

the solemn clergy followed, and from glowing censers clouds of sweetest incense filled the air with rich perfume: from innumerable voices rose canticles of jubilee and praise; and last of all, borne by a venerable prelate, under a canopy of silk entwrought with gold, came the blessed BODY OF OUR LORD; for whose honour and glory all these best gifts of God to man had been consecrated, as so many offerings to his adorable presence. And wheresoever the BLESSED HOST went, the faithful knelt devoutly;—like waves of the sea, as HE passed they fell and rose, and the noise was as the rush of many waters. What the emotions were when the benediction was given from the *Reposoir*;—when the *Tantum Ergo* and *O Salutaris Hostia* rose in the open air, that was redolent with incense, those only can tell who have had the pleasure of witnessing the like solemn rites as these, and under the like circumstances.

But there are yet other processions which the Church sets before us for our improvement, instruction, and edification. Let us turn then to a vast and dimly-lighted abbey;—let us look and listen, as the solemn line of holy monks walk processionally round their hallowed aisles; see them, with downcast eyes, following the processional Cross, on which at the foot of our Lord's Rood, stands Mary and the beloved disciple—these two links that bind us, as it were, in kinship with our God; hear, how with downcast look, and countenance full of recollection and holy joy, they lift up the devout litany of intercession, as they move round the holy sanctuary, into which, as into a garden enclosed, the pure only are privileged to enter. Hear how

their voices rise and fall—how one speaks, and many respond; hear how the sound echoes in the high-pitched roof, and seems to linger in the rafters, among the imagery whose praises have been sung, whose intercessional prayers have been entreated, whose invocation has been solemnly implored. In our old abbeys and conventual churches such scenes were once common,—in the new abbeys and conventual churches which are now arising we may shortly see the same.

Yet once more let us read out of the book of experience. The scene is Rome; the time, evening. In slow procession, with the Cross borne aloft, there comes a long line of bare-headed friars, each holding in his hand a lighted taper, and preceding a bier, on which lies the still more solemn dead. In the quiet evening as they move along, the flickering tapers show lustrous, as a long living breathing line of light, and brethren chaunt the solemn office as they bear the body to the church, where it is to lie till the propitiatory sacrifice be offered up for its soul's rest, on the following morning.

But yet consider in a deep heart him who lies upon that silent bier, and who is borne along, preceded by a line of lights, and the affecting cadence of the funeral office. Can the mother forget the fruit which her womb hath borne? She may forget, but God is ever merciful, and the Church, his voice, ever kind and indulgent. Though pale and silent now, His spirit is neither silent nor withering away with fear. He is one who was washed in the baptismal waters of regeneration, who was nourished by the graces that flow from the holy Sacraments; who, though offending, yet found reparation at the chair of confession, and was strengthened and fed with the bread of the strong. There