

waterless aqueducts, those unlitigious forums, those desolate palaces, and those untrodden streets, which block up the whole of the hills, at the foot of which this church stands; and do you find something conservative in the air, or the ground, or aught that could account for the stability of the tombs of the martyrs? Oh, no! Look to another power for this; and you will not be long in discovering it. You will soon find that there is some great moral principle of inflexibility in Rome of which this permanence of sacred edifices is but the symbolic evidence. For how can you believe for a moment, that men would preserve the altar with such jealous care, and have watchfulness over the doctrine which it simply embodies? Can you believe that there has been such guardianship over the porphyry sarcophagus resting under the altar in an old basilical church, that from that time to this, lamps have ever been lighted around it, that this holy oblation has been offered on it—can you believe that the seals which hold the treasure in it have been so jealously guarded while its construction tells you that the church was built in the time of Justinian, and that the tomb was then built to contain the relics of martyrs; and can you believe that what the Church teaches now on the doctrine of Saints, their intercession and their relics, is not secured to us as having been taught then, by the very strength of the tomb in which his object is enclosed?

If you will in Rome look around you with these eyes, you will see in the very walls of this city records of the doctrines which are taught; their stones cry out in defence of them; these will present themselves to you; from the rudely scratched inscriptions on the tombs of martyrs down to the latest witness in this church of the wonderful things God does for the salvation of men. You will find Catholic doctrine and practice engraven on the very foundation stones of this Jerusalem; and as the names of the Apostles are inscribed on those of the heavenly Jerusalem, inscribed on foundations which the eye of man cannot see, so is the apostolic teaching of the Catholic Church inscribed under ground on the very foundation stones of its edifices, in those subterranean churches and tombs of God's holy martyrs; and the records are borne up as the temple rises, till at length the whole symbolism of the faith is collected in the cross which surmounts it, and tells you that in that banner is contained the whole complete and incorruptible teaching of Christ and His Spouse.

Many more things I could say, but with the day my discourse must close. I will content myself with giving you a few words of advice on the manner in which you must view this city and study it. We may suppose that every one who comes here enters the gate of Rome with something of the feeling of a man who, loving nature and her beauties enters a magnificent domain, in which are collected all her most choice productions. He will see there magnificent trees, some fantastic in shape, some mighty, and venerable, and even in the midst of decay worthy of admiration. He will see on every side flowers and plants of exquisite beauty and delicious odor, and he will disport himself as he pleases; he will wander all at random, and he will revel for a time scarcely knowing what it is that he has seen, or what he has to learn. And now, my brethren if one was thus engaged imbibing delight through every sense, would he despise a man who, perhaps more humble than himself, finds on those trees so magnificent and beautiful, a fruit unobserved by himself, but which to him who tastes it, is evidently most delicious food? Would he despise him who among those beautiful plants which he admires, discovers saving remedies which, applied to wounds, heal them, and administered to a diseased system, cure it? Oh, no! you will say, if this could be added to the charms and beauties that surround us, it must be Paradise indeed. And now you are come to Rome, and you see the elegant columns, or the broken blocks, and the ruined walls which tell you of its ancient grandeur. Some are rough and shapeless, some are beautiful, still, but we admire them all. They are as the great and lovely trees of the forest. Then you descend to the more living charms of later art. You pass from one to one, as from flower to flower, lingering over them in turn, and returning back to find new beauties, where you have most admired before. You wander and are delighted, and you think you have made yourself master of ancient and modern Rome. No, my brethren, it is not so. As yet you know it not.

Go into that ruined but still magnificent amphitheatre in which all Rome used once to be collected. Stand in the middle and look up and wonder, while your imagination pictures it as of old, complete in matchless grandeur. The emperor, with the magnificence which the riches of the world could concentrate on one person, is surrounded with his courtiers all lavish of ornament to do honor to the festival of the day—the return, perhaps, of his birthday. Here are the senators and there the knights, rank above rank, until above them rises a wall of faces all bearing the features of earth's noblest race; and you seem to hear the deafening shout that breaks forth from the multitude as some skilful feat, or some deed of prowess of daring is performed before them. Can you imagine anything more overpowering than this? What ideas rise before you, as you see there assembled, and hear in one sound the voice, of whatever is great in Rome's mightiest days. But your dream will be, perhaps, interrupted by a low, plaintive chaunt, telling you there are others present who have better thought than you; who remember, and would have you reflect, that a far grander spectacle to angels, and to men was presented by the martyrs who stood on that very arena, and bravely defied all the power of this emperor, and his furious people; that the noblest music which ever broke forth from that spot, was not that shout of savage triumph. Oh, no! it was the last meek and holy prayer of resignation whereby the Virgin Holocaust commended her pure

soul to God, and made a hideous death precious in the sight of the Lord.

You go into that grandest of ever-existing edifices St. Peter's Church; you look up into its unparalleled dome; and it appears, most justly, to be the most like a temple—not made with hands, nor resting upon earth, but to be either borne up by angels' arms, or suspended from the vault of heaven above, you admire its grandeur and boldness; you marvel at the beauty of its decorations; you are lost in wonder at this unrivalled piece of human skill combined with power. But the Catholic will tell you that, to his mind, it is too low, too little, too poor, to overshadow the ashes of the fisherman of Galilee and the tent-maker of Tarsus—of those men, the dust perhaps shaken from whose feet, as they went repulsed out of Caesar's gate, may have made the noble Palatine a ruin, and whose ashes gathered up in the unadorned Vatican have certainly made it the Sinai and the Sion of the Christian law.

You look at an altar in some church, not merely inlaid with rarest marbles, but incrusting with precious stones; you admire the rich combination of the malachite of the Ural and the alabaster of the Nile; you think that so exquisite is the combination of skill with taste, that it would be a gem of untold price if put in a museum to be admired and studied. The Catholic peasant would tell you that it is too mean for its purpose, which is to bear each day the bread of life and chalice of salvation; that it is too poor to receive upon it the pure stream of the Blood of the Lamb immolated for man's salvation; and that nothing but that altar on which He rests in Heaven, if it could be brought to earth, is worthy to receive Him!

Make yourselves familiar with the homely thoughts of the people of the land. You will find them more sublime than the highest flights of art and poetry; and their sublimity consists in this—that they are real, that they are true. Think how many a mystical Egyptian, and supercilious Persian, and witty Greek, and haughty Roman, may have walked round the temple of Jerusalem, and gazed on its walls, its columns, and its massive basement; admired its materials, and been delighted with its grand proportions; he may have even looked in and been a spectator of the unintelligible rites that were going on; and perhaps he went his way, shrugging his shoulders; aye, and if he had condescended to ask the beggar at the gate for an explanation, and had believed his words, he would have gone home justified, made wise unto salvation, and might have afterwards lived a life pleasing to God, and died a death precious in His sight. But perhaps he did ask, and was told how Moses brought frogs and gnats upon Egypt, how Josue made the sun stand still, how Elias went up to heaven in a fiery chariot, and how the bones of Elisha raised a dead man to life; and the Egyptian and Persian, or Greek, or Roman smiled; and prided himself in his own heart for not belonging to this narrow minded nation, and thought better of his own country, his own religion, his own freedom of thought; and perhaps he went home and wrote a book on the legendary tales of the over credulous Jews.

But, my brethren, you will learn better things. You have come to this city to study it as it is. Endeavor to think of Rome, not with the prejudiced minds you may have brought here. When you are tempted to think what you witness must be modern and corrupt, remember that the wisdom neither of man nor of God would employ an unbroken series of links, such as we have in the Papal succession, for losing rather than for preserving truth. Remember that if the hand of Providence anywhere deals in a peculiar, and a different manner, with persons, places, and things, from what it does with the same objects elsewhere, it naturally thereby points to a principle, of which those who are thus exceptionally treated have a right to consider themselves as the illustration. Think not then, of Rome merely as once the stronghold of ancient Paganism, or as the seat of modern Catholicity; but go back to the corner-stone that joined the two—that apostolic age which attached Christianity to the ancient and Pagan empire. Believe that where God has allowed the ashes of Apostles to rest undisturbed through the revolutions of ages, He has there preserved their spirit and principles; that He cannot have allowed the very springs of His truth to remain undisturbed, only that from it might flow a polluted spring. Learn, in fine, thus to know Rome only as the city of God's Apostles—as the city consequently, of the Apostles' God.

DIocese of Arichat, N. S.

We have much pleasure in complying with the request of a respectable correspondent to insert the following communication:—

FOR THE CASSET.

Mr. Editor—You have often spoken in your paper about the good intentions and real apostolic zeal of our most worthy Bishop in promoting the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of the newly founded Diocese of Arichat, intrusted to his care by Divine Providence. His last and laborious visit to the remotest parts of his Diocese, where never before the comforting voice of a Bishop was heard, is an especial proof of his ardent zeal. Wherever he directed his course, true Catholic spirit was aroused, strengthened and increased. Dissensions were settled for ever by his presence. Everywhere he diffused peace and joy, which are the natural offspring of the living and active Catholic Faith. Many poor missions experienced the effects of his generosity. The promotion of a good and sound Catholic education has been, during his visit, one of the most constant objects of his cares.—If every parish was so highly benefited by his visit only, how much greater advantages must be conferred on that Parish which Divine Providence has chosen for his Episcopal See? Arichat experienced the salutary effects of his presence immediately after his return, so universally longed for by the inhabitants. At his arrival he found upwards of one hundred and fifty children duly prepared for the First Communion, which his Lordship administered to them on the

Octave of All Saints, under solemnities well calculated to make an indelible impression on the innocent hearts of those young communicants.

On the following Sunday prizes were distributed in the Cathedral by his Lordship to those children, who had distinguished themselves by their assiduity, attention and proficiency in learning the Christian Doctrine, under the direction of able catechists. This reward, though small, will certainly have the effect of creating a laudable emulation among the youth, of gratifying the parents and nourishing their paternal solicitude for their religious education under the guidance of zealous Pastors.

A useful and magnificent appendage has been added to the Cathedral of Arichat in the splendid Vestry, which has been lately finished. This very spacious building, which may well be considered a church in itself, was consecrated by the Bishop, attended by a numerous clergy, who were then here on a visit, to the service of God Almighty, under the invocation of St. Joseph in the second week of November. The plan of the Vestry was given by Mr. Alexander McDonald of Antigonish and the work was executed by several of the most able Mechanics of the Diocese. It is already well furnished and upon week-days, let the cold be ever so intense, the daily sacrifice is attended by a crowd of devout adorers. As the beautiful furniture of this Vestry, including Baptismal Font, Altar, Confessionals, stove and pipes, are either of Canadian manufacture or wrought after Canadian models, a stranger, at least from Canada, would consider himself quite at home within its walls.

The interior of the Cathedral has also received additional ornament in a magnificent lamp about seven feet high, and two feet in breadth, which the visitor sees now always burning, to remind him of his short existence in this life, while it points out to him the awful presence of his God in the sacrament of Divine Love.

On Friday last his Lordship, attended by his Clergy and in presence of a very numerous congregation, solemnly erected in the Cathedral the *Via Crucis* or Stations of the Holy Cross. This pious work was preceded by a preparatory address in French from the Rev. Hubert Girroir. After the blessing of the Stations and Crosses, a solemn procession took place.—This done, the mournful way of the cross was performed, to which an efficient choir added no small solemnity while they sang the plaintive tones of the *Stabat Mater*. These stations, of the largest size, are enclosed within glass in beautiful frames. They have been presented to the Cathedral by Mademoiselle Maranda, sister of the late and lamented parish priest of Arichat.

The Festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God was celebrated with great solemnity. His Lordship officiated pontificaly at Mass and Vespers. The Rev. W. B. McLeod acted as Archdeacon, the Rev. Dr. Schulte as Deacon, and William Chisholm, Seminarian, as Subdeacon. The Rev. Hubert Girroir directed the ceremonies with that ease and ability which characterize the *Alumnus* of the Catholic University of Quebec. After Gospel the Rev. Alexander McDonnell, an alumnus of the Urban College de Propaganda Fide in Rome delivered in English an elegant and profound discourse on the Festival of the day. Said reverend gentleman is at present on a visit to his friend and old school-fellow, the Bishop of Arichat, where probably he will remain until the spring. Owing to the circumstance of the happy return of most of the hardy seafaring men of the town of Arichat to their families, the Cathedral, though the largest house of religious worship in the Province, was crowded at the morning and evening service of the day referred to. It was on this occasion that the ecclesiastical students of the Seminary appeared for the first time in clerical costume within the Sanctuary. It was a sight most consoling to his Lordship and to all who feel interested in the progress of Catholicism in our recently founded Diocese to witness the edifying demeanor of these young Levites attending the Altar of the Most High.

Every one, who is interested in the welfare of the Diocese of Arichat, will certainly, in seeing the zeal of the Right Rev. Dr. McKinnon and the energy with which he carries out his views, say rejoicing with me, may God grant him His powerful assistance and long life to promote the cause of religion.

PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN BADEN—THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

(From the Dublin Weekly Telegraph.)

The persecution of Catholics still continues in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Two hundred Priests have been doomed to incarceration!!! (and the sentence has only failed, from the inconvenience to the authorities of its execution) because, in a matter affecting their spiritual conduct as clergymen, they have preferred yielding obedience to their spiritual superior, rather than, as Catholic priests, place themselves at the disposal of Protestant ministers.

The Jesuits have been expelled from Baden by a Ministerial ordinance, but, upon demanding to know the reason for their expulsion, it was refused to them. They then required a certificate that they had infringed no law during their abode at Freiburg. That certificate could not be withheld from them; and when they had once obtained it they placed themselves under the protection of the Prussian Minister. One of their body is a Prince of Germany—the Prince of Waldbourg-Zeil—and as he cannot, being a German territorial dignitary, be expelled from any part of Germany, he has taken up his residence at Freiburg.

A Catholic German newspaper, the *Volkshalle*, of Cologne, has been seized at the Post-offices and confiscated, because its directors have expressed an opinion favorable to the persecuted Archbishop. At Dusseldorf—that is in the Prussian territory—pamphlets containing the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Freiburg, and of the Bishops of Mayence and of Limbourg, have been seized. The latter, the Bishop of Limbourg, has been treated as a criminal by the Grand Duchy of Nassau, because he did not abrogate his functions as a Catholic prelate, at the command of a Protestant Government.

The Governors of the cities of Rastadt and of Heidelberg, the Count de Hennin, and the Baron d'Uria, have declared to the Baden Ministry that it would be repugnant to their conscientious feelings to enforce the edict against ecclesiastics faithful to the Church, and obedient to their Archbishop, and therefore have demanded that the enforcement of such an edict should not be required from them.

The clergy of Rhenish Prussia, of Hohenzollern, Sigmaringen, of Westphalia, and of the neighboring

Provinces, have forwarded addresses to the Archbishop of Freiburg and his clergy; and in those addresses they tender to their brethren suffering for religion's sake all the aid they can command, in money. In France, large subscriptions are collecting for the same object, and a letter, which we this day publish, from the Count de Montalambert, will tend considerably to arouse the popular feeling in all parts of the French Empire.

The Baden population have risen in many places, and rescued the clergy from arrest, whilst in all other places where the Protestant Governments, as in Prussia, Nassau, and Wurtemberg, have manifested a sympathy with the persecuting Protestant Government of Baden, the greatest discontent and a very dangerous agitation have been excited amongst their Catholic subjects.

Germany is, in truth, moved from one end to the other by the circumstances we have detailed, and if the people of Baden were Protestants, and the Grand Duke a Catholic, and that Catholic Prince had insisted that no Protestant should be educated as a Protestant clergyman unless in the manner he approved; of that no Protestant should be ordained a clergyman unless with his approval, and that when ordained should be appointed to no parish but with his sanction; then all England would by this time have rung with accounts of the "persecution of Protestants by a bigoted Papist Sovereign!" But as the case is reversed—as it is the Catholic Church that is so persecuted by a Protestant, the London papers are silent, or the truth is concealed from their readers.

The state of disorder into which ecclesiastical affairs have been thrown in the Rhenish Provinces of Germany are not, as the *Spectator* affirms, to be dated back to the peace of Westphalia, nor to the compromise of 1830. Their true source is to be found in infidelity, in the disciples of infidelity, in the secret societies of the *illuminati*, in the philosophy of Voltaire, and the despotic tendencies of *Josephism*, which corrupted the hearts of kings, and the princes, and people, in the last twenty years of the last century; and the creature (the Revolution) which was generated by their wickedness was also the avenger of their crimes and their impiety. Never was the hand of an avenging God more visible than in the punishment of all kings and princes who, at the close of the last century, persecuted priests, and Pope, and Church. There was not a Catholic monarch who joined in the conspiracy against the Jesuits whose throne was not overthrown, and his family a victim to the French Revolution, whilst the ecclesiastical princes of Germany who would not submit to a Pope, saw their crossier-sceptres for ever broken by the rude sword of the soldier. Baden now suffers, because its former Electoral Prince and Archbishop was one of the conspirators in the schismatical congress of Ems; and, if what had formerly been a portion of his dominions, was bestowed upon a Protestant temporal prince, it was upon the express condition that the independence, rights, and privileges of the Catholic should ever be respected. A perfidious Protestant Government has violated that condition. It is against such a violation the Archbishop of Freiburg, the Bishops of Mayence, of Fulda, and of Limbourg have protested.

Catholic Germany is aroused. It will not permit despotism unchecked to trample upon mitre, and crossier, and altar. On the other hand, this attempt at persecution will be persevered with, for it is urged on by the King of Wurtemberg, and the King of Wurtemberg, it is declared by the *Univers*, is an instrument in the hands of Russia.

The Czar, whose first act on entering Bucharest was to close the doors of the Catholic Church there, has a double object in view in the course of policy he is now urging onward in southern Germany. First, he incites Protestant princes to persecute their Catholic subjects; next, he incites a civil and a religious war amongst those who would willingly co-operate together in placing a check upon his ambition.

England, completely blindfolded as to facts by its anti-Catholic London papers, fancies it is but gratifying its fanaticism in approving of this persecution of Catholic archbishops, bishops, and priests, when, in truth, it is, by its approval, strengthening the diabolical policy of Russia, to encounter and thwart which, in Turkey, it is prepared to shed its blood and expend its treasures.

THE PERSECUTION IN BADEN—THE ARCH-BISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The *Univers* publishes a translation of the original Latin letter of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin to his Grace the Archbishop of Freiburg:—

"Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord—The Chapter and the Clergy, Secular and Regular, of this diocese of Dublin have begged of me to present to your Grace a letter, written in their name and signed for all of them by the Dean of the Chapter, the two Vicars-General, the Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic, and the Provincial of the Society of Jesus. In this letter they endeavor to express the grief which the persecution excited against the Catholics in the Ecclesiastical province, of which you are the Metropolitan, causes them to feel, and the joy with which they are penetrated by the glorious example of courage and of immovable firmness, in defence of the liberty of the Church, which you give to all the Christian people. They have, besides, resolved to send, according to their means, some assistance to aid and solace their afflicted brethren. I gladly comply with what the excellent Clergy of Dublin ask of me, and I beg your Grace to accept the assurance that I participate fully in all the sentiments expressed in their letter. I hope that in the course of a few days the majority of the Bishops of Ireland, acting in concert, will be able to address to you a common letter; therefore I abstain from saying more here, and content myself with remarking that the conduct of your Grace, and your courage in defending the rights of the Spouse of Christ, have already had the result of making your name illustrious and venerable in the eyes of Catholics in every part of the world. As to the future, I beg of the Almighty and All-Merciful God to accomplish in you the work that He has commenced, and to bring you forth safe and triumphant from all the snares of your enemies. In these sentiments, and with an ardent desire to see all things turn to your advantage, I am your very obedient and very humble brother and servant,

"† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland.

"Dublin, 8th Dec., 1853."

There were 138 railroad accidents in the United States in 1853, 234 persons killed, 499 wounded.—