

## Catholic Processions.

**CORPUS CHRISTI AT BORDEAUX—AN ANCIENT ABBEY—FUNERAL PROCESSION AT ROME—CATHOLIC BURIAL SERVICE FOR CHILDREN.**

It was a beautiful evening in the month of June ; the sky was clear, and of that dark azure hue that told that the air had none of the chilly north in its balm ;—that we were, indeed, in a southern climate.

It was the day on which the feast of **CORPUS CHRISTI** was celebrated in Bordeaux. The streets of the old capital were thronged ; from the windows and balconies of the houses, drapery and tapestry were hung, or they were adorned with wreaths of flowers or green boughs. The pavement was strewn with foliage, and in places where the adorable Victim was to pass, it was literally ankle-deep in rose leaves. We had but the day before landed after a voyage from a country where religion had no rites ; whose service had no attractions ; whose doctrine had no symbolical language, to speak to the silence of the heart ; whose form had neither room for imagination to dwell in, nor scope for devotion to spread their wings therein. The fairest and best gifts of God, all that elevate and support the soul of man ; all that raises him intellectually above the brutes, that perish, were *there* held vain and useless, if offered for God's service, as if it were only the dregs of human intellect that should be consecrated to God, and all that by a right direction might elevate his soul should be degraded to the service of lust, or vanity, or empty pride. Music, that soars on wings of inspiration to heaven, was there given to pandar to the frivolities of life, and the

merest dregs given to the service of Him who implanted in the heart of man those gifts, to the end that they should be restored, after cultivation, to Him again. Architecture racked the brain, and new orders arose, to prove that even invention, when it springs from the gratification of human or national vanity, can produce only deformity. There painting, shorn of its heavenly end, flourished but to minister its degraded art, to commemorate on the canvas, the pride and bad taste of its supporters ; and sculpture, that might have idealised by simple figures the chain of God's mysteries of redemption,—instead of our blessed Redeemer, or his holy Mother,—instead of the angels of God and the saints of heaven,—fell a slavish imitator of the impurity and sensual tinctures of a heathen people, who were in a measure so far excusable that they did it in blindness, and that the light of salvation had never spread its beams on their benighted polity.

In a land so barren, and so void of food for holy thought, we had been some time before, and had alighted in one which of old had been true, but which, after a long void of haply worse desecration, was, by God's favour, again restored to holy faith, and to the public celebration of its moving mysteries.

We shall never forget, when as a stranger we walked the festive streets, we heard for the first time the solemn strain of devout music rise in the tranquil air. It was the procession in honour of, and bearing along **THE BODY OF OUR LORD** through the city. Troops of acolytes, like winged angels, led the way ; and little girls, beautiful in their girlhood, scattered sweet flowers as they went. The holy banners of the Cross and of our blessed Lady floated over all ;