

ened, while we allow its austere hymns to raise our affections higher than their wonted pitch, while we learn many things we knew not of, from the selection of the readings, and pause over the antiphons, where a word from one part of Scripture seems to meet another and make a key, and open up whole mines of mystical exposition, much of it, probably, belonging to very ancient traditional treasures in the Church. When this is done, and there is no feeling in the mind of the real, however obscured, Catholicity of our Church, and no sense that so much of the Breviary belongs to us, no less than to Rome, then it is that the Roman services are most likely to 'ravish' those who join, and peril their allegiance to their own Church; if such a thing were possible to instructed or modest minds."

MODERN ART, ALL FOR EXTERNAL DECORATION.

"This house of Carthusian monks was begun by one of the Visconti, Dukes of Milan, in the fourteenth century. The building of it occupied a hundred years. The whole of the interior, which is spacious and in the form of a Latin Cross, is one mingled mass of marble, precious stones, brass, bronze, fresco-painting and stained windows, most dazzling and costly. We observed much elaborate work in very precious materials, in more than one place where it could scarcely be seen by any human eye. This is always delightful. It is very contrary to our spirit. We would as soon throw ourselves from our own steeples as do any thing elaborate or beautiful or costly, where it would never meet the eyes of men. How the spirit of the Middle Ages dwarfs this selfish, unventuresome meanness. What a refreshment it is, how grateful a reproof to wander up and down, within and without, the labyrinth of roofs in an old cathedral, as we did at Amiens, and see the toil and the cost of parts to which the eye can scarcely travel, so isolated as they are in the air,—tracery, exquisitely finished images, fretwork, and the like; and all an offering of man's toil and intellect and cost to the Holy Trinity. The Certosa is a signal instance of this spirit. It is one heap of riches and of earth's most magnificent things, wrought by the deep and fertile spirit of Christian art into a wondrous symbolical offering to God, shaped after the Cross of His Son."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FEELING OF SEPARATION ABROAD.

"The morning Mass, at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, was just finishing when we descended into the subterranean chapel, at the entrance of the choir. We did not much regard the splendour of the tomb, for our eyes were riveted on a coffer which stood above the Altar, and contained the mortal remains of that holy

Saint and faithful shepherd. The longer we remained in the cathedral, the more its glory, and magnificence, and coloured gloom, took possession of our spirits. It is an oppressing thing to be a priest in the city of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, and yet a stranger; a gazer,—a mere English looker-on,—a tourist, where one should be upon one's knees at home, and in that divine temple a legitimate worshipper. But where rests the blame? Alas! the sour logic of controversy may be as convincing as it usually is to men whose minds were made up, as almost all minds are, independent of it; but, since Eve tempted and Adam fell, has there ever been a strife where both sides were not to blame? In a difference so broad and complicated, so many veined and inter-twisted, as that between Rome and us, never was there so monstrous a faith as that which could believe that all the wrong was with Rome, and all the right with England. Yet men have been seen with the mortal eye, who had the capacity to receive this, and put trust in it. It is distressing, truly, to be in a wonderful church, like this of Milan, to be sure you reverence the memory of St. Ambrose, and have deep affection for the very name of Borromeo, and are not without Christian thought for Saints Gervasius and Protasius, as much as one half of the people you see there, and yet be shut out from all church offices,—to have no home at the Altars of that one Church, at whose Altars, by apostolic ordination, you are privileged to consecrate the Christian Mysteries."

To be continued.

That man and that woman who live together quietly and godlily, doing the work of their vocation and fearing God, hearing His word and keeping it: theirs is a religious house—theirs is the house that pleaseth God.

If atheists are not sure there is no God, they cannot be at ease in their minds, lest there should be one.

Mrs. Chapone was asked why she always came so early to church? 'Because,' she replied, 'it is part of my religion never to disturb the devotion of others.'

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits wherefore, says the good Fuller, jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

One does not pay so dear for holding one's tongue, as one does for keeping up a dispute.