

fessed more or less openly, carried out to a greater or less extent, were once held by an immense majority of Protestant theologians, and even in despite of a particular reaction, are still held by the greater part. Yet they nevertheless retain their functions and dignities in the Protestant Church; they are thus enabled to propagate the doctrines with impunity; those Protestants who protest against their opinions, still communicate with them *in sacris*: and when any attempt has been made to deprive them of their offices, it has been invariably unsuccessful. Against their orthodox opponents, they invariably appeal to the right of free inquiry, which is the fundamental principle of the Reformation; and on Protestant grounds, the position is perfectly impregnable. For if the interpretation of the Bible belong to private judgment, the previous questions as to its authenticity, integrity and inspiration, without the settlement whereof the right of interpretation becomes nugatory, must be submitted to the decision of individual reason. Thus has the most insidious and dangerous form of infidelity grown *naturally, immediately, and irresistibly*, out of the very root of Protestantism. The vampire of rationalism, while it cleaves to the bosom, and sucks the life-blood of the German Protestant Church, mocks, with a fiend-like sneer, her impotent efforts to throw off the monster—efforts which will never be attended with success, till the aid of the old Mother Church be called in.—*Robertson's Memoir of Doctor Moehler.*

In the lives of the Western Fathers it is related of S. Pinnatus, that every day he was visited by an angel, and that this having ceased for several days, when the saint had the happiness of seeing him again, he asked him why he had deprived him for so long a time of his most sweet presence. 'Because,' replied the angel, 'I was sent to be present at the death of a matron who was a great servant of God, and better than thou, because she hath done things that thou hast not done; she has never offended any one who was present by her words, nor murmured against any one absent, nor ever hath she complained of the weather, however hot or cold it may have been, nor of anything else, whatever it might have been, or however it might have happened; but always entirely conformed herself unto the will of God in whose hands are all things.'

One day as St. Gertrude was grieving over a little defect, into which she was wont to fall from time to time, she begged our Lord that moment to deliver her from it; but Jesus said to her with a sweet and

ould look, 'You would wish, then, that I should be deprived of a great honour and yourself of a reward? Know that as oft as any one acknowledgeth his failing, and proposeth to avoid it for the time to come, he gaineth a great reward for himself; and as often as he abstaineth from falling into it again for the love of me, he rendereth me the same honour that a brave soldier does to his king when he fighteth manfully against his enemies and overcometh them.'

### RAFFAELLE'S CARTOON.

"CHRIST DELIVERING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER."

At Peter's earnest inquiry whether he was beloved by his Master, the reply he received, was, "Feed my sheep."

At this simple command, such, as seen in this cartoon, were the expressions, the characters, the actions, the composition, the beauty, the sentiments and scenery, which instantly filled the imagination of Raffaele.

In the hands of an ordinary painter, what could have been done with "Feed my sheep?" But it is the inherent power of conceiving from such simple suggestions, and what, from the circumstances of the case must have happened, which ever marks the great capacity from the ordinary academic graduate of the grand style.

Painters had ever better thus choose subjects from a suggesting line, than merely fill up the characters the poets have previously pictured for them. Poets should only be called in as assistants.

Painters degrade their art if they do nothing but realize the conceptions of the poet; they should show, by every subject they paint, that Nature has given them the same power of imagination, the same fertility of thought, the same capability of exciting sympathy by the characters and expressions they display, with this advantage, that the language of the painter needs no translation to be comprehended by other nations.

Painters, if they borrow from poetry or history, should ever take a suggesting line, and by adding, inventing, and adapting from Nature, prove the right their art has to be considered the legitimate, if not the elder sister of Poetry. Could any man have believed that, without the graces of women, any subject could have been made so interesting and delightful as Raffaele has made this? Few but Raffaele have ever done it—none but great geniuses could ever do it—for by none but by such can it ever be done.

What it wants in every variety of character, as to sex and age, he has supplied by exhibiting the