifteen days. He rests in peace."

This tomb bears the names of consuls, which fix its date as 371. As a neophyte means a baptized person, it is plain that the sacrament was then administered to children of tender years. Another tomb reads:—

"The tile of Candidus the neophyte, who lived twenty-one months. Buried on the Nones of September."

On this point, therefore, the evidence is express.

The epitaph of a catechumen is also discovered:—

"Ucilianus, to Bacius Valerius, a catechumen, who lived nine years, eight months, and twenty-two days."

There is in this something that suggests the idea that Ucilianus did not belong to a Church in which baptism was held to be regeneration. A catechumen was a person not baptized. Had Ucilianus belonged to a community holding the sentiments of the modern Church of Rome, and of many in a Church nearer home, he would have foreseen that every person who read the epitaph would ask, but why was the child allowed to die without the benefit of baptism? This fact, therefore, does raise a strong probability that the Church of the Catacombs, while duly administering baptism as the ordinance of the Lord, did not believe salvation to lie in the *opus operatum*.

In regard to the Lord's Supper, slabs of marble just squared are to be found; but so little do they express the character of the full-formed altar, that it has not been thought worth while to bring them above ground. What, may we ask, were those slabs used for?—to celebrate an elaborate sacrifice, or to take from them, with simple forms, the bread and wine?

"We then," says Mr. Arthur, "search throughout remains of the Catacombs, asking, But are there no crucifixes? Not one. Are there no paintings of Christ on the cross? Not one. None of Christ in his sweat of blood? Not one. None of Christ bearing the cross? No, not one. Well then, surely we shall find images of the Virgin and Child? Through the whole of the Lapidarian Gallery you cannot even find the

name of the Virgin Mary. What then is the voice of the Catacombs as respects worship? Does it not tell us that the early Church was not a Church that deemed an array of rites and images helpful to devotion? Does it not tell us that the early Church believed that Christianity takes for her system two foundation stones,—'God is a Spirit,' and 'God is Love;—that on this stone, 'God is love,' she builds all her institutes of morality; and on this, 'God is a Spirit,' she builds all her institutes of worship, and that these two rising converge, till they clasp as their keystone, 'God is Light.'" * * *

"Looking at the spirit, the doctrine, the ministry, and the rites of Primitive and of the Protestant Churches, a glow of fellowship with the first believers lights up our very soul. Antiquity is on our side. Church of the Catacombs! thou art our Church. Martyrs of the Catacombs! we are partakers with you of like precious faith; your Lord is our Lord, your faith our faith, your baptism our baptism, your God our God, your Father our Father, who is above all, and through all, and in us all. We exult in the sense of our oneness with Christ's earliest followers. And, while so exulting, we adore that wise and silent Providence which has so ordered it, that the stones of Rome should preserve, the priests of Rome should collect, and the roof of the Vatican cover a standing protest and testimony from the Martyr Church of the first ages, against the corruption and idolatry that now, alas! reign all around."

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THERE are in the United States, in 1850, 120 colleges, 42 theological seminaries, 12 law schools, and 35 medical schools, containing 1,288 teachers and 16,965 students; which, estimating the population at 24,000,000, is one to every 1,413. In New England States there are 32 of these institutions, with 221 teachers, and 3,296 students, or one to every 791 of the population. In the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, from which there is full and accessible information, there are 31,222 common-schools, with 1,652,347 scholars; which are supported at an annual expense of 2,257,448,097 dollars. In the whole United States, it is computed that there are 50,000 common-schools, with 3,000,000 scholars, the annual expense of which is 4,000,000 dollars. There are 30,004 churches, 26,416 ministers, and 4,480,425 communicants, in the United States in 1850.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Female education is highly important as connected with domestic life. It is at home where man passes the largest portion of his time—where he seeks his refuge from the vexations and embarrassments of business, and relaxation from care by the interchange of affections; where some of the finest sympathies, taste, moral and disinterested love—such as is seldom found in the walks of a selfish and calculating world. Nothing can be more desirable than to make the domestic abode the highest object and satisfaction.

"Well ordered home, man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care eluding art—
To raise her virtues, animate her bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This is the female dignity and praise."

Neither rank nor splendid mansions, nor expensively furnished apartments nor luxurious repasts, can accomplish these objects. They are to be obtained from the riches of elevated principles, from the nobility of virtue, from the splendour of a religious beauty, from the banquet of refined taste, affectionate deportment and intellectual pleasures. Intelligence and piety throw the brightest sunshine over pri-