

then are these Catholics the most devout people in America.

See how they pour in! Hundreds upon hundreds, until the huge church is crammed to suffocation with the crowded mass of people, aisles, galleries, and all. There is not another congregation in Boston of anything like the same number. They not only occupy every inch of standing place within doors, but they also cover the outer steps, and even the sidewalks all round the building, men, women, and children, kneeling upon the bricks and stones, with uncovered heads, devoutly reading the prayer book, or muttering such portions of the service as they may be able to recollect. There they kneel, rain or shine, for a good hour or more, with a zeal and pertinacity which astonishes persons of a moderate belief.

Hark! how the organ sends forth its solemn thunderings, and the well trained choir begin the chant. How that rich and peculiar strain thrills through the frame of the unaccustomed listener.—The Latin words seem to have a peculiar solemnity about them, quite unlike the most solemn of our every day language—it sounds more like the language of the dead! a requiem sung by the departed! You feel that you are treading upon new and strange ground—that you are among a people whose ways are not like your ways. The frequent changes in the service—which you are unable to follow the strange spectacle of the altar, with its burning candles, its images, and decorations—the motions of the priest and his attendants—the burning incense—the change of garments—and all the pomp and circumstance of the Catholic Church—impresses you with a mingled train of emotions, solemn, sad, mysterious, doubtful, such as you have never felt while bending before the altar in your accustomed place of worship. You feel that either these people must be mistaken, or you are far from the true path to Heaven; or that, if you are right, these people must be wrong; that if this be devotion, your exercise of reason is audacious presumption, or, if you are right, this is superstition. Such thoughts will arise in every reflecting mind.

But, of course, a moment's thought sets all right. You regain your liberality of feeling. You perceive that any religion which has the effect to draw together such a congregation as this, so orderly, so cleanly, so neatly and carefully dressed, so devout, must have a good influence upon their lives, intellect, and heart, and is a thing not to be despised, however much your own religion may be superior to it. For our own part, we think the Catholic religion an excellent thing for millions of its professors—and we doubt whether Protestantism exercises such a mighty power over the hearts of its followers, in the same class of society.

Those who know how rigidly the Catholics, of the lower order, adhere to their religious instruc-

tions, which in the main are good, cannot surely desire to rob him of such a safe guide through life, if they cannot furnish a better one.

We think it would be a good thing, for those who so rave about Catholicism, to spend an hour at the Catholic Church on Sunday morning—and see which is the most devout, and apparently sincere, a Protestant or a Catholic congregation.—*Boston Herald.*

MODERN RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

That Protestantism is a system of inconsistencies is one of those palpable facts which needs no proof. It exists upon self-contradictions. Its breath is to say one thing, and its actions is to do that which is utterly opposed to its words. It is also philosophically as shallow as it is in fact inconsistent. It treats human nature as if it were made up of qualities of which in reality it has little or no share. It has less than the acuteness of a child when it attempts to deal with the better portion of our inward being. It appeals with penetration and force enough to the evil propensities of the heart, but it is powerless when it would elicit and controul the affections and yearnings of the regenerate spirit.

There are few points in which this mingled self-inconsistency and philosophical shallowness are more manifest than in the common Protestant notions and talk about the Catholic veneration of relics. Were we to judge by the virtuous denunciations against idolatry which are incessantly poured forth upon those who are so foolish as to pay honor to a fragment of the bones of a departed saint, or who tread with reverence the spot which has been consecrated by the footsteps of an apostle, we should suppose that the minds of Englishmen were so constituted as to be destitute of the slightest emotion of regard for the remains or the possessions of any human being, whether living or dead, whether notorious for his crimes or renowned for his greatness. We should imagine that when not deceived by the juggle of an interested priesthood, they would treat the pictures of those departed ones whom once they loved, or the relics of the habitations of great men of other days, or their inanimate bodies themselves, with the same cool, undisturbed indifference with which they would handle, lay up, or cast away the contents of the wardrobe of a perfect stranger, or the rubbish of a ruined cottage by the roadside. Such would be the practice of Protestants, were their own conduct consistent with their professions.

Were it also true that the mind which venerates a fragment of the true Cross, or preserves with scrupulous care a minute portion of the body of a saint, or looks for possible miraculous assistance communicated by the Almighty through the medium of a relic,—were it true that such a mind must at least be in great danger of idolatry, and ge-