

The child now again approaches with a salver and a small vessel of water, the Priest places his hands over the salver, and the child pours water over them: this ablution is appointed in reverence to the sacrifice, and significant of the purity that must accompany such an offering in the soul and body of him who offers it. The priest bowing before the altar recites the prayer, 'Receive, O holy Trinity, &c.—And then turning to the congregation, reminds them to 'pray, that their sacrifice and his may be acceptable to God.' To which they mentally reply. 'May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands, to thy praise and glory of his own name, and to our benefit (recollecting his own intention or intentions in offering this sacrifice) and that of all his holy Church.'

The prayers called 'secrets,' (so called because they are silently offered,) follow, and are a second collect, in the same intention as the first. Some of these have been retained by your church, but we have many others which would be quite new to you. They are most beautiful prayers, and if collected would form a treasure of devotion, being varied to all circumstances and conditions; the same as the sacrifice.

The short sentences which precede the preface, are the same as those retained in your prayer-book. 'Lift up your hearts,' &c. The prefaces vary according to the Mass, and are most dignified and rousing. That for the festival of Trinity Sunday, and which is used on other Sundays throughout the year, is amongst the finest compositions of our church. At the close of the preface, the solemn address to Jehovah is used: 'Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. Hosannah in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosannah in the highest.' A bell is distinctly rung, and the congregation thus warned, kneel devoutly down on the ground, though weak persons, or those who cannot kneel long, may remain sitting till the bell is again rung just before the consecration. But the words 'Blessed is he that cometh' have warned the worshippers that the Lord of glory is about to come before them, and their best feelings are aroused to receive Him; coming now—now in these very moments that are passing,—from His seat on the right-hand of God, from among cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels, who have taken up our loud and adoring shout of welcome. It has reached the gate of heaven, it is echoed on to the mercy-seat, the Lamb has replied: 'Lo, I come!' And the ancients fall down and 'cast their crowns at his feet' as he passed. And the 'thousands of thousands' of angles that are round about the throne, strike their golden harps, and say, 'Worthy the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength and honour, and glory, and benediction.' And every creature which is in heaven, the saints with their golden vials full of odours, are uniting with us on earth, in the same hosanna of benediction—Hosanna in the highest. The Lamb that was slain from the

foundation of the world,—still to be slain till time shall be no longer,—our Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech, our Victim, to be our whole burnt-offering, 'a perpetual offering,'—comes down now from heaven, to offer himself to each heart here present who has invoked Him.

To be continued.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

A French preacher,* in his sermon on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, enlarged greatly upon her former infamous life, and said many fine things respecting her conversion. Then apostrophising the ladies, "There are amongst you," says he, "many who come here rather for amusement than instruction; and among the number who now hear me, I know not whether one could be found, who is desirous of repenting like the Magdalen. Did I say like the Magdalen?—I might have said she feels not the least remorse for her sins. There is one amongst you, who is not worthy to be associated with honest women. She is the most abandoned and most impudent of women. She has every year for a long time promised to reform and lead a good life, nevertheless she still continues to live on in the same wicked way. As she hath hitherto sinned unblushingly, it is necessary we should expose her. It is said in scripture, 'if thy brother commit sin, reprehend him the first and the second time; but if he do not correct, the third time tell it to the church.'

"Since so many exhortations have proved inefficient to the reclaiming of this hardened sinner, it is necessary we should now cover her with confusion, by publicly proclaiming her infamy, and naming her, before the whole assembly. Yes, my brethren, I am going to name her; it is —. Shall I name her?—I ought—but nevertheless—no, I ought not—but why not?—this salutary shame might reclaim her from her evil ways. I will name her then—it is—no, that name is so infamous, it would be a sacrilege to pronounce it within these sacred walls. But it is necessary she should be known. There she is in front, looking innocent and demure.—I am going to throw my book at her—mind whom it hits?"—Then raising his arm, and feigning to throw his scripture, all the women who were before him instantly stooped down their heads.—"O tempora! O mores!" cried the preacher; "I thought there had been only *one* unrepenting sinner; but with grief I behold there are amongst you *many*."

* Pere le Petit Andre.

† O the times! O the manners! of our days.