

Part II—EVENING.

At evening again, solemn chimed through the air
The "dongs" of the bell that was calling to prayer.
My heart, as yet full of the morning's emotions,
Still panted to witness the Vesper devotions
In old Mother Church—so I joined with the throng
That towards the Cathedral was hastening along.

I entered—but oh! what a contrast!—the scene
Which at Mass in the morning was calm and serene—
Was now changed. The effulgence of light
That on entering the edifice burst on my sight!
The gorgeous magnificence, gracefully blending
With soft sombre shades, through the temple extending!
The images—tableaux in frames of rich gilding,
And carvings and sculpture—arranged through the building
Though mute, yet expressive and solemn, appealing
In language sublime to the soul's inmost feeling!
The concourse of worshippers crowding the aisle,
With awe reverential affected the while!
"The Children of Mary"—young virgins in white,
Encircling the statue all radiant and bright
Of their Patron and model, their lovely "May Queen"
There crowned with sweet flowers and chaplet of green.
The clergy, all robed in rich gold and silk vesture,
So saintly their mien! grave and solemn their gesture!
The incense so fragrant! meet emblem of prayer! *
That, curling in graceful clouds, perfumed the air! †
The sweet swelling thunder melodious that rolled
From the organ, whose pipes were all gilded with gold,
Till, blending with angel-like voices, it soared
Through the high vaulted roof to the throne of the Lord!
This bright *tout ensemble* so solemn, so grand!
Made me think of Mount Thabor!—I could understand,
Why Peter in transports of joy, love and fear,
Exclaimed aloud, "*Lord it is good to be here!*" †

Ah! shame on the fanatic pedants who hold
That nor paintings, nor sculpture, nor silver nor gold,
Nor ornaments rich, nor ceremonies grand,
Nor organs of music, nor musical band
With instruments playing sweet heavenly airs,
Nor vestments embroidered, nor incense at prayers,
Nor sacred devices, nor forms emblamatic—
No baubles like these, say those prophets erratic,

* Psalm CXL, 2. † Matthew XVII, 4.

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