

to die to the remembrance of men; and think only upon God."

His constitution was so broken by his sufferings in Africa, that though he had only reached his thirty seventh year, he showed all the feebleness of age; but that spring of heavenly consolation which in health had followed his path through the vale of tears, did not "deal deceitfully as a brook and pass away," (Job vi. 15.) now that the pilgrim was faint. His strength was gone, but he was near his journey's end—a few more toilsome steps, and he knew that he should reach the home where his elder brethren, the faithful of past ages, waited for him.

Gregory IX. wishing to have near his person a man so worthy of being entrusted with the affairs of the church, called him to Rome. But whilst the Pope invited him to his palace, a heavenly master bid him 'come up higher.' In obedience to Gregory's orders, Raymund had set out for Rome, but before he had proceeded many miles, he was seized with a fever which terminated his life in a few hours, and instead of Rome, he reached a brighter city. There, with the apostles, saints and martyrs, he sang the praises of him who first taught men "to lay down their lives for their brethren." I John iii. 16.

The monastery which was erected to Raymund's memory still rises above the vineyards and olive woods in the wild district of Urgel, and the vintage gatherer, as he goes to his work, sees the old tower pointing from earth's changing scenes, from the fading vineyards to the changeless skies, and seeming to admonish him, with Raymund and the saints of old, to seek a better country—one which is never dimmed by the shadows of autumn, and where the fullness of fruition is not followed by a season of dreariness.

In the course of centuries that monastery may become a heap of ruins. Decay's mossy barriers may wave from its walls, the echo may forget the chime of the abbey bells, and the vine dresser, on his return at night, may hear only the owl mocking with its note the hollow winds—a little longer, and perhaps not one ruined arch may be left to speak to other years. But though this monument of St. Raymund may perish, yet his memory shall not perish with it. Change as the world and the fashion of it may, the Catholic custom of annually commemorating the virtues of the saints shall never change.

Agcs may pass away, but still on the first of September, in every Catholic church throughout the world, the prayer shall continue to be said, "O God, who didst make blessed Raymund the confessor, admirable for delivering their faithful from the captivity of the wicked, grant that we by his intercession, being absolved from the bondage of sin, may serve thee with free minds through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Roman Missal*.

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## Ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

From the recent Letters of Mr. Aldrich, a Protestant, to the Editor of an American Periodical.

ST. JOHN LATERAN—RELICS, &c.

Leaving Rome for Naples, I passed through the ancient Capene Gate, now called the gate of St. Sebastian, which is flanked by two enormous buttresses crowned with circular towers. Close by this gate, and within the walls of the city, stands the first basilica of the Catholic world, that of St. John Lateran. The original temple ~~was~~ built by