

mass for the Catholics in the morning, service for the Church of England in the forenoon, and worship of the Presbyterians in the afternoon. Yes, these were Christian times—times when men were guided by Christian and charitable virtues, and the nobler impulses of the mind swayed the conduct of all. But they say “old times have changed, old manners gone”—and in some respects more’s the pity. But of that old old Catholic Church—that rock of ages—which has seen the dynasties of the earth, crumble in decay—beside which Greece and Rome, Sparta and Athens, Saxon and Celt have vanished like “the baseless fabric of a vision”—against whose sides schism and infidelity have dashed themselves in vain—stands to-day the glorious record of Catholic piety and Catholic progress, all the world around. As Antous of old gained fresh strength when he touched his mother earth, so you, old Catholic Church, inspire your faithful followers with zeal, when they seek refuge in your bosom. O yee, old Church—200,000,000 of faithful souls stand by you to-day, and glory in that new resurrection which appears to be awaiting you, and as the horizon predicts the *resurgam* of your glory, we hail you in the fulness of our joy,—old Church—Infallible—Indestructible and One.